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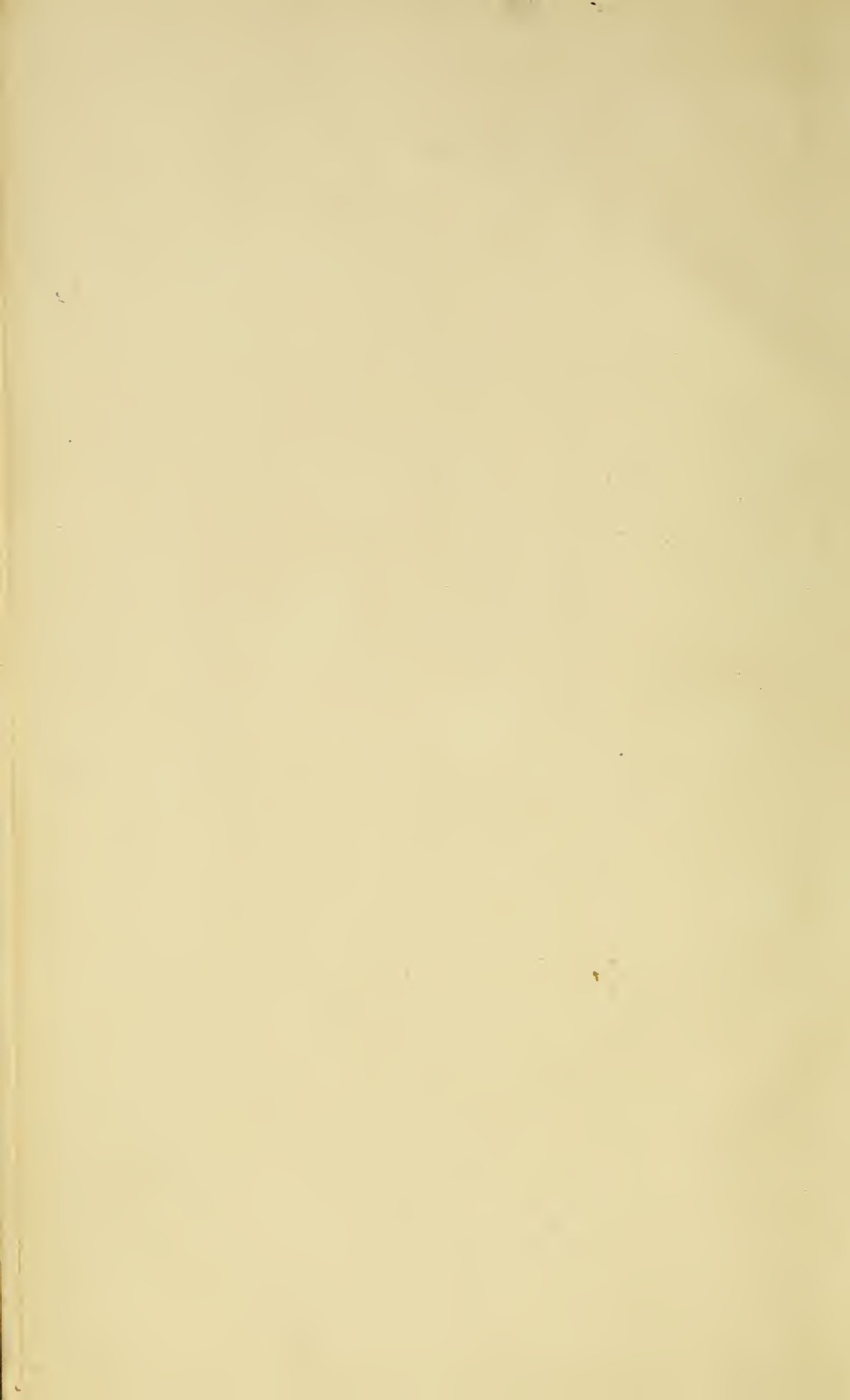
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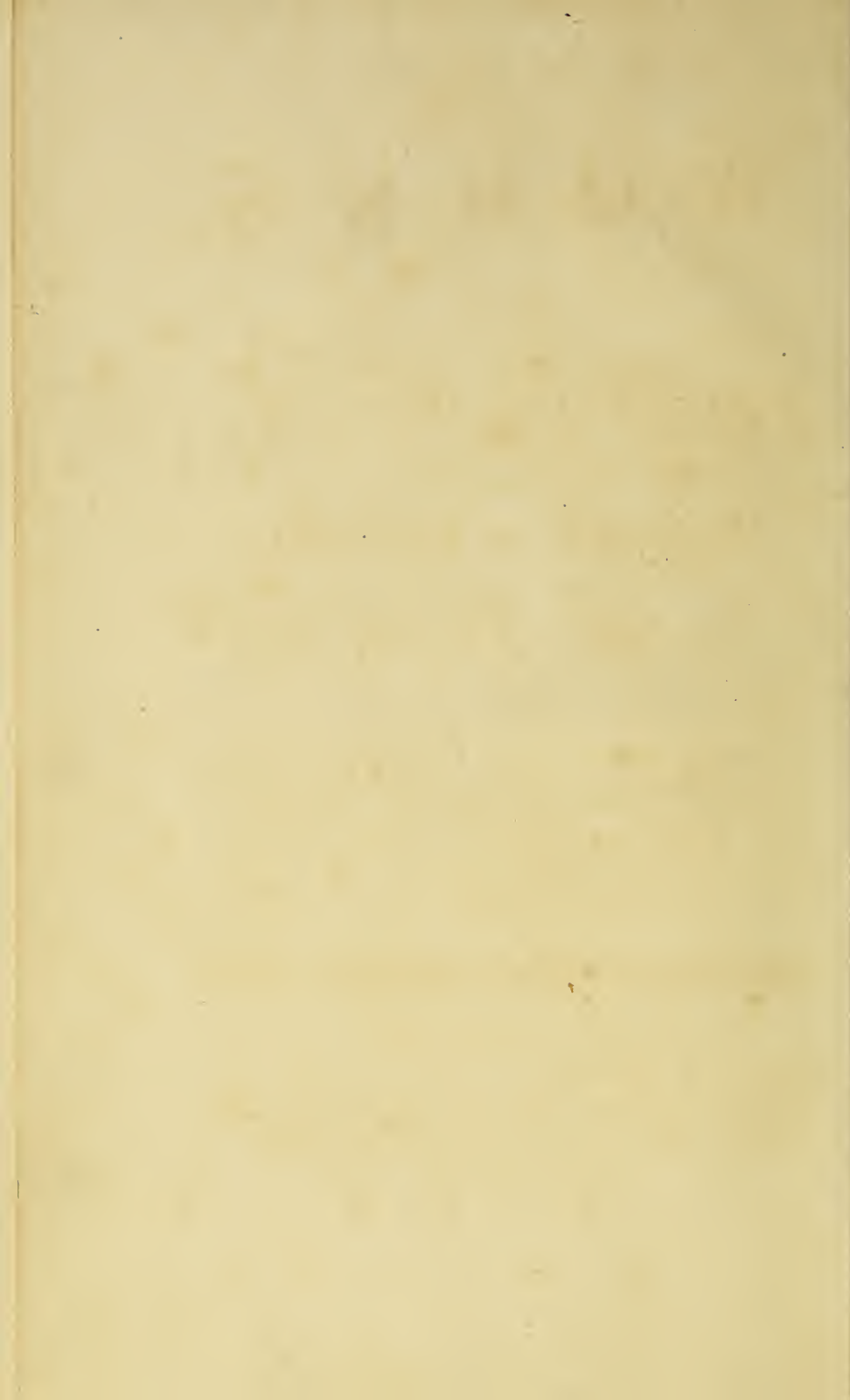
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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

The MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

TAMING *the* SHREW.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and P. Knapton, S. Birt, T. Longman and
T. Shewell, H. Lintott, C. Hitch, J. Brindley, J. and R. Ton-
son and S. Draper, R. Wellington, E. New, and B. Dod.

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May. 1873

E R R A T A.

Page 27. l. 23. *dele an.* p. 142. l. 30. *for more read mere.* p. 143.
l. 29. *for his read is.* p. 171. l. 28. *for formerly read formally.*
p. 230. l. 21. *for O read of.* p. 443. l. 6. *for here read her.*



M U C H A D O

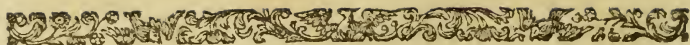
A B O U T

N O T H I N G .



VOL. II.

B



Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*

Don John, *Bastard-Brother to Don Pedro.*

Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.*

Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.*

Balthazar, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

Antonio, *Brother to Leonato.*

Borachio, *Confident to Don John.*

Conrade, *Friend to Borachio.*

Dogberry, } *two foolish Officers.*

Verges,

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato.*

Beatrice, *Neice to Leonato.*

Margaret, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.*

Urfula,

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

S C E N E, *Messina in Sicily.*

I MUCH



I MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Court before Léonato's House.*

Enter Léonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

LEONATO.



Learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bet-

1 The Story from *Ariosto*, *Orl. Fur.* 1. 5.

Mr. Pope.

ter'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that ² joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, ³ is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; ⁴ there was none such in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hiero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. "I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many

² joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of Joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a modest joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain.

³ is Signior Montanto return'd] *Montante*, in *Spanish*, is a huge two-handed-sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a Boaster or Bravado.

⁴ there was none such in the army of any Sort.] Not meaning there was none such of any order or degree whatever, but that there was none such of any quality above the common.

" hath

“ hath he kill'd ? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all
“ of his killing.”

Leon. Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

“ *Beat.* You had musty victuals, and he hath help
“ to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath
“ an excellent stomach.”

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stufft man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have * wit enough to keep himself from harm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

* *wit enough to keep himself* WARM,] But how would that make a difference between him and his horse? We should read, *Wit enough to keep himself* FROM HARM. This suits the satirical turn of her speech, in the character she would give of *Benedick*; and this would make the difference spoken of. For 'tis the nature of horses, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon.

Mess. Is it possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible ; ⁵ he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. “ No ; an he were, I would burn my Study.
“ But, I pray you, who is his companion ? is there
“ no young squarer now, that will make a voyage
“ with him to the devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease ; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick* ; it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace ; for trouble being gone, comfort

⁵ *he wears his faith*] Not religious Profession, but *Profession of friendship* ; for the speaker gives it as the reason of her asking, *who was now his Companion ? that he had every month a new sworn brother.*

should

should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.—

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers her self; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Disdain*! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, *Disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courtesie it self must convert to *Disdain*, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. "Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were."

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*,—Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*,—my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

S C E N E III.

Claud. *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little

tle for a great praise; only this commendation I can
 “ afford her, that were she other than she is, she were
 “ unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I
 “ do not like her.”

Claud. Thou think’st, I am in sport; I pray thee,
 tell me truly how thou lik’st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after
 her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you
 this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting
Jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vul-*
can a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man
 take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I
 ever look’d on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no
 such matter; there’s her Cousin, if she were not pos-
 sessed with such a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty,
 as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I
 hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, tho’ I had
 sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is’t come to this, in faith? hath not the world
 one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall
 I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to,
 i’faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke,
 wear the print of it, and ⁷ sigh away *Sundays*: look,
Don Pedro is return’d to seek you.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you
 follow’d not to *Leonato*’s house?

⁷ *sigh away Sundays*:] A proverbial expression to signify that
 a man has no rest at all; when *Sunday*, a day formerly of ease
 and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably.

Bene.

Bene. I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, ⁸ but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded

⁸ *but in the force of his will*] Alluding to the definition of a Heretick in the Schools.

in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. “ With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker’s pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the Sign of blind *Cupid.*”

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call’d ⁹ *Adam.*

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull’s-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire,* let them signifie under my Sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry’d man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would’st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, ¹ if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene.

⁹ *Adam Bell*, at that time famous for Archery. Mr. *Theobald.*

¹ *if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice,*] All modern Writers agree in representing *Venice* in the same light, that the Ancients did *Cyprus*. And ’tis this Character of the People that is here alluded to. The *Sieur de St. Disdier* speaking of their *Courtisanes* says, *Je suis certain que rien ne peut egaler ce qui se voit à Venice, tant pour la multitude, que pour la pleine liberté*

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my house, if I had it,——

Pedro. The sixth of *July*, your loving friend,
Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

liberté—— Il y a deux cent cinquante quatre ans que *Venice* se trouvant sans Courtisanes, la Republique fut obligée d'en faire venir un grand nombre d' *Estrangeres*. La *Doglion* louë extrêmement en cela la sagesse de la Rep. laquelle, par ce moyen sceut pourvoir à la seureté des femmes d'honneur, ausquelles on faisoit tous les jours des violences publiques; puisque les lieux les plus saints n'estoient point un asile assuré. C'est pourquoy comme la Rep. croit que l'air salé qu'on respire dans ce climat rend le disordre habituel & sans remede, elle jugea, &c. Mr. Bayle, speaking of the dissolute manners of the *Venetian Ecclesiasticks*, says, Je me souviens d'avoir demandé un jour à un Homme, qui me contoit mille & mille *Dereglemens des Ecclesiastiques de Venice*, comment il se pouvoit faire que le Senat souffroit.—On me fit reponse que le bien public obligeoit le Souverain à user de cette Indulgence: & pour m'expliquer cette Enigme, on ajouta que le Senat estoit bien aise que le Peuple eut le dernier mepris pour les Prêtres; car des lors ils sont moins capables de le faire soulever. Thus, when natural temperament, the Policy of the Republic, and the Example of Churchmen, all concur to foment this disorder, it is no wonder it should rise higher here than in any other place.

Pedro.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate Desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will break with her: and with her Father,
And Thou shalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his completion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood?

² The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;

² *The fairest grant is the necessity;*] i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted.

And

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
 Then, after, to her father will I break;
 And the conclusion is, she shall be thine;
 In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Cousin your son? hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it self: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill; good Cousin, have a care this busie time.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. **W**HAT the good-ger, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed
not

not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

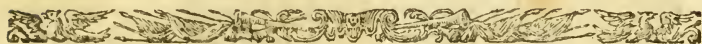
John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John.

John. Let us to the great supper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind! — shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *a Hall in Leonato's House,*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula.

L E O N A T O.

W A S not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *John's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in Signior *Benedick's* face —

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a

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C

curst

curst Cow short horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no Husband; for the which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.³

Ant. Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curstie, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curstie, and say, *Father, as it pleases me*.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other

³ *Well then, &c.*—] All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom is the players, and soited in without rhyme or reason.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell, ———

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, "get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids." So deliver I up my apes, and away to *St. Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

metal

metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* ſons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Maſquerade.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk with your Friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. My visor is *Philemon's* roof; within the house is (a) *Jove*.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of *The Hundred merry Tales*; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

(a) *Jove*, Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *Love*.

Bene.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester; a very dull fool, only ⁴ his gift is in devising impassible slanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in ⁵ his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders. [*Musick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

⁴ — *his gift is in devising IMPOSSIBLE slanders:*] We should read IMPASSIBLE, *i. e.* slanders so ill invented that they will pass upon no body.

⁵ — *his villany;*] by which, she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates he *pleas'd* libertines; and by his *devising slanders* of them, he angered them.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bor.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain so, the Prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use (a) your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms ⁶ faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Hero*!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio*?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the

6 — *faith melteth into blood.*] i. e. These intemperate desires make men treacherous; but the expression alludes to the old opinion of superstition concerning witches; that they turned wholesome liquors into blood by their charms.

(a) — *your own tongues!* *Oxf. Edit.* — *Vulg. their own tongues.*

garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wish him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the Post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the World into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a School-boy; who,

being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. "O, she misus'd me past the indurance of
 " a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it,
 " would have answer'd her; my very visor began to
 " assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not
 " thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's
 " jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw;
 " hudling jest upon jest, with ⁷ such impassable con-
 " veyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a
 " mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she
 " speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs; if her
 " breath were as terrible as her terminations, there
 " were no living near her, ⁸ she would infect to the
 " North-Star;" I would not marry her, though she
 were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before
 he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have
 turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire

⁷ such IMPOSSIBLE conveyance] We should read IMPASSABLE. A term taken from fencing, when the strokes are so swift and repeated as not to be parried or passed off.

⁸ she would infect the North-Star;] i. e. There is nothing of so pure and keen a brightness, that her calumnious tongue would not sully.

too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her ⁹ the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

S C E N E V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord,

⁹ *the infernal Até in good apparel*] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in raggs.

lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue. ———

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you?
your

your Father got excellent Husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon.

[*Exit* Beatrice.]

S C E N E VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, ' she hath often dream'd of an unhappiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

¹ *she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,]* So all the editions; but Mr. *Theobald's* alters it to, *an happiness*, having no conception that *unhappiness* meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks she could not laugh at. He had never heard that it signified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*.

— *My dreams are like my thoughts honest and innocent:*
Yours are unhappy.

Leon.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopfullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. IT is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of That lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick, and a Boy.

Bene. BOY, ———
Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [Exit Boy.]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. — I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when
he

he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; ² "wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her;" mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, ³ and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is,

² These words added out of the editions of 1623. *Mr. Pope.*

³ and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.] i. e. She shall not discolour it; hinting at the fashion of discolouring their hair, by art, when it was not of the colour in esteem.

As

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,
 * We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Baltbazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Baltb. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
 To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
 To put a strange face on his own perfection;
 I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

Baltb. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos;
 Yet will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
 Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
 Do it in notes.

Baltb. Note this before my notes,
 There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
 Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish'd!
 is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out
 of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when
 all's done.

The S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never;
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blith and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into bey nony, nony.*

* *We'll fit the hid-fox* —] This is a new species of animals of
 the Editor's creation. We should read the *hid fox*, i. e. the fox
 who had hid himself.

Sing

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. " If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, *Balthazar*? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O, ay;—stalk on, stalk on, the fowl fits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, fits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; ⁵ but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the definite of thought.—

Pedro.

⁵ *but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the INFINITE of thought.*] It is impossible to make Sense and Grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn, it had, my lord; especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up.

[*Aside.*

beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an irraged affection*,—is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*is most certain*. But a new idea striking the speaker, he leaves this sentence unfinished, and turns to another,—*It is past the infinite of thought*—which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus—*to say how great that affection is*. These broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense, and that is INFINITE. Human thought cannot sure be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was DEFINITE. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the DEFINITE of thought*—i. e. it cannot be defined or conceived how great that affection is. *Shakespeare* uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline*.

For Idiots, in this case of favour, would

Be wisely DEFINITE.—i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case.

Pedro.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,——when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That——

Leon. 'O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, wou'd flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet *Benedick*! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to her self; it is very true.

6 O, she tore the Letter into a thousand half-pence;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explain'd by a Passage in *As you like it*;

——*There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Crease running *Cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

Mr. Theobald.

Pedro.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other respects, and made her half my self; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep
peace;

peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, “for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make.” Well, I am sorry for your Neice: shall we go seek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that’s impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another’s dotage, and no such matter; that’s the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Benedick advances from the Arbour.

Bene. “This can be no trick, the conference was
“sadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*;
“they seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections
“have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be
“requited: I hear, how I am censur’d; they say, I
“will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the love

“ come from her; they say too, that she will rather
 “ die than give any sign of affection.—I did never
 “ think to marry—I must not seem proud—hap-
 “ py are they that hear their detractions, and can put
 “ them to mending: they say, the lady is fair; ’tis
 “ a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—
 “ ’tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving
 “ me——by my troth, it is no addition to her wit,
 “ nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be
 “ horribly in love with her.—I may chance to
 “ have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken
 “ on me, because I have rail’d so long against mar-
 “ riage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves
 “ the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his
 “ age. Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper-
 “ bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of
 “ his humour? no: the world must be peopled.
 “ When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not
 “ think I should live ’till I were marry’d. Here
 “ comes *Beatrice*: by this day, she’s a fair lady; I do
 “ spy some marks of love in her.”

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

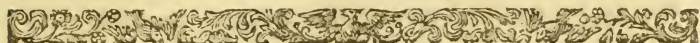
Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife’s point, and choak a daw withal: you have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*:——there’s a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*;—that’s as much as to say, any pains that

that I take for you is as easie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her Picture. [Exit.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

H E R O.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
 There shalt thou find my Cousin *Beatrice*,
 Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and *Ursula*
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
 And bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
 ' Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
 ' Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
 ' Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
 ' Against that power that bred it: there will she hide
 To listen our Purpose; this is thy office, [her,
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant presently.
 [Exit.

Hero. Now, *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our Talk must only be of *Benedick*;
 When I do name him, let it be thy Part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.
 My Talk to thee must be, how *Benedick*
 Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter

Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say : now begin.

Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour.

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture ;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —
No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As ¹ haggerds of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely ?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it ;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so ? doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak ; she cannot love,

¹ Wild hawks. *Mr. Pope.*

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-indeared.

Ursu. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; 'if fair-fac'd,
' She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
' ² If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
' Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
' ³ If low, an Aglet very vilely cut;
' If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
' If silent, why a block moved with none.'
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue That,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,

² *If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,*

Made a foul blot;—] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old *English* farces, with a *black'd face* and a *patch-work habit*. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus described by *Apuleius*, *mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti*.

³ *If low, an Agat very vilely cut;*] But why an *agat*, if low? For what likeness between a *little man* and an *agat*? The ancients, indeed, used this stone to cut upon; but very exquisitely. I make no question but the poet wrote;

————— *an Aglet very vilely cut;*

An *aglet* was the tagg of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These taggs were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The *French* call them *aiguillettes*. *Mazeray*, speaking of *Henry III*'s sorrow for the death of the princes of *Conti*, says,—*portant meme sur ses aiguillettes de petites tetes de Mort*. And as a *tall man* is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; so, by the same figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut*.

As

As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
 But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,
 How much an ill word may impositon liking.

Ursu. O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong.
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit,
 As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
 So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
 Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
 Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
 For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
 Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
 When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
 I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
 Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
 her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
 Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice,

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. ⁴ What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, thy kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I DO but stay 'till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the soale of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are fadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

⁴ *What fire is in my ears?*—] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them.

Pedro.

44
MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. "There is no appearance of fancy in him, " unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; ⁵ or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waste downward, all slops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet:" Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

5 Edit. 1600.

Mr. Pope.

Claud.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd by stops—

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

S C E N E III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow?
[*To Claudio.*]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero*?

John. Even she; *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it. —

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I should not marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witness; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dogb. First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable —

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is more need of such vanity: you are thought here to

6 no need of such vanity:] Dogberry is only absurd, not absolutely out of his senses. We should read therefore, MORE need.

be

be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. "We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. "Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how Sleeping should offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed."

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him

him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade* ———

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. *Conrade*, I say.

Conr. Here, Man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some Treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any Villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible ⁷ any villain should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, ⁸ thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the Fool; but see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

⁷ any VILLANY should be so rich?] The sense absolutely requires us, to read VILLAIN.

⁸ thou art unconfirmed;] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the World.

Watch.

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes, fashioning them like *Pharao's* soldiers in the reachy *Painting*; sometimes, like the God *Bel's* priests in the old church-window; ⁹ sometimes, like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massie as his club.

Conr. All this I see, and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy self giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero's* Gentlewoman,

⁹ *sometimes, like the shaven Hercules, &c.*] By the *shaven Hercules* is meant *Samson*, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common Tapestry-hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery *Cervantes* has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and squire to an inn, where they found the story of *Dido* and *Aeneas* represented in bad tapestry. On *Sancho's* seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sort of works, that fortune will send them a better artist.— What authorized the poet to give this name to *Samson* was the folly of certain christian mythologists, who pretend that the grecian *Hercules* was the jewish *Samson*. The retinue of our author is to be commended: The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. *Shakespeare* is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What *Pedro* says of *Benedick*, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him. *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make.*

by the name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night-- I tell this tale vildly — I should first tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don *John*, saw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my master knew, she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which first possess them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 Watch. And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters, ———

2 Watch. You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, ———

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Hero's Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. **G**OOD *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Dutchess of *Milan's* gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, your's is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you

would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband? none, I think, if it be the right Husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not ¹ turn'd *Turk*, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stufft, cousin, I cannot smell.

¹ *turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.

Marg.

Marg. A maid, and stuff! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. "Yes, I thank God, ² I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honest^r than I."

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

² *I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honest^r than I*] There is much humour, and extreme good sense under the cover of this blundering expression. It is a sly insinuation that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men*, as *Shakespeare* expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For as a great Wit says, *Youth is the season of Virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest Rogue in England is the greatest.*

Dogb.

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. "A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to see: well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind; an honest soul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!"

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leon.*]

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. "We will spare for no wit, I warrant;
"here's That shall drive some of them to a non-
"come." Only get the learned writer to set down our
excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

*Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio,
Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.*

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain
form of marriage, and you shall recount their
particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this
lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to
marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to
this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impedi-
ment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you
on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do!
what Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene.

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour;
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover it self withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved Wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ———

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have
known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy Seeming! ¹ I will write against it;
You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

¹ — I will write against it;] What? a libel? nonsense.
We should read, I will RATE against it, i. e. rail or revile.

— why not write, as well as Now,
rate against it? — the Critic, I suppose,
allows nobodys pen but his own to be capable
of abuse —

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,
My self, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, ² like an illiberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, Cousin, wherefore sink you
down?

John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*

S C E N E II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.

² *most like a LIBERAL villain,]* We should read, *like an*
ILLIBERAL villain.

V O L. II.

Herol

Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly
thing

Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
My self would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. ³ Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's 'fraine?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine;

3 — Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for That at frugal nature's FRAME?

I've one too much by thee. —] The meaning of the second line according to the present reading, is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that she sent me a girl and not a boy?* But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one*: and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had *one too much*. He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so because she chose to send a girl, rather than a boy, would be ridiculous) So that we must certainly read,

Chid I for this at frugal nature's 'FRINE, i. e. *refraine*, or *keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one.* But the *Oxford* Editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment, by substituting *hand* for *'fraine*.

This

This shame derives it self from unknown loins :
 + But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
 As mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
 That I my self was to my self not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she, — O, she is fall'n
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until last night
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger
 made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
 Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these Princes hold

A But mine, AND mine I lov'd, AND mine I prais'd,
 AND mine that I was proud on —] The sense requires that
 we should read, as in these three places. The reasoning of the
 speaker stands thus, — *Had this been my adopted child, this shame*
would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine, as
mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently,
as I claimed the glory I must needs be subjected to the shame, &c.

Against

Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal do warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
 Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That, which appears in proper nakedness?

⁵ *Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know
 none:

If I know more of any man alive,
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me convers'd
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
 Princes.

⁵ *Friar.* *Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?*] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And indeed, he appears, by this question, to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination. For had *Hero* been guilty, it was very probable that, in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The friar observed this, and so concluded, that were she guilty she would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. — I only take notice of this to shew how admirably well *Shakespeare* knew how to sustain his characters.

Bene.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes' left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this
do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find

The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whist it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 ' When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 ' Th' idea of her Life shall sweetly creep
 ' Into his study of imagination,
 ' And every lovely organ of her life
 ' Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
 ' More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 ' Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 ' Than when she liv'd indeed.' Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish, he had not so accus'd her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true:
 Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all Aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
 And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
 For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and
 endure.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

‘ S C E N E III.

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

6 SCENE III.] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. *Beatrice* here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin *Hero*: And without this very natural incident, considering the character of *Beatrice*, and that the story of her Passion for *Benedick* was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and *Benedick*. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no fauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*, ———

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswo-man! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat.

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat.—

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin; I must say, she is dead, and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.

To. Cl. IS our whole dissembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio*. Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

To. Cl. Write down, master gentleman *Conrade*; masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first: for God defend, but God should go before such villains. — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, Sirs, we say, we are none.

To. Cl. “A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.”

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. “Well, stand aside; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?”

Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, let the Watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

7 Sexton. Let them be in hand.

[*Exit.*

Conr. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write

7 Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] So the Editions. Mr. *Theobald* gives the words to *Conrade*, and says, *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his Brother Officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shews of knowing their ignorance.* This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their Examination as any Judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-clerk *That he goes not the way to examine.*

write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.—

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an afs! but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; “ I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; “ and which is more, an housholder; and which is “ more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, “ and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich “ fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had “ losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every “ thing handsome about him; bring him away; O, “ that I had been writ down an afs!— [Exeunt.

The meanness of his name hindered our Editor from seeing the Goodness of his Sense. But this *Sexton* was an Ecclesiastic of one of the inferior Orders called the *Sacristan*, and not a *Brother Officer*, as the Editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the Poet took his subject was some old *English* novel translated from the *Italian*, where the word *Sagrifiano* was rendered *Sexton*. As in *Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne*;

*When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,
Up rose the SEXTON of that place prophane.*

The passage then in question is to be read thus,

Sexton. Let them be in hand.

[Exit.

Conr. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The *Sexton* says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, *Conrade* says, *Off, Coxcomb!* as he says afterwards to the *Constable*, *Away! you are an afs.*—But the Editor adds, *The old Quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What these words mean I don't know: But I suspect the old *Quarto* divides the passage as I have done.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before Leonato's House.**Enter Leonato and Antonio.*

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
 And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
 Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
 Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrongs do suite with mine.
 Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain:
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape and form.
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
 (a) And Sorrow waive; cry, hem! when he should groan;
 ' Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 ' With candle-wafers; bring him yet to me,
 ' And I of him will gather patience.
 ' But there is no such man; for, brother, men
 ' Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 ' Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
 ' Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 ' Would give preceptual medicine to rage;
 ' Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;

(a) *And Sorrow waive;*] *Oxf.* Editor.—*Vulg.* *And sorrow
 wage.*

' Charm

- ‘ Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
- ‘ No, no; ’tis all mens office to speak patience
- ‘ To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
- ‘ But no man’s virtue, nor sufficiency,
- ‘ To be so moral, when he shall endure
- ‘ The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
- ‘ My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

- ‘ For there was never yet philosopher,
- ‘ That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
- ‘ ¹ However they have writ the style of Gods,
- ‘ ² And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely’d;
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,
my lord.

¹ *However they have writ the style of Gods,*] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise man. *Sapiens ille cum Diis, ex pari, vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus est. Sapiens nibilo se minoris aestimat.—Deus non vincit Sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73.

² *And made a pish at chance and sufferance.*] Alludes to their famous *Apathy*.

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou!

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, befhrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart;
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so doffe me? thou hast kill'd my
child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant.

³ *Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
 But that's no matter, let him kill one first;
 Win me and wear me, let him answer me;
 Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,——

Ant. Content your self; God knows, I lov'd my
 Neice;
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
 Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*——

Ant. “ Hold you content; what, man? I know
 them, yea,
 “ And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
 “ Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
 “ That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 “ Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
 “ And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 “ How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
 “ And this is all.”

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,—

Ant. Comè, 'tis no matter;
 Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

³ *Ant.* *He shall kill two of us, &c.*] This *Brother Anthony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'erwhelm'd with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reprov'd him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *Age* and *Valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself: and all his Brother can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a pene ration and exactness of Judgment peculiar to *Shakespeare*. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted.

Pedro.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, ⁴ we will not wrack your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my Honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord ——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

⁴ *we will not WAKE your patience.*] This conveys a sentiment that the speaker would by no means have implied, That the patience of the two Old men was not exercised, but asleep, which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. *Shakespear* must have wrote—*We will not WRACK, i. e.* destroy your patience by tantalizing you.

Claud.

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you, chuse another subject.

Claud. ⁵ Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gross one; nay, said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay, said I, the gen-

⁵ *Nay, then give him another staff; &c*] Allusion to *Tilting*. See note, *As you like it*. Act 3. Scene 10.

tleman is wife; certain, said she, a wife gentleman; nay, said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [*Exit Benedick.*]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. ⁶ What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

S C E N E

⁶ *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] It was esteemed a mark of levity and

S C E N E IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound?
Borachio, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well turn'd expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

Bora.

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the Plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters do not forget to specifie, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

S C E N E V.

Enter Leonato and Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
 "That when I note another man like him,
 "I may avoid him; which of these is he?"

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

VOL. II.

G

Leon.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy
breath

Hast kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge your self;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you should have given her Cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me.
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me afs: I beseech you, let it be remembred in his
punishment; "and also the watch heard them talk of
"one *Deformed*: they say, ' he wears a key in his
"ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money
"in God's name, the which he hath us'd so long,
"and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,
"and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you,
"examine him upon that point."

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth; and I praise God for you

Leon. There's for thy pains.

7 he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyryze the fashion; Whom they took to be a man, surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *Love-lock*. Against this fashion *William Prinn* wrote his treatise, called, *The unlovelyness of Love-locks*. To this fantastick mode *Fletcher* alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge* ——— *This morning I brought him a new periwig with a lock at it — And yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in his ear. And again in his Woman-bater — If I could endure an ear with a hole in it, or a platted lock, &c.*

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which, I beseech your Worship, to correct your self, for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [Exeunt.

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick, and Margaret.

Bene. **P**RAY thee, sweet Mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no Man come over me? why shall I always keep above stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit *Margaret*.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, — I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse; why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent's rhyme; for scorn, born, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but, I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. "An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that "liv'd⁸ in the time of good neighbours;" if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

⁷ *Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

Bene. ⁹ Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter

⁸ *in the time of good neighbours;*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous.

⁹ Question? *why, an hour, &c*] i. e. What a question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask. But the *Oxford Editor*
not

quarter in rhewm; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising my self; who, I my self will bear witness, is praiseworthy; and now tell me, how doth your Cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. **I**S this the monument of *Leonato*?

Attend. It is, my lord.

not understanding this phrase, contracted into a single word, (of which we have many instances in *English*) has fairly struck it out.

E P I T A P H.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues
 Was the Hero, that here lyes:
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
 Gives her fame which never dies.
 So the life, that dy'd with shame,
 Lives in death with glorious fame.
 Hang thou there upon the tomb,
 Praising her when I am dumb.*

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
 Those that slew thy virgin knight;
 For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb they go.
 Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
 'Till death be uttered,
 Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
 Yearly will I do this Right.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out;
 The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about
 Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey:
 Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters, each his several way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
 And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud.

Claud. ' And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula,
Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [Exeunt Ladies.]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:

1 *And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,*

Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] Claudio
could not know, without being a prophet, that this new-propos'd
match should have any luckier event than that design'd with
Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in *Claudio*;
and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i. e. *speed*
us: and so it becomes a prayer to *Hymen*. Dr. Thirlby.

Signior

Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' state of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

S C E N E X.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow,
Claudio,

We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiopo*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,

That you have such a *February*-face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
 And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow;
 And got a calf, in that same noble feat,
 Much like to you; for you have just his bleat.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and
 Urfula, *mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other
 recknings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine; Sweet, let me see
 your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her
 hand

Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
 I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[*Unmasking:*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero*! *Hero*, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander
 liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.
 When, after that the holy rites are ended,
 I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
 Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
 And to the chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat.

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and
Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula,*
Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore, you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, you were well-nigh dead for
me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Cousin, I am sure, you love the gen-
tleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves
her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick.*

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our
hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I
take thee for pity.

Beat. ² I would not deny you; but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save
your

² *I would not deny you, &c.]* Mr. Theobald says, *is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the Negative I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the poet's humour: and so changes not into yet.* But is not this a *Mock Critic?* who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for*
pity,

your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. ———

[*Kissing her.*]

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? no: "if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him;" in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tip't with horn.

pity, she replies, *I would not deny thee*. i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. *Theobald* by altering *not* to *yet* makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied; which was not the case.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up,
Pipers.

[*Dance.*


[*Exeunt omnes.*





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





Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

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

Anthony, *the Merchant of Venice.*

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

Salanio,

Solarino, } *Friends to Anthony and Bassanio.*

Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica.*

Shylock, *a Jew.*

Tubal, *a Jew, his Friend.*

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

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

Leonardo, *Servant to Bassanio.*

Balthazar, } *Servants to Portia.*

Stephano, }

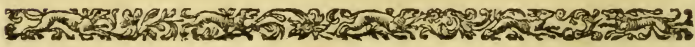
Portia, *an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.*

Nerissa, *Confident to Portia.*

Jessica, *Daughter to Shylock.*

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

SCENE, *partly at Venice; and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia upon the Continent.*



T H E



THE
MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.



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

I am to learn ———

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

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your ¹ Argosies with portly Sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

¹ *Argosie*, a ship from *Argo*.

Mr. Pope.

Or as it were the pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

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

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

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth.

Antb. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
Because you are not sad. "2 Now by two-headed *Janus*,
" Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
" Some that will evermore 3 peep through their eyes,
" And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
" And others of such vinegar-aspect,
" That they'll not show 4 their teeth in way of smile,
" Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable."

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

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

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

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

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

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

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

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

Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Antonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,

2 — *Now by two-headed Janus,*] Here *Shakespeare* shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those antique bisfrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of *Pan* and *Bacchus*; of *Saturn* and *Apollo*, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques; and in the books of the antiquaries, as *Montfaucon*, *Spanheim*, &c.

3 — *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.

4 — *their teeth in way of smile,*] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger.

H 2

I pray

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

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

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

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

Gra. ' Let me play the Fool;—

6 With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

“ Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

“ Sit like his grandfire cut in Alabaster?

“ Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

“ By being peevish? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,

“ (I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:)

“ There are a sort of men, whose visages

“ Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;

“ And do a wilful stillness entertain,

“ With purpose to be drest in an opinion

“ Of wildom, gravity, profound conceit;

“ As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,

“ And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

“ O my *Antonio*, I do know of those,

“ That therefore only are reputed wise,

“ For saying nothing;” who, I'm very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,

5 *Let me play the Fool;—*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces: From whence came the phrase, *to play the Fool*. Which always signifies the acting absurdly out of mere wantonness. But that, as we observed, is not the sense here.

6 *With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;*] Because they come easier, and are longer before they come than when brought by *Care*.

Which,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo* ; fare ye well a while ;
7 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

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

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

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

Gra. Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commend-
able

In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*

Anth. Is that any thing now ?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all *Venice* : his reasons are as
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you
shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you
have them, they are not worth the search.

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

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance ;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,

7 *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this
consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan
preachers of those times ; who being generally very long and
tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon
called the *exhortation* till after dinner.

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
 Hath left me gaged: to you, *Anthony*,
 I owe the most in mony, and in love;
 And from your love I have a warrant
 T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

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

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

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

S — like a WILFUL youth,] This does not at all agree with what he just before promised, that, what follow'd, should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read WITLESS, *i. e.* heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy, who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.

Then

Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That ⁹ in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos' strond*;
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such ¹ thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

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

⁹—*in your knowledge*—] i. e. Agreeable to your knowledge and care of my honour.

¹ Thrift for thriving.

Mr. Pope.

H 4

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Changes to BELMONT.**Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver,
and another of lead.**Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

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

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

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

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

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor mens cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple! But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word, chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery,

lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors, that are already come?

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

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

Por. ² Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

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

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

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

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan's*; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a

² *Ay, that's a Colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;*] Mr. Theobald says, he can perceive neither humour nor reasoning in this reading, and therefore alters *Colt* to *Dolt*; but what ever humour or reasoning there is in the one there is in the other: for the signification is the same in both. *Hen.* IV. 1st part, *Falstaff* says, *What a plague mean you to colt me thus?* And *Fletcher* constantly uses *Colt* for *Dolt*.

throttle

throttle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

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

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; ³ he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; and you may come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

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

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. ⁴ I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety, and sealed under for another.

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

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

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the

³ he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*;] A Satire on the ignorance of the young *English* Travellers in our Author's time.

⁴ I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety,] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the *French* gave the *Scots* in their quarrels with the *English*. This Alliance is here humourously satirized.

right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad

glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a faint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me, than wive me. Come, *Nerissa*. Sirrah, go before; while we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*A publick Place in VENICE.**Enter Bassanio and Shylock.**Shy.* **T**Hree thousand ducats? well.*Bass.* Ay, Sir, for three months.*Shy.* For three months? well.*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.*Shy.* *Antonio* shall become bound? well.*Bass.* May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound?*Bass.* Your answer to that.*Shy.* *Antonio* is a good man.*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?*Shy.* No, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.*Bass.*

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

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

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Sky. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!

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

Bass. *Skylock*, do you hear? ———

Sky. I am debating of my present store,
And by the near guests of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior;

[*To Anth.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth.

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

Sky. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

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

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

Anth. I do never use it.

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

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

Sky. No, not take int'rest; not, as you would
say,

Directly, int'rest; mark, what *Jacob* did.

When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were streak'd and
pied,

Should fall as *Jacob's* hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing, not in his power to bring to pass,

But

But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this insert'd to make int'rest good?

Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

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

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. —

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

'O, what a goodly outside's falshood hath!

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

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

Sby. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my ufances.

Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;

And all for use of that, which is my own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;

You, that did void your rheume upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: mony is your suit;

What should I say to you? should I not say,

Hath a dog mony? is it possible,

A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or

O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!] But this is not true, that falshood hath always a goodly outside. Nor does this take in the force of the speaker's sentiment; who would observe that that falshood which quotes scripture for its purpose has a goodly outside. We should therefore read,

O, what a goodly outside's falshood hath! i. e. his falshood,
Shylock's

Shall

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this, — fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies?

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

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

Anth. This were kindness.

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

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,

9 *A breed of barren metal of his friend?*] A breed that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren* the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot like corn and cattle multiply it self. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.

And

And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

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

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

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

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

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

Sby. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's. Give him direction for this merry bond, And I will go and purse the ducats strait; See to my house, ⁷ left in the fearless guard Of an unthrifty knave, and presently I will be with you.

[*Exit.*]

7 — left in the FEARFUL guard, &c.] But surely *fearful* was the most trusty guard for a house-keeper in a populous city; where houses are not carried by storm like fortresses. For *fear* would keep them on their watch, which was all that was necessary for the owner's security. I suppose therefore *Shakespeare* wrote

FEARLESS guard.

i. e. Careless; and this, indeed, would expose his house to the only danger he had to apprehend in the day-time, which was clandestine pilfering. This reading is much confirmed by the character he gives this guard, of an *unthrifty knave*, and by what he says of him afterwards, that he was,

———— a huge feeder:

Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day

More than the wild-cat —————

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

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

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

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

A C T II. S C E N E I.

B E L M O N T.

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

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where *Phæbus'* fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

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

As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

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

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

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

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

Mor. Good fortune then, [Cornets,
To make me blest, or cursed'ft among men ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Launcelot alone.

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

[(a) Page, Mr. Theobald—Vulg. rage.]

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

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

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

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

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

Laun.

Laun. ¹ Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew's* house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Turn up, on your right-hand, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction, to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of *Syrus* to *Demea* in the *Brothers of Terence*

— ubi eas præterieris,

Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,

Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias, &c.

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

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

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son; give me your blessing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

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

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

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

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

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own flesh and blood: lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my ² Thill-horse has on his tail.

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

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

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground. My master's a very *Jew*: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come;

² my FILL-horse] Nonsense. We should read, THILL-horse, the horse which draws in the shafts or *Thill* of the carriage.

Give

give me your present to one master *Bassanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

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

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

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

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

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

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

Bass. ³ Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy
ion :

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

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a service, no? I
have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man
in *Italy* have a ⁴ fairer table, ⁵ which doth ***** of-
fer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune;
go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small
trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven
widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one
man! and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to

³ Thou speak'st it well;] I should choose to read, *Thou*
SPLIT'ST it well, i. e. dividest the two parts of the proverb
between thy master and me.

⁴ fairer table,] The chiromantic term for the lines of the
hand. So *Ben Johnson* in his *Mask of Gypsies* to the lady
Elizabeth Hatton;

*Mistress of a fairer table,
Hath not history nor fable.*

⁵ which doth offer to swear upon a book, &c.] This non-
sense seems to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line
in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for
the future, should be printed thus, — *Well, if any man in Italy
have a fairer table, which doth ***** offer to swear upon a
book I shall have good fortune.* It is impossible to find, again,
the lost line; but the lost sense is easy enough — *if any man
in Italy have a fairer table, which doth* [promise good luck, I
am mistaken. I durst almost] *offer to swear upon a book, I shall
have good fortune.*

be ⁶ in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,
here are simple 'scapes! well, if fortune be a woman,
she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come;
I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an
eye. [Exeunt Laun. and Gob.]

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

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

S C E N E III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [Ex. Leonardo.]

Gra. Signior Bassanio, ——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

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

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

6 in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.] A cant phrase
to signify the danger of marrying. — A certain French writer
uses the same kind of figure, *O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être
tombée sur la pointe d'un Orciller, & m' être rompu le Cou.* —

Gra.

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

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

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

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

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I'M sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
 I Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
 But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
 And, *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
 Give him this letter, do it secretly,
 And so farewell: I would not have my father
 See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; most beautiful Pagan, most sweet Jew! if a christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd;
 but,

but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown
my manly spirit: adieu! [Exit.]

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot*.

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

S C E N E V.

The S T R E E T.

Enter *Gratiano*, *Lorenzo*, *Solarino*, and *Salanio*.

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

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

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

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

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

Enter *Launcelot*, with a letter.

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

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

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,]

Ut gratas inter mensas Symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia Cœna sine istis.

Hor.
Lor.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

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

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

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

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

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

Sola. And so will I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S C E N E VI.

Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

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

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

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

Why,

Why, *Jessica*! I say.

Laun. Why, *Jessica*!

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

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

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

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

There are my keys: but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal christian. *Jessica*, my girl,

Look to my house; I am right loth to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of mony-bags to night.

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

Sky. So do I his.

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

Sky. What! are there masques? hear you me, *Jessica*.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the publick street,

To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff, I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to night:

But I will go; go you before me, sirrah:

Say,

Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a christian by,

Will be worth a *Jewess'* eye. [Exit *Laun.*

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

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

Sby. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:

Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,

Therefore I part with him; and part with him

To one, That I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do, as I bid you. ———

Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find*;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The STREET.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

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

Sal. His hour is almost past.

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

Sal. O, ten times faster *Venus'* Widgeons fly

To

[O, ten times faster *Venus'* Pidgeons fly] This is a very odd image, of *Venus's* Pidgeons flying to seal the bonds of Love. The sense is obvious, and we know the dignity due to *Venus's* Pidgeons. There was certainly a joke intended here, which the ignorance

To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this here-
after.

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

ignorance or boldness of the first transcribers have murder'd: I
doubt not, but *Shakespear* wrote the line thus:

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

For *Widgeon* is not only one species of Pidgeons, but signified
likewise, metaphorically, a *silly fellow*, as *Goose*, or *Gudgeon*,
does now. The joke consists in the ambiguity of the signification.
And the calling love's votaries, *Venus's Widgeons*, is in high
humour. *Butler* uses the same joke in speaking of the presby-
terians.

*Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were as and Widgeon.*

Mahomet's as or rather mule was famous: and the monks in their
fabulous accounts of him said, he taught a pidgeon to pick peas
out of his ears to carry on the ends of his imposture.

Jessica

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

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

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit from above.*]

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

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

Enter

Enter Jessica, to them.

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

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio, ———

Anth. Fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

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

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

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia with Morochius, and both their trains.

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

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

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

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

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
 This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
 I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

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

If thou be'it rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady;
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
 Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve — why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
 Th' *Hyrceanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds
 Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
 For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross
 To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being

Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

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

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

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

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

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

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

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Solarino and Salanio.

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

K 2

And

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

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

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under fail;
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a *Gondola* were seen together

Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica*:

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

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

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

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

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.

I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried

A vessel of our country richly fraught:

I thought upon *Antonio*, when he told me,

And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

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

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,

Slubber

Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*.
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
 As shall conveniently become you there.
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wond'rous sensible
 He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his ⁹ embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E X.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Nerissa with a Servant.

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

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

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince;
 If you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,

9 — EMBRACED *heaviness*] This unmeaning epithet would
 make me choofe rather to read,

EMBRACED *heaviness*,
 from the *French enraciner*, accrescere, inveterascere. So in
Much ado about nothing,

I could not have owed her a more ROOTED love.

And again in *Othello*
With one of an INGRAFT infirmity.

K 3

Strait

Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

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

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

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

How

How many then should cover, that stand bare
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? ¹ how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vanned? well, but to my choice:
Who chusetb me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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

[Unlocking the silver casket.

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

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

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss;
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:*

¹ ————— how much honour

Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd?] This confusion and mixture of the
metaphors, makes me think that *Shakespeare* wrote,

To be new vanned. —————

i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the French word, *vanner*; which
is derived from the Latin *Vannus, ventilabrum*, the *fann* used for
winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the
metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same
thought. So in the 2d part of *Henry IV.*

*We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff.*

The Merchant of VENICE.

*There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

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

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

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

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee;
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:

Come,

Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly. }
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter *Salanio* and *Solarino*.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

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

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

Sal. Come, the full stop.

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

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

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, ¹ lest the devil cross
thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a

¹ *lest the devil cross my prayer*] But the prayer was *Salanio's*.
We therefore must read —— thy prayer.

Jew

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

Enter Shylock.

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

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

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

Sby. She is damn'd for it.

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

Sby. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

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

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

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

Sby. There I have another bad match; ² a bankrupt, for a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

² *A bankrupt, a prodigal.*] This is spoke of *Antonio*. But why a prodigal? his friend *Bassanio* indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the *Jew* honours him when he is going to sup with him.

————— *I'll go in bats to feed upon*
The prodigal christian —————

But *Antonio* was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant, be assured therefore we should read, — *A bankrupt FOR a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend *Bassanio*.

Sal.

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

Sby. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, ³ heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The Villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

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

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

Enter Tubal.

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

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*

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

³ heal'd by the same means,] I should believe, that *Shakespeare* wrote MEDICINES.

Tub.

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

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

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

Sky. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tub.

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

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

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

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

S C E N E II.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I Pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
I Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know your self,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
So will I never be; so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,

Mine

Mine own, I would say : but if mine, then yours ;
 And so all yours. Alas ! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights :
 And so tho' yours, not yours, prove it so,
 † Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.
 I speak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
 To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse :

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

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

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

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

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

Por. Well then, confes and live.

Bass. Confes, and love,
 Had been the very sum of my confession.
 O happy torment, when my torturer

† *Let fortune go to hell for it. not I.*] This line is very obscure. The form of the expression alludes to what she had said of being forsworn. After some struggle, she resolves to keep her oath: And then says, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what! not for telling or favouring *Bassanio*, which was the temptation she then lay under: for fortune had taken no oath. And, surely, for the more favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deserve (considering how rarely she transgresses this way) so severe a sentence. Much less could the speaker, who favour'd *Bassanio*, think so. The meaning then must be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring Bassanio, than I for favouring him.* So loosely does our author sometimes use his pronouns. — *not I* does not signify, *Let not I go to hell*; for then it shou'd be *Let not me.* But it is a distinct sentence of itself. And is a very common proverbial speech, signifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the *Oxford Editor* had considered, he might have spared his pains in changing *I* into *me.*

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!*
Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

[Musick within.]

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

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

Reply, reply.

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

Let

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All, Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
 The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? in religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
 Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
 So are those crispy snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus Ornament is but the guilty shore
 To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T'entrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which

Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here chuse I; joy be the consequence!

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

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

5 *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;*] *Bassanio* is displeas'd at the golden casket for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness*; but, what! is he charm'd with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeas'd him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote,

Thy Plainness moves me more than eloquence: This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the *antithesis* between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden-casket*,

This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt.

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

A gentle scrowl; fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note to give, and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a Prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
 Hearing applause and univerfal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
 So (thrice-fair lady) stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
 Such as I am; tho' for my self alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my Wish,
 To wish my self much better; yet for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times my self,
 A thousand times more fair; ten thousand times
 More rich; that, to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account: but the full sum of me
⁶ Is some of something, which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; more happy then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

⁶ *Is sum of something,—*] We should read, *some of something*, i. e. only a piece or part only of an imperfect account. Which she explains in the following line.

Happiest

Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my self
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

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

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

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

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

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

' You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing, till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here,
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

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

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

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

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

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

Ner. What, and stake down?

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

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

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

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;
 But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,

7 A comma here set exactly right, by Mr. *Theobald*.

He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

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

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

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

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger: Bid her welcome.

Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?

How doth that royal merchant, good *Antonio*?

I know; he will be glad of our Success:

We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

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

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

That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!

With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,

And I must have the half of any thing

That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasants't words

That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart: when I told you,

My state was nothing, I should then have told you,

That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
 I have engag'd my self to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my Friend to his meer enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
 The paper, as the body of my friend;
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
 Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?
 From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
 From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?
 And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

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

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

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

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest Man,

3 The best condition'd: An unweary'd spirit

8 *The best condition'd AND unweary'd spirit*

In doing courtesies; —] To be read and pointed thus,

The best condition'd: AN unweary'd spirit.

In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew*?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Nerissa* and my self, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day,
Bid your Friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

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

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

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solario, Antonio, and the Goaler.

Sky. **G**oaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out mony gratis.
Goaler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Skylock*.

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

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

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

[*Exit Shylock.*]

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

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

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

Ant. ⁹ The Duke cannot deny the course of law;

For

⁹ *The Duke cannot deny, &c—*] As the reason here given
seems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he,
the

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

S C E N E V.

Changes to BELMONT.

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

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

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion

the Duke stop the course of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stoped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.

' Of lineaments of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*,
 Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestowed,
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?
 This comes too near the praising of my self;
 Therefore, no more of it: (a) hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house,
 Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
 I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
 Untill her husband and my Lord's return.
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,
 Not to deny this Imposition:
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

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

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

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
 you!

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

[*Of lineaments, of manners, &c.* —] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must need be proportionate.

[(a) *Hear.* Dr. Thirlby, —Vulg. *here.*]

Por.

Por. ² I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo*.]

Now, *Balthazar*,

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

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

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

Ner. Shall they see us.

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
' And speak between the change of man and boy,
' With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing steps
' Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
' Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
' How honourable ladies fought my love,
' Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,

² I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you: —] I should rather think *Shakespear* wrote,

—— And am well 'PRIS'D,

from the *French appris, taught, instructed*, i. e. you teach me, in the politeness of your good wishes, what I ought to wish you.

I could

' I could not do with all : then I'll repent,
 ' And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
 ' And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell ;
 ' That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
 ' Above a twelve-month.' I have in my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

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

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

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

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

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

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

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother ; ³ thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

Jes.

³ Thus when you shun *Scylla*, &c.] By this allusion (says Mr. Theobald) it is evident Shakespear was no stranger to the Hexameter,

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

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

Enter Lorenzo.

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

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

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

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

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* should be *more* than reason: but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is indeed *more* than I took her for.

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

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

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

meter, nor the application of it, Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. But is it not strange that our critic, an *Englishman*, should know this was a *Latin* proverb, and yet not know that it was become an *English* one likewise?

Laun.

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

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lor. Even such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

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

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

Jes.

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

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

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-house in VENICE.

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

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

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

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

Enter Shylock.

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

Shylock,

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enough to press a royal merchant down;
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
 From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Sky. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose.

1 *Enough to press a royal merchant down;*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding Epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shews the Poet well acquainted with the history of the People whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the *French* and *Venetians*, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won *Constantinople*; the *French*, under the emperor *Henry*, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the *Grecian* empire on the *Terra firma*; while the *Venetians*, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the Republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the *Archipelago*, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the Republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the *Sanudo's*, the *Justiniani*, the *Grimaldi*, the *Summaripo's*, and others, all *Venetian merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the *Archipelago*, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over *Europe*. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

And

And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
 You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? ² I'll now answer that
 By saying 'tis my humour, is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? what, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the big-pipe sings i' th' nose,
 Cannot contain their urine for affection.
³ Masters of passion sway it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
⁴ Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force

Must

² ——— I'll NOT answer that.

But say, it is my humour,——] This *Jew* is the strangest Fellow. He is asked a question; says he will not answer it; in the very next line says, he has answered it, and then spends the 19 following lines to justify and explain his answer. Who can doubt then, but we should read

——— I'll NOW answer that,

BY SAYING 'tis my humour———.

³ *Masterless passion sways it to the mood*] The two old Quarto's and Folio read,

MASTERS OF *passion*.

And this is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that *Timotheus* and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural!

⁴ *Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; ——*] This incident *Shakespeare*

V o L II.

M

scena

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with a *Jew*.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.

seems to have taken from *J. C. Scaliger's Exot. Exercit.* against *Cardan* A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics : it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, tho' now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sæc.* 6. he has these words, *Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis Equitis. Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, *Shakespeare*, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as *Scaliger* uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem AFFECTIONEM duabus rebus*, so *Shakespeare* translates it by AFFECTION ;

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

Which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies ; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read. *Masters of passion.*

5 *Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.*] i. e. why he hath robb'd her of her offspring. Which, the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, he hath alter'd the line thus,

When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb.

i. e. when you hear.

You

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewish* heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

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

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

Sby. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

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

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

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

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

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

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

S C E N E II.

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

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*?

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

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. ⁶ Not on thy soale, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,

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

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

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit

⁶ Not on thy soale, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase, *Tho' thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the soale of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd! the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

Govern'd

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul flee,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it self in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Sby. 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

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

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

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

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

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

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,

And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellarion*?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the Court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew*?

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

Por. Is your name *Shylock*?

Sby. *Shylock* is my name.

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

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

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be merciful.

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

Por. ' The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
' It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
' Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
' It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
' 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
' The throned monarch better than his Crown:
' His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,
' The attribute to awe and majesty,
' Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
' But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
' It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
' It is an attribute to God himself;
' And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
' When mercy seasons justice.' Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;

And

And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

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

Por. Is he not able to discharge the mony?

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

Por. It must not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

7 That malice bears down truth.] By truth is here meant the
reasonable offers of accommodation which had been made.

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

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

Por. Why, then thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Sby. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

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

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

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Sby. Ay, his breast;

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

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

Sby. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, *Sbylock*, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Sby. Is it so nominated in the bond?

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

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

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

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

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

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

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

“ For herein fortune shews herself more kind,

“ Than is her custom. It is still her use,

“ To

“ To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
“ To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
“ An age of poverty :” From which ling’ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife ;
Tell her the process of *Anthony*’s end ;
Say, how I lov’d you ; speak me fair in death :
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend ;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt ;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I’ll pay it instantly with all my heart.

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

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

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;
I would, she were in heav’n, so she could
Intreat some Pow’r to change this curriish *Jew*.

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

Sby. These be the christian husbands. I’ve a
daughter ;

’Would, any of the stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a christian ! [*Aside.*
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant’s flesh is
thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Sby. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The

The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

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

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

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

Sby. Is that the law?

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

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

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

Bass. Here is the money.

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

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

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

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

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

Sby.

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

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

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

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

Sky. Shall I not barely have my principal?

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

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

Por. Tarry, *Jew*.

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

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

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

8 *The danger FORMERLY by me rehears'd.*] This danger was a judicial penalty, which the speaker had just before recited, in the very terms and *formality* of the law it self: we should therefore read *FORMALLY*.

Duke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a christian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

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

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.

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

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

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

[Exit *Shylock*.]

Duke.

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

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

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

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*]

S C E N E III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bass.

Bass. 9 There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

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

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

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts ;

And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exit with Nerissa.*

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

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

Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

9 *There's more depends on this, than on the value.*] So the old Quarto reads, and it is right.

Enter

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en :

My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, shew my Youth old *Skylock's* house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

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

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

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

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

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Grove, or green Place, before
Portia's House.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

LORENZO.

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

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;

And

And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Stephano.

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

Mes. A friend.

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

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

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes.

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

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

Enter Launcelot.

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

Lor. Who calls?

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

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

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

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

[*Exit Stephano.*

And bring your musick forth into the air.

- How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
- Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
- Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
- Become the touches of sweet harmony.
- Sit, *Jessica*: look, how the floor of heav'n
- Is thick inlay'd with patens of bright gold;
- There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
- But in his motion like an angel sings,
- Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;

[*I with PATTERNS of bright gold.*] We should read PATENS:
a round broad plate of gold born in heraldry: the cover of the
sacramental-cup.

' 2 Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
 ' But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 ' Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
 Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with musick.

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

[*Musick.*]

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

' Is

2 *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*] But the harmony here described is that of the spheres, so much celebrated by the ancients. He says, the *smallest orb sings like an angel*; and then subjoins, *such harmony is in immortal souls*: But the harmony of angels is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its *intelligence* or *angel* to direct it; for then with no propriety could he say, the *orb sung like an angel*: he should rather have said, the *angel in the orb sung*. We must therefore correct the line thus;

Such harmony is in immortal sounds:

i. e. in the musick of the spheres.

3 *The man that hath no musick in himself,*

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,] The thought here is extremely fine: As if the being affected with musick was only

- ' Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
- ' The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
- ' And his affections dark as *Erebus* :
- ' Let no such man be trusted — Mark the musick.'

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

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

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

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

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

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Musick ceases.*]

only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and the *external musick* [*concord of sweet sounds* ;] which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not chuse but please an *English* audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (says *Erasmus* in praise of Folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philantiam: Atque hinc fieri, ut BRITANNI præter alia, Formam, MUSICAM, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.*

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

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

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

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

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

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

[*A Tucket sounds.*]

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

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

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.*

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

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

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

Por.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;

It must appear in other ways than words;

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To Nerissa.*]

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

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

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,

That she did give me, whose poesie was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesie, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,

And that it should lye with you in your grave:

Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

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

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

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thy self, the Judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands,

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

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

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

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

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

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

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of these many friends,

I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself ———

Por. Mark you but that!

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

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,

[To Portia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*:

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

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,

And even but now return'd: I have not yet

Enter'd my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome;

And I better news in store for you,

Than

Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to Harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gra. Let it be so: the first interr'gatory,
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,

4 — you drop *Manna* in the way

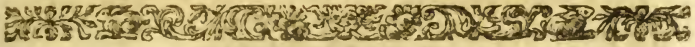
Of starved people.] *Shakespeare* is not more exact in any thing,
than in adapting his images with propriety to his speakers; of
which he has here given an instance in making the young *Jewess*
call good fortune, *Manna*.

Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So fore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



LOVE'S




LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost.

A

C O M E D Y.





Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,

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

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

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Nathaniel, a Curate.

Dull, a Constable.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Don Adriano de Armado,
A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,

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

Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.

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

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

LOVE'S



LOVE'S LABOUR'S *lost.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

KING.



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

Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own Affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,*

Have

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep those Statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

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

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

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

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

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

Long.

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

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

What is the end of study? let me know?

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

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

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

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As thus; to study where I well may dine,

When I to (a) feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

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

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

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

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

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

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

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light, that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heavn's glorious Sun,

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

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

[(a) Feast Mr. Theobald — Vulg. fast]

These

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

“ ' Too much to know, is to know nought: but
 feign;

“ And every godfather can give a name.”

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

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

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

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

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

1 *Too much to know, is to know nought but FAME;*

And every Godfather can give a name.”] The first line in
 this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of
 setting it right. The first is to read it thus,

Too much to know, is to know nought but SHAME;

This makes a fine sense, and alludes to *Adam's Fall*, which came
 from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The other
 way is to read, and point it thus,

*Too much to know, is to know nought: but FEIGN, i. e. to
 feign.* As much as to say, the affecting to know too much is the
 way to know nothing. The sense, in both these readings, is
 equally good: But with this difference; If we read the first way,
 the following line is impertinent; and to save the correction we
 must judge it spurious. If we read it the second way, then the
 following line compleats the sense. Consequently the correction
 of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (says the speaker)
is to know nothing; it is only feigning to know what we do not:
*giving names for things without knowing their natures; which is
 false knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripate-
 tic Philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet,
 with the highest humour and good sense, calls the *Godfathers of
 Nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner
 of acquaintance with their essences.

Biron.

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

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,

Than with a snow in *May's* new-fangled shows:

But like of each thing, that in season grows,

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

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

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

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say;

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

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

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

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

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

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

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

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

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

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

This article, my liege, your self must break;
 For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The *French* King's daughter with your self to speak,
 A maid of grace and compleat majesty,
 About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
 To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
 Therefore this article is made in vain,
 Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

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

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

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

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years'
 space:

For every man with his affects is born:
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:
 I am forsworn on meer necessity.—
 So to the laws at large I write my name,
 And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in Attainder of eternal shame.

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

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

With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

“ One,

“ One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
 “ Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony :
 “ ² A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 “ Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
 “ This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight;
 “ For interim to our Studies, shall relate
 “ ³ In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
 “ From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie ;
 And I will use him for my minstrelsie.

Biron.

*2 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.*] As very bad a Play
 as this is, it was certainly *Shakespear's*, as appears by many fine
 master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complai-
 sance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was
 willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to persuade
 the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her na-
 ture, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he
 would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the
 quarrel. And as our author, and *Johnson* his contemporary,
 are, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the Drama that our
 nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to
 take notice of one material difference between *Shakespear's* worst
 plays, and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious
 natural genius; and *Johnson* most to his acquired parts and learn-
 ing. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak
 of. Which is this, that, in *Johnson's* bad pieces, we do not dis-
 cover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but,
 in the wildest and most extravagant notes of *Shakespear*, you every
 now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine com-
 poser. And the reason is this, that *Johnson* owing his chief ex-
 cellence to art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an un-
 common pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support
 him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while *Shakespear*, in-
 debted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired
 talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest
 himself of his Genius but that it would frequently break out with
 amazing force and splendour.

*3 In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*] i. e. he shall
 relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances,
 O 2 and

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.

Dull. Which is the King's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow ; what would'st ?

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

Biron. This is he.

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

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

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

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

Long. A high hope for a low (*a*) having ; God
grant us patience !

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing ?

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

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

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Ja-*
quenetta.

The

and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, be-
cause these romances being of *Spanish* original, the Heroes and the
Scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the*
world's debate is, because the subject of those romances were the
crusades of the *European* Christians against the Saracens of *Asia* and
Africa. So that we see here is meaning in the words.

(*a*) [*Mr. Theobald, having. — Vulg. heaven.*]

The manner of it is, I was ⁴ taken in the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

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

Biron. For the following, Sir?

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

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

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

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

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

King. So it is——

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

King. Peace——

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

King. No words——

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

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

⁴ taken WITH the manner.] The following question arising from these words shews we should read—taken IN the manner. And this was the phrase in use to signify, taken in the fact. So Dr. Donne in his letters, *But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I shall be taken in the manner; and I sit by one, too tender to these impressions.*

[(a) but so, so.] A quibble restored by the Oxford Editor.—
Vulg. but so.]

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

Cost. With a wench.

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

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

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

Don Adriano de Armado.

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

King.

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

Cost. Sir, I confes the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

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

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

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

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

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Armado's House.

Enter Armado, and Moth.

Arm. BOY, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile*? why, tender *Juvenile*?

Arm. I spoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little! pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.——

Moth.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crost. —

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie is it to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'sie. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. *Hercules*, master.

Arm. Most sweet *Hercules*! More authority, dear boy,

boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. *Sampson*, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong-jointed *Sampson*! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampson's* love, my dear *Moth*?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampson* had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown;
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. "The world was guilty of such a ballad
"some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not
"to be found;" or if it were, it would neither serve
for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er;
that I may example my digression by some mighty
president. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I
took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she
deserves well ———

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than
my master ^s deserves.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid.

Dull. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep
Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight,
nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week.
For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is
allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing: maid, —

Jaq. Man, ———

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

s deserves.] added, rightly, by the *Oxford* Editor.

Jaq.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see——

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-
shaft

shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, Lords and other Attendants.

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits;
 Consider, whom the King your father sends;
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
 Your self, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless *Navarre*; the plea, of no less weight
 Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but
 mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmens' tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now, to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
 'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent Court;
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. *Longaville* is one.

Prin. Know ye the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,
 Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.
 In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
 The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,
 Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should spare none, that come within his power.

Prin.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke *Alanson's* once,

And much too little of that good I saw,

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object, that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;

Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales;

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,

He

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes *Navarre*.

S C E N E II.

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

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;

Not sin to break it. ———

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my Coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
 For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none!

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but th' one half of an intire sum,

Disburfed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, as neither have,

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the mony's worth;

If then the King your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,

We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,

And hold fair friendship with his Majesty;

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,

(a) On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in *Aquitain*;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

[(a) On, Mr. Theobald — Vulg. One]

And have the mony by our father lent,
 Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.
 Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;
 And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound:
 To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
 All liberal reason I will yield unto:
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honour without breach of honour may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
 But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my heart,
 Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house:
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
 To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your
 Grace!

King. Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

[*Exit.*

Roſ

Rof. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Rof. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Rof. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rof. My physick says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Rof. No, *poynt*, with my knife.

Biron. Now God save thy life!

Rof. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that
fame?

Boyet. The heir of *Alanfon*, *Rosaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well.
[Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the
light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire That,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended;

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*]

Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, (sweet lamb) unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
retire

To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:

All

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;
 Who tending their own worth, from whence they
 were glast,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
 An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
 hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
 skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news
 of him.

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
 ther is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Park; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. **W**Arble, child; make passionate my sense of
 hearing.

P 3

Moth.

Moth. Concolinel ——— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*?

Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuff up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: 'these are 'complishments, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note (do you note me?) that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

² *Arm.* But O, but O ———

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm.

¹ *these are* COMPLEMENTS.] We should read, 'COMPLISHMENTS, *i. e.* accomplishments.

² *Arm.* But O, but O ———

Moth. *The Hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of *May-day*, besides the sports now us'd of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dress'd up representing *Maid Marian*; another, like a *Fryar*; and another rode on a *Ho'by-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the *reformation* took place, and *Precisians* multiplied, these latter rites were look'd upon to favour of *paganism*; and then *maid Marian*, the *fryar*, and the poor *Hobby-horse*, were turn'd out
of

Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be embassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead of metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather master, no.

of the games. Some who were not so *wisely* precise, but regretted the dituse of the *Hobby-horse*, no doubt, satiriz'd this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the *epitaph* above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!* ——— humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. *Mr. Theobald.*

Arm. I say, lead is flow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so.

Is that lead flow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoak of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly.

[*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of
grace;

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

S C E N E II.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *l'envoy*
begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no falve in
the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no
l'envoy, no *l'envoy*, or falve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my
stars! doth the inconsiderate take falve for *l'envoy*, and
the word *l'envoy* for a falve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a falve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain.

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and
do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's

There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose,
that's flat;

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;

How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*:

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;

Thus came the argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth.*

I will speak that *l'envoy*.

Costard running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Francis*; I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty; enfranchising thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this; bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. —

[*Exit.*

Moth. ³ Like the sequele, I. Signior *Costard*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, ⁴ my in-cony jewel! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this inle? a penny. ⁵ No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! —why, it is a fairer name than a *French* crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

S C E N E III.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

³ Like the sequel, I.] *Sequele*, in *French*, signifies a great man's train. The joke is that a single page was all his train.

⁴ my in-cony JEWEL!] *Incony* or *kony* in the *North* signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read, my in-cony JEWEL.

⁵ No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? It carries its remuneration. Why? It is a fairer name than a *French crown*.] Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

Mr. Theobald.

Cost.

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay, slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon,——O sweet guerdon! better than
remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most
sweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon,
remuneration.—— [Exit.

Biron. O! and I, forsooth, in love!

I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

'Than whom no mortal more magnificent.

This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This ⁴ Signior *Junio's* giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

⁴ Signior Junio's] By this is meant *youth* in general.

Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans :
 Leige of all loyterers and malecontents :
 Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces :
 Sole Emperor, and great General
 Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
 ' And I to be a corporal of his File,
 And wear his colours! like a tumbler; stoop!
 What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right!
 Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all:
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go to:—It is a plague,
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [*Exit*.

5 *And I to be a corporal of his Field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] This nonsense
 must be corrected thus,

*And I to be a corporal of his File,
 And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop!*
 The *corporal of a file* is a military term. And so used elsewhere
 by *Shakespeare*. *All's well, &c.*

Great Mars! I put my self into thy FILE. And to stoop like
 a tumbler agrees with the servile condescensions of a lover. But
 when the transcribers once saw the *tumbler*, they thought his
hoop could not be far behind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Cathariné,
Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting
mind.

Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresie in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
 Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill;
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

¹ When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart,
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, ² that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
 Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
 To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-
 wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the
 head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
 that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is
 truth.

³ An' my waste, mistress, were as slender as your wit,
 One o' these maids girdles for my waste should be fit.

Are

¹ *When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,*

We bend to that the working of the heart.] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice.

² ——— THAT my heart means no ill.] We should read, THO' my heart ———

³ An' YOUR waste, mistress, were as slender as MY wit,
 One o' these maids girdles for YOUR waste should be fit.]
 And

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—⁴ *Boyet*, you can carve; Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

B*Y* heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it self, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it self; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he

And was not one of her maid's girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by some accident or other; and that the lines should be read thus,

An' MY waste, mistress, was as slender as YOUR wit,

One of these maids girdles for MY waste should be fit.

The lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own gross shape, and her slender wit.

4 ——— *Boyet, you can carve;*

Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl, and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoricæ litteræ*; says *Richelet*.

Mr. Bishop.

come?

come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

⁵ Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play.
 But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
 this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
 better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
 stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere
 while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here
 in Court,

A phantasmè, a monarcho, and one that makes sport.

⁵ *Thus dost thou hear, &c.*] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

To

To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit Princess attended.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter ? who is the shooter ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns : but if thou
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on. —————

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer ?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, your self ; come not
near.

Finely put on, indeed. —————

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower. Have I hit
her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a lit-
tle boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rof. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can.

[Exit Rof.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant; how both did
fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both
did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark,
says my lady;

Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it
may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is
out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit
the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your
hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips
grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, chal-
lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night my
good owl.

[Exeunt all but Costard.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain; a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests, most in-cony vulgar
wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely; as it
were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man;
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he
will swear:

And

And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit;
Ah, heav'ns! it is a most pathetic Nit.

[Exit Costard.

[Shouting within.

S C E N E II.

⁶ Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol.

⁶ Enter—Holofernes,] There is very little personal reflexion in *Shakespear*. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and as himself says,

—his taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by *Holofernes* is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one *John Florio*, a teacher of the *Italian* tongue in *London*, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A world of words*, which in his Epistle Dedicatory he tells us, *is of little less value than Stephens's treasure of the Greek tongue*, the most compleat work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *Sea-dogs or Land-critics; Monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues addars-forks, their lips aspes-poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swardes of Turks that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them*. Well therefore might the mild *Nathaniel* desire *Holofernes* to abrogate scurrility. His profession too is the reason that *Holofernes* deals so much in *Italian* sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's lost*, printed 1598, and said to be presented before her Highness this last Christmas 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our *John Florio* with his *World of Words, recentibus odiis*; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their*

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not

moules on Socrates; those very moules they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c. Here *Shakespear* is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet of *The Gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praisefull Princess, &c.* in which our author makes *Holofernes* say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.* And how much *John Florio* thought this affectation argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, *H. S. His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an A S.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that *Shakespear* chose for him the name which *Rablais* gives to his Pedant of *Thubal Holoferne.*

reple-

replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; ⁷ and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be for those parts, (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than He.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Diçtynna*, good-man *Dull*; *Diçtynna*, good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Diçtynna*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

⁸ Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

⁷ and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.] The Words have been ridiculouſly, and ſtupidly, tranſpoſ'd and corrupted. The emendation I have offer'd, I hope, reſtores the author: At leaſt, it gives him ſenſe and grammar: and answers extremely well to his metaphors taken from planting. *Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, ſignifies, to riſe higher and higher; and *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progreſſion; and ſo at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expreſſes it.

⁸ Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of *Adam*, as when you uſe the name of *Cain*.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master *Holofernes*, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt

A pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore,

'Till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore,

Then sorel jump't from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel,

The people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore

⁹ Makes fifty sores, O sorel!

Of one sore I an hundred make,

By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deli-

⁹ *Makes fifty sores, O sorel!*] We should read, *of sorel*, alluding to L being the numeral for 50. Concerning the beasts of chase, whereof the Buck, being the first, is called as followeth; the first year a Fawn; the second year a Pricket; the third year, a Sorel; the fourth year a Sore; the fifth year, a buck of the first beard, &c. *Manhood of the Law of the Forest*, p. 44.

ver'd

ver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mebercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

S C E N E III.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead, a good Lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from Don *Armatbo*; I beseech you, read it.

(a) *Hol.* ¹ *Fausste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,

¹ *Fausste, precor gelida, &c.*] A note of *La Monnoye's* on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers, Nov. 42.* will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well *Shakespear* has sustained the character of his pedant.—*Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poësies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa preface sur Marial, les Pedans ne faisoient*

Q 4

[(a) *Hol.* Dr. *Thirlby*.—Vulg. *Sir Nath.*]

Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not:—*ut re sol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my soul! verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;

Tho' to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

soient nulle difficulté de preferer à l' Arma virumque cano, le Fauste precor gelida, c'est-a-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgile les Eglogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par Fauste precor gelida.

Celestial

Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the
accent. ² Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility,
and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*: ³ *Ovidius Naso*
was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
jerks of invention? (*a*) *imitari*, is nothing: ⁴ so doth
the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd
horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, was this direct-
ly to you?

Faq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, to one of
the strange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the
snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.*
I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the
nomination of the party writing to the person written
unto.

² *Let me supervise, &c*] The common editions give this
speech to *Nathaniel*. Dr. *Thirlby* restores it rightly to *Holo-
fernes*.

³ *Ovidius Naso was the man.*] Our author makes his pedant
affect the being conversant in the best authors: Contrary to the
practice of modern wits, who represent them as despisers of all
such. But those who know the world, know the pedant to be
the greatest affecter of politeness.

⁴ *so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the TIRED
horse his rider.*] The pedant here, to run down imitation, shews
that it is a quality within the capacity of beasts: that the dog and
the ape are taught to copy tricks by their master and keeper; and
so is the *tir'd* horse by his rider. This last is a wonderful in-
stance; but it happens not to be true. The author must have
wrote—the *TRIED* horse his rider: i. e. one, *exercis'd*, and
broke to the *manage*: for he obeys every sign, and motion of the
rein, or of his rider. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the
word is used in the sense of trained, exercised;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world.

[(*a*) *imitari*, Mr. *Theobald*.—Vulg. *imitary*.]

Your

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard*, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove thole verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courting my self. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, fet thee down, forrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] So sweet a kifs the golden sun gives
not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew;
 But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
 [*The King steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing
 papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that
 I know;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of
 society,

The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity,

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
 move:

O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid's*
 hose:

Disfigure not his (*a*) sloop.

Long. The same shall go. [*he reads the sonnet.*]

[(*a*) sloop. *Mr. Theobald.*—*Vulg. sloop.*]

Did

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury,
 Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment :
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
 My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love :
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is ;
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To lose an oath to win a Paradise ?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a
 deity ;
 A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
 God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th'
 way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this? — company?
 stay. —

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play ;
 Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets headfully o'er-eye :
 More sacks to the mill ! O heav'ns, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd four woodcocks in a dish ?

Dum. O most divine *Kate* !

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb ! [aside.

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Biron. By earth, she is (a) but corporal ; there you
 lie. [aside.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foui have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[aside.

[(a) but corporal, Mr. Theobald — Vulg. not corporal.

Dum.

- Dum.* As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
 Her shoulder is with child. [aside.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
 shine. [aside.
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [aside.
King. And mine too, good Lord! [aside.
Biron. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good
 word? [aside.
Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
 Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, incision
 Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprifion. [aside.
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have
 writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary
 wit. [aside.

Dumain reads his sonnet.

*On a day, (alack, the day!)
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alack, my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee:*

Thou,

*Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiopie were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's festring pain;
O, would the King, Biron and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your case is
such; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria*? *Longaville*
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart:
I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ay me! says one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, geap, and laugh at it?

5 — *my true love's fasting pain;*] I should rather chuse to read *festring*, rankling.

6 *How will he triumph, LEAP, and laugh at it?*] We should certainly read, *GEAP*, i. e. jeer, ridicule.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[*coming forward.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princess that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not aham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did see:
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Knot!
To see great *Hercules* whipping a jig,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jig!
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
And ⁷ Cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breast?
A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company

⁸ With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.

⁷ — CRITIC *Timon*—] ought evidently to be CYNIC.

⁸ With MEN like men, —] This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus,

With VANE-like men, of strange inconstancy:

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
 A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir,

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,

Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. *Biron*, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou
 tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
 not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
 let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whorson loggerhead, you were
 born to do me shame. [*To Costard,*

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
 up the mess.

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
 O, dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
 Will these turtles begone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
 stay. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaquen.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
 As true as we are, as flesh and blood can be.
 The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:
 Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
 We cannot cross the cause why we were born,
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
 thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east)
 Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee
 now?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon;
 She (an attending star) scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
 Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;
 Where several worthies make one dignity;
 Where nothing wants, that want it self doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;
 Fie, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a feller's praise belongs :
 She passes praise ; the praise, too short, doth blot.
 A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy ;
 O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. ⁹ Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book,
 That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

No face is fair, that is not full so black ?

King. O paradox, ¹ black is the badge of hell :
 The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;

² And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
 light :

O,

⁹ *Is ebony like her ? O WORD divine !*] We should read, O
 wood divine.

¹ — black is the badge of hell :

The hue of dungeons, and the SCHOOL of night ;] We
 should read, the SCOWL of night, i. e. the frown.

² *And beauty's CREST becomes the heavens well.*] This is a
 contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or
white beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for
 the *white*, takes for granted the thing in dispute ; by saying,
 that *white* is the *crest of beauty*. His adversary had just as much
 reason to call *black* so. The question debated between them be-
 ing which was the *crest of beauty*, black or white. *Shakespear*
 could never write so absurdly : Nor has the *Oxford Editor* at
 all mended the matter by substituting *dress* for *crest*. We should
 read,

And beauty's CRETE becomes the heavens well,

i. e. beauty's white from *creta*. In this reading the third line is a

V O L. II.

R 2

proper

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
 It mourns, that Painting and usurping Hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
 For native blood is counted painting now ;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
 black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted
 bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
 light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
 For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell
 you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day
 here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
 she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face
 see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine
 eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
 The street should see as she walkt over head.

proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence, the *french* word *creste* in that pronunciation and orthography is *crête*, which he understanding, and knowing nothing of the other signification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the *English* way of spelling, *creste*.

King.

King. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; — some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some Authority how to proceed;

³ Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms;

Consider, what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)

In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of Study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

Why, universal plodding prisons up

⁴ The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion and long-during Action tires

The finewy Vigour of the traveller.

³ *Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this, in the *French* pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *Qu'il est*; — from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer.

⁴ *The nimble spirits in the arteries;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name which is derived from *ἀρτήρα τριφεύρα*.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in That forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And Study too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any author in the world,
 5 Teaches such duty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then, when our selves we see in ladies eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our Learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 6 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.
 6 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 6 Lives not alone immured in the brain :
 6 But with the motion of all elements,
 6 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
 6 And gives to every power a double power,
 6 Above their functions and their offices.
 6 It adds a precious Seeing to the eye :

5 *Teaches such BEAUTY as a woman's eye?*] This line is absolute nonsense. We should read DUTY, *i. e.* ethics, or the offices and devoirs that belong to man. A woman's eye, says he, teaches *observance* above all other things.

6 — *In leaden contemplation have found out*
Such fiery numbers, ———] Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy ; at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies eyes are compared, as usual to *stars*. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the *Pythagorean* principles of astronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. The *Oxford editor*, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*.

6 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
 6 A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 6 When ⁷ the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 6 Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,
 6 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
 For valour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?
 Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical
 8 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair:
 9 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods,
 Mark, Heaven drowsie with the harmony!

7 — *the suspicious head of theft is stopt.*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no contrast between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is *sense*; and that is better than either one or the other.

8 *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:*] This expression, like that other in *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—*Orpheus' harp was strung with poets sinews*, is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. *Apollo*, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire.

9 *And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods, Make, Heav'n drowsie with the harmony!*] This nonsense we should read and point thus,

*And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods,
 Mark, heav'n drowsie with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the Gods. Alluding to the ancient Theogony, that love was the parent and support of all the Gods. Hence, as *Suidas* tells us, *Palaephatus* wrote a poem called, *Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος* *The voice and speech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of *Cosmogony*, the harmony of which is so great that it calms and allays all kind of disorders; alluding again to the ancient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless quietude.

Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. —
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear:
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake (a word, that all men love)
 Or for love's sake, (' a word, all women love;)
 Or for mens sake, (the author of these women;)
 Or womens sake, (by whom we men are men;)
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find our selves;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our Oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity it self fulfils the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Lords;

Pell-mell, down with them; but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these glozes by;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France*?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them
 thither;

Then homeward every man attach the hand

1 — a word, THAT LOVES ALL MEN;] We should read,
 A word all WOMEN love.

the following line

Or for mens sake (the author of these women;)
 which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!* ² sown Cockle reap'd no
 corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure;
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]

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

The S T R E E T.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.

S *Atis, quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general be-

² — *sown cockle reap'd no corn;*] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense.

haviour

haviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such infociable and *point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: ¹ this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: ² it insinuateth me of (a) Insanity: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. (b) Bone? — bone, for benè; *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

S C E N E II.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

[*this is abominable, &c.*] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, *Joseph Scaliger* used to break out, *Abominor, execror. Afinitas mera est, impietas, &c.* and calls his adversary *Lutum stercore maceratum, Dæmoniacum retrimentum inficitæ, Sterquilinium, Stercus Diaboli, Scarabæum, larvam, Pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, καθαρχία.*

[*it insinuateth me of INFAMY:*] There is no need to make the pedant worse than *Shakespeare* made him; who, without doubt, wrote *INSANITY.*

[(a) *Insanie, Mr. Theobald*—Vulg. *infamy.*]

[(b) *Bone? bone for benè; Priscian a little scratch'd. Mr. Theobald*—Vulg. *Bome boon, for boon. Priscian a little scratch.*]

Arm.

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.——

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it,
³ o, u.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will

³ o, u.] A poor Conundrum, as Mr. *Theobald* truly calls it, reitored, by him, to its place.—Vulg. *out*.

whip

whip about your infamy *circum circa*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false latine, *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure you, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie—I beseech thee, apparel thy head,—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too—but let that pass:——for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his
his

his Greatness to impart to *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass — the very all of all is — but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy — that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. *Joshua*, your self; this gallant man, *Judas Macabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*," "now thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies, — — —

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick.
I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Before the PRINCESS'S Pavilion.

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. SWEET hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

Ros. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd
your sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She

She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff: Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do; and do it still i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for (a) past Cure is still past Care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debter,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of Oes!

[(a) — *past Cure is still past Care.* Dr. Thirlby. — Vulg. *past Care is still past Cure.*]

Cath.

Catb. Pox of that jest, and I bespew all shrews:

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumaine*?

Catb. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Catb. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for't.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,

And shape his service all to my behests,

And make him proud to make me proud with jests:

* So portent-like would I o'er-sway his state,

That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.

4 So PERTAUNT-like would I o'er sway his state,

That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.] In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the Fool of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or Fate: Which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the Fool, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this *Shakespear* alludes again in *Measure for Measure*,

—merely thou art Death's Fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runs towards him still—

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like* should be read PORTENT-like, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and like a *portent* hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to forebode, but to influence. So the *Latins* called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

Prin.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stab'd with laughter; where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.
Must'ring your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to saint *Cupid*! what are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a fycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, address
The King and his companions; warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by;
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here,
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.

Action and accent did they teach him there ;
 Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out :
 For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.—
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and flier'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well :
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,
⁵ Like *Moscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley, court and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his sev'ral mistress ; which they'll know,
 By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be maskt :
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despight of suite, to see a lady's face.

⁵ Like *Moscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.] The settling commerce in *Russia* was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written : So that a mask of *Muscovites* was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since.

Hold,

Hold, *Rosaline*; this Favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
 Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine;
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*,
 And change your Favours 'too; so shall your Loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rof. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
 They do it but in mocking merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several councils they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Rof. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's
 heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sound.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers
 come.

S C E N E V.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and
 Attendants, disguis'd like Moscovites; Moth
 with Musick, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.

Out——

Biron. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes——
With your sun-beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithete;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their
minds, *Boyet.*

If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, That they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a
mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,

How

How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps

Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sun-shine of your face,

That we (like savages) may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one

change;

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus

estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's

chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then!

Ros. Only to part friends;

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize your selves then ; what buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought ; and so adieu ;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with That.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, ; and if you grow so nice,

Methegline, wort, and malmsey ;——well run, dice :
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu ;

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter——

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,——

Mar. Say you so ? fair lord :

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you ;

As much in private ; and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your visor made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason ! quickly, Sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man ; is not veal calf ?

Long.

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt your self in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge, invincible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

S C E N E VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are these the Breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are with your sweet breaths puffed
out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!

Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change Favours; and, when they repair,
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. " Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in the bud;
" Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roses blown,
" Dismaskt, their damask sweet Commixture shewn.

Prin.

6 *Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in the bud;*
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are ANGELS VEILING clouds, or roses blown.] This strange
nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing
the lines, I directed Mr. *Theobald* to read thus,

Fair ladies masked are roses in the bud;
Or ANGELS VEIL'D IN clouds: are roses blown,
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shewn.

But he willing to shew how well he could improve a thought,
would print it,

—————Or *Angel-veiling Clouds,*

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Rof. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like *Moscovites*, in * shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain in
their own habits; Boyet, meeting them.*

K I N G.

FAIR Sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty, command me any service to
her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

i. e. clouds which veil Angels: And by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was *Shakespeare's purpose* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was *Mr. Theobald's chance* to compare her to a *cloud*: And perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However I supposed the Poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The *Oxford Editor* who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be *angels veil'd in clouds*, but *angels veiling clouds*, *i. e.* capping the fun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet.

* ——— Shapeless gear;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what *Shakespeare* elsewhere calls *diffused*.

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Boyet.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know my lord.
[*Exit*.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
7 This is the flower, that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.—

And

7 *This is the flower, that smiles on ev'ry one,*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common stile, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, sinical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtesie*, that in common talk, or in the lowest stile, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as of an *agnomen*: hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects, this image should be, for some little time, continued, by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is that

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part!

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
Boyet, and attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes; ^s behaviour, what wert
thou,

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of
day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you
leave.

that the broken, disjointed, and mix'd metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrow'd ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: Because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said when they set upon amending *Greek* and *Roman* writings. For the much-used hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerarily.

8 — behaviour, what wert thou,

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?] These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into shew and parade it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality.

King.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjurd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
⁹ The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
spoke:

For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game,

A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady (to the manner of the days)

In courtesie gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

⁹ *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] Common sense requires us to read,

— MADE *break my oath,*

i. e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent — It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the cause of.

I dare

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizor, that superfluous Case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your High-
ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look
you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for Per-
jury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O!

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
 Nor never come in vizer to my friend,
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
 Taffata-phrases, filken terms precise,
 Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them; and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
 knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest
 In ruffet *yeas*, and honest kerfie *noes*:
 And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)
 My love to thee is found, *sans* crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.
 I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited, you are not free;
 For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
 to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your selves, my wit is at an
 end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude trans-
 gression
 Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*

What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

Rof. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath:

Rof. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:

And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.

What? will you have me; or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't; here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it, like a *Christmas* comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,

That ¹ smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is.—And might not You [*To Boyet.*
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye,

And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our Page out: ² go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting frait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, Sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

¹ — *smiles his cheek in years,* —] Mr. Theobald says, he cannot, for his heart, comprehend the sense of this phrase. It was not his heart but his head that stood in his way. *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles. So in *The Merchant of Venice*,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

See the note on that line. — But the *Oxford* editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *fleers*.

² — *go, you are allow'd;*] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So *Twelfth Night*. *There is no slander in an allow'd fool.*

Biron.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;

For every one purfents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, Sir; I can assure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know where until it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach.

[*Exit Cost.*

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one Show worfe than the King's and his Company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;

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T

Their

Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, hony monarch;
for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical;
too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey* the Great; the parish-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado's* page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*.

And if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
again.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am —

Boyer. You lye, you are not he.

Cost.

Cost. I Pompey am —

Boyet. ³ With *Libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Lash of
France.

If your ladyship would say, "thanks, — Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
Commander;

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering
might:

My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
Commander.

³ With *Libbard's* head on knee.] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a *Leopard's* or *Lion's* head.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander*.

Biron. *Pompey* the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and *Costard*.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the Conqueror. [*to Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to *A-jax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alisander*. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how 'tis a little o'erparted: but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed
canus;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus* :

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology. —

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth.*

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. A *Judas*!

Hol. Not *Iscariot*, Sir;

Judas I am, ycleped Machabeus.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd
Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. The more shame for you, *Judas*.

Hol.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsar's* faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. *St. George's* half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him, *Jud-as*,
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas*; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been
baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector*
in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Heſtor* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Heſtor*?

King. I think, *Heſtor* was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Heſtor*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be *Heſtor*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*
Gave *Hector* a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*
Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilion*;

A man ſo breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs
againſt *Heſtor*.

Dum. Ay, and *Heſtor*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;

Sweet Royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Heſtor*; we are much delighted,

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet *Grace*'s ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. This *Hector* far ſurmounted *Hannibal*.

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow *Heſtor*, ſhe is gone;
ſhe

she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey!* *Pompey* the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed *Worthies*.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey!*

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. " True, and ⁴ it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and " that he wears next his heart for a Favour."

S C E N E X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam, for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; ⁵ I have seen the day of right through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

⁴ *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linnen;*] This may possibly allude to a story, well known in our author's time, to this Effect. A *Spaniard* at *Rome* falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make to him, but conjured him by the memory of their past friendship punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the *Spaniard* closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprize, that he was without a shirt.

⁵ *I have seen the days of WRONG through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning, we should read, *the day of RIGHT*, i. e. I have foreseen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time.

King.

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. — I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne our selves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a (*a*) nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long Proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesie of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;

And by these badges understand the King,
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' oppos'd end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,

[(*a*) nimble, Mr. Theobald — Vulg. humble.]

As love is full of unbefitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,
 To every varied object in his glance;
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
 Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:
 And even that falshood, in it self a sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
 Your Favours, the embassadors of love:
 And in our maiden council rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie:
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time:
⁵ But more devout than this, (save our respects)
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. ⁶ We did not quote them so.

⁵ *But more devout, than THESE ARE our respects
 Have we not been;*]

This nonsense should be read thus,

*But more devout than THIS, (SAVE our respects)
 Have we not been; ———*

i. e. save the respect we owe to your majesty's quality, your courtship we have laughed at, and made a jest of.

⁶ *We did not COAT them so.*] We should read, QUOTE, esteem, reckon.

King.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this ———
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me;
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere infociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 ⁷ To fetter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

⁷ To FLATTER up these powers of mine with rest;] We should read, FETTER up, i. e. the turbulence of his passion, which hindered him from sleeping, while he was uncertain whether she would have him or not. So that he speaks to this purpose, *If I would not do more than this to gain my wonted repose, may that repose end in my death.*

Biron.

Biron. * [And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
Your are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife! — a beard, fair health and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not so, my lord, a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

* *And what to me, my love? &c.* —] These six lines are misplaced and ought to be expung'd, as being the author's first draught only, of what he afterwards improved and made more perfect.

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 (Without the which I am not to be won;)
 You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day
 Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
 death?

It cannot be, it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal:
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit;
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befall, what will
 befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*]

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your
 way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; these ladies' courtesie
 Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a
 day,

And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me——

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jacquenetta* to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most-esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows much-bedight;
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

9 *Do paint the meadows with delight;*] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus,

Do paint the meadows MUCH-BEDIGHT,
i. e. much bedecked or adorned, as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant.

When

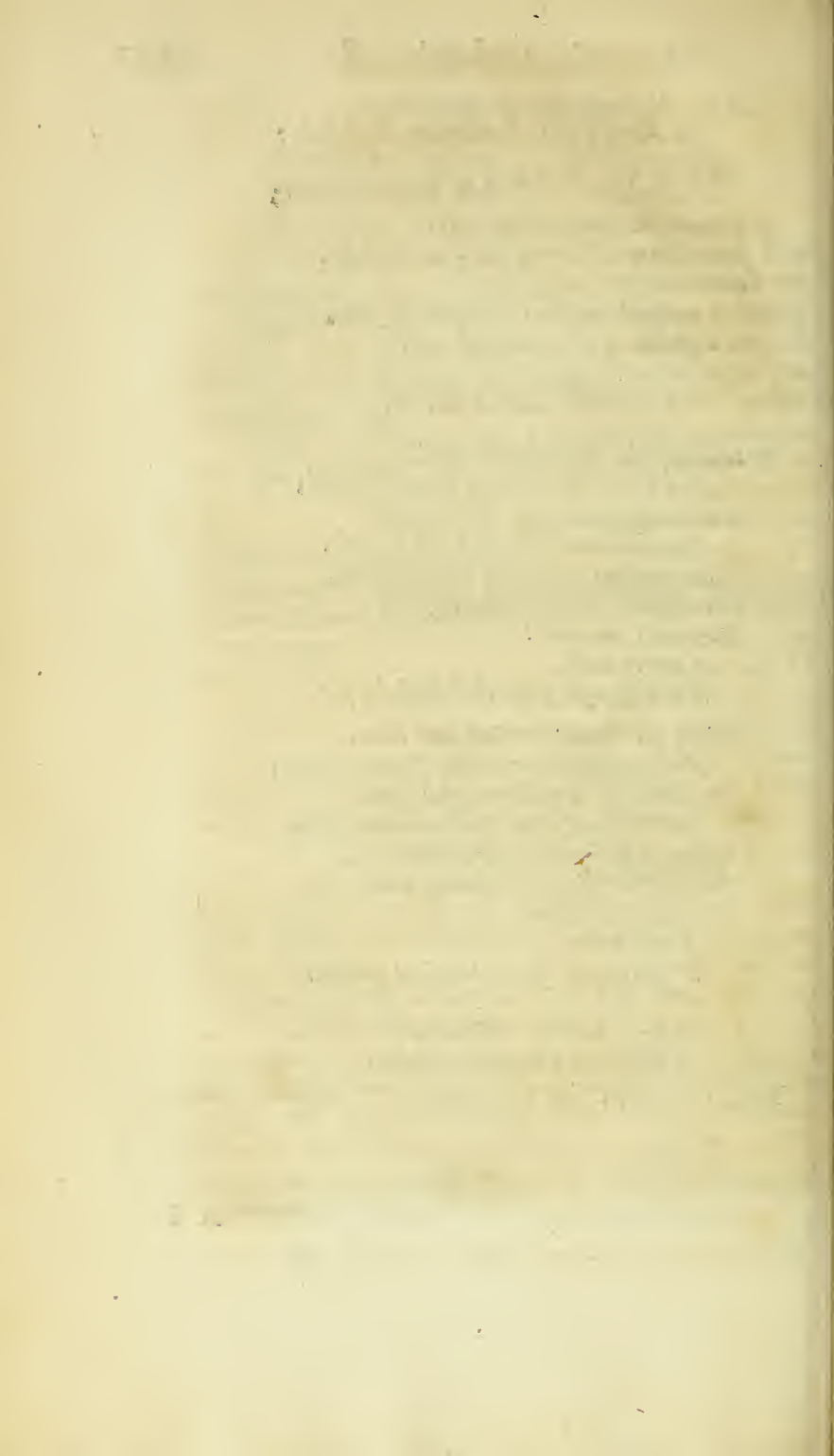
*When shepherd's pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then on every tree
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow!
 Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!*

W I N T E R.

*When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit! to-whoo!
 A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit! to-whoo!
 A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
 Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
 You, that way; we, this way. [Exeunt omnes.]





LOVE'S Labour lost.

ACT I. SCENE I. page 195.

This child of fancy, that Armado bight, &c.] This, as I have shewn, in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of Chivalry. A few words therefore concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as Monsieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, instead of giving us an account of these books of Chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provincial Writers, called likewise Romances: and so, under the equivocate of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to galantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their Doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of Chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its Giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the refined Politics of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their Romantic
* Bravery,

[Place this at the end of *Love's Labour lost*, Vol. 2. page 288.]

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Bravery. A *bravery* our *Shakespear* makes their characteristic, in this description of a *Spanish Gentleman*:

*A Man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as Umpire of their mutiny:
This Child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a Knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect: *This Gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated Stories recorded in the old Romances, and in their very stile.* Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because, these Romances being of *Spanish* Original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subject of those Romances were the *Crusades* of the *European* Christians against the *Saracens* of *Asia* and *Africa*.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all seem to have had their groundwork in two fabulous monkish Historians: The one, who, under the name of *Turpin* Archbishop of *Rheims*, wrote the History and Achievements of *Charlemagne* and his twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and the South parts of *Spain*: the other, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*.

Two of those Peers, whom the old Romances have rendered most famous, were *Oliver* and *Rowland*. Hence *Shakespear* makes *Alanson*, in the first part of *Henry VI.* say, "*Froissard*, a countryman of ours, records, *England* "all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred, during the time *Edward* "the Third did reign." In the *Spanish* Romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or simply

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simply *Oliva*, those of *Oliver*: for *Oliva* is the same in *Spanish* as *Olivier* is in *French*. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the Priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the Knight's library to the secular-arm of the house-keeper, "Exceptando à un Bernardo del Carpio
 " que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles;
 " que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en
 " las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission
 " alguna".¹ And of *Oliver* he says; "essa *Oliva*
 " se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden
 " della las cenizas."² The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of *Valencia*, near the town of *Alicant*, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible Ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the *Spaniards*, of giving one a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in *French*, *faire le Roland* means, to swagger. This driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in *Spain* was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the Inquisitor Priest says; "segun
 " he oydo dezir, este libro fuè el primero de Caval-
 " lerias que se imprimiò en España, y todos los demás
 " an tomado principio y origen deste;"³ and for which he humourously cõdemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of

¹ B. 1. ç. 6.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

these

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these inhospitable Guests; by the excitements of the Popes, they carried their arms against them into *Greece* and *Asia*, to support the *Byzantine* empire, and recover the holy Sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of Romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that *Trebizonde* is as celebrated in these Romances as *Roncesvalles* is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous *Italian* epic poets, *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old Romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: *Ariosto* choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and *Tasso*, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: *Ariosto's* hero being *Orlando* or the *French Roland*: for as the *Spaniards*, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roland*, so the *Italians*, by another, made it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in *Turpin's* famous history of *Charlemagne* and his *twelve peers*. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the Romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir *J. Maundevile*, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of *Cos*, in the *Archipelago*, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. “ And also a zonge Man, that
“ wiste not of the Dragoun, went out of a Schipp,
“ and went thorghe the Isle, till that he came to the
“ Castelle, and cam into the Cave; and went so longe
“ till

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“ till that he fond a Chambre, and there he saughe
“ a Damyselle, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede
“ in a Myrour: and sche hadde meche Trefoure
“ abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a
“ comoun Woman, that dwelled there to resceyve
“ Men to Folye. And he abode, till the Damyselle,
“ saughe the schadewe of him in the Myrour. And
“ sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what
“ he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire Lim-
“ man or Paramour. And sche asked him, if that
“ he were a Knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And
“ then sche seyde, that he myghte not ben hire
“ Limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his
“ Felowes, and make him Knyghte, and come azen
“ upon the Morwe, and sche scholde come out of her
“ Cave before him; and thanne come and kyffe hire
“ on the Mowthe and have no drede. For I schalle
“ do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me
“ in lykeness of a Dragoun. For thoughe thou see
“ me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the
“ to wytene that it is made be Enchauntement. For
“ withouten doute, I am none other than thou seest
“ now, a Woman; and therefore drede the noughte.
“ And zif thou kyffe me, thou schalt have alle this
“ Trefoure, and be my Lord, and Lord also of all
“ that Isle. And he departed, &c.” p. 29, 30.

Ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a Romance-
adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and
so, it seems, did the people of the isle. *And some
Men seyn* (says he) *that in the Isle of Lango is zit the
Doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret
Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme in lengthe, as Men
seyn: For I have not seen hire. And thei of the Isles
callen hire, Lady of the Land.* We are not to think
then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and
travellers, would have less credit either with the writers
or readers of Romances: which humour of the times
therefore

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therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the Romancers with materials, was our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. For it is not to be supposed, that these *Children of Fancy* (as *Shakespear* in the place quoted above finely calls them, insinuating that *Fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a carrier, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From *Him* therefore the *Spanish* Romancers took the story of the *British* *Arthur*, and the *Knights of his round-table*, his wife *Gueniver*, and his conjurer *Merlin*. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of Chivalry) the Wars of *Christians* against *Infidels*. And whether it was by blunder or design they changed the *Saxons* into *Saracens*. I suspect by design: For Chivalry without a *Saracen* was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and served the Knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and King *Arthur* and his Knights, is called the *History of Saint Greaal*. This *St. Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea*. So another is called *Kyrie Eleison* of *Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paratipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint
or

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or a Devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmino* himself. “La confession (*says the preacher*) ne vaut rien si le cœur n’est repentant; & si tu es moult & éloigné de l’amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peux estre raccordé si non par trois choses : premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur, tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d’aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d’aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c’est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l’ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu’ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après prinist discipline & d’eux & moult doucement la receut.” Hence we find the divinity-lectures of *Don Quixote* and the penance of his Squire, are both of them in the *ritual* of Chivalry. Lastly, we find the Knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like *Charles V. of Spain*, in a Monastery; or turn’d Hermit, and became a Saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those Dialogues between *Sancho* and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn *Saint* or *Archbishop*.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As *first*, the nature of the subject, which was a religious War or Crusade: *2dly*, The quality of the first Writers, who were religious Men: And *3dly*, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn,

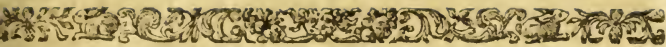
that

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that *Clement V.* interdicted *Justs* and *Torneaments*, because he understood they had much hindered the *Crusade* decreed in the Council of *Vienna*. “*Torneamenta ipsa & Hastiludia sive Juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*” *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the *Crusades* by turning the fondness for *Tilts* and *Torneaments* into that channel. Hence we see the books of *Knight-errantry* so full of solemn *Justs* and *Torneaments* held at *Trebizonde*, *Bizance*, *Tripoly*, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes's* intention to ridicule, where he makes his *Knight* propose it as the best means of subduing the *Turk*, to assemble all the *Knights-errant* together by *Proclamation*.⁴

⁴ See Part 2. l. 5. c. 1.






AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.



Vol. II.

U



Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*

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

Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

Charles, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Touchstone, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

A Clown, in love with Audrey.

William, *another clown, in love with Audrey.*

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

Rosalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *Daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lyes, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Forest of Arden.




AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.

S I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this, my Father bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; (or, to speak more pro-

1 As I remember, Adam, it was upon this FASHION bequeathed me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns, &c.] The Grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading, and pointing sets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this MY FATHER bequeathed me, &c.* The Grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this, *Orlando and Adam* were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had

properly) * *stys* me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, ³ his discountenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

S C E N E II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli.

but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and *Orlando* opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this, i. e.* for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.

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

And here you STY me in this hard rock.

³ *his COUNTENANCE* seems to take from me.] We should certainly read *his DISCOURTENANCE*.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

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

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idlenefs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, + be bettter employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir!

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me.

I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me; the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you

[+ be better employ'd, and be nought a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, *i. e.* (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness as you call it may be an exercise, by which you may make a figure, and endear your self to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible Cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye quoted, from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; satis est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. But Oliver in the perverseness of his disposition would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the Reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter, I will assure him—be nought a while is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, a mischief on you. So the old Poet Skelton,*

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

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

——and do aught a while.

are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; 's'albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

5 albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his REVERENCE.] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood, —The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born—But I am persuaded that *Orlando* did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds* treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Robert as himself was. I imagine therefore *Shakespear* might write, —*albeit your coming before me is nearer to his REVENUE, i. e.* though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate.

Oli.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

S C E N E III.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in;—'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him; whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; ⁶ for the new Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the *old Robin Hood* of *England*; they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had my self notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of

6 for the Duke's daughter her cousin] read, the NEW Duke's
ambi-

ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your Worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so, long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

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

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I
am

am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise Sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Rof. What shall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rof. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Rof. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's:

nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a Clown.

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

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddeffes, hath sent this Natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistrefs, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. "Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:" Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now? stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by That that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had
sworn

sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Rof. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great Show: here comes Monsieur *Le Beau*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rof. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau*; what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Rof. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Rof. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rof. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, ———

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; ———

Rosalind. With bills on their necks.

Clown. Be it known unto all men by these presents ———

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's Wrestler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the Second, and so the Third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clown. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

7 With BILLS on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents.] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the *Clown* says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank. Rosalind* replies—*thou lovest thy old smell.* So here when *Rosalind* had said, *With bills on their necks*, the *Clown*, to be quits with her, puts in, *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.

Ros.

Ros. But ^s is there any else longs to set this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the Youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

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

⁸ *Is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?*]
A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of *Rosalind's* repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote — SET *this broken musick in his sides.*

Orla.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. ⁹ If you saw your self with our eyes, or knew your self with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

⁹ *If you saw your self with YOUR eyes, or knew your self with YOUR judgment,]* Absurd! The sense requires that we should read, OUR eyes, and OUR judgment. The argument is, *Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know your self with our more impartial judgment you would forbear.*

Orla.

Orla. Your hearts desires be with you! —

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

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

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

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

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

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

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

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else!

The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

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

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him ;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*]

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? — my better
parts
Are all thrown down ; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.

Ros.

[*Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.*] A *Quintaine* was a Post or Butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. I am, says Orlando, only a quintaine, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest ; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The fa-

Rof. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes.

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Rof. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rof. and Cel.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

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

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me
this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,

mous satirist *Regnier*, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, tho' the thought be different.

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

And

And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neice;
 Grounded upon no other argument,
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,
 And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*
Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
 But, heav'nly *Rosalind!* ——— [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, Cousin; why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with Reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's Child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could ² cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a Fall; — but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Rowland's* youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chase, I should hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

S C E N E IX.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Uncle!

Duke. You, Cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

2 cry, hem, and have him.] A proverbial expression signifying, having for asking.

Ros.

Rof. I do beseech your Grace,
 Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
 If with my self I hold intelligence,
 Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
 If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
 (As I do trust, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
 Never so much as in a thought unborn
 Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace it self:
 Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
 Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

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

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

So was I, when your Highness banish'd him;
 Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake;
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
 I was too young that time to value her;
 But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
 And wherefoe'er we went, like *Juno's* Swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her:

Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
 3 And thou wilt show more bright; and shine more
 virtuous,

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

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

Duke. You are a fool: you, Neice, provide your self;
 If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
 And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

S C E N E X.

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*; where wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
 Has banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love,
 4 Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
 Shall we be sundred? shall we part, sweet Girl?
 No, let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly;

3 *And thou wilt show more bright, and SEEM more virtuous.*
 This implies her to be some how remarkably defective in virtue;
 which was not the speaker's thought. The poet doubtless wrote,
 ——— and SHINE more virtuous.

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

4 *Which teacheth THEE—*] The poet certainly wrote—*which*
teacheth ME. For if *Rosalind* had learnt to think *Celia* one part of
 herself, she could not lack that love which *Celia* complains she
 does.

Whither

Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out :
 For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my Uncle in the forest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
 The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man ?
 A gallant Curtie-ax upon my thigh,
 A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish Cowards have,
 That do outface it with their semblances.

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

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own
 Page ;

And therefore, look, you call me *Ganimes* ;
 But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
 No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
 The clownish Fool out of your father's Court ?
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
 Leave me alone to woo him ; let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
 Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight: now go we in content
 To Liberty, and not to Banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Arden *F O R E S T.*

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

D U K E senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 ' Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 ' Than That of painted Pomp? are not these woods
 ' More free from peril, than the envious Court?
 ' (a) Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
 ' The Seasons' difference; as, the icie phang,
 ' And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 ' Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 ' Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 ' This is no Flattery: these are Counsellors,
 ' That feelingly persuade me what I am,
 ' Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
 ' Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 ' Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 ' And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
 ' Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 ' Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

[(a) Here feel we but. Mr. Theobald—Vulg. Here feel we
 not.]

Duke,

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison!
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this defart city,
 Should, in their own Confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches goar'd.

Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
 The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you:
 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chafe; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

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

Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,

'Tis

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most inveſtively he pierceth through
 The body of the Country, City, Court,
 Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
 Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contem-
 plation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and comment-
 ing

Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
 I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits.
 For then he's full of matter.

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

S C E N E II.

Changes to the PALACE again.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. CAN it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
 It cannot be; ſome villains of my Court
 Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 Lord. My Lord, the royniſh Clown at whom
 ſo oft
 Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hesperia, the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,
 Confefſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
 Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend

The

The parts and graces of the Wrestler,
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*;
And she believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly;
And let not Search and Inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to OLIVER'S House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh,
my gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The boney Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof

[The BONNY Priser —] We should read BONEY Priser.
For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not
for his gayety or good-humour.

The

The enemy of all your graces lives :
 Your brother — (no ; no brother ; yet the son, —
 Yet not the son ; I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father,)
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it ; if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off ;
 I overheard him, and his practices :
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have
 me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
 my food ?

Or with a base, and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road ?
 This I must do, or know not what to do :
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. ‘ But do not so ; I have five hundred crowns,
 ‘ The thrifty hire I sav’d under your father,
 ‘ Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
 ‘ When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 ‘ And unregarded age in corners thrown ;
 ‘ Take That ; and he that doth the ravens feed,
 ‘ Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 ‘ Be comfort to my age ! here is the gold,
 ‘ All this I give you, let me be your servant ;
 ‘ Tho’ I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 ‘ For in my youth I never did apply
 ‘ Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 ‘ Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 ‘ The means of weakness and debility ;
 ‘ Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

‘ Frosty,

‘Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;’
I’ll do the service of a younger man
In all your businests and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their service up
Even with the Having; it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun’st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we’ll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We’ll light upon some settled low Content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years ’till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years Many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my master’s debtor. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the FOREST of Arden.

*Enter Rosalind in Boy’s cloaths for Ganimed, Celia
drest like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Clown.*

*Ros.*² O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

² O Jupiter! *how MERRY are my spirits?*] And yet within
the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her
heart to disgrace her man’s apparel, and cry like a woman. It
should be, — *how WEARY are my spirits?* And the Clown’s reply
makes this reading certain.

Ros.

Rof. I could find in my heart to difgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muft comfort the weaker vefsel, as doublet and hofe ought to fhew it felf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I fhould bear no Crofs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no mony in your purfe.

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

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muft be content.

Rof. Ay, be fo, good *Touchftone*: look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in folemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her fcorn you ftill.

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

Corin. I partly guefs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'ft not guefs,
 Tho' in thy youth thou wafte as true a lover,
 As ever figh'd upon a midnight pillow;
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,
 (As, fure, I think, did never man love fo)
 How many actions moft ridiculous
 Haft thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. ' O, thou didft then ne'er love fo heartily;
 ' If thou remember'ft not the flighteft folly,
 ' That ever love did make thee run into;
 ' Thou haft not lov'd. ———
 ' Or if thou haft not fate as I do now,
 ' Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs praife,
 ' Thou haft not lov'd. ———
 ' Or if thou haft not broke from company

' Abruptly.

‘ Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;

‘ Thou hast not lov’d.’ ———

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

[*Exit Sil.*

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

Clo. “ And I mine; I remember, when I was in
“ love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid
“ him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*;
“ and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the
“ cow’s dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk’d;
“ and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead
“ of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving
“ her them again, said with weeping tears, wear these
“ for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run into
“ strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is
“ all nature in love mortal in folly.”

Ros. Thou speak’st wiser, than thou art ware of:

Clo. Nay, I shall ne’er be ware of mine own wit,
’till I break my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove!* *Jove!* this Shepherd’s passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he’s not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; good Even to you, friend.

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

Ros. I pr’ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here’s a young maid with travel much oppress’d,
And faints for succour.

Cor.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
 And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
 But I am Shepherd to another man,
 And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
 By doing deeds of hospitality :
 Besides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coate now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on ; but what is, come see ;
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere
 while,
 That little cares for buying any thing.

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

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
 I like this place, and willingly could waste
 My time in it.

Cor. Affuredly, the thing is to be sold ;
 Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be ;
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a desert Part of the FOREST.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood tree,
 Who loves to lye with me,*

And

And tune his merry note,
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, *Monsieur Jaques*.

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can suck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. "I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing;" come, come, another stanza; call you 'em stanza's?

Ami. What you will, *Monsieur Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.—Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the song, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

S O N G.

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

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass;
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,
 (a) Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 As if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that's *duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd
 [Exit, severally.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

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

(a) *Duc ad me*, Oxford edition.—Vulg. *Duchome*;

Orla,

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth Forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Desert. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A Table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence.

Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord* He faves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' forest,
 ' A motley fool; a miserable varlet!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
 ' Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
 ' Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;
 ' And then he drew a dial from his poak,
 ' And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 ' Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:
 ' Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
 ' 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 ' And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 ' And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 ' And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 ' And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative:
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
 A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. "O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
 " And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 " They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
 " Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 " After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd

3 *A motley fool; a miserable world!* What! because he met a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered; we should read,

— a *miserable VARLET*.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *rail'd on lady fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we make so great as appears at first sight.

" With

“ With observation, the which he vents
 “ In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. “ I must have liberty

“ Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 “ To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
 “ And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 “ They most must laugh: and, why, Sir, must they so?

“ The why is plain, as way to parish church;
 “ He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 “ Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 “ ⁴ Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,

“ The wise man’s folly is anatomiz’d
 “ Even by the squandring glances of a fool.

Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

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

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all th’ embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Would’st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. “ Why, who cries out on pride,
 “ That can therein tax any private party?
 “ Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,

⁴ *Seem senseless of the bob.*] Both the measure and the sense direct us to read,

NOT TO SEEM SENSELESS &c.

Y 3

“ Till

- " 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
 " What woman in the city do I name,
 " When that I say, the city-woman bears
 " The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
 " Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
 " When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 " Or what is he of basest function,
 " That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
 " Thinking, that I mean him; but therein sutes
 " His folly to the metal of my speech?
 " There then; how then? what then? let me see
 " wherein
 " My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
 " Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 " Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
 " Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.—

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

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

Jaq. Of what kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point

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

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;

I thought, that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,

' That in this desert inaccessible,

' Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

' Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

' If ever you have look'd on better days;

' If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

' If ever fate at any good man's feast;

' If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

' And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;'

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, and that we have seen better days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And fate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops, that sacred pity had engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,

That to your wanting may be ministr'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,

5 *Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;*]

Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ. Hor.

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. ' All the world's a Stage,
' And all the men and women meerly Players;
' They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
' And one man in his time plays many parts:
' His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
' Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
' And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
' And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
' Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
' Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
' Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
' Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
' Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
' Seeking the bubble reputation
' Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
' In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
' With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
' Full of wise saws and modern instances,
' And so he plays his part. ⁷ The sixth age shifts
' Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

' With

6 Full of wise saws and modern instances,] It is remarkable that *Shakespeare* uses *modern* in the double sense that the *Greeks* used *ναίωος*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*.

*7 —The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,]* There is a greater
beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here com-
paring

' With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 ' His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 ' For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 ' Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 ' And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 ' That ends this strange eventful History,
 ' Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
 ' Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

S C E N E X.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

S O N G.

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

Heigh

paring human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts, (which was no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the *Italian* comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in *slippers*.

8 *Because thou art not SEEN,*] This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

flatterers. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not SEEN.* But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, *Shakespear* wrote the line thus,

Because thou art not SHEEN,

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

Spangled star light SHEEN,

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

Your blisful suster Lucina the SHENE.

And *Fairfax*,

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

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

Thou causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting. Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*.

And

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
 That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
 Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The PALACE.**Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.*

D U K E.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wherefoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
 'Till thou can'st quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out
 of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an Extent upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the FOREST.**Enter Orlando.*

Orla. **H**ANG there, my verse, in witness of my
 love;
 And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night survey,
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye, which in this Forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She. [*Exit,*

S C E N E III.

Enter Corin and Clown.

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

Clo. " Truly, shepherd in respect of itself, it is a
 " good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
 " it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like
 " it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is
 " a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields,
 " it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the
 " Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you,
 " it fits my humour well; but as there is no more
 " plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.
 " Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

Cor. " No more, but that I know, the more one
 " sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he, that
 " wants mony, means, and content, is without three
 " good friends. That the property of rain is to wet,
 " and

“ and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat
 “ sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack
 “ of the Sun: and that ¹ he that hath learned no wit
 “ by nature nor art, may complain of gross breed-
 “ ing, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. ² Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast
 ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted
 egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. ³ Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never
 saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good
 manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and

1 He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of GOOD breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.] Common sense requires us to read,

may complain of GROSS breeding.

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

2 Such a one is a natural philosopher.] The shepherd had said all the Philosophy he knew was the property of things, that rain wetted, fire burnt, &c. And the *Clown's* reply, in a satire on *Physicks* or *Natural Philosophy*, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the Natural Philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the efficient cause of things as the Rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the Physics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it.

3 Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never, &c.] This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of *Friar John's* to *Panurge* in *Rablais*. *Si tu es Coquin, ergo ta femme sera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des Amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé.* The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the popish doctrine of the intercession of Saints. And, I suppose, our jocular *English* proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in *Friar John's* logic.

wicked-

wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

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

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

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

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God ⁴ make incision in thee, thou art raw.

⁴ make incision in thee,] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue, to make to understand. So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant*,

————— O excell. nt King,

Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures

Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;

And so proceeds to incision——

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

Cor.

Cor. ‘ Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat;
 ‘ get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man’s
 ‘ happiness; glad of other men’s good, content with
 ‘ my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see
 ‘ my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring
 the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get
 your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd
 to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a
 twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram,
 out of all reasonable match. If thou be’st not
 damn’d for this, the devil himself will have no shep-
 herds; I cannot see else how thou should’st ’scape.

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

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper.

Rof. *From the east to western Inde,
 No jewel is like Rosalind.
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.
 All the pictures, fairest lin’d,
 Are but black to Rosalind;
 Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I’ll rhyme you so, eight years together; din-
 ners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is
 the right butter-women’s rank to market.

Rof. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste. ———

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.*

Winter

*Winter garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They, that reap, must sheaf and bind;
 Then to Cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Rof. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rof. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forester judge.

S C E N E V.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Rof. Peace, here comes my Sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be,
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age;*

³ Let the FOREST judge.] We should read FORESTER,
 i. e. the shepherd who was there present.

Some

*Some of violated vows,
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all, that read, to know,
 This Quintessence of every Sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd;
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the Touches dearest priz'd.
 Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. ⁶ O most gentle *Juniper!* — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Cor. and Clown.*]

⁶ O most gentle JUPITER!] We should read JUNIPER, as the following words shew, alluding to the proverbial term of a *Juniper lecture*: A sharp or unpleasing one; *Juniper* being a rough prickly plant.

S C E N E VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

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

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ———

Ros. ⁷ Good my complexion! dost thou think,

⁷ Good my complexion!] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford Editor. But the meaning is, Hold good my complexion, i. e. let me not blush,

though

though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? ⁸ One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

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

Rof. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

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

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

Rof. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Rof. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

⁸ *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.*] This is stark nonsense; we must read — *off discovery, i. e. from discovery.* “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is.”

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in man's apparel? looks he, as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. ' I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Rof. It may well be call'd *Jove's tree*, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Rof. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Rof. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

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

Rof. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

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

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak: Sweet, say on.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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

Rof. 'Tis he; flink by, and note him.

[*Cel. and Rof. retire.*]

9 I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.] We should read,
Under AN OAK tree.

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

Jaq.

Jaq. " I thank you for your company ; but, good
" faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. " And so had I ; but yet for fashion sake, I
" thank you too for your society.

Jaq. " God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. " I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. " I pray you, marr no more trees with writing
" love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with
" reading them ill-favouredly."

Jaq. *Rosalind*, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when
she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers ; have you not
been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd
them out of rings?

Orla. Not so : ¹ but I answer you right painted
cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think, it was made
of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and
we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and
all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my
self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best
virtue ; I am weary of you.

¹ *But I answer you right painted cloth.]* This alludes to the
fashion, in old painted hangings, of motto's and moral sentences
from the mouths of the figures. The poet again hints at these in
his poem, call'd, *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

*Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.*

Mr. Theobald.

Z 3

Jaq.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

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

S C E N E VIII.

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

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

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

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

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the Forest; else, fighting every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

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

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

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because

because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there,

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdes, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forest,

that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

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

Rof. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Rof. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for simply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; — then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoo untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather, point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your-self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rof. Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla.

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can exprefs how much.

Rof. Love is meerly a madnefs, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark houfe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reason why they are not fo punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is fo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profefs curing it by counfel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any fo?

Rof. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miftrefs: and I fet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonifh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaftical, apifh, fhallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of fmiles; for every paffion something, and for no paffion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moft part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forfwear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my fuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madnefs; which was, to forfwear the full ftream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monaftick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wafh your liver as clear as a found fheep's heart, that there fhall not be one fpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Rof. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and I will fhew it you; and, by the way, you fhall tell me where in the Forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, nay, you muft call me *Rosalind*: come, fiftter, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good Wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; ² it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most

2 it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room;] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the *French* proverbial phrase of *the quarter of hour of Rablais*: who said, there was only one quarter of hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our *Oxford Editor* would correct this into, *It strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jolity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not *Shakespeare* reason now in this case to apply his simile, to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead* in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a

feigning,

feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Martext*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so ——— poor men alone? ——— no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the
single

single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master *what ye call*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse is curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join waincot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry: farewell, good Sir *Oliver*;
not

not ³ O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee, but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. **N**Ever talk to me, I will weep.

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

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

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

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

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

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, ⁴ as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of (*a*) cast lips of *Diana*; ⁵ a nun of *Winter's* sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros.

³ O sweet Oliver, &c.] Some words of an old ballad.

⁴ as the touch of holy bread.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd.

⁵ a nun of *Winter's* sisterhood] This is finely expressed. But *Mr. Theobald* says, *the words give him no ideas*. And tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied

[(*a*) cast. 1st Folio—Vulg. *chast.*]

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

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

Rof. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him ⁶ as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in love?

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

Rof. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the Forest on the Duke your Father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd,

them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sifterhood*. And, after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, *Shakespear* meant an *unfruitful sifterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sifterhood of the spring were the votaries of *Venus*; those of summer, the votaries of *Ceres*; those of autumn, of *Pomona*; so these of the *sifterhood of winter* were the votaries of *Diana*: Called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account, it is, that, when the poet speaks, of what is most *poor*, he instances in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*,

*But riches endless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sifterhood is its *coldness*. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

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

⁶ *as concave as a cover'd goblet,*] Why a *cover'd*? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. *Shakespear* never throws out his expressions at random.

and

and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, ⁷ quite trawers, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

⁷ quite trawers, athwart &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny Tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his Lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of Courage or Address. This happen'd when the horse flew on one side, in the carrier: And hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the Lance against his Adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: Hence it is, that *Sidney*, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of *Clinias* and *Dametas* says, *The wind took such hold of his Staff that it crost quite over his breast &c.*—And to *break across* was the usual phrase as appears from some wretched verses of the same Author speaking of an unskilful Tilter,

Metthought some Staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:

For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.

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

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

Cor.

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Changes to another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. SWEET *Phebe*, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe;

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: * will you sterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by, bloody drops.

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

8 ——— *will you sterner be,*

Than He that dies and lives by bloody drops?

This is spoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody Drops? The poet must certainly have wrote — *that deals and lives, &c.* i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: But the *Oxford Editor* makes it plainer. He reads,

Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.

That

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!—
 Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
 Or if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy Palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek ⁹ the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But 'till that time,

Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As; 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? who might be your
 mother,

¹ That you insult, exult, and rail, at once

⁹ *The power of fancy,*] i. e. the arms of Love: As poets talk
 of the darts of *Cupid* in the Eyes of their Mistresses.

¹ *That you insult, exult, and ALL, at once*] If the Speaker
 intended to accuse the person (spoken to only for *insulting* and
exulting; then, instead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been,
both at once. But by examining the crime of the person accu-
 sed, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,

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

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

Over the wretched? what though you (a) have beauty,
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
² Of nature's sale-work: odds, my little life!
 I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
³ That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
⁴ Foul is most foul, being found to be a scoffer:

So

² *Of nature's sale-work:*] *i. e.* those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of Mechanics, whose *work* bespeaks more elaborate, than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*.

³ *That can ENTAME my spirits to your worship.*] I should rather think that *Shakespeare* wrote *ENTRAINE*, draw, allure.

⁴ *Foul is most foul, being FOUL to be a scoffer:*] The only sense of this is, *An ill-favoured person is most ill favoured, when, if he be ill favoured, he is a scoffer.* Which is a deal too absurd

[*(a) have beauty.* Anonymus.—Vulg. *have no beauty.*]

to

So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Rof. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee, with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rof. I pray you, do not fall in love with me; For I am faller than vows made in wine; Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by: Will you go, Sister? shepherd, ply her hard: Come, sister; shepherdes, look on him better, And be not proud; tho' all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rof. Cel. and Corin.*]

Phe. (a) Deed shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!

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

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

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

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

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your Sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

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

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were Covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

to come from *Shakespear*; who, without question, wrote,

Foul is most foul, being FOUND to be a Scoffer:

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

[(a) *Deed shepherd*, Oxford Editor—Vulg. *Deed shepherd*.]

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
 But do not look for further recompence,
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

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

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
 That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Phe. " Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
 " 'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.

" But what care I for words? yet words do well,

" When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear:

" It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;

" But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
 " him;

" He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him

" Is his Complexion; and faster than his tongue

" Did make Offence, his eye did heal it up:

" He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;

" His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;

" There was a pretty redness in his lip,

" A little riper, and more lusty red

" Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
 " difference

" Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

" There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd
 " him

" In parcels as I did, would have gone near

" To

" To fall in love with him ; but, for my part.
 " I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 " I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
 " For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 " He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black :
 " And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me ?
 " I marvel, why I answer'd not again ;
 " But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, *Silvius* ?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :

Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

J A Q U E S.

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

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

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

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

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

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which
 is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ;
 nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's,

A a 3

which

which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

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

Orla. Good day and happiness, dear *Rosalind*!

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

Ros. "Farewel, monsieur traveller; look, you
" slip, and wear strange suits; disable all the bene-
" fits of your own Country; be out of love with
" your nativity, and almost chide God for making
" you that countenance you are; or I will scarce
" think, you have swam in a Gondola. Why, how
" now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while?
" You a lover? an you serve me such another trick,
" never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. "Break an hour's promise in love! he that
" will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and
" break but a part of the thousandth part of a mi-
" nute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him,
" that

“ that *Cupid* hath clapt him o’th’ shoulder, but I’ll
 “ warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Rof. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
 my sight: I had as lief be woo’d of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Rof. “ Ay, of a snail; for tho’ he comes slowly,
 “ he carries his house on his head: a better jointure,
 “ I think, than you make a woman; besides, he
 “ brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What’s that?

Rof. “ Why, horns; which such as you are fain
 “ to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes
 “ armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of
 “ his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is
 virtuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a
Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rof. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in
 a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what
 would you say to me now, an I were your very, very
Rosalind?

Orla. I would kifs, before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speak first, and when
 you were gravell’d for lack of matter, you might take
 occasion to kifs. Very good orators, when they are
 out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn
 us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kifs.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there be-
 gins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved
 mistress?

Rof. Marry, that should you, if I were your mis-
 tress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my
 wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

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

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

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was,—*Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

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

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and

1 *The foolish chroniclers*] Perhaps *Coroners*. Anonymus.

marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

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

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when?

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

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

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Rof. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

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

Orla. For ever and a day.

Rof. ' Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, ² and that when you are inclin'd to weep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

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

² and that when you are inclin'd to SLEEP] We should read, to WEEP.

Orla.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ref. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ref. Marry, to say she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make ³ her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child her self, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ref. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ref. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, ⁴ I will think you

³ *her fault: her husband's occasion,*] i. e. shew what she did was occasioned by her husband's ill conduct.

⁴ *I will think you the most PATHETICAL break-promise]* There is neither sense nor humour in this expression. We should certain-

you the most atheistical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

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

S C E N E III.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. O rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Rof. ' No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*,
' that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen,
' and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that
' abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out,
' let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell
thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*;
I'll go find a shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jaques, Lords and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

certainly read, — ATHEISTICAL *break-promise*. His answer confirms it, that he would keep his promise *with no less Religion, than*——

Jaq.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Roman Conqueror*; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, *Forester*, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home:—take Thou no Scorn

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:

It was a crest, ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*The rest shall
bear this Bur-
then.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two o' clock? I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phoebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ref.

Ros. Patience her self would startle at this letter,
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
 She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
 Were man as rare as phoenix: 'odds my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
 Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device.

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

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
 And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
 I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
 A free-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
 She has a hufwife's hand, but that's no matter;
 I say, she never did invent this letter;
 'This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
 A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like *Turk* to Christian; woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant rude invention;
 Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

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

Ros. She *Phebe's* me; mark, how the tyrant writes.
 [Reads.] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
 Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me, a beast!

If

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me, what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect?
 Whiles you chid me, I did love;
 How then might your prayers move?
 He, that brings this love to thee,
 Little knows this love in me;
 And by him seal up thy mind,
 Whether that thy Youth and Kind
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity: wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her; *that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.* If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit *Sil.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where, in the purlews of this forest, stands
 A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
 bottom,

The

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep it self,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years: *the boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house, I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends his bloody napkin. Are you he?

Rof. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present it self.

‘ Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
‘ And high top bald with dry antiquity;
‘ A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
‘ Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
‘ A green and gilded snake had wreath'd it self,
‘ Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
‘ The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
‘ Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
‘ And with indented glides did slip away
‘ Into a bush; under which bush's shade
‘ A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

‘ Lay

‘ Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
 ‘ When that the sleeping man should stir; for ’tis
 ‘ The royal disposition of that beast
 ‘ To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:’

This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv’d ’mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos’d so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battel to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which ^s hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak’d.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu’d?

Cel. Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. ’Twas I; but ’tis not I; I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath’d,
 As how I came into that desert place;
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother’s love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There strip’d himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,

^s hurtling. *skirmishing.* Mr. Pope.

Which

Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*. ———
 Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise ; and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, Sweet, *Ganimed*?

[*Rof. faints.*

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

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

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. Would, I were at home !

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth ; you a man ? you
 lack a man's heart.

Rof. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would
 think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell
 your brother how well I counterfeited : heigh ho ! —

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great
 testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
 of earnest.

Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
 to be a man.

Rof. So I do : but, i' faith, I should have been a
 woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you,
 draw homewards ; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I ; for I must bear answer back,
 How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Rof. I shall devise something ; but, I pray you
 commend my counterfeiting to him : will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The FOREST.**Enter Clown and Audrey.*

CLOWN.

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

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

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*; a most vile *Mar-text*! but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good;

good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a Saying; *the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* ¹ The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the society, which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; ² I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in

¹ *The heathen philosopher, when he desired to eat a grape, &c.]* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as *Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c.* as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*.

² *I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; &c.]* All this seems to be an allusion to Sir *Thomas Overbury's* affair.

faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your Good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

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

Orla.

Orla. It is my arm.

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

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thrafonical brag of *I came, saw and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

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

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief

from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, convers't with a magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what straights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life, I do; ³ which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician: therefore, put you on your best array; bid your friends, for if you will be married to morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

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

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

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

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

Pbe. And I for *Ganimed*.

³ which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician:] Hence it appears this was written in *James's* time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians.

Orla.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be made all of faith and service ;

• And so am I for *Phebe*.'

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be all made of fantasie,

• All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

• All adoration, duty and observance,

• All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

• All purity, all trial, all observance ;

• And so am I for *Phebe*.'

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

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

[To *Rof*.

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

[To *Phe*.

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

Rof. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you ?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear ?

Rof. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of *Irish* wolves against the moon ; I will help you if I can ; I would love you, if I could : to morrow meet me all together ; I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow ; [To *Phebe*.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to morrow ; [To *Orl*] I will content you, if, what pleases you, contents you ; and you shall be married to morrow. [To *Sil*.] As you love *Rosalind*, meet ; as you love *Phebe*, meet ; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well ; I have left you commands.

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

Pbe. Nor I.*Orla.* Nor I.[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.**Clo.* To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to morrow will we be married.*Aud.* "I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world." Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.*Enter two pages.**1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.*Clo.* By my troth, well met: come, fit, fit, and a Song.*2 Page.* We are for you, fit i'th' middle.*1 Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?*2 Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

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

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

Be.

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

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

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very (a) untuneable.

i Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to another Part of the Forest.

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

Duke Sen. **D**OST thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
* As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

* *As those that fear THEY HOPE, and know THEY fear.*
This strange nonsense should be read thus,

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

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

[(a) untuneable. Mr. Theobald — Vulg. untuneable.]

Enter

Enter Rosalind, Silvius and Phebe.

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

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Rof. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Rof. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

[To Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rof. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your self to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Rof. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

[To Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Rof. I've promis'd to make all this matter even ;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter ;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter :
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me ; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt *Rof.* and *Celia*.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter ;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle ;

Whom

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark. ⁵ Here come a pair of unclean beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a Courtier, he swears.

Clo. ' If any man doubt that, let him put me to
' my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flat-
' ter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend,
' smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tay-
' lors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have
' fought one.'

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? — good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, ⁶ I desire of you the like: I pres in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country

⁵ Here come a pair of VERY STRANGE beasts, &c.] What! strange beasts? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's Ark is here alluded to; into which the clean beasts entered by sevens, and the unclean by two, male and female. It is plain then that *Shakespeare* wrote, here come a pair of UNCLEAN beasts, which is highly humorous.

⁶ — I desire you of the like:] We should read, I desire of you the like. On the Duke's saying, I like him very well, he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too.

copu-

copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, ⁷ according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an "ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a "poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no "man else will." Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

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

Clo. "Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear "your body more seeming, *Audrey*) ⁸ as thus, Sir; "I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; "he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut "well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd "the *Retort courtesous*. If I sent him word again, "it was not well cut, he would send me word, he "cut it to please himself. This is call'd the *Quip* "modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled "my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply curlish*. If "again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I "spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*.

⁷ according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] The construction is, to swear as marriage binds. Which I think is not English. I suspect *Shakespeare* wrote it thus, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood binds break.

⁸ as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard:] This folly is touched upon with high humour by *Fletcher* in his *Queen of Corinth*.

————— Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? —————

————— or drawn your sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle or oblique or semicircle
Or direct parallel; you must challenge him.

“ If

“ If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye.
 “ This is call’d the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so,
 “ the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct*.”

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

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

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

Clo. “ O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name
 “ you

9 O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The Poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal dueling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address; nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his *Clown* so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one *Vincenzio Saviolo*, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in Quarto printed by *Wolf*, 1594. The first part of this tract he intitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honors, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF WORDS, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial.* V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrelsome.* In the chapter of *conditional lies* speaking of the particle *IF*, he says—*Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally thus—IF thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.* By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throats, while there is an *IF* between. Which is the reason of *Shakespeare’s* making the *Clown* say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties*

“ you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous;
 “ the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply
 “ churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the
 “ fifth, the countercheck quarrellsome; the sixth, the
 “ Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct.
 “ All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct;
 “ and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew,
 “ when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel;
 “ but when the parties were met themselves, one of
 “ them thought but of an If; as, if you said so, then
 “ I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers.
 “ Your If is the only peace-maker; much
 “ virtue in If.”

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together.*

*Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither:*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within his bosom is.*

parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an IF, as if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your IF is the only peace maker; much virtue in IF. Caranza was another of these authentick Authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last Act of Love's Pilgrimage ridicules him with much humour.

Ros.

Ros. To you I give my self; for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*

To you I give my self; for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

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

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

Phe. If fight and shape be true,

Why, then my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no Cross shall part;

You and you are heart in heart;

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord.

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather:

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed your selves with questioning:

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we meet, and these things finish.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's Crown,

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town,

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown

To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Mean

Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustick revelry:
 Play, musick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
 You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
 You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;

[*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies;

[*To Oli.*

You to a long and well deserved bed; [*To Silv.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these
 rites;

As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

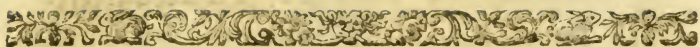
E P I L O G U E.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epi-
 logue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see
 the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine*
needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epi-
 logue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes;
 and good Plays prove the better by the help of good
 Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither

a good Epilogue; nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hate them) to like as much as pleases them: that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. [Exeunt omnes.

1 *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases YOU: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — that between you and the women, &c.]* This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases THEM: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy.





T H E
T A M I N G
O F T H E
S H R E W.





Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending
on the Lord.

Dramatis Personæ.

Baptista, Father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.

Gremio, } Pretenders to Bianca.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Catharina, the Shrew.

Bianca, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers; with Servants attending on
Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

T H E



T H E
T A M I N G *of the* S H R E W .

I N D U C T I O N .

S C E N E I .

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y .

'L L pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore,

¹ *paucus pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: ² Go by, *Jeronimo*—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host.

¹ *paucus pallabris*;] Meaning *pocas palabras*. Spanish, few words.
Mr. Theobald.

² Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] All the editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to swear by. But the

Hof. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the Third-borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

S C E N E II.

Wind horns: Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

(a) *Leech Merriman*, the poor cur is imboft; And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Huz. Why, *Bekman* is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the meereft loss, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

the poet had no such intentions. There is a sustian old 'play, call'd, *Hieronimo*; Or, *The Spanish Tragedy*: which, I find, was the common butt of rally to all the poets of *Shakespear's* time: and a passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that play, is here humourously alluded to. *Hieronimo*, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the King for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

Hiero. Justice, oh! justice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Back;—see'st thou not, the King is busie?

Hiero. Oh, is he so?

King. Who is He, that interrupts our Business?

Hier. Not I:—Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by.

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hofstess*, cries to her in effect, *Don't be troublesom, don't interrupt me, GO BY.*

Mr. Theobald.

3 *I must go fetch the Headborough.*] *Vulg.* A poor witticism (as *Mr. Theobald* rightly calls it) restored by him.

[*(a) Leech Merriman.* Oxford Editor—*Vulg. Brach Merriman.*]

Lord.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth
he breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Hun. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

Hun. It would seem strange unto him, when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his Lady mourns at his disease;
 Perswade him, that he hath been lunatick.
 And when he says he is,——say, that he dreams;
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
 part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
 And each one to his Office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.
 Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant,*
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, Players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2 *Play.* So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play,)
You break into some merry Passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves;
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

2 Play. [*to the other.*] Go get a Dishclout to make
clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a
property, and ⁴a little Vinegar to make our devil
roar.

Lord. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*

4 a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.] When the act-
ing the *mysterics* of the old and new Testament was in vogue;
at the representation of the *mystery* of the Passion, *Judas* and
the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came,
was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: As
here, the buffonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make
him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the *mysterics*, which
was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the stand-
ing implement to torment the Devil: And used for this purpose
even after the *mysterics* ceased, and the *moralities* came in
vogue; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part.—
The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance
in these old farces.

Sirrah,

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
 And see him drest in all suits like a lady.
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him Madam, do him all obeifance.
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie;
 And say; what is't your Honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May shew her duty, and make known her love?
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An Onion will do well for such a shift;
 Which in a Napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
 See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant;
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen;
 Which otherwise will go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. FOR God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your Honour taste of these Conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Christopher Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me Conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes; or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Honour! Oh, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!—

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* Son of *Burton-beath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not; if she say, I am not fourteen pence on the score for theer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: here's—

1 Man.

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee;

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And *Citherea* all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,

Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:

And

And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weep :
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for
thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things :
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed ;
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.

Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your
hands ?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd !
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap :
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hostess of the house ;
And say, you would present her at the Leet,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no house ; nor no
such maid ;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up ;

As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
 And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.—

Sly. By th' Mass, I think I am a Lord indeed.
 What is thy name?

Man. *Sim*, an't please your Honour.

Sly. *Sim*? that's as much as to say, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The servant gives him drink.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Lady, with Attendants.

I thank thee;—thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my Lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim,*
drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two :
Or, if not so, until the sun be set ;
For your Physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed ;
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long ; but I would be loath to fall into my dream
again : I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh
and the blood.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant Comedy ;
For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood ;
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment ;
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play ; is it not a
Commodity ? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling
trick ?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : come, Madam wife, sit by
my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be
younger.

T H E



T H E
T A M I N G *of the* S H R E W .

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

A Street in P A D U A .

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

L U C E N T I O .



Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am
arm'd

With his good-will, and thy good company:
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his son, brought up in *Florence*,

It

It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
(a) To Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as your self:

Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or, so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick and Poesie use to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

[(a) To virtue. Oxford Editor — Vulg. virtue.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Baptista with Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;
If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. — She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates
for you;
Unless you were of gentler, milder, mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime }
toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro- }
ward. }

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see } *aside.*
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. }
Peace, *Tranio*. }

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze
your fill. }

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in;

And

And let it not displeasè thee, good *Bianca* ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat! it is best put finger in the
eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.
[*aside.*]

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd :
Go in, *Bianca*. — [Exit *Bianca*.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry ;
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And so farewell: *Catharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not?
what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I
knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
are to good, here is none will hold you. Our love is
not so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails
D d 2 together,

together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That wherein she delights, I will wish him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we may yet again have access to our fair Mistrefs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. —

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'ft thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-crois every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples: but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would
throughly

throughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid
the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

S C E N E IV.

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found 'th' effect of *Love in idleness*:

And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,

If I atchieve not this young modest girl:

Counsel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canst;

Assist me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.

² If Love hath toyl'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,

1 — *th' effect of Love in idleness*:] *i. e.* the effect, or virtue of the Flower so called. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

2 *If Love hath TOUCH'D you, nought remains but so,*] The next line from *Terence*, shews that we shou'd read,

If Love hath TOYL'D you, ———

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same Author.

That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. —

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest Sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio,* what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to' instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio.*

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; — content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus.

Thou

Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
 When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need, [They exchange habits.
 In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your Father charg'd me at our parting;
 Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
 Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense;
 I am content to be *Lucentio*,
 Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so; because *Lucentio* loves;
 And let me be a slave t' atchieve that Maid,
 Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter *Biondello*.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where
 are you? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your
 cloaths, or you stoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the
 news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his:
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am descry'd:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit. ———

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptista's* youngest Daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy self execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Before Hortensio's House in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. **V** *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is the house;
Here, sirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man, has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I,
Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*! how do you
all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il Core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra Casa ben venuto, molto honorato*
Signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,
look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him
foundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his
master so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and
thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good *Hortensio*.
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not
these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me
here, knock me well, and knock me foundly: and
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, sweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet.

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home ;
 3 Where small experience grows but in a mew.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my Father is deceas'd ;

And I have thrust my self into this maze,
 Happly to wive and thrive, as best I may :
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
 And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,
 And very rich : but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
 Few words suffice ; and therefore if you know
 One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife ;
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
 4 Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,
 As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd
 As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worse,
 She moves me not ; or not removes, at least,

3 *Where small experience grows but in a FEW.*] This non-
 sense should be read thus,

Where small experience grows but in a MEW,

i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is that no im-
 provement is to be expected of those who never look out of doors.
Fairfax says of *Clarinda*,

*Her lofty hand would of itself refuse
 To touch the dainty needle or nice thread,
 She hated chambers, closets, secret MEWS,
 And in broad fields prefer'd her maidenhead.*

4 *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,*] This I suppose re-
 lates to a circumstance in some *Italian* novel, and should be read,
Florentio's.

Affection

5 Affection sieg'd in coin. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an ⁶ aglet-baby, or an old Trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many
diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes
amiss, so many comes withal.

Hor. Petrucchio, since we are stopt thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jest.
I can, *Petrucchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst;
And shrewd, and forward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;
Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,

5 *Affection's* EDGE in ME.] This man is a strange talker. He
tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks
so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and
he will take her though incrusted all over with the worst bad qua-
lities of age, ugliness and ill-manners. Yet, after this, he talks
of *Affection's* edge being so strong in him that nothing can abate
it. Some of the old copies indeed, instead of *me* read *time*: this
will direct us to the true reading, which I am persuaded is this,

Affection SIEG'D IN COIN,

i. e. placed, seated, fixed. This makes him speak to the pur-
pose, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expression too
is proper, as the metaphor is intire—to remove *affection* sieg'd
in coin.

6 aglet, the tag of a point.

Mr. Pope.

An

An affable and courteous Gentleman ;
 Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
 Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her ;
 And he knew my deceased Father well.
 I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
 For in *Baptista's* house my Treasure is :
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest Daughter, beautiful *Bianca* ;
 And her with-holds he from me, and others more
 Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
 That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd ;
 Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
 'Till *Catharine* the curst have got a husband.

Gru. *Catharine* the curst ?
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst !

Hor. Now shall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
 To old *Baptista* as a school-master,
 Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca* ;

That

That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;
And, unsuspected, court her by her self.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. 7 Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous. —

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love; see That, at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me — Over and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume it self,

To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my Patron, stand you so assured;

As firmly, as your self were still in place;

Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is! —

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you, whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*;

7 *Here's no knavery!*] See this phrase explain'd in the first part of *Henry IV.*

I promis'd to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, — and that my deed shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me; and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to wooe curst *Catharine*; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well; —

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling Scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son; My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

• Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?

• Have

‘ Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
 ‘ Have I not heard the sea, puff’d up with winds,
 ‘ Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
 ‘ Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field ?
 ‘ And heav’n’s artillery thunder in the skies ?
 ‘ Have I not in a pitched battel heard
 ‘ Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?
 ‘ And do you tell me of a woman’s tongue,
 ‘ ^s That gives not half so great a blow to th’ ear,
 ‘ As will a chesnut in a farmer’s fire ?’

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. —

Gre. Hortensio, hark :

This Gentleman is happily arriv’d,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis’d, we would be contributors ;
 And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe’er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

S C E N E VII.

To them Tranio bravely apparell’d, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
 tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to
 the house of Signior *Baptista Minola* ?

Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters ? is’t he
 you mean ?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to —

Tra. Perhaps, him and her ; what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir : *Biondello*, let’s away.

^s *That gives not half so great a blow to HEAR,*] This awkward phrase could never come from *Shakespeare*. He wrote, without question,

— so great a blow to TH’ EAR.

Luc.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know:

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknown;

And, were his Daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda's* Daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,

And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,

Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* Daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
The youngest Daughter, whom you harken for,

Her

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest Sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our Mistres' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, surely!
comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam. Lady.
'Would, 'twere done!—*

[Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon.] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place,* and so alters it to *conwive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the *Oxford Editor*. But the common reading is right, and the Critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project*, but to *spend* and *wear out*. As in this passage of *Spenser*,

Three ages such as mortal men CONTRIVE.

Fairy Queen, Book xi. Chap. 9.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptista's HOUSE in Padua.

Enter Catharina and Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOOD Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
 To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain; but for these other (a) Gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self;
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
 Or, what you will command me, will I do;
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best: see, thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, Sister, of all men alive
 I never yet beheld that special face,
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
 You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me?
 Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,
 You have but jested with me all this while;
 I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

Cath. If That be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

[*(a) Gawds. Mr. Theobald—Vulg. goods.*]

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside; poorgir, she weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[Flies after Bianca.]

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[Exit Bianca.]

Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go fit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Cath.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruccio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Catharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
 Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting* Hor.

I do present you with a man of mine,
 Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
 His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good
 sake.

But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
 Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son,
 A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
 sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us,
 that are poor petitioners, speak too. ¹*Baccalare!*—
 you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would
 fain be doing.

Gre. ²I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your
 wooing.—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I
 am

¹ *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the *Italians* mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully, upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur.

² *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing

am sure of it. To exprefs the like kindnefs myfelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young fcholar, that hath been long ftudying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in mufick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his fervice.

Bap. A thoufand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ftranger; [*To Tranio.*] may I be fo bold to know the caufe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldnefs is mine own, That, being a ftranger in this City here, Do make my felf a fuitor to your daughter, Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous: Nor is your firm refolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldeft fifter. This liberty is all that I request; That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongft the reft that woo, And free accefs and favour as the reft. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here beftow a fimple inftrument, And this fmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Pifa*, Sir, fon to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Pifa*; by Report I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir. Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,

[*To Hortenfio and Lucentio.*]

You fhall go fee your pupils prefently.
Holla, within!—

pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curfe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c.* addreffing himfelf to *Baptifia*.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[Exit Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so, I pray you all, to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.

And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them: And with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my Pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a pillory, looking through the lute; While she did call me rascal, fidler, And twangling *Jack*, with twenty such vile terms, As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; I love her ten times more than e'er I did; Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited, Proceed in practice with my younger daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns; Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility;
 And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banes, and when be married?
 But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard
 of hearing.

They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain
Kate.

And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
 But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*;
 (For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:
 My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd? in good time; let him that mov'd
 you hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should *bee*;——should *buz*.——

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take
thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too
angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his
sting?

In his tail.——

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

Pet. A herald, *Kate*? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a
craven.

Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you must not look
so fower.

Cath.

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so fower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then, shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glafs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one.—

Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I find Report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesom, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?

Oh sland'rous world! *Kate* like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful!—

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet.

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, so I mean, sweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other household *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

S C E N E V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy,

For

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*;
 And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.
 And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
 That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me; oh, the kindest *Kate!*—
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
 She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,
 How tame (when men and women are alone)
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;
 Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands;

God send you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
 We will have rings and things, and fine array;
 And kiss me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, and Catharine severally.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the Seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou can'st not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound
this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love.——

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 My self am struck in years, I must confess,
 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in—Sir, list to me;
 I am my father's heir, and only son;
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
 Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

³ *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
 My land amounts but to so much in all:
 That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
 That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.
 What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses
 And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

³ *Gre.* *Two thousand ducats by the year of land!*
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, and——]

Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning, something will be found wrong. *Gremio* is startled at the high settlement *Tranio* proposes; says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at cross-purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their offers to carry *Bianca*: The latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats *per annum*. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet she shall have *that*: I'll endow her with the *whole*; and consign a rich vessel to her use, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his rival.

Gre.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not:

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

* Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

4 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:] That is, with the
highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that
this became a proverbial expression. So *Skelton*,

*Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with a card of ten.*

And *Ben Johnson* in his *Sad Shepherd*,

————— a Hart of ten

I throw he be,——

i. e. an extraordinary good one.

I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
 May get a father, call'd, suppos'd *Vincentio*;
 And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
 Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

[The Presenters, above, speak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here — where's the tap-ster? here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

L U C E N T I O.

Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. Wrangling Pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony;
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in musick we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
 To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man
 After his studies, or his usual pain?
 'Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.

Bian.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for That which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please my self ;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while ;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?
[*Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never : tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, Madam : *Hac ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio, hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio, regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see, if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant !
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love ;
' *Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

[*Pedascule*, —] he would have said *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule* in imitation of it, from *Pedant*.

The Taming of the SHREW.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not, — for, sure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you :

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you *Gamus* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamus* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamus* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamus* I am, the ground of all
accord,

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion ;

B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,

Ciaut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.

Elemi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamus*? tut, I like it not ;
Old fashions please me best ; I'm not so nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You

You know, to morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every Stale;
Sieze thee, who list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame, but mine; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain *Rudesby*, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
What ever fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

S C E N E III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old news, and such news
as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's*
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. ' Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and
' an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd;
' a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one
' buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en
' out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and
' chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hip'd
' with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kin-
' dred; besides possess'd with the glanders, and like to
' mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, in-
' fected

‘ fected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped
 ‘ with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of
 ‘ the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn
 ‘ with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-shot-
 ‘ ten, near-legg’d before, and with a half-check’t
 ‘ bit, and a headstall of sheep’s leather, which being
 ‘ restrain’d, to keep him from stumbling, hath been
 ‘ often burst, and now repair’d with knots; one girt
 ‘ six times piec’d, and a woman’s crupper of velure,
 ‘ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set
 ‘ down in studs, and here and there piec’d with pack-
 ‘ thread.’

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. ‘ Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world ca-
 ‘ parifon’d like the horse, with a linnen stock on one
 ‘ leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter’d
 ‘ with a red and blue list, ² an old hat, and *the*
 ‘ *humour of forty fancies* prickt up in’t for a feather:
 ‘ a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like
 ‘ a christian footboy, or a gentleman’s lackey.’

Tra. ’Tis some odd humour pricks him to this
 fashion;

² *An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in’t for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making *Petruchio* prick it up in his foot-boy’s old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old Ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In *Shakespear’s* time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with exquisite humour. In *Much ado about nothing*, he makes *Benedict* say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker’s pen.* As the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful. And again in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pandarus* in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it.*

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came not?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd, as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?

How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet.

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school-master
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
'The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signier *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should ask, if *Catharine* should be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the Priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
and swore,

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.

But

But after many ceremonies done,
“ He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
“ H’ad been aboard carowling to his Mates
“ After a storm; quafft off the muscadel,
“ And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face;
“ Having no other cause, but that his beard
“ Grew thin and hungerly, and seem’d to ask
“ His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
“ The Bride about the neck, and kist her lips
“ With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
“ All the church echo’d;” and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne’er was before. —Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.
[Musick plays.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio,
and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar’d great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is’t possible, you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay ’till after dinner.

Pet.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content ———

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat me, stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horses.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: ³ the oats have eaten the horses.

Cath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Grey. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.

Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.

³ the oats have eaten the horses.] That is the distemper so called.

Nay,

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch here who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bride-
groom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you supply the Bridegroom's place;

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Lucentio*: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's Country House.**Enter Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm my self; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

*Enter Curtis.**Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.**Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio?**Gru.* Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, fire, fire; cast on no water.*Curt.* Is she so hot a Shrew, as she's reported?*Gru.* She was, good *Curtis*, before this frost; but thou know'st, ¹ winter tames man, woman and beast; for

¹ *Gru.* — winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and MY self, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. Away, you three-inc'd fool; I am no beast.] Why had *Grumio* called him one? to give his resentment any colour. We must

for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thy self, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. ² Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? ³ why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, ⁴ Jack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extrem cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings,

must read as, without question, *Shakespear* wrote,

— and *THY* self, fellow *Curtis*.

Why *Grumio* said that winter had tamed *Curtis* was for his slowness in shewing *Grumio* to a good fire. Besides, all the joke consists in the sense of this alteration.

² *Away you three-inch'd fool;*] i. e. with a scull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

³ *Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at least.*] *Tho'* all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. *Theobald* says, yet he cannot find what horn *Curtis* had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made *Curtis* a cuckold.

⁴ *Jack boy, &c.*] fragment of some old ballad.

and

and every officer his wedding garment on? ^s be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. " Tell thou the tale ——— But hadst thou
 " not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her
 " horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st
 " have heard in how miry a place, how she was be-
 " moil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her,
 " how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how
 " she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me;
 " how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd
 " before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away;
 " how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;
 " with many things of worthy memory, which now

^s *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid-servants dress'd? But the *Oxford Editor* alters it thus.

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

" shall

“ shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc’d
“ to thy grave.”

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb’d, their blue coats brush’d, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt’sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master’s horse-tail, ’till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call’st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What, *Grumio*!

Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. “ Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting.” Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Gru. E’en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not ——— cock’s passion, silence! ——— I hear my master.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whorson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;*
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?

[*Singing.*

Where are those —— sit down, *Kate,*
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet *Kate,* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.

[*Sings.*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

Take

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.

Be merry, *Kate*: some water, here; what ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus*? firrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

I Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
'There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the Stage.

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that Both of us did fast,
Since, of our selves, our selves are cholerick,
'Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exe.

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio.

*Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.*

This

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; —
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

TRANIO.

IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand by.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read That I profess, the art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart. [They retire backward.

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I
pray, you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca*
lov'd none in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But One that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a One as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a God of such a cullion ;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca* ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the World, but he, had quite for-
sworn her !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed case :
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest : but have you both for-
sworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. P'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone into the Taming school.

Bian. The Taming school? what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient (*a*) Engle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gate and countenance ^s surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give him assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bian.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

5 — *Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gate and countenance of a fatherly man.

[(*a*) *Engle.* Mr. *Theobald.* — *Vulg. Angel.*]

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray!

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
'That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon You as you should.
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay,

'Till

'Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twill be me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Catharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon intreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor never needed that I should intreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And that, which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love:

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death:

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

G g 4

Cath.

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear, it's-cholerick:
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat;

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*? what, Sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away the dish.

Cath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame :
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me ;—
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart ;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things :
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry,
What, hast thou din'd ? the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish ; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time ;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Cath. ⁶ Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And

⁶ *Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.]* *Shake-
spear* has here copied nature with great skill. *Petruchio*, by
trightening, starving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her
into

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break:
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a filken pie;
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
 And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us
 see't.

O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?
 What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
 What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
 Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.]

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembered,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
 I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the *Shrew*: When on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

Tay.

Tay. She says, your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O most monstrous arrogance!
Thou lyeft, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men,
brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I
say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but
I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. "Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
"sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
"with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compact cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use! Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. *Hortensio*, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow, Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse

For

For this poor furniture, and mean array,
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so: this Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.*]

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly sleeps.]

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see, you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my Lord; come help to bear him hence. [They bear off Sly.]

S C E N E IX.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.

TRANIO.

SIR, this is the house; please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else! and (but I be deceived,) Signior *Baptista* may remember me

Near

Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; firrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him, that your father was in *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th' art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptista*; set your countenance, Sir.

S C E N E X.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son, Sir, by your leave, having come
to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing

With

With one consent to have her so bestowed :
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
best,
Be we assid ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, *Lucentio* ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ;
Besides, old *Gremio* is hearkning still ;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my Father lye ; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight :
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart !
[Exit.]

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?

Welcome!

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; But ha's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at *St. Luke's Church* is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir, and so, adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go to *St. Luke's*, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix.

[*Exit.*]

Luc.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

S C E N E XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. COME on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds
our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light
now.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's my self,
It shall be Moon, or Star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say, as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon.

Cath. I know, it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

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H h

Pet.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should
run;
And not unluckily against the bias:
But soft, some company is coming here:

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away?
[*To Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not
mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken eyes;
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfire, and withal make
known

Which

Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*]

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward.

[*Exit,*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before Lucentio's House.**Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio walking on one side.*

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready—
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my Master as soon as I can. [*Exit.*]

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house; My Father's bears more towards the Market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here; And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances,

stances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

S C E N E II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here! mine old Master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a 'copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad as! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say, he shall go to prison.

: — copped or pointed.

Mr. Pope.

Gre.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monstrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*]

S C E N E III.

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father. [Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:

While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town:

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wish'd haven of my blifs;

H h 4

What

What *Tranio* did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain,

[*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown.

[*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio and Catharina, advancing.*

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, sirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Lucentio's Apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio, and *Widow*. Tranio's servants bringing in a banquet.

Luc. **A**T last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving *Widow*;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his *Widow*.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor.

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended; kiss him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round ———

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew, Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe.

And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, *Widow*.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun: Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush: And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*, This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something curriish.

Tra.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife, and he
Whose Wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content; ——— what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir my Mistress sends you word
That she is busie, and cannot come

Pet. How? she's busie and cannot come, is that an
answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [Exit *Biondello*.

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her! nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand; She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me. [Exit *Grumio*.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

S C E N E V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine*!

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit *Catharina*.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder, what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life, And awful rule, and right supremacy:

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petrucchio*!

The

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca and Widow.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too!

The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
Women,

What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.

“ It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

“ Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

“ And in no sense is meet or amiable.

“ A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

“ Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

“ And

“ And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 “ Will dain to sip, or touch one-drop of it.
 “ Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
 “ Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
 “ And for thy maintenance: commits his body
 “ To painful labour, both by sea and land;
 “ To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 “ While thou ly’st warm at home, secure and safe,
 “ And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 “ But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
 “ Too little payment for so great a debt.
 “ Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
 “ Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
 “ And when she’s froward, peevish, sullen, sower,
 “ And not obedient to his honest will;
 “ What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
 “ And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
 “ I am asham’d, that Women are so simple
 “ To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 “ Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 “ When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 “ Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
 “ Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 “ But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 “ Should well agree with our external parts?”
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But, now I see, our launces are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your Husband’s foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me, *Kate*.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Catharina.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a Tapster.

Sly awaking.] Sim, give's some more wine — what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

Sly. Who's this? *Tapster!* oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your Wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife and tame her too, if she anger me.

The End of the Second Volume.







