





Class PR2753

Book G 3

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1889

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**















62

9310 3

722 C

14



.. An Art Edition ..

OF

# SHAKESPEARE

CLASSIFIED

AS COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, HISTORIES AND SONNETS

EACH PART ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,

INCLUDING ALSO A LIST OF

FAMILIAR SHAKESPEREAN QUOTATIONS

BY

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB AND MARY SEYMOUR

AND OTHERS.

34



---

ARRANGED AND COMPILED BY C. A. GASKELL.

---

Chicago:  
U. S. Publishing House.  
1889.

PR2753  
.G3  
1889

---

COPYRIGHTED

1889.

---

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,  
PRINTERS AND BINDERS,  
CHICAGO.

## PREFACE.

---

**N**EXT to the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, no Classic of English Literature is more reverently esteemed by English-speaking people than the works of William Shakespeare, yet few have the time to read Shakespeare thoroughly. A general knowledge of this great author is an essential introduction to a knowledge of English Classics. It is with this end in view that we have prepared the present volume.

The story of each drama has been given concisely, and is supplemented by the most frequently quoted passages. So extensively have the characters of Shakespeare been drawn upon by artists, poets and writers of fiction—so interwoven are these characters in the great body of English literature, that to be ignorant of the plot of these dramas is often a cause for embarrassment and regret. Such of them as have been described by the genial Charles and Mary Lamb are made so interesting that we think no one will be contented to leave the subject without reading the original. Scarcely inferior to these, however, are the outlines given by Mary Seymour.

Another motive, no less important than the above, has suggested the preparation of the present volume. Many of the passages of Shakespeare, as originally written, are objectionable in a volume for family reading. To what degree this is true will scarcely be realized by one whose knowledge of the author has been gathered by attendance upon the theater. The objectionable passages have long since been banished from the stage, yet the dramas are not only unimpaired thereby, but are rendered much more popular and instructive. The passages referred to are almost invariably so distinct from the general plan and text of the original as to appear, for the most part, like interpolations, made by the author to suit a taste as uncongenial to him as it appears to be out of harmony with the beauty and grandeur of the author's productions. We are satisfied that these objectional passages have had great influence in restraining many from that familiarity with Shakespeare which we deem to be essential to English scholarship, and in making the changes we have referred to, we have endeavored to perform the same service to the reading public that dramatists have found it necessary to perform for the exhibition of Shakespeare on the stage.

A man's moral stature is best measured when placed beside men of his own age. Indeed, no other measurement is just. No reader who is familiar with the drama of Shakespeare's time could fail to have marked the contrast between this great master and the indecencies of Beaumont, Fletcher, Dryden and Congreve.

We regard with a large degree of suspicion those theories which tend to throw doubt upon the authorship of certain portions of the generally accepted writings of Shakespeare. No doubt Timon of Athens and Pericles are dramas that were formerly written by an unknown hand and recast and finished by Shakespeare. There is also some evidence of another hand in the preamble of King Henry VIII.; but we have no sympathy with the modern controversy introduced by an ambitious Western author, whose productions upon this subject we regard rather in the light of personal efforts to excite controversy than from any fixed conviction.

We hope that this volume may prove a helpful stepping-stone to a more general familiarity with this greatest of English Classics.

C. A. GASKELL.



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, . . . . .	7
THE TEMPEST—STORY, . . . . .	14
THE TEMPEST—DRAMA, . . . . .	21
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM THE TEMPEST, . . . . .	58
WINTER'S TALE—STORY, . . . . .	59
WINTER'S TALE—DRAMA, . . . . .	66
MERCHANT OF VENICE—STORY, . . . . .	119
MERCHANT OF VENICE—DRAMA, . . . . .	127
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM MERCHANT OF VENICE, . . . . .	170
AS YOU LIKE IT—STORY, . . . . .	174
AS YOU LIKE IT—DRAMA, . . . . .	184
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM AS YOU LIKE IT, . . . . .	228
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—STORY, . . . . .	230
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—DRAMA, . . . . .	237
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, . . . . .	273
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—STORY, . . . . .	274
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—DRAMA, . . . . .	283
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM COMEDY OF ERRORS, . . . . .	314
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—STORY, . . . . .	315
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—DRAMA, . . . . .	323
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, . . . . .	362
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL—STORY, . . . . .	363
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL—DRAMA, . . . . .	371
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM TWELFTH NIGHT, . . . . .	411
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL—STORY, . . . . .	414
JULIUS CÆSAR—DRAMA, . . . . .	422
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—STORY, . . . . .	467
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM TAMING OF THE SHREW, . . . . .	474
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK—DRAMA, . . . . .	475
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—STORY, . . . . .	543
KING LEAR—DRAMA, . . . . .	552

# CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

— OF —

## SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

---

### COMEDIES.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST . . . . .	(1588-1589)
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS . . . . .	(1589)
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . .	(1589-1590)
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM . . . . .	(1592 and 1601)
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . .	(1594)
AS YOU LIKE IT . . . . .	(1598-1599)
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .	(1599)
TWELFTH NIGHT . . . . .	(1599-1600)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW . . . . .	(1601-1604)
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .	(1603)
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL . . . . .	(1604)
MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .	(1604)
THE TEMPEST . . . . .	(1610-1611)
THE WINTER'S TALE . . . . .	(1611)

### TRAGEDIES.

TITUS ANDRONICUS . . . . .	(1591)
ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .	(1596)
JULIUS CÆSAR . . . . .	(1600-1601)
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK . . . . .	(1600-1601)
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE . . . . .	1604-1611)
KING LEAR . . . . .	(1605)
MACBETH . . . . .	(1605-1609)
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . .	(1607)
TIMON OF ATHENS . . . . .	(1608)
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA . . . . .	(1608)
CORIOLANUS . . . . .	(1609-1610)
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE . . . . .	(1608-1609)
CYMBELINE . . . . .	(1609-1610)

### HISTORIES.

KING HENRY VI. PART I. . . . .	(1590-1592)
KING HENRY VI. PART II. . . . .	(1590-1592)
KING HENRY VI. PART III. . . . .	(1590-1592)
KING RICHARD III. . . . .	(1594)
KING RICHARD II. . . . .	(1594-1595)
KING JOHN. . . . .	(1596-1597)
KING HENRY IV. PART I. . . . .	(1596-1597)
KING HENRY IV. PART II. . . . .	(1597)
KING HENRY V. . . . .	(1599)
KING HENRY VIII. . . . .	(1612-1613)



## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

---

AFTER all the laborious research which has been expended on the subject of Shakespeare's biography, few particulars are known on those points which would be most gratifying to the curiosity of his rational admirers. We may trace his ancestors to the Doomsday-Book, and his posterity till they dwindle into tongueless obscurity; but of his own habits and domestic character we know comparatively nothing. During his early days, his path of life was so humble that all our inquiries necessarily terminate in disappointment; and of the more busy periods of his existence, when he wrote for the stage and was the public favorite, his remarkable humility of mind and manners induced him to avoid the eye of notoriety; and, unfortunately, there was no Boswell or Medwin to make memoranda of his conversation or to transmit to our times a fac-simile of the great dramatist in the familiar moments of relaxation and friendly intercourse. Such hiatuses in the life of Shakespeare can not be now supplied; now about two hundred years have elapsed since his mortal remains were left to moulder beneath a tomb over which Time has shaken the dust of his wings too often to allow of our recovering details, local and fugitive, however interesting. Rowe was the first whose researches elicited anything like a satisfactory memoir of our great bard. Poets and critics have laboriously retrodden his step; the genius of Pope and the acumen of Johnson have been employed on the same subject, but the sun of their adoration had gone down before their intellectual telescopes were leveled to discover its perfections. Malone has done the most, and appears indeed to have exhausted the subject, but, from inadvertency or carelessness, he has overlooked many particulars which deserve preservation. Having turned over a variety of books, and consulted every accessible authority, we shall attempt to condense, under one head, such recollections of Shakespeare as are at present scattered over many volumes, as well as the more obvious and familiar portions of his history.

It appears a family designated indifferently *Shaxper*, *Shakespeare*, *Shakspere*, and *Shakspeare*, were well-known in Warwickshire during the sixteenth century. Rowe says: "It seems by the register and other public writings of Stratford that the poet's family were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen."

This account turns out to be very incorrect; for on reference to the authorities cited, we find that the Shakespeares, though their property was respectable, never rose above the rank of tradesmen or husbandmen. Nothing is known of the immediate ancestors of John Shakespeare, the poet's father, who was originally a *glover*, afterward a *butcher*, and in the last place, a *wool-stapler*, in the town of Stratford. Being very industrious, his wealth gave him importance among his neighbors, and having served various offices in the borough with credit, he ultimately obtained its supreme municipal honors, being elected high-bailiff, at Michaelmas, 1568. His town-folks, no doubt, considered this the summit of earthly felicity, but however reverend the corporation of Stratford in its own estimation, we can not but smile at these erudite sages, out of *nineteen* of whom, as we find from their signatures, attached to a public document, 1564, only *seven* were able to write their names. While chief magistrate

## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

of the borough, and on his marriage with Mary Arden, he obtained a grant of arms from the Herald's College, and was allowed to impale his own achievement with that of the ancient family of the Ardens.

In the deed respecting John Shakespeare, his property is declared to be worth five hundred pounds, a sum by no means inconsiderable in those days, and, on the whole, we have sufficient evidence of his worldly prosperity. From some unexplained causes, however, his affairs began to alter for the worse about 1574, and after employing such expedients to relieve his growing necessities as in the end served only to aggravate them, he at length fell into such extreme poverty that he was obliged to give security for a debt of five pounds, and a distress issuing for the seizure of his goods, it was returned: "Joh'es Shakespeare nihil habet unde distr. potest levare." (John Shakespeare has no effects on which a distraint can be levied.) During the last ten years of his life we have no particular account of his circumstances; but, as in 1597 he describes himself "as of very small wealth and very few friends;" we may justly suppose that he remained in great indigence. He seems, indeed, to have fallen into decay with his native town, the trade of which was almost ruined, as we may learn from the application of the burgesses in 1590. The town had then "fallen into much decay for want of such trade as heretofore they had by clothing, and the making of yarn, employing and maintaining a number of poor people by the same, which now live in great penury and misery, by reason they are not set to work as before they have been."

John Shakespeare died in 1601. His family consisted of *eight children*: Jane, Margaret, William, Gilbert, Lorie, Anne, Richard, and Edmund. Lorie and Margaret died when but a few months old. Of Gilbert nothing is known but the register of his baptism. Jane married one Hart, a hatter of Stratford, and died in 1646, leaving three sons. She is mentioned with much kindness in her illustrious brother's will; and the descendants of her children were to be found in Stratford within these few years. In 1749, a house of Shakespeare's, in Henly Street, belonged to Thomas Hart, a butcher and the sixth in descent from Jane. Anne Shakespeare died an infant; Richard, according to the parish register, was buried in 1612. Edmund Shakespeare, actuated probably by his brother's reputation at the theatre, became an actor; he performed at the Globe, lived in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and was interred in the churchyard of that parish, on the 31st of December, 1606.

William Shakespeare was born April 23d, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon. The house in which *the poet* first saw the light was bought, in 1597, from a family of the name of Underhill. It had been called the *great house*, not because it is really large, but on account of its having been at that time the best in the town. In its present dilapidated state, the ablest artists have exerted their skill to preserve the outline of so remarkable a building for the gratification of posterity, and the most minute particulars concerning it have been collected with the utmost avidity.

The *chamber* in which our unrivaled dramatist is said to have drawn his first breath is penciled over with the names of innumerable visitors in every grade of life. Royalty has been proud to pay this simple tribute to exalted intellect; and Genius has paused in its triumphs to inscribe these hallowed walls with the brief sentences which record its love and veneration for the wonderful man who once recognized this lowly tenement as his *home*.

## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

---

This house, so venerable on account of its former inmate, is now divided, one part being a butcher's shop and the other a public-house.

Of Shakespeare's infancy we know nothing, except that he narrowly escaped falling a victim to the plague, which at that time almost depopulated his native town. We next find him at the free grammar-school of Stratford, where we may suppose he acquired the "*small Latin and less Greek*," for which Ben Jonson gives him credit. But even this imperfect species of education was soon interrupted, the poverty of his father presenting an insurmountable obstacle to his further progress. He now for a considerable period remained at home, and attended to his father's occupation, that of a butcher. Growing disgusted with this employment, he commenced school-teaching.

Shakespeare's eighteenth year was scarcely passed when, relinquishing his school, or his office, he ventured to contract that important engagement on which the happiness or misery of life generally turns. He selected for his wife Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a reputable yeoman in the vicinity of Stratford. At her marriage, she was eight years older than her husband, and Shakespeare's domestic felicity does not appear to have been advanced by the connection. In the year following, 1583, his daughter Susanna was born; and in eighteen months afterward his wife bore him twins, a boy and a girl, baptized by the name of Hammet and Judith. This was the whole of the poet's family, from which we are perhaps justified in concluding, as there are other circumstances to strengthen the opinion, that his connubial lot was not enviable; indeed, his wife's years were so ill-assorted to his own, that little congeniality of sentiment was to be expected. Hammet, Shakespeare's only son, died at the early age of twelve years, an event long and deeply regretted.

The inhabitants of Shakespeare's native town were passionately fond of dramatic entertainments. Traveling companies of players appear to have visited Stratford on more than twenty occasions between 1569 (when the poet was under six years of age) and 1587. Burbage and Green, two celebrated actors, were his townsmen, and even from childhood his attention must have been attracted to the stage, by the powerful influence of novelty, and in all probability, by his personal acquaintance with some of the comedians. He followed the profession of an actor upward of seventeen years, and till within thirteen years of his death, but we have good reason to suppose that *six shillings and eight pence a week* was the highest reward of his dramatic effort. Of his merit as a player, we have no positive data on which to found an estimate, and accordingly there is great difference of opinion among the critics. Tragedians and dramatists were not then so jealously watched as at present; diurnal reviewers were unknown; and an actor's fame depended entirely on the caprice of judges, who were too frequently very incompetent to form a correct decision. From some satirical passages in the writings of his contemporaries, we may fairly suppose that he was not a favorite performer with the public. His instructions to the players in *Hamlet*, however, bespeak such mastery in their art, and are in themselves so excellent, that we are strongly inclined to believe that his unpopularity must be attributed more to the bad taste of his auditors than to the deficiency of his own powers.

The only characters which we know with certainty to have been personated by Shakespeare are the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and Adam in *As You Like It*: his name appears in the list of players attached to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, and *Every Man in His Humor*, but it is sufficiently evident that he never sustained any very important

part, and, but for his genius as a poet, which neither indigence nor obscurity could repress, that name, which we now repeat with reverence and love, would have been lost in the darkness of oblivion. "It may, indeed, be considered," says Dr. Drake, "as a most fortunate circumstance for the lovers of dramatic poetry, that our author, in point of execution, did not attain to the loftiest summit of his profession. He would in that case, it is very probable, have either sat down content with the high reputation accruing to him from this source, or would have found little time for the labors of composition, and consequently we should have been in a great degree, if not altogether, deprived of what now constitutes the noblest efforts of human genius.

No portion of Shakespeare's history is more obscure than the period at which he first ventured to rely on the resources of his own mind, and produce an original drama on the stage which he had so often trod unnoticed. Every attempt to select from the long list of his wonderful productions the one which had paved the way for his future eminence, his maiden effort in the arena of his coming glories, has ended in uncertainty and disappointment. *The Two Gentleman of Verona* and the *Comedy of Errors* have been pitched upon, but almost any of his other plays might have been chosen with an equal approximation to truth. Our bard, however, was well known as a dramatic writer in 1592, and there is reason to suppose that all his compositions for the stage were written between 1590 and 1613, a period of about twenty-three years. And when it is considered that we possess *thirty* of his plays which are indisputably genuine, besides several, the authenticity of which is doubtful, the marvellous power and range of his intellect will be sufficiently evident. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the second inscription on the luminous column of his renown. *Othello*, *The Tempest*, and *Twelfth Night*, are engraved in characters of light on its base. In combining author and actor in his own person, the dramatist might in some degree alleviate his pecuniary difficulties, but it could scarcely have redeemed him from the indigence under which his brother writers were suffering; yet his superlative merit as a poet soon advanced him in the regard of the great and the noble. The players in his time were constantly denominated and treated as *servants*, and when the actor's duty made his presence necessary at his patron's mansion, the *buttery* was the only place to which he expected admittance. On the contrary, the friendship of the dramatist was frequently sought by the opulent—even noblemen made him their companion, and chose him at once as the object of bounty and esteem. Shakespeare's intimacy with the all-accomplished Lord Southampton commenced when the latter was about twenty years of age, and from the dedications prefixed to "Venus and Adonis," in 1593, and the "Rape of Lucrece," in 1594, it is apparent that their friendship was cemented by great liberality in the patron and lively gratitude in the poet. Rowe, on the authority of Davenant, relates, that in order to enable Shakespeare to complete a purchase, Southampton at once presented him with a thousand pounds, a gift truly princely. Of Shakespeare's comparative opulence there can be no doubt; in 1597, he purchased New Place, the most respectable mansion in his native Stratford, and went to considerable expense in alterations and repairs. In the succeeding year, we find Richard Quynne, a townsman, applying to him as a person of substance, for the loan of *thirty pounds*, and shortly after, we find him expressing his readiness to lend, on proper security, a sum of money for the use of the town of Stratford. Malone is of opinion that his annual income could not have been less than £200, which, at the age when he lived, was equal to £800 at present.

Several of the nobility, particularly the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, vied with Southampton in conferring benefits on Shakespeare, and he was distinguished in a most flattering manner by the favor of two successive sovereigns. We are told that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (the first draught of which was finished in a fortnight) was written expressly at the command of the *Virgin Queen*, who being highly delighted with Falstaff's humor in *Henry IV.*, wished him to be exhibited under the influence of love.

The author's reputation was no doubt increased by the approbation of his royal mistress, which in all likelihood was the only solid advantage he obtained from her notice. Rowe celebrates the "many gracious marks of her favor" which Shakespeare received; but no traces of any pecuniary reward from her munificence are to be found, and the almost invariable parsimony of Elizabeth toward literary men may fairly induce us to question whether her generosity was exhibited in anything more substantial than praise, notwithstanding all the elegant flattery which the poet offered on the shrine of her vanity. Elizabeth was certainly a very highly-gifted woman, but she was too selfish to pay for applause which she was sure of obtaining at an easier rate.

Though Elizabeth and James were particularly fond of dramatic representations, it does not appear that they ever visited the public theatres; they gratified their taste by commanding the comedians to perform plays at court. These entertainments were usually given at night, which arrangement suited the actors, as the theatres were generally open in the morning. The ordinary fee for such a performance in London was £6 13s. 4d., and an additional £3 6s. 8d. was sometimes bestowed by the bounty of royalty.

Shakespeare soon became important in the management of the theater, and participated in all the emoluments of the company. This worldly elevation induced him to quit the drudgery of an actor, which employment he speaks of in his sonnets with disgust, and thenceforth he seemed to have yielded all the powers of his comprehensive mind to the improvement of dramatic literature. The affectionate wish which Shakespeare formed in early life, to return, after his brilliant career, to his native Stratford, and die at home, induced him to purchase New Place, in 1597. In the pleasure ground of that unassuming mansion he planted, with his own hand, a mulberry tree, which flourished for many years, and was regarded with reverence. To this favorite spot, in 1613 or 1614, he retired from the applause of his contemporaries and the bustle of the world to the genuine repose and unsophisticated pleasures of a country life. Aubrey informs us, that it was our bard's custom to visit Stratford yearly; but previous to 1596, the place of his residence in London has not been discovered. He then lodged near the Bear Garden, in Southwark, and it is not improbable that he remained there till his final retirement from the metropolis.

Much has been said of the rivalry and dissension between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. We shall give a few particulars, from which we think it will appear that they both were entirely free from personal ill-will. Pope says, that Jonson "loved Shakespeare as well as honored his memory, celebrates the honesty, openness and frankness of his temper, and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author and the silly and derogatory applause of the players." Rowe gives us the subjoined anecdote, which has been thought worthy of credit: "Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of

## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

his plays to the players in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterward to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public." It is not a little remarkable that Jonson seems to have held a higher place in public estimation than our poet for more than a century after the death of the latter. Within that period Ben's work went through numerous editions, and were read with eagerness, while Shakespeare's remained in comparative neglect until the time of Rowe.

Fuller's comparative view of these illustrious writers is highly interesting: "Shakespeare was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*. Indeed, his learning was but very little; so that as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so *nature* itself was all the art which was used upon him. Many were the wit combats between him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld, like a *Spanish great galleon* and an *English man of war!* Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the *English man of war*, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Mr. Gifford has triumphantly proved that the once generally received opinion of Jonson's malignant feelings toward his friend and benefactor is void of the slightest foundation in fact; on the contrary, we are justified in believing that the author of *Sejanus* was, on all occasions, ready to admit the wonderful merit of his less learned, but more highly gifted contemporary. His lines under Shakespeare's effigy breathe the warmest spirit of reverence and love:

"The figure that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature to outdo the life.  
O could he but have drawne his wit  
As well in brass as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass;  
But since he cannot, reader, looke  
Not on his picture but his booke."

Queen Elizabeth used sometimes to sit behind the scenes, while her favorite plays were performing. One evening, Shakespeare enacted the part of a monarch (probably, in *Henry IV.*). The audience knew that her majesty was present. She crossed the stage while Shakespeare was acting, and being loudly greeted by the spectators, courtesied politely to the poet, who took no notice of her condescension. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to pay her any attention. This made her majesty think of some means to know whether she could induce him to forget the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took it up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech that they seemed to belong to it:

"And though now bent on this high embassy,  
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

---

He then withdrew from the stage and presented the glove to the queen, who was much pleased with his behavior, and complimented him on its propriety.

Rowe says: "The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense would wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighborhood," and in the words of Dr. Drake, "he was high in reputation as a poet, favored by the great and accomplished, and beloved by all who knew him." Nothing can be more delightful than to contemplate this wonderful man, in the vigor of his age, and in the full possession of his amazing faculties, retiring from the scene of his well-earned triumphs, to find in the comparative seclusion of his native town that repose and quietude, both in mind and body, which is not to be looked for in the bustle of the world.

Shakespeare retired from the Metropolis at a period little past the prime of life. We meet with no hint of any failure in his constitution, and the execution of his will, in "perfect health and memory," on the 25th of March, 1616, warrants no immediate expectation of his decease. The curtain was now to fall, however, on this earthly stage of existence. He died on the 23d of April, *the anniversary of his birth*, having completed exactly his fifty-second year. On the 25th, two days after his death, his body was laid in his original dust, being buried under the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford. A flat stone, protecting all that was perishable of the remains of Shakespeare, bears this inscription:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed here:  
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The common opinion is that these lines were written by the poet himself, but this notion has, perhaps, originated solely from the use of the word "my" in the closing line. "The imprecation," says Malone, was probably suggested by an apprehension "that our author's remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in Stratford charnel-house."

A few additional facts respecting Shakespeare's family may be acceptable. His wife survived him seven years, and was buried between his grave and the north wall of the chancel, under a stone inlaid with brass, and inscribed thus:

"Heere lyeth interred the bodeye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who departed this life the sixth day of August, 1623, being at the age of sixty-seven yeares."

We have thus, as briefly as the importance of such a memoir would permit, gone over the meager biographical remains of the noblest dramatic poet the world has ever produced. Without attempting to draw the character of this matchless writer, we have occasionally, in the course of our narrative, endeavored to mark the feeling of respect and admiration by which we are influenced while contemplating the mighty performances of a mind which, with little assistance from education, surpassed all the efforts of ancient and modern genius.

## THE TEMPEST.

---

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak, and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's), would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then, swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedge-hog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedge-hog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or



## THE TEMPEST.

where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you can not, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind?" Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried in my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail or mast; there he left us as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble I must have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted until we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having said so, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terror of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his

## THE TEMPEST.

father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now," said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what farther he would have him to do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were seated under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

## THE TEMPEST.

“O father,” said Miranda, in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered her father; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand’s constancy he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. “Follow me,” said he, “I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water: shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.” “No,” said Ferdinand, “I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy,” and drew his sword: but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, “Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.”

“Silence,” said her father, “one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban.” This he said to prove his daughter’s constancy; and she replied, “My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.”

“Come on, young man,” said Prospero to the prince, “you have no power to disobey me.”

“I have not indeed,” answered Ferdinand; and not knowing it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find he was so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, “My spirits are all bound up as if I were in a dream; but this man’s threats and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid.”

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings’ sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. “Alas!” said she, “do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself.”

## THE TEMPEST.

“O my dear lady,” said Ferdinand, “I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest.”

“If you will sit down,” said Miranda, “I will carry your logs the while.” But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to do. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father’s express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter’s disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, “I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father’s precepts I forget.”

At this point Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, “This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples.”

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

“Ah! sir,” said she, “I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me.”

Prospero prevented Ferdinand’s thanks by appearing visible before them.

“Fear nothing, my child,” he said; “I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.” He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero’s brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his

## THE TEMPEST.

infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero; “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother’s forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, “I have a gift in store for you, too;” and opening a door showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

“O wonder!” said Miranda, “what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.”

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. “Who is this maid?” said he; she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.” “No, sir,” answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, “she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady.”

“Then I must be her father,” said the king: “but oh! how oddly will it sound that I must ask my child forgiveness.”

“No more of that,” said Prospero: “let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.” And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, everruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king’s son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

## THE TEMPEST.

---

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

# THE TEMPEST.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, <i>King of Naples.</i>	MASTER OF A SHIP.
SEBASTIAN, <i>his brother.</i>	BOATSWAIN.
PROSPERO, <i>the right Duke of Milan.</i>	MARINERS.
ANTONIO, <i>his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.</i>	MIRANDA, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i>
FERDINAND, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i>	ARIEL, <i>an airy Spirit.</i>
GONZALO, <i>an honest old Counsellor.</i>	IRIS,
ADRIAN,	CERES,
FRANCISCO, } <i>Lords.</i>	JUNO, } <i>presented by Spirits.</i>
CALIBAN, <i>a savage and deformed Slave.</i>	NYPHPS,
TRINCULO, <i>a Jester.</i>	REAPERS, }
STEPHANO, <i>a drunken Butler.</i>	<i>Other Spirits attending on Prospero.</i>

SCENE—A SHIP AT SEA: AN ISLAND.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

*Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the top-sail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

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

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You

mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember who thou hast aboard.

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

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny

our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

*Boats.* Down with the top mast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

*Boats.* Work you then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur! hang you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter* Mariners *wel.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.  
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning.  
The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!—

'We split! we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*]

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

SCENE II. The island. Before Prospero's cell.

*Enter* PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature  
in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they  
perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd  
and

The fraughting souls within her.

*Pros.* Be collected:  
No more amazement: tell your piteous  
heart

There's no harm done.

*Mir.* O, woe the day!

*Pros.* No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,  
who



Art ignorant of what thou art, nought  
knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more  
better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor  
cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy  
hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.  
So :

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ;  
have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which  
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou  
saw'st sink. Sit down ;  
For thou must now know farther.

*Mir.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou re-  
member

A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou  
wast not  
Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

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

*Mir.* 'Tis far off  
And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I  
not

Four or five women once that tended me ?

*Pros.* Thou hadst't, and more, Miranda.

But how is it

That this lives in thy mind ? What seest  
thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of  
time ?

If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest  
here,

How thou camest here thou mayest.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda,  
twelve year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of vir-  
tue, and

She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy  
father

Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir  
And princess no worse issued.

*Mir.* O the heavens !

What foul play had we, that we came  
from thence ?

Or blessed was't we did ?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl :

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we  
heaved thence,

But blessedly help hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd  
you to

Which is from my remembrance ! Please  
you, farther.

*Pros.* My brother and thy uncle call'd  
Antonio—

I pray thee, mark me—that a brother  
should

Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so  
reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my  
study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being  
transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false  
uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to  
grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and  
who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or  
changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the  
key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the  
state

To what tune pleased his ear; that now  
he was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou  
attend'st not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedi-  
cated

To closeness and the bettering of my  
mind

With that which, but by being so retired  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false  
brother

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no  
limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus  
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like  
one

Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the sub-  
stitution,  
And executing the outward face of roy-  
alty  
With all prerogative: hence his ambition  
growing—  
Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deaf-  
ness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this  
part he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my  
library

Was dukedom large enough: of temporal  
royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confeder-  
ates—

So dry he was for sway—wi' the King 'of  
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him hom-  
age,

Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor  
Milan!—

To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition and the  
event; Then tell me

If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition.

The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's  
suit:

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the prem-  
ises

Of homage and I know not how much  
tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
With all the honors on my brother:  
whereon,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight

Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of  
darkness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried  
thence

Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity!  
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again, it is a hint,  
That wrings mine eyes.

*Pro.* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present  
business

Which now's upon us; without the which,  
this story

Were most impertinent.

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench;  
My tale provokes that question. Dear,  
they durst not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor  
set

A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they  
prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist  
us,

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back  
again,

Did us but loving wrong,

*Mira.* Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Pro.* O! a cherubim  
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou  
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops  
full salt;

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd  
in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water,  
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity (who being then ap-  
pointed

Master of this design), did give us; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and neces-  
saries,

Which since have steaded much; so, of  
his gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd  
me,

From my own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* 'Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise:—  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-  
sorrow.

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more  
profit

Than other princess can, that have more  
time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so care-  
ful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't! And  
now I pray you, sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your  
reason

For raising this sea-storm?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth.—  
By accident most strange, bountiful for-  
tune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my pre-  
science

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star; whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more

questions;  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dull-  
ness,

And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come; I am ready now:

Approach, my Ariel; come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task

Ariel, and all his quality.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,

And burn in many places; on the top-mast,

The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not: The fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune

Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,

Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)

Was the first man that leap'd.

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

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

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

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

But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:

The king's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

Bound sadly home for Naples;  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship

wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

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

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

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

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I pray thee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy ser-  
vice;

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings,  
serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou  
didst promise

To bate me a full year.

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

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st  
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt  
deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, maglignant thing!  
Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age  
and envy,

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot  
her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born?  
speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pro.* O, was she so? I must,  
Once in a month, recount what thou hast  
been,

Which thou forget'st. This vile witch,  
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries  
terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one  
thing she did,

They would not take her life: Is not this  
true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither  
brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou,  
my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her  
servant:

And, for thou was a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthly and abhorr'd com-  
mands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine  
thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,

Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain

A dozen years; within which space she  
died,

And left thee there; where thou didst  
vent thy groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was  
this island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd  
with

A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that  
Caliban,

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best  
know'st

What torment I did find thee in: thy  
groans

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the  
breasts

Of ever-angry bears. This Sycorax  
Could not again undo; it was mine art.

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made  
gape

The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will  
rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what? what shall  
I do?

*Pro.* Go make thyself like to a nymph  
o' the sea;

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible  
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,  
And hither come in't: hence, with dili-  
gence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

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

Awake!

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

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

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

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our  
fire,

Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban,  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough  
within.

*Pro.* Come forth, I say: there's other  
business for thee:  
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother  
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome  
fen,

Drop on you both! a south-west blow  
on ye,

And blister you all o'er!

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou  
shalt have cramps.

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may  
work,

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more  
stinging

Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou  
camest first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of  
me; would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me  
how

To name the bigger light, and how the  
less,

That burn by day and night: and then I  
lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the  
isle,

The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place,  
and fertile;

Cursed be I that I did so!— All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on  
you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here  
you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep  
from me

The rest of the island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I  
have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and  
lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to  
violate

The honour of my child. Abhorred slave;  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught  
thee each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not,  
savage,

Know thine own meaning, but would'st  
gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy pur-  
poses

With words that made them known: But  
thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't  
which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore  
wast thou

Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and  
my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague  
rid you,

For learning me your language!

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert  
best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,  
malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old  
cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee  
roar,

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, 'pray thee!—

[*Aside.*]

I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*]

*Re-enter* ARIEL *invisible, playing and  
singing, FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd  
(The wild waves whist)  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]  
*The watch-dogs bark:  
Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]  
*Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticlere  
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i'  
the air, or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits  
upon

Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air; thence I have fol-  
low'd it,

Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis  
gone.

No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-  
dong, bell.*

[*Burden, ding-dong.*]

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my  
drown'd father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes:—I hear it now  
above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye  
advance

And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?  
See how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps,  
and hath such senses

As we have, such: This gallant which  
thou seest,

Was in the wreck; and but he's some-  
thing stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou  
might'st call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

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

*Pro.* It goes on, [*Aside.*  
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine  
spirit! I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe  
my prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction  
give,

How I may bear me here: My prime re-  
quest,

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you  
wonder!

If you be maid, or no?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir;  
But, certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language; heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this  
speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples  
heard thee? [*wonders*

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that  
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does  
hear me; [*Naples;*

And, that he does, I weep: Myself am

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb,  
beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the  
duke of Milan,

And his brave son being twain.

*Pro.* The duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could con-  
trol thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first  
sight. [*Aside.*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good  
sir;

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:  
a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungen-  
tly? This

Is the third man, that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll  
make you

The queen of Naples!

*Pro.* Soft, sir; one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers; but this  
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
[*Aside.*

Make the prize light.—One word more; I  
charge thee,

That thou attend me: Thou dost here  
usurp

The name thou ow'st not; and hast put  
thyself

Upon this island, as a spy to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell  
in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—[*To FERD.*  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—  
Come.



I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall  
be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots  
and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

*Fer.* No ;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

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

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up,  
traitor ;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike,  
thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy  
ward ;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you father !

*Pro.* Hence ; hang not on my gar-  
ments.

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

*Pro.* Silence : one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate  
thee. What !

An advocate for an impostor ? hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such  
shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban : Fool-  
ish wench !

To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble ; I have no ambi-  
tion

To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on ; obey : [*To FERD.*  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's  
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light  
to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the  
earth

Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works :—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow  
me.— [*To FERD. and MIR.*

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To ARIEL.*

*Mira.* Be of comfort ;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech ; this is un-  
wonted,

Which now came from him.

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

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow : speak not for  
him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

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

*Gon.* 'Beseech you, sir, be merry :  
you have cause

(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss : our hint of woe

Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the  
merchant,

Have just our theme of woe : but for the  
miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir,  
weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

- Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace!
- Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.
- Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.
- Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;  
By and by it will strike.
- Gon.* Sir,——
- Seb.* One : —— Tell.
- Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—
- Seb.* A dollar.
- Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken truer than you purposed.
- Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
- Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—
- Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !
- Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.
- Gon.* Well, I have done : but yet—
- Seb.* He will be talking.
- Ant.* Which of them, he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?
- Seb.* The old cock.
- Ant.* The cockrel.
- Seb.* Done : the wager ?
- Ant.* A laughter.
- Seb.* A match.
- Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—
- Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !
- Ant.* So you've paid ?
- Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
- Seb.* Yet.
- Adr.* Yet—
- Ant.* He could not miss it.
- Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
- Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.
- Ant.* True ; save means to live.
- Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
- Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !
- Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.
- Seb.* With an eye of green in't.
- Ant.* He misses not much.
- Seb.* No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.
- Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—
- Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.
- Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses ; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.
- Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies ?
- Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
- Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
- Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
- Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
- Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.
- Ant.* How came that widow in ? Widow Dido !
- Seb.* What if he had said widower Æneas, too ? Good lord, how you take it !
- Adr.* Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
- Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
- Adr.* Carthage ?
- Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.
- Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.
- Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses, too.
- Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

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

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

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

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

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

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

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

*Fran.* Sir, he may live;  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

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

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

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

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

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

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord, —

*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king of it, what would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* P' the commonwealth I would  
by contraries  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; no use of  
service,

Of riches or of poverty ; no contracts,  
Succession ; bound of land, tilth, vine-  
yard, none :

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :  
No occupation ; all men idle ; all ;  
And women, too, but innocent and pure ;  
No sovereignty :—

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

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

*Gon.* All things in common nature  
should produce,

Without sweat or endeavor : treason, fel-  
ony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any  
engine,

Would I not have ; but nature should  
bring forth

Of its own kind, all foison, all abund-  
ance,

To feed my innocent people.

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

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty :

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And do you mark me, sir ?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee no more : thou dost  
talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness ;  
and did it to minister occasion to  
these gentlemen, who are of such  
sensible and nimble lungs, that  
they always use to laugh at noth-  
ing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fool-  
ing, am nothing to you ; so you  
may continue, and laugh at noth-  
ing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given !

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave  
metal : You would lift the moon  
out of her sphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without  
changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn  
music.*

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

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ! I  
wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my  
thoughts : I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :

It seldom visits sorrow : when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take  
your rest,

And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you : wondrous heavy.—

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness pos-  
sesses them !

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find  
not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;

They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke.

What might,

Worthy Sebastian ?— O, what might ?—

No more :—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be : the occasion  
speaks thee ; and

My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely,  
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst  
say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,  
moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather;  
wink'st

Whilst thou art waking.

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

*Ant.* I am more serious than my cus-  
tom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so; to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew, how you the purpose  
cherish,

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in strip-  
ping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, in-  
deed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, pro-  
claim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir,  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,  
this

(Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost  
persuaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion only),

The king his son's alive: 'tis as impos-  
sible

That he's undrown'd as he that sleeps  
here, swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope, that  
way, is

Another way so high an hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you  
grant, with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

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

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she  
that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that  
from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were  
post,

(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-  
born chins

Be rough and razorable: she, from whom  
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some  
cast again;

And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to  
come,

In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen  
of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which  
regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in  
Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were  
death

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they  
were no worse

Than now they are : there be, that can rule  
 Naples  
 As well as he that sleeps ; lords, that can  
 prate  
 As amply, and unnecessarily,  
 As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make  
 A chough of as deep chat. O, that you  
 bore  
 The mind that I do ! what a sleep were  
 this  
 For your advancement ! Do you under-  
 stand me ?  
*Seb.* Methinks I do.  
*Ant.* And how does your content  
 Tender your own good fortune ?  
*Seb.* I remember,  
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.  
*Ant.* True :  
 And, look, how well my garments sit upon  
 me ;  
 Much feater than before : My brother's  
 servants  
 Were then my fellows, now they are my  
 men.  
*Seb.* But, for your conscience—  
*Ant.* Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it  
 were a kybe,  
 'Twould put me to my slipper ; but I feel  
 not  
 This deity in my bosom : twenty consci-  
 ences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied  
 be they,  
 And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies  
 your brother,  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like ; whom  
 I,  
 With this obedient steel, three inches of  
 it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing  
 thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence,  
 who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all  
 the rest,

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps  
 milk ;

They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, thy friend,  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st  
 Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword :  
 one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou  
 pay'st ;

And I the king shall love thee.

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

*Seb.* O, but one word.  
 [*They converse apart.*]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art fore-  
 sees the danger

That these, his friends, are in ; and sends  
 me forth,

(For else his project dies,) to keep them  
 living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*

*While you here do snoring lie,*

*Open-ey'd conspiracy*

*His time doth take :*

*• If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware :*

*Awake ! awake !*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the  
 king !

[*They wake.*]

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho ! awake !  
 Why are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing  
 your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bel-  
 lowing

Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake  
 you ?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;

To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,

That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard,

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another Part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*  
*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but

For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount

Their bristles at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,

Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;

Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbar that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfals. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or live? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout:

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

STE. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral :

Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*  
*The master, the swabber, the boatswin,  
and I,*

*The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and  
Margery,*

*But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang.*

*Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:*

*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvey tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

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

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

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

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if

I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me get but little hurt; thou wilt

Anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

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

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!—

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

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowued. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

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



*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they  
be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial  
liquor :

I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou scape? How  
cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle,  
how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon  
a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved  
overboard, by this bottle! which I made of  
the bark of a tree, with mine own hands,  
since I was cast ashore.

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

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou  
escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; ;  
I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though  
thou canst swim like a duck, thou art  
made like a goose.

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

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my celiar  
is in a rock by the sea-side, where my  
wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how  
does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from  
heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee :  
I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do  
adore thee; My mistress showed me thee,  
thy dog and bush.

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

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

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o'  
the island: I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear  
myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down and swear.

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

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.*—but that the poor monster's in  
drink.

An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs;  
I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow  
thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster! to  
make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee  
where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee  
pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee  
how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring  
thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll  
get thee

Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt  
thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now lead the way, with-  
out any more talking.—Trinculo, the  
king and all our company else being  
drowned, we will inherit here.—Here;  
bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll  
fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master; farewell, fare-  
well.

[Sings drunkenly.]

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken  
monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash  
dish;

'Ban—'Ban, Ca—Caliban

*Has a new master — Get a new man.*  
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom!

freedom, hey-day, freedom!  
*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful;  
but their labour  
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of  
baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor  
matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
would be  
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens  
what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's  
crabbed;  
And he's composed of harshness. I must  
remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile  
them up,  
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mis-  
tress  
Weeps when she sees me work; and says,  
such baseness  
Had ne'er like éxecutor. I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh  
my labours;  
Most busy-less, when I do it.  
*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.*  
*Mira.* Alas, now! pray you  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning  
had  
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind  
to pile!  
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this  
burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My  
father  
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself;  
He's safe for these three hours.

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

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give  
me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

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

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

*Pro.* Poor worm! thou art infected;  
This visitation shows it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

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

*Mira.* Miranda: — O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many  
a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a  
time

The harmony of their tongues hath into  
bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several  
virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she  
ow'd,

And put it to the foil: But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mira.* I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save from my glass, mine own; nor have  
I seen  
More that I may call men, than you,  
good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are  
abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's  
precepts  
Therein forget.

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

*Mira.* Do you love me!

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness  
to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else 't the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

*Pro.* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens  
rain grace  
On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare  
not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take,  
What I shall die to want: but this is  
trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bash-  
ful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your ser-  
vant,

Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then?

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

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't:  
And now farewell,  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!  
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*]

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot  
be,  
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoic-  
ing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

*Enter* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO;  
CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is  
out, we will drink water; not a drop be-  
fore: therefore bear up and board 'em:  
Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of  
this island! They say, there's but five  
upon this isle: we are three of them; if  
the other two be brained like us, the state  
totters.

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

*Trin.* Where should they be set else?

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

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

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

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

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous life, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

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

*Cal.* I thank you my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd Tohearken once again thesuit I made thee?

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

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee  
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;  
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath  
Cheated me of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey,  
thou:

I would my valiant master would destroy thee:

I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will suppliant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more. — [*To CALIBAN.*] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st;

But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! —

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,

And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,

He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

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

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie: — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — This can

sack and drinking do.— A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

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

*Ste.* Stand further.— Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a  
stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,

First to possess his books; for without  
them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: They all do hate  
him,

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books,  
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls  
them,)

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck  
withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As greatest does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, my lord; she will become thy  
bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

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

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I  
beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a  
good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be  
asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full  
of pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the  
catch

You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will  
do reason, any reason: Come on, Trin-  
culo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout'em, and skout'em; and skout'em,  
and flout'em;*

*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor  
and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch,  
played by the picture of No-body.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thy-  
self in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil,  
tak't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of  
noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight,  
and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-  
ments

Will hum about mine ears; and some-  
times voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in  
dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and  
show riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I  
wak'd,

I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom

to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

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

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further sir;

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee who am myself attach'd with weariness, to the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night; for, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, as when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more, *Solemn and strange musick*; and PROSPERO above, invisible. *Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet musick!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

*Seb.* A living drollery: now I will believe, That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders, (For, certes, these are people of the island,)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse, Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue)  
a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely. [*Aside*

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for  
we have stomachs. —

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear;  
When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mount-  
aineers,

Eew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had  
hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such  
men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which  
now we find,

Each putter-out on five for one, will bring  
us

Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I  
feel

The best is passed:—Brother, my lord  
the duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL  
like a harpy; claps his wings upon the  
table, and, with a quaint device, the  
banquet vanishes.*

*Ariel.* You are three men of sin, whom  
destiny

(That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in in't,) the never-surfeited  
sea

Hath caused to throw up; and on this  
island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst  
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made  
you mad;

[*Seeing ALON., SEB., etc., draw  
their swords.*

And even with such like valor, men hang  
and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and  
my fellows

Are ministers of fate; the elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may  
as well

Wound the loud winds, or with be-  
mock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume; my fel-  
low-ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your  
strengths

And will not be uplifted: But remember,  
(For that's my business to you,) that you  
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit  
it,

Him, and his innocent child; for which  
foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting,  
have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the  
creatures

Against your peace: Thee of thy son,  
Alonzo,

They have bereft! and do pronounce by  
me,

Lingering perdition (worse than any death  
Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your ways; whose wraths to  
guard you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle;  
else falls

Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's  
sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft  
music, enter the Shapes again, and  
dance with mops and mowes, and carry  
out the table.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of  
this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,  
 In what thou had'st to say: so, with good life,  
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
 Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,  
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
 In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
 Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)  
 And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*]

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
 In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
 The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.  
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit. Seb.*  
*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
 [*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]

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

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*

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

*Fer.* I do believe it,  
 Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
 Worthily purchas'd, take my child, but not  
 Till sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rites be minister'd.  
 Then Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now; the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worse Genius can, shall never taint  
 My honor.

*Pro.* Fairly spoken:  
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—  
 What, Ariel; my industrious servant  
 Ariel!



*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master ?  
here I am.

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows  
your last service

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick ; go, bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give the power, here to this  
place :

Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,  
And breathe twice ; and cry, *so, so* ;

Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mowe :

Do you love me, master ? no.

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel : Do  
not approach,

Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Look, thou be true.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir.

*Pro.* Well. —

Now come, my Ariel ; bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and  
pertly. —

No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent.

[*Soft music.*]

*A Masque. Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy  
rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and  
peas ;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling  
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them  
to keep,

Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,  
Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and  
thy broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor  
loves,

Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;  
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air : The queen  
o' the sky,

Whose wat'ry arch, and messenger, am I,  
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sover-  
eign grace,

Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport : her peacocks fly  
amain ;

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger,  
that ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my  
flowers

Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost  
crown

My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; Why hath  
thy queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd  
green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to cele-  
brate ;

And some donation freely to estate

On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,

If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen ? since they did  
plot

The means, that dusky Dis my daughter  
got

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society

Be not afraid : I met her diety

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and  
her son

Dove-drawn with her.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,

Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister ?  
Go with me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosper  
ous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
*Juno sings her blessings on you.*

*Cer.* Earth's increase, and foison plenty;  
Barns, and garners never empty;  
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
*Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

*Fer.* This is a most magic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

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

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

[*JUNO and CERES whisper, and send  
IRIS on employment.*

*Pro.* Sweet, now silence:  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and  
be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of  
the wand'ring brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harm-  
less looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this  
green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does com-  
mand:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to  
celebrate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August  
weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be  
merry;

Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put  
on,

And these fresh nymphs encounter every  
one

In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited:  
they join with the Nymphs in a graceful  
dance; towards the end whereof PROS-  
PERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after  
which, to a strange, hollow, and con-  
fused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul  
conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[*To the spirits.*] Well  
done;—avoid;—no more.

*Fer.* This is most strange: your  
father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distem-  
per'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd  
sort,

As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this  
vision,

The cloud-capp'd tow'rs, the gorgeous  
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: We are such  
stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness: my old brain is  
troubled.

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

*Fer.* } We wish your peace.  
*Mira.* }

[*Exeunt.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought:—I thank  
you:—Ariel, come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

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

*Pro.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I pre-  
sented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I  
fear'd,

Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave  
these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot  
with drinking;  
So full of valor, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the  
ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bend-  
ing

Towards their project: Then I beat my  
tabor,

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd  
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their  
noses,

As they smelt music; so I charm'd their  
ears,

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd,  
through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,  
and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins; at last I  
left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
Up to the chins.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it  
hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose  
nature

Nature can never stick; on whom my  
pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers: I will plague them  
all,

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *loaden with glistening  
apparel, etc.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on  
this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible.

*Enter* CALIBAN, STÉPHANO, and TRIN-  
CULO, *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the  
blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you  
say, is a harmless fairy, has done little  
better than played the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, my nose is in great  
indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, mon-  
ster? If I should take a displeasure  
against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, give me thy  
favor still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hood-wink this mischance: there-  
fore, speak softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

*Ste.* There's not only disgrace and dis-  
honor in that, monster; but an infinite  
loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

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

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

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

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

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

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,  
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along.

And do the murder first; if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;  
Make us strange stuff.

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

*Trin.* Do, do: We steal by line and level, a'nt like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's

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

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

*Ari.* *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

*Pro.* *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL., STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*  
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,  
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the Cell of Prospero.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey;  
and time

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

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and his?

*Ari.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge, till you release. The king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;

And the remainder mourning over them, Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eyes of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir, [Exit.]

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that in the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that

By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid (Weak masters though you be) I have bedimm'd

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,

Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and led them forth

By my so potent art: But this rough magic

I hear abjure: and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)

To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn Music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him ALONZO with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solem air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There  
stand,

For you are spell-stopped.——

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of  
thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves  
apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising  
senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that  
mantle

Their clearer reason.—O my good Gon-  
zalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy  
graces

Home both in word and deed.—Most  
cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my  
daughter :

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—  
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—  
Flesh and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambi-  
tion,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with  
Sebastian,

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most  
strong.)

Would here have kill'd your king; I do  
forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art!—Their un-  
derstanding

Begins to swell; and the approaching  
tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one  
of them,

That yet looks on me, or would know  
me:—Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;  
[*Exit ARIEL.*]

I will dis-case me, and my self present,  
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly,  
spirit:

Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to  
attire PROSPERO.*

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily :  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.*

*Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariel; I  
shall miss thee ;*

But yet thou shalt have freedom; so, so,  
so. —

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art;  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the  
boatswain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;  
And presently, I pr'y'thee.

*Ari. I drink the air before me, and  
return*

Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit ARIEL.*]

*Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and  
amazement*

Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide  
us

Out of this fearful country!

*Pro. Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :*

For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy  
body:

And to thee, and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy  
pulse

Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I  
saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with  
which,

I fear, a madness held me: this must  
crave

(And if this be at all) a most strange  
story.

Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs:— But how  
should Prospero

Be living and be here?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor  
cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not  
let you

Believe things certain:— Welcome, my  
friends all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so  
minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown  
upon you,

And justify you traitors: at this time

I'll tell no tales.

*Seb.* The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

*Pro.* No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call  
brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do for-  
give

Thy rankest fault; all of them; and  
require

My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I  
know,

Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation:  
How thou hast met us here, who three  
hours since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I  
have lost,

How sharp the point of this remembrance  
is!

My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pro.* I am woe for't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and  
Patience

Says, 'it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think,  
You have not sought her help; of whose  
soft grace,

For the like loss, I have her sovereign  
aid,

And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late; and,  
portable

To make the dear loss, have I means much  
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you: for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in  
Naples,

The king and queen there! that they were,  
I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose  
your daughter?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive,  
these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason; and scarce  
think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you  
have

Been justled from your senses, know for certain,  
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who  
 most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,  
 was landed,  
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome,  
 sir;  
 This sell's my court: here have I few  
 attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad: pray you look  
 in.  
 My dukedom since you have given me  
 again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing;  
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content  
 ye  
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love,  
 I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms  
 you should wrangle,  
 And I would call it fair play.

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

*Seb.* A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Tho' the seas threaten, they are  
 merciful;  
 I have curs'd them without cause.

[*FERD. kneels to ALON.*

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

*Mira.* O! wonder!  
 How may goodly creatures are there here!  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new  
 world,

That has such people in't!

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom  
 thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three  
 hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
 and brought us thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;  
 I chose her, when I could not ask my  
 father

For his advice; nor thought I had one:  
 she

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
 But never saw before; of whom I have  
 Received a second life, and second father  
 This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I  
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pro.* There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrances  
 With a heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept,

Or should have spoken ere this. Look  
 down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;  
 For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the  
 way

Which brought us hither!

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalc!

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan,  
 that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O,  
 rejoice

Beyond a common joy; and set it down  
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one  
 voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a  
 wife,

Where he himself was lost; Prospero his  
 dukedom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,  
 When no man was his own.



*Alon.* Give me your hands:  
 [To FER. and MIR.  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his  
 heart,  
 That doth not wish you joy!  
*Gon.* Be't so! Amen!  
*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and  
 Boatswain amazedly following.*  
 O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!  
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
 This fellow could not drown:—Now,  
 blasphemy,  
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath  
 on shore?  
 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is  
 the news?  
*Boats.* The best new is, that we have  
 safely found  
 Our king, and company: the next our  
 ship,—  
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave  
 out split,  
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as  
 when  
 We first put out to sea.  
*Ari.* Sir, all this service }  
 Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*  
*Pro.* My tricky spirit! }  
*Alon.* These are not natural events;  
 they strengthen  
 From strange to stranger:—Say, how  
 came you hither?  
*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well  
 awake,  
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of  
 sleep,  
 And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd  
 under hatches,  
 Were, but even now, with strange and  
 several noises  
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling  
 chains,  
 And more diversity of sounds, all hor-  
 rible,  
 We are awak'd; straitway, at liberty:  
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our  
 master  
 Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please  
 you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from  
 them,  
 And were brought moping hither.  
*Ari.* Was't well done? }  
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. } *Aside.*  
 Thou shalt be free. }  
*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er  
 men trod  
 And there is in this business more than  
 nature  
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.  
*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
 Do not infest your mind with beating on  
 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd  
 leisure,  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve  
 you  
 (Which to you shall seem probable) of  
 every  
 These happen'd accidents: till when, be  
 cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well.—Come  
 hither, spirit; [ *Aside.*  
 Set Caliban and his companions free:  
 Untie the spell. [ *Exit Ariel.* ] How  
 fares my gracious sir?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads, that you remember  
 not.  
*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN,  
 STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their  
 stolen apparel.*  
*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest,  
 and let no man take care for himself; for  
 all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-mon-  
 ster, Coragio!  
*Trin.* If these be true spies which I  
 wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.  
*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits,  
 indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like, one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these  
men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true:—This mis-  
shapen knave,

His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows  
and ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her  
power:

These three have robb'd me; and this  
demi-devil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with  
them

To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own; this thing of dark-  
ness I

Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

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

*Seb.* He is drunk now: Where had he  
wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe:  
Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded  
them?—

How cam'st though in this pickle?

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

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano?

*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Ste-  
phano, but a cramp.

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er  
I look'd on. [*Pointing to CALIBAN.*]

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his  
manners,

As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
Take with you your companions; as you  
look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise  
hereafter,

And seek for grace: What a thrice-double  
ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool?

*Pro.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage  
where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste. and Trin.*]

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and  
train,

To my poor cell: where you shall take  
your rest

For this one night; which (part of it) I'll  
waste

With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall  
make it

Go quick away: the story of my life,

And the particular accidents gone by,

Since I came to this isle: And in the  
morn,

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to  
Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long

To hear the story of your life, which  
must

Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious  
gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—  
chick,

That is thy charge; then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*]

Please you draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.—*Spoken by PROSPERO.*

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

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

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE TEMPEST.

GONZALO.

His complexion is perfect gallows.  
*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 31.*

ARIEL.

Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.  
*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 400.*

MIRANDA.

There nothing ill can dwell in such a  
temple  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.  
*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 458.*

SEBASTIAN.

Look; he's winding up the watch of  
his wit; by and by it will strike.  
*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 12.*

GONZALO.

When every grief is entertain'd, that's  
offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer.  
*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 16.*

TRINCULO.

A very ancient and fish-like smell; a  
kind not of the newest.  
*Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 26.*

TRINCULO.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-  
fellows.  
*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 40.*

PROSPERO.

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all  
praise  
And make it halt behind her.  
*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 10.*

PROSPERO.

The strongest oaths are straw to the  
fire 'i th' blood.  
*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 52.*

JUNO.

Honor, riches, marriage blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.  
*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 106.*

PROSPERO.

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous  
palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant  
faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such  
stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.  
*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 151.*

PROSPERO.

Though with their high wrongs I am  
struck to the quick,  
Yet with my noble reason, 'gainst my  
fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is in  
virtue than in vengeance.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 25.*

PROSPERO.

There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 198.*

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

---

LEONTES, King of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived in the greatest harmony together. So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady that he had no wish ungratified, except that he sometimes desired to see again, and to present to his queen, his old companion and school-fellow, Polixenes, King of Bohemia. Leontes and Polixenes were brought up together from their infancy, but being, by the death of their fathers, called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to make his friend Leontes a visit.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the queen's particular attention, and seemed in the presence of his dear friend and old companion to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times: their school-days and their youthful pranks were remembered, and recounted to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good queen's sorrow; for Polixenes, refusing to stay at the request of Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honorable principles of his friend Polixenes, as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy. Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire, and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate king's jealousy; and from being a loving and true friend, and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and inhuman monster. Sending for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and telling him of the suspicion he entertained, he commanded him to poison Polixenes.

Camillo was a good man; and he, well knowing that the jealousy of Leontes had not the slightest foundation in truth, instead of poisoning Polixenes, acquainted him with the king his master's orders, and agreed to escape with him out of the Sicilian dominions; and Polixenes, with the assistance of Camillo, arrived safe in his own kingdom of Bohemia, where Camillo lived from that time in the king's court, and became the chief friend and favorite of Polixenes.

The flight of Polixenes enraged the jealous Leontes still more; he went to the queen's apartment, where the good lady was sitting with her little son Mamillus, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king entered, and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison.

Mamillus, though but a very young child, loved his mother tenderly; and when he saw her so dishonored, and found she was taken from him to be put into a prison,

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

he took it deeply to heart, and drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him.

The king, when he had sent his queen to prison, commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords, to go to Delphos, there to inquire of the oracle at the temple of Apollo, if his queen had been unfaithful to him.

When Hermione had been a short time in prison, she was brought to bed of a daughter; and the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby, and she said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent as you are."

Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord; and when the Lady Paulina heard her royal mistress was brought to bed, she went to the prison where Hermione was confined; and she said to Emilia, a lady who attended upon Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen, if her majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the king, its father; we do not know how he may soften at the sight of his innocent child." "Most worthy madam," replied Emilia, "I will acquaint the queen with your noble offer; she was wishing to-day that she had any friend who would venture to present the child to the king." "And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defense." "May you be forever blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gracious queen!" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father.

Paulina took the new-born infant, and forcing herself into the king's presence, notwithstanding her husband, fearing the king's anger, endeavored to prevent her, she laid the babe at its father's feet, and Paulina made a noble speech to the king in defense of Hermione, and she reproached him severely for his inhumanity, and implored him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child. But Paulina's spirited remonstrances only aggravated Leontes' displeasure, and he ordered her husband, Antigonus, to take her from his presence.

When Paulina went away she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking, when he was alone with it, he would look upon it and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken; for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child and carry it out to sea, and leave it upon some desert shore to perish.

Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes, for he immediately carried the child on ship-board and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos; but before the queen was recovered from her lying-in, and from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. And when all the great lords, the judges, and all the nobility of the land were assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly and presented to the king the answer of the oracle, sealed up; and Leontes commanded the seal to be broken and the words of the oracle to be read aloud, and these were the words: "*Hermione is innocent, Polixenes*

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

*blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.*" The king would give no credit to the words of the oracle: he said it was a falsehood invented by the queen's friends, and he desired the judge to proceed in the trial of the queen; but while Leontes was speaking a man entered and told him that the Prince Mamillus, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame, had suddenly died.

Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen, and he ordered Paulina, and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away, and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, he repented of his cruelty to her; and now that he thought his ill usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent; and he now thought the words of the oracle were true, as he knew "if that which was lost was not found," which he concluded was his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young Prince Mamillus being dead; and he would give his kingdom now to recover his lost daughter: and Leontes gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and repentant grief.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom of the good King Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed, and here he left the little baby.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for as he was going back to the ship a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, with the name of *Perdita* written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly; but poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found: therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and with part of Perdita's jewels he bought herds of sheep, and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little Perdita grew up a lovely maiden; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behavior would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes, the King of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling he saw the old man's supposed daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of Perdita caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of Doricles, and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visitor at the old shepherd's house.

Florizel's frequent absence from court alarmed Polixenes; and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

Polixenes then called for Camillo, the faithful Camillo, who had preserved his life from the fury of Leontes, and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita.

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing: and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in and join in the general festivity.

Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward. Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribands, gloves, and such toys of a peddler at the door.

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them.

The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him; he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes: he said to Camillo, "This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw; nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "Indeed she is the very queen of curds and cream."

"Pray, my good friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?" "They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter; and to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which loves the other best. If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of:" meaning the remainder of Perdita's jewels; which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion.

Polixenes then addressed his son. "How now, young man!" said he; "your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the peddler go, and have bought your lass no toy."

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied, "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then turning to Perdita, he said to her, "O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess." Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, "I pray you, mark our contract."

"Mark your divorce, young sir," said the King, discovering himself. Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, calling Perdita "shepherd's brat, sheep-hook," and other disrespectful names: and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her, and the old shepherd her father, to a cruel death.

The King then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him with Prince Florizel.

When the King had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was roused by Polixenes' reproaches, said, "Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid; and once



## THE WINTER'S TALE.

of twice I was about to speak, and tell him plainly that the self-same sun which shines upon his palace hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike." Then sorrowfully she said, "But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no farther. Leave me, sir; I will go milk my ewes, and weep."

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the spirit and propriety of Perdita's behavior: and perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his royal father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers, and at the same time execute a favorable scheme he had in his mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the King of Sicily, was become a true penitent; and though Camillo was now the favored friend of King Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his late royal master and his native home. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita, that they should accompany him to the Sicilian court, where he would engage Leontes should protect them, till, through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes, and his consent to their marriage.

To this proposal they joyfully agreed; and Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them.

The shepherd took with him the remainder of Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness, and gave a cordial welcome to Prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his princess, seemed to engross all Leontes' attention: perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead Queen Hermione, his grief broke out afresh, and he said, such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not so cruelly destroyed her. "And then, too," said he to Florizel, "I lost the society and friendship of your brave father, whom I now desire more than my life once again to look upon."

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found the little Perdita, with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth; from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the king's lost daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina were present when the old shepherd related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstance of Antigonus' death, he having seen the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child; and he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck; and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband; it could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes' own daughter: but oh, the noble struggles of Paulina, between sorrow for her husband's death and joy that the oracle was fulfilled, to the king's heir, his long-lost daughter, being found! When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child, made him that he could say nothing for a long time but, "O thy mother, thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful yet distressful scene, with saying to Leontes, that she had a statue, newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, which was such a perfect resemblance of the queen that would his majesty be pleased to go

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

to her house and look upon it, he would almost be ready to think it was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went; the king anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione, and Perdita longing to behold what the mother she never saw did look like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione that all the king's sorrow was renewed at the sight: for a long time he had no power to speak or move.

"I like your silence, my liege," said Paulina; "it the more shows your wonder. Is not this statue very like your queen?"

At length the king said, "O, thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks." Paulina replied, "So much the more the carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked had she been living now. But let me draw the curtain, sire, lest presently you think it moves."

The king then said, "Do not draw the curtain! Would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eye seems to have motion in it." "I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina. "You are so transported, you will persuade yourself the statue lives." "O sweet Paulina," said Leontes, "make me think so twenty years together! Still methinks there is an air comes from her. What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her." "Good my lord, forbear!" said Paulina. "The ruddiness upon her lips is wet; you will stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?" "No, not these twenty years," said Leontes.

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling, and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her matchless mother, said now, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother."

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain or prepare yourself for more amazement. I can make the statue move indeed; ay, and descend from off the pedestal, and take you by the hand. But then you will think, which I protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers."

"What you can make her do," said the astonished king, "I am content to look upon. What you can make her speak, I am content to hear; for it is as easy to make her speak as move."

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for the purpose, to strike up; and to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from off the pedestal, and threw its arms around Leontes' neck. The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband, and on her child, the newly-found Perdita.

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes' neck, and blessed her husband and her child. No wonder; for the statue was indeed Hermione herself, the real and living queen.

Paulina had falsely reported to the king the death of Hermione, thinking that the only way to preserve her royal mistress' life; and with the good Paulina, Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living, till she heard Perdita was found; for though she had long forgiven the injuries which Leontes had done to herself, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter.

His dead queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support the excess of his own happiness.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

---

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked Prince Florizel for loving their lowly seeming daughter; and now they blessed the good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice, that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, King Polixenes himself now entered the palace.

When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives here; and, following them with all speed, he happened to arrive just at 'this, the happiest moment of Leontes' life.

Polixenes took a part in the general joy; he forgave his friend Leontes the unjust jealousy he had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheep-hook" now, but the heiress of the crown of Sicily.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent lady lived many years with her Leontes and her Perdita, the happiest of mothers and queens.

# THE WINTER'S TALE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia.</i>	<i>Clown, his Son.</i>
MAMILLIUS, <i>his Son.</i>	<i>Servant to the old Shepherd.</i>
CAMILLO,	AUTOLYCUS, <i>a Rogue.</i>
ANTIGONUS,	TIME, <i>as Chorus.</i>
CLEOMENES,	HERMIONE, <i>Queen to Leontes.</i>
DION,	PERDITA, <i>Daughter to Leontes and</i>
<i>Another Sicilian Lord.</i>	<i>Hermione.</i>
ROGERO, <i>a Sicilian Gentleman.</i>	PAULINA, <i>Wife to Antigonus.</i>
<i>An Attendant on the young Prince</i>	EMILIA, <i>a Lady,</i> } <i>attending the Queen.</i>
<i>Mamillius.</i>	<i>Two other Ladies,</i> }
<i>Officers of a Court of Judicature.</i>	MOPSA, } <i>Shepherdesses.</i>
POLIXENES, <i>King of Bohemia.</i>	DORCAS, }
FLORIZEL, <i>his Son.</i>	<i>Lords, Ladies and Attendants; Satyrs for</i>
ARCHIDAMUS, <i>a Bohemian Lord.</i>	<i>a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses,</i>
<i>A Mariner.</i>	<i>Guards, etc.</i>
<i>Gaoler.</i>	
<i>An Old Shepherd, reputed Father of</i>	
<i>Perdita.</i>	

SCENE — SOMETIMES IN SICILIA, SOMETIMES IN BOHEMIA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. An antichamber in Leontes' Palace.

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, —

*Cam.* 'Beseech you, —

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the free-

dom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks: that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities,











and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

*Pol.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The Shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

With one we-thank-you, many thousands more

That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence: That may blow

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

*This is put forth too truly!* Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then:  
and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you so:  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none  
i' the world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,

Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,

Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until  
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione,

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son,  
were strong;

But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him say so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIX-*

*ENES.*] I'll adventure.

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my com-  
mission,

To let him there a month, behind the gest  
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed,

Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will.

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the  
stars with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your  
fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks.

How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread  
verily,

One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offend-  
ing;

Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler then.

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll ques-  
tion you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you  
were boys:

You were pretty lordlings then.

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,

Two lads, that thought there was no more  
behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag  
o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that  
did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we  
chang'd,

Was innocence for innocence; we knew  
not

The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd  
That any did: Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher  
rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have an-  
swer'd heaven

Boldly, *Not Guilty*: the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,

You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,

Temptations have since then been born to  
us: for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd

the eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,  
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;

The offences we have made you do, we'll  
answer;

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you

slipp'd not

With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well?  
when was't before?  
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise,  
and make us  
As fat as tame things: One good deed,  
dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages: You may  
ride us,  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs,  
ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the  
goal;—  
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name  
were Grace  
But once before I spoke to the purpose:  
When?  
Nay, let me have't, I long.  
*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd them-  
selves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white  
hand,  
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou  
utter,  
*I am yours forever.*  
*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-  
pose twice:  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other, for some while a friend.  
*[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*  
*Leon.* Too hot, too hot: *[Aside.*  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling  
bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart  
dances;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This enter-  
tainment  
May a free face put on: derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile  
bosom,  
And well become the agent: it may, I  
grant:

But, as now they are, making practic'd  
smiles,  
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh,  
as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer; O, that is enter-  
tainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—  
Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?  
*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.  
*Leon.* I'fecks?  
Why that's my bawcock. What, hast  
smutch'd thy nose?—  
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come,  
captain,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,  
captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd, neat,—Still virginaling  
*[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton  
calf?  
Art thou my calf?  
*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.  
*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and  
the shoots that I have,  
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say anything: but were they  
false  
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters;  
false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it  
true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir  
page,  
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet  
villain!  
Most dear'st! my collop!—can thy dam?—  
may't be?  
Affection! thy intention stabs the center:  
Thou dost make possible, things not so  
held,  
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can  
this be?)—  
With what's unreal thou co-active art,

And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very  
credent,

Thou may'st co-join with something; and  
thou dost:

(And that beyond commission; and I find  
it,)

And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What mean Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best  
brother?

*Her.* You look,  
As if you held a brow of much distraction:  
Are you mov'd, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
Twenty-three years: and saw myself un-  
breec'h'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muz-  
zled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this  
kernel,

Thissquash, this gentleman:—Mine honest  
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be  
his dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as  
we

Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my mat-  
ter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine  
enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in  
me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my  
lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—  
*Hermione,*

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's  
welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend  
you there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you:  
You'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling  
now,

Though you perceive me not how I give  
line.

Go to, go to!

[*Aside.* Observing POLIXENES and  
HERMIONE.

She arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband! Gone already.

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermoine,  
and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays,  
and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose  
issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and  
clamor

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—  
There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this  
present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by  
the arm,

That little thinks she's false: Should all  
despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of  
mankind

Would hang themselves; but many a thou-  
sand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—  
What! Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit Mamillius.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold,

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made

His buisness more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,

*Sicilia is a so-forth:* 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals, Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,

Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think, most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.*

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from the departed

Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd

In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;

Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool,

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were willful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty Is never free of. But, 'beseech your

grace,

Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass

By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your  
eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or  
heard,

(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor  
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not  
think it,)

My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,)  
then say,

My wife's a woman that deserves a name  
Too rank to mention : say it, and justify  
it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to  
hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my  
heart,

You never spoke what did become you  
less

Than this : which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing ?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? stopping the  
career

Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible

Of breaking honesty :) wishing clocks  
more swift ?

Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and  
all eyes blind

With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs  
only,

That would unseen be wicked ? is this  
nothing ?

Why, then the world, and all that's in't,  
is nothing ;

The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia  
nothing ;

My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have  
these nothings,

If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say, it be ; 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is ; you lie, you lie :  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless  
slave :

Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and  
evil,

Inclining to them both : Were my wife's  
liver

Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her ?

*Leon.* Why he, that wears her like her  
medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia : Who — if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honor as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, — they  
would do that

Which should undo more doing : Ay, and  
thou,

His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner  
form

Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ;  
who may'st see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth  
sees heaven,

How I am galled, — thou might'st bespice  
a cup,

To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,

I could do this : and that with no rash  
potion,

But with a ling'ring dram, that should  
not work

Maliciously like poison : But I can not  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mis-  
tress,

So sovereignly being honorable.

I have lov'd thee, —

*Leon.* Make't thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being  
spotted,

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince  
my son,

Who, I do think is mine, and love as  
mine;

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do  
this?

Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir;  
I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your  
highness

Will take again your queen, as yours at  
first;

Even for your son's sake: and, thereby,  
for sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and king-  
doms

Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set  
down:

I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with  
Bohemia,

And with your queen: I am his cup-  
bearer;

If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all;  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my  
heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Lecn.* I will seem friendly, as thou  
hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady! — But, for  
me,

What case stand I in? I must be the poi-  
soner

Of good Polixenes: and my ground to  
do't

Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too. — To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find exam-  
ple

Of thousands, that had struck anointed  
kings,

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but  
since

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment,  
bears not one,

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is cer-  
tain

To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign  
now!

Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange, methinks,  
My favor here begins to warp. Not  
speak? —

Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a  
countenance,

As he had lost some province, and a  
region,

Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I  
met him

With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and fall-  
ing

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me:  
and

So leaves me, to consider what is breed-  
ing,

That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts; For, to yourself, what you do know, you must; And can not say, you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror, Which shows me mine chang'd to: for I must be A party in this alteration, finding Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper; but I can not name the disease; and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How? caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk: I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns Our gentry, than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you, If you know aught which does behoove my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison is not In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you; Since I am charg'd in honor, and by him That I think honorable: Therefore, mark my counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me

Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument To vice you to't, — that you have touch'd his queen

Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly; and my name Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!

Turn then my freshest reputation to A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril

Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake The fabric of his folly; whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to



Avoid what's grown, than question how  
'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which  
you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, —away to-  
night.

Your followers I will whisper to the busi-  
ness ;

And will, by twos, and threes, at several  
posterns,

Clear them o' the city : For myself, I'll  
put

My fortunes to your service, which are  
here

By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;  
For, by the honor of my parents, I

Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to  
prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be  
safer

Than one condemn'd; by the king's own  
mouth, thereon

Is execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee;

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy  
hand;

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall

Still neighbor mine; My ships are ready,  
and

My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.— This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's  
mighty,

Must it be violent; and as he does con-  
ceive

He is dishonor'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-  
shades me.

Good expedition be my friend, and com-  
fort

The gracious queen, part of his theme,  
but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us  
avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to com-  
mand

The keys of all the posterns: Please your  
highness

To take the urgent hour: come, sir,  
away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. The same.

*Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS *and* Ladies.

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so  
troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard; and speak  
to me as if I were a baby still.— I  
love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my good lord?

*Mam.* Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,  
they say,

Become some women best; so that there  
be not

Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's  
faces.— Pray now

What color are your eye-brows?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock; I have seen  
a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-  
brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye;  
The queen, your mother, rounds apace:  
we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton  
with us  
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter  
her!

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you?  
Come, sir, now  
I am for you again: Pray you sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter:  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, sir.  
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do  
your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're  
powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard;—I  
will tell it softly;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
*others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train?  
Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I  
meet them; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd  
them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I,  
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How ac-  
curs'd,  
In being so blest!—There may be in the  
cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink,  
depart,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowl-  
edge

Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make  
known

How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge,  
his sides,

With violent hefts:—I have drank, and  
seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false  
villain,

Whom I employed, was pre-employ'd by  
him:

He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will:—How came  
the posterns

So easy open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than  
so,

On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy: I am glad, you did not  
nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me,  
yet you

Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not  
come about her;  
Away with him:—and let her sport her-  
self

With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my  
saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto  
add,

'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable:

Praise her but for this her without-door  
form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high  
speech,) and straight  
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty  
brands,  
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself:—These shrugs, these hums,  
and ha's,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come  
between,  
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it  
known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it  
should be,  
She's an adultriss.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my  
lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have  
said,  
She's an adultriss; I have said with  
whom:  
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
A federary with her; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself:  
She's privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this: How will this  
grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge,  
that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle, my  
lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then,  
to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No, no; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to  
prison:  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off  
guilty,  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favorable. Good my  
lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain  
dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I  
have  
That honorable grief lodg'd here, which  
burns  
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you  
all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your chari-  
ties  
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—  
and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

[*To the Guards.*]

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me?—  
'Beseech your highness,  
My women may be with me; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep,  
good fools;  
There is no cause: when you shall know  
your mistress  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out: this action, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I trust, I shall.—My women, come;  
you have leave.

*Leon.* Go do your bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call  
the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir: lest  
your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*1 Lord.* For her, my lord, —

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

P'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;

Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;

For every woman in the world is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*1 Lord.* Good my lord, —

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villan.

*Leon.* Cease; no more

You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose: I see't and feel't,

As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten

Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*1 Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me

To have her honor true, than your suspicion;

Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow

Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative

Call not your counsels; but our natural goodness

Imparts this: which, — if you (or stупified,

Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,

Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,

We need no more of your advice: the matter,

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all

Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,

Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,

But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.

Yet, for a greater conformation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle

They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

*1 Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others; such as  
 he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to the truth: So have we  
 thought it good,  
 From our free person she should be con-  
 fin'd;  
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled  
 hence,  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
 We are to speak in public: for this busi-  
 ness  
 Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The outer Room of a Prison.

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—  
 call to him;—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—  
 Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
 What dost thou then in prison?—Now,  
 good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not?

*Keep.* For a worthy lady,  
 And one whom much I honor.

*Paul.* Pray you, then,  
 Conduct me to the queen.

*Keep.* I may not, madam; to the con-  
 trary

I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
 To lock up honesty and honor from  
 The access of gentle visitors!—Is it  
 lawful,

Pray you, to see her women? any of  
 them?

Emilia?

*Keep.* So please you, madam, to put  
 Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
 Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
 Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

*Keep.* And, madam,  
 I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
 As passes coloring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious  
 lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so  
 forlorn,

May hold together: on her frights and  
 griefs,

(Which never tender lady hath borne  
 greater,)

She is, something before her time, de-  
 liver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
 Lusty, and like to live: the queen re-  
 ceives

Much comfort in't: says, *My poor pris-  
 oner,*

*I am innocent as you.*

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous, unsafe lunces o' the  
 king! beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the  
 office

Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon  
 me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue  
 blister;

And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more: Pray you,  
 Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not

know

How he may soften at the sight of the  
 child;

The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,

That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue; there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand: Please  
your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble  
offer;

Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow  
from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be  
doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

*Keep.* Madam, if't please the queen to  
send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
The child was prisoner to the womb; and  
is,  
By law and process of great nature,  
thence

Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to  
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon  
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and  
danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
other Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night, nor day, no rest: It  
is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus: mere weakness,  
if

The cause were not in being;—part o'  
the cause,

She, the adultress;—for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the  
blank

And level of my brain, plot-proof: but  
she

I can hook to me: Say, that she were  
gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's  
there?

1 *Atten.* My lord?  
[*Advancing.*]

*Leon.* How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:  
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leon.* To see,  
His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it  
deeply;

Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in him-  
self;

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his  
sleep,

And downright languish'd.—Leave me  
solely—go

See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fye,  
fye! no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that  
way

Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty;  
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him  
be,

Until a time may serve: for present ven-  
geance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my  
sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach  
them; nor

Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be  
second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more,  
 alas,  
 Than the queen's life? a gracious inno-  
 cent soul;

More free, than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-  
 night; commanded  
 None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;  
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as  
 you,—  
 That creep like shadows by him, and do  
 sigh

At each his needless heaving,—such as  
 you

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true;  
 Honest, as either; to purge him of that  
 humor,

That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful  
 conference,

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How?—  
 Away with that audacious lady: Anti-  
 gonus,

I charg'd thee, that she should not come  
 about me;

I knew, she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
 She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty, he can;  
 in this,

(Unless he take the course that you have  
 done,

Commit me, for committing honor,)  
 trust it,

He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo you now; you hear!  
 When she will take the rein, I let her  
 run;

But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that  
 dare

Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
 Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I  
 come

From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good  
 queen: I say good queen;  
 And would by combat make her good, so  
 were I

A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him, that makes but trifles  
 of his eyes,  
 First hand me: on mine own accord I'll  
 off;

But first, I'll do my errand.—The good  
 queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth  
 a daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

*Leon.* Out!

A very witch! Hence with her, out o'  
 A most intelligencing bawd! [door:

*Paul.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In so entitling me: and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll  
 warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her  
 the bastard:—

Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art  
 woman-tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the  
 bastard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced  
 baseness

Which he has put upon't!

*Leon.* He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So, I would, you did: then,  
'twere past all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself:  
for he

The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to  
slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;  
and will not

(For as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He can not be compell'd to't,) once  
remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*Leon.* A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat  
her husband,

And now baits me!— This brat is none  
of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the  
dam,

Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to  
your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse.— Behold, my  
lords.

Although the print be little, the whole  
matter

And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay,  
the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and  
cheek; his smiles;

The very mold and frame of hand, nail,  
finger:—

And thou, good goddess nature, which  
hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst  
all colors

No yellow in't; lest she suspects as he  
does,

Her children not her husband's!

*Leon.* A gross hag!—

And lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands

That can not do that feat, you'll leave  
yourself

Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnat-  
ural lord,

Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call  
you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy)  
something savors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a  
tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call  
me so,

If she did know me one. Away with  
her.

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me;  
I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours:  
Jove send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need  
these hands?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his fol-  
lies,

Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy  
wife to this.—



My child? away with't! even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it  
up straight:

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir;  
These lords, my noble follows, if they please,

Can clear me in't.

*1 Lord.* We can; my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

*1 Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech

So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,

(As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:

It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Anything, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much;

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,

To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be death to thyself, but to thy lew'd-tongu'd wife;

Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry

This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out

Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection,

And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—

That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites  
and ravens,  
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears,  
they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed doth require! and  
blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side.  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the child.*]

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.  
*1 Atten.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are  
come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both  
landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*1 Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed;  
foretells,

The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you,  
lords;

Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady: for as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave  
me;

And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Street in some Town.

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate; the air  
most sweet;  
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing  
the  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and  
the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'the offering!

*Cleo.* But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my  
sense,

That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o'the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't  
so!—

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant,  
speedy,

The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When  
the oracle,

Thus (by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something  
rare,

Even then, will rush to knowledge.—  
Go,—fresh horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear  
*properly seated.*

*Leon.* The sessions (to our great grief,  
we pronounce,)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party  
tried,

The daughter of a king; our wife; and  
one

Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,

Even to the guilt, or the purgation.— Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen

Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*HERMIONE is brought in, guarded;*

*PAULINA and Ladies attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, the royal husband; the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety to fly away by night.*

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me

To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do,) I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,

(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,

As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing

To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honor; or, in act, or will, That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin

Cry, Fye upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did, Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough; Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of, Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, (With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess, I lov'd him, as in honor he requir'd;

With such a kind of love, as might become

A lady like me; with a love, even such,

So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think, had  
been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
To you, and toward your friend; whose  
love had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant,  
freely,

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be  
dish'd

For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And, why he left your court, the gods  
themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as  
you know

What you have underta'en to do in his  
absence.

*Her.* Sir,

You speak a language that I understand  
not:

My lifestands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams;

You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past  
all shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all  
truth:

Which to deny, concerns more than  
avails:

For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to  
itself,

No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest  
passage,

Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;

The bug, which you would fright me  
with, I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your  
favor

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went: My second  
joy,

And first-fruits of my body, from his  
presence,

I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third  
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent  
mouth,

Haled out to murder: Myself on every  
post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest  
hatred,

The child-bed privilege denied, which  
'longs

To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hur-  
ried

Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my  
liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore,  
proceed.

But yet, hear this; mistake me not;—  
No! life,

I prize it not a straw:—but for mine  
honor,

(Which I would free,) if I shall be con-  
demn'd

Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,

But what your jealousies awake; I tell  
you,

'Tis rigor, and not law. — Your honors all,  
I do refer me to the oracle;

Apollo be my judge.

*1 Lord.* This your request

Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle,

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my  
father:

O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers with* CLEOMENES  
and DION.

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon this  
sword of justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos; and from thence  
have brought  
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand de-  
liver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest: and that, since  
then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Clea.* } All this we swear.  
*Dion.* }

*Leon.* Break up the seals and read.

*Offi.* [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste,*  
*Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true sub-*  
*ject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent*  
*babe truly begotten; and the king shall live*  
*without an heir, if that, which is lost, be*  
*not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great  
Apollo!

*Her.* Prais'd.

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the  
oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere  
falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!—

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report  
it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit  
and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone?

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry: and the heavens  
themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE*  
*faints.*] How now there?

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:  
—Look down,

And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will re-  
cover.—

I have too much believ'd mine own suspi-  
cion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with*  
*Hermoine.*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine  
oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Cam-  
illo;

Whom I reckon a man of truth, of mercy:  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I  
chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been  
done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death,  
and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most  
humane,

And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes  
here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain  
hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honor:—How he  
glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while  
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant,  
 hast for me?  
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?  
 boiling,  
 In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture  
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
 Together working with thy jealousies, —  
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and  
 idle  
 For girls of nine! — O, think, what they  
 have done,  
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad!  
 for all  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas  
 nothing;  
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
 And horribly ungrateful: nor was't much,  
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's  
 honor,  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I  
 reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby  
 daughter.  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince, whose honorable  
 thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so slender), cleft  
 the heart  
 That could conceive, a cross and foolish  
 sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not,  
 no,  
 Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O,  
 lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen,  
 the queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead;  
 and vengeance for't  
 Not drop down yet.

*1 Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if  
 word nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll  
 serve you  
 As I would do the gods. — But, O, thou  
 tyrant!  
 Do not repent these things; for they are  
 heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore be-  
 take thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand  
 knees  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fast-  
 ing,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the  
 gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much: I have  
 deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*1 Lord.* Say no more;  
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made  
 fault

I'the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't;  
 All faults I make, when I shall come to  
 know them  
 I do repeat: Alas, I have show'd too  
 much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
 To the noble heart. — What's gone, and  
 what's past help,  
 Should be past grief: Do not receive  
 affliction

At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now, good  
 my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
 The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool  
 again! —

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your chil-  
 dren;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive  
much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee,  
bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both; upon them  
shall

The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll  
visit

The chapel where they lie; and tears shed  
there,

Shall be my recreation: So long as  
Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bohemia. A Desert Country  
near the Sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child and a  
Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then our ship  
hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord, and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look  
grimly,

And threaten present blusters. In my  
conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand  
are angry,

And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!— Go,  
get aboard;

Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i'the land hair: 'tis like to be loud  
weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the  
creatures

Of prey, that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart.  
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits  
of the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy  
mother

Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was  
dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some  
anethor;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white  
robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before  
me;

And gasping to begin some speech, her  
eyes

Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her; *Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-  
out*

*Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for  
the babe*

*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I pr'ythee, call't; for this ungentle busi-  
ness,*

*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see  
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with  
shrieks,*

She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are  
toys:

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life, or death, upon the earth,

Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. — The storm begins — Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd



To loss, and what may follow! — Weep I can not,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,

To be by oath enjoined to this. — Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor? —

Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase;



I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A pretty one; a very pretty one: I'll take it up for pity: Yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, are so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you can not thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service.—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—

but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*]

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying I, with things newborn. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—open't: What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed: If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help put him i'the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I,—that please some, try all;  
both joy and terror,  
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold  
error,—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth  
untried  
Of that wide gap: since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born  
hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom; Let me  
pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now received: I witness to  
The time that brought them in; so shall  
I do  
To the freshest things now reigning; and  
make stale  
The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this  
allowing,  
I turn my glass; and give my scene such  
growing,  
As you had slept between. Leontes leav-  
ing  
The effects of his fond jealousies; so  
grieving,  
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which  
Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so  
space  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wond'ring: What of her  
ensues,  
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news  
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a  
shepherd's daughter,  
And what to her adheres which follows  
after,  
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If ever yet, that Time himself doth say,  
He wishes earnestly, you never may.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the  
Palace of Polixenes.

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no  
more importunate: 'tis a sickness, deny-  
ing thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years, since I saw  
my country; though I have, for the most  
part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay  
my bones there. Besides, the penitent  
king, my master, hath sent for me: to  
whose feeling sorrows I might be some  
allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is  
another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe  
not out the rest of thy services, by leav-  
ing me now: the need I have of thee,  
thine own goodness hath made; better not  
to have had thee, than thus to want thee:  
thou, having made the businesses, which  
none, without thee, can sufficiently man-  
age, must either stay to execute them thy-  
self, or take away with thee the very ser-  
vices thou hath done: which if I have not  
enough considered, (as too much I cannot,)  
to be more thankful to thee, shall be my  
study: and my profit therein, the heaping  
friendships. Of that fatal country, Sici-  
lia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very  
naming punishes me with the remem-  
brance of that penitent, as thou call'st him,  
and reconciled king, my brother; whose  
loss of his most precious queen, and chil-  
dren, are even now to be afresh lamented.  
Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince  
Florizel, my son? Kings are no less un-  
happy, their issue not being gracious,  
than they are in losing them, when they  
have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angel that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—*

*With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*

*Why then comes in the sweet o'the year;*

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—*

*With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!*

*Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;*

*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra, lira chants,—*

*With, hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay:*

*Are summers' songs for me and my aunts,*

*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

[Sings.]

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*

*The pale moon shines by night:*

*And when I wander here and there,*

*I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,*

*And bear the sow-skin budget;*

*Then my account I will may give,*

*And in the stocks avouch it.*

My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat; Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.]

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of currants; rice—*What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and

very good ones ; but they are most of them means and bases. I must have *saffron*, to color the warden pies ; *mace*,—*dates*,—none ; that's out of my note : *nutmegs*, *seven* ; *a race*, or *two*, of *ginger* ; but that I may beg ;—*four pound of prunes*, and *as many of raisins o' the sun*.

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born !

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I'the name of me,—

*Aut.* O help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received ; which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a greater matter.

*Aut.* I am robber, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* O ! good sir, tenderly, oh !

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir : I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now ? canst stand ?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir ; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly ; you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not

past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want ; Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrent him.

*Clo.* How do you know ?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly toward my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way ?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir !—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you

at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily heat the still-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [Exit.

SCENE III. A Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;

O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,

The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across

My father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!

How would he look, to see his work, so noble,

Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken

The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green

Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,

Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,

As I seem now: Their transformations

Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;

Nor in a way so chaste. since my desires Run not before mine honor.

*Per.* O but, dear sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis

Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:

One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee darken not

The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,

Or not my father's: for I cannot be

Mine own, nor any thing to any, if

I be not thine: to this I am most constant,

Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as these, with any

thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:

Lift up your countenance: as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial, which

We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,

Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:

Address yourself to entertain them  
sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fye, daughter! when my old  
wife liv'd, upon



This day, she was both pantler, butler,  
cook;

Both dame and servant: welcom'd all;  
serv'd all:

Would sing her song, and dance her turn:  
now here,

At upper end o'the table, now i'the  
middle;

On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire  
 With labor; and the thing, she took to  
 quench it,  
 She would to each one sip: You are  
 retir'd,  
 As if you were a feasted one, and not  
 The hostess of the meeting: Pray you,  
 bid  
 These unknown friends to us welcome: for  
 it is  
 A way to make us better friends, more  
 known.  
 Come, quench your blushes; and present  
 yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast:  
 Come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shear-  
 ing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* Welcome, sir! [*To POL.*  
 It is my father's will, I should take on me  
 The hostess-ship o'the day:—You're wel-  
 come, sir! [*To CAMILLO.*  
 Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—  
 Reverend sirs,  
 For you there's rosemary, and rue; these  
 keep  
 Seeming, and savor, all the winter long:  
 Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,  
 And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
 (A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
 With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient.—  
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the  
 birth  
 Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers  
 o'the season  
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-  
 flowers,  
 Which some call nature's bastards: of that  
 kind  
 Our rustic garden's barren; and I care  
 not  
 To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
 Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
 There is an art, which, in their priedness,  
 shares

With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
 But nature makes that mean: so, o'er  
 that art,

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,  
 we marry

A gentle scion to the wildest stock;  
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
 By bud of nobler race; This is an art  
 Which does mend nature,—change it  
 rather: but

The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in  
 gillyflowers,

And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:  
 No more than, were I painted, I would  
 wish

This youth should say, 'twere well.—  
 Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the  
 sun,

And with him rises weeping; these are  
 flowers

Of middle summer, and, I think, they  
 are given

To men of middle age: You are very  
 welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of  
 your flock,

And only live by grazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!  
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
 Would blow you through and through.—  
 Now, my fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o'the spring,  
 that might

Become your time of day,—O Proserpine,

For the flowers now, that frightened, thou  
 let'st fall  
 From Dis's wagon! daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and  
 take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets  
 dim  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.  
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold  
 oxlips and  
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these, I  
 lack,  
 To make you garlands of; and my sweet  
 friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er.—Come, take  
 your flowers:  
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of  
 mine  
 Does change my disposition.  
*Flo.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you  
 speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give  
 alms;  
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your  
 affairs,  
 To sing them too: When you do dance, I  
 wish you  
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that; move still, still so, and  
 own  
 No other function: Each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present  
 deeds,  
 That all your acts are queens.  
*Per.* O Doricles,  
 Your praises are too large: but that your  
 youth,  
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps  
 through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd  
 shepherd;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.  
*Flo.* I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
 To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I  
 pray:  
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.  
*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.  
*Flo.* This is the prettiest low-born lass,  
 that ever  
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she  
 does, or seems,  
 But smacks of something greater than  
 herself;  
 Too noble for this place.  
*Cam.* He tells her something,  
 That makes her blood look out: Good  
 sooth, she is  
 The queen of curds and cream.  
*Clo.* Come on, strike up.  
*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress.  
*Mop.* In good time!  
*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand  
 upon our manners.—  
 Come, strike up. [*Music.*]  
*Here a dance of Shepherds and shepherd-*  
*esses.*  
*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what  
 Fair swain is this, which dances with your  
 daughter?  
*Shep.* They call him Doricles: and he  
 boasts himself  
 To have a worthy feeding: but I have it  
 Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
 He looks like sooth: He says, he loves  
 my daughter;  
 I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be  
 plain,  
 I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
 Who loves another best.  
*Pol.* She dances featly.



*Shep.* So she does any thing; though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him  
that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well: if it be doleful matter, merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colors i'the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurilous words in his tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these peddlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;*

*Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Come, buy of me, come; come buy,  
come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;  
Come, buy, etc.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir: for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a life; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's a ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish. The ballad is very pitiful, and true.

*Dor.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by: Another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry one.

*Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing*

*a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

## SONG.

*A.* *Get you hence, for I must go;*  
*Where, it fits not you to know.*

*D.* *Whither?* *M.* *O, whither?* *D.*  
*Whither?*

*M.* *It becomes thy oath full well,*  
*Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

*D.* *Me too, let me go thither.*

*M.* *Or thou go'st to the grange, or will:*

*D.* *If to either, thou dost ill.*

*A.* *Neither.* *D.* *What, neither?* *A.*  
*Neither.*

*D.* *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

*M.* *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*  
*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Girls, I'll buy for you both:—Peddler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,*  
*Or lace for your cape,*  
*My dainty duck, my dear-a?*  
*Any silk, any thread,*  
*Any toys for your head,*  
*Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a,*  
*Come to the peddler;*  
*Money's a meddler,*  
*That doth utter all men wear-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas,*  
*and Mopsa.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see those four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple; and tells much. [*Aside.*]—  
How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The peddler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him: if your lass

Interpretation should abuse; and call this

Your lack of love, or bounty: you were  
straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as there are:  
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd  
and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given  
already,

But not delivered. — O, hear me breathe  
my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should  
seem,

Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand,  
this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as  
it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted by the northern blast twice  
o'er

*Pol.* What follows this? —  
How prettily the young swain seems to  
wash

The hand, was fair before! — I have put  
you out: —

But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbor too?

*Flo.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heav-  
ens, and all:

That,—were I crown'd the most imperiai  
monarch,

Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest  
youth

That ever made eye swerve; had force, and  
knowledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not  
prize them,

Without her love; for her, employ them  
all;

Commend them, and condemn them, to  
her service,

Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean  
better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I  
cut out

The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain:—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear  
witnesses to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being  
dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of  
yet;

Enough then for your wonder: But,  
come on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: But what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you,  
once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? Can he  
speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own  
estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does noth-  
ing,

But what he did-being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength,  
indeed,

Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial : Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good  
reason,

The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity,) should hold some  
counsel

In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this ;

But, for some other reasons, my grave  
sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not  
acquaint

My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son ; he shall not  
need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not :—  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too  
base

To be acknowledg'd : Thou a scepter's  
heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou  
old traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can  
but

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou,  
fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force  
must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

*Shep.* O, my heart !

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd  
with briars, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee,  
fond boy,—

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shalt, see this knack,  
(as never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from  
succession ;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our  
kin.

Far than Deucalion off :—Mark thou my  
words ;

Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for  
this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free  
thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you,  
enchantment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him  
too,

That makes himself, but for our honor  
therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth,  
thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

*Per.* Even here undone !

I was not much afraid : for once or twice,  
I was about to speak ; and tell him  
plainly,

The self-same sun, that shines upon his  
court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage,  
but

Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir,  
begone ?

[*To FLORIZEL.*

I told you, what would come of this :  
'Beseech you,

Of your own state take care : this dream  
of mine,—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch  
further,

But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father ?

Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—  
O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore  
three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet ;  
 yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones : but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud,  
 and lay me  
 Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O  
 wretched girl!

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and  
 wouldst adventure  
 To mingle faith with him. — Undone!  
 undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have  
 liv'd

To die when I desire. [Exit.

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me ?  
 I am but sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am ;  
 More straining on, for plucking back ; not  
 following

My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper : at this  
 time

He will allow no speech, — which, I do  
 guess,

You do not purpose to him ; — and as  
 hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you,  
 'twould be thus:

How often said, my dignity would last  
 But till 'twere known?

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by  
 The violation of my faith; And then  
 Let nature crush the sides o'the earth  
 together,

And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy  
 looks: —

From my succession wipe me, father! I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy: if my  
 reason

Will therto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with  
 madness,

Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my  
 vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound  
 seas hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my  
 oath

To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray  
 you,

As you have ever been my father's friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I  
 mean not

To see him any more,) cast your good  
 counsels

Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune,  
 Tag for the time to come. This you may  
 know,

And so deliver, — I am put to sea

With her, whom here I cannot hold on  
 shore;

And, most oppertune to our need, I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to  
 hold,

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge,  
 nor

Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O, my lord,

I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita. — [Takes  
 her aside.

I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

*Cam.* He's irremovable,

Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;

Save him from danger, do him love and honor;

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business,  
that

I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

*Cam.* Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the  
love

That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's  
music,

To speak your deeds: not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him,  
which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my  
direction,

(If your more ponderous and settled  
project

May suffer alteration), on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such  
receiving

As shall become your highness; where you  
may

Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I  
see,

There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forbend! your ruin:) marry her;  
And (with my best endeavors, in your  
absence,)

Your discontenting father strive to  
qualify,

And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more  
than man,

And, after that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do; so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and  
flies

Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows,—if you will not change your  
purpose,

But undergo this flight:—Make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair  
princess,

(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weep-  
ing

His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son,  
forgiveness,

As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the  
hands

Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er  
divides him

'Twi'x his unkindness and his kindness;  
the one

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought, or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What color for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts.

Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him,  
with

What you, as from your father, shall de-  
liver,

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write  
you down.

The which shall point you forth at every  
sitting,

What you must say; that he shall not  
perceive,

But that you have your father's bosom  
there,

And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores;  
most certain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay  
you

Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you  
know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart  
together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:—  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yes, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house,  
these seven years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
I the rear of birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a  
mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—  
Camillo,—

Preserver of my father, now of me:  
The medicine of our house!—how shall  
we do?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my  
fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if

The scene you play, were mine. For  
instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—  
one word.

[*They talk Aside.*]

*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is!  
and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple  
gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery;  
not a counterfeit stone, not a riband,  
glass pomander, brooch, table-book,  
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, brace-  
let, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fast-  
ing: they throng who should buy first; as  
if my trinkets had been hallowed, and  
brought a benediction to the buyer: by  
which means I saw whose purse was best  
in picture; and, what I saw, to my good  
use, I remembered. My clown (who  
wants but something to be a reasonable  
man) grew so in love with the song, that  
he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had  
both tune and words; which so drew the  
rest of the herd to me, that all their  
other senses stuck in ears. I would have  
fled keys off, that hung in chains: no  
hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song,  
and admiring the nothing of it. So that,  
in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut  
most of their festival purses: and had not  
the old man come in with a whoobub  
against his daughter and the king's son,  
and scared my choughs from the chaff, I  
had not left a purse alive in the whole  
army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL and PERDITA,  
come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this  
means being there  
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that  
doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from  
king Leontes, —

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!  
All, that you speak, shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here ?

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,  
— why hanging [Aside.]

*Cam.* How now, good fellow ? Why  
shakest thou so ? Fearnot, man ; here's  
no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still ; here's nobody  
will steel that from thee : Yet, for the  
outside of thy poverty, we must make an  
exchange : therefore, discase thee in-  
stantly, (thou must think, there's necessity  
in't,) and change garments with this  
gentleman : Though the pennyworth, on  
hisside, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's  
some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir : — I know  
ye well enough. [Aside.]

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the  
gentleman is half flayed already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir ? — I  
smell the trick of it — [Aside.]

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed I have had earnest ; but  
I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy  
Come home to you — you must retire  
yourself

Into some covert : take your sweetheart's  
hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your  
face ;

Dismantle you : and as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming ; that you  
may,

(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ship-  
board

Get undescried.

*Per.* I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy. —  
Have you done there ?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have  
No hat : — Come, lady, come. — Farewell,  
my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain  
forgot ?

Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be, to tell  
the king. [Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are  
bound ;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
To force him after : in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us ! —  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita and  
Camillo.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear  
it : To have an open ear, a quick eye,  
and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-  
purse : a good nose is requisite also, to smell  
out work for the other senses. I see,  
this is the time that the unjust man doth  
thrive. What an exchange had this been,  
without boot ? what a boot is here, with  
this exchange ? Sure, the gods do this  
year connive at us, and we may do any  
thing *extempore*. The prince himself is  
about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away  
from his father, with his clog at his heels :  
If I thought it were not a piece of honesty  
to acquaint the king withal, I would do't :  
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it :  
and therein am I constant to my profes-  
sion.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside ; — here is more matter for a  
hot brain :

Every lane's end, every shop, church, ses-  
sion, hanging, yields a careful man  
work.

*Clo.* See, see ; what a man you are



now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

*Shep.* Well; let us to the king: there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my peddler's beard.— [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers

the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocates the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If the shepherd be not in handfast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your

behalf; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is the man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety;—Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a

means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have

to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *[Exit.]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down  
More penitence than done trespass: At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord.  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought:  
Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not, at all, good lady:  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,

What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?

What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,—  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
For has not the devine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
Till his lost child be found? which, that  
it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your  
counsel,

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for  
issue. [To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alex-  
ander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina, —  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know in honor, — O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! — then,  
even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full  
eyes;

Have taken treasure from her lips, —

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife:  
one worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted  
spirit

Again possess her corpse; and, on this  
stage,

(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-  
vex'd

Begin, *And why to me?*

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had: and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you  
mark

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part  
in't

You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even  
your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words  
that follow'd

Should be, *Remember mine.*

*Leon.* Stars, very stars,

And all eyes else dead coals! — fear thou  
no wife,

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd  
my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear wit-  
ness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eyes.

*Cleo.* Good madam, —

*Paul.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will,  
sir,

No remedy, but you will; give me the  
office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be  
so young

As was your former; but she shall be  
such,

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it  
should take joy

To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in  
breath;

Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself  
prince Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires  
access

To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells  
us,

'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you  
yourself

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing  
now

Is colder than that theme,) *She had not  
been*

*Nor was not to be equall'd;*—thus your  
verse

Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly  
ebb'd,

To say, you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your par-  
don,)

The other, when she has obtain'd your  
eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is such  
a creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench  
the zeal

Of all professors else; make proselytes.

Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she  
is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that  
she is

The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes:

Yourself, assisted with your honor'd  
friends,

Bring them to our embracement.— Still  
'tis strange,

[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and  
Gentleman.*]

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,

(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he  
had pair'd

Well with this lord; there was not full a  
month

Between their births.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy  
speeches,

Will bring me to consider that, which  
may

Unfurnish me of reason.— they are  
come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL,  
PERDITA, and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock,  
prince;

For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something,  
widely

By us perform'd before. Most dearly  
welcome!

And your fair princess, goddess!— O,  
alas!

I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and  
earth

Might thus have stood, begetting wonder,  
as

You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look upon.

*Flo.* By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from  
him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at  
friend,

Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath some-  
thing seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne  
and his

Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he  
loves

(He bade me say so) more than all the  
scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman,) the wrongs I have done  
thee, stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome  
hither;

As is the spring to the earth. And hath  
he too

Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Nep-  
tune,

To greet a man, not worth her pains;  
much less

The adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd, and  
lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence: from  
him, whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:  
thence

(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we  
have cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness: My best  
train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety  
Here, where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst  
you

Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman; against whose per-  
son,

So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's  
bless'd,

(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have  
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have  
look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report, will bear no  
credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,  
great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:  
Desires you to attach his son; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and  
with

A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in the city; I now come  
from him:

I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your  
court

Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it  
seems,

Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country  
quitted

With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till  
now,

Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so, to his charge;  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him;  
who now

Has these poor men in question. Never  
saw I

Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss  
the earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they  
speak:

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them

With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O, my poor father! —  
The heaven set spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: —

The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed.

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,

Where you weretied in duty: and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father; power  
no jot

Hath she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time

Than I do now: with thoughts of such affections,

Step forth mine advocate; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes,

Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition [*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;  
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,

And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Before the Palace.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; — But the changes I-perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importauce were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:

The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I

never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the Princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.



1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to

against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother: and then the two kings called me father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an' it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Paulina's House.

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL,  
PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords,*  
*and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the  
great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign, sir.  
I did not well, I meant well: All my ser-  
vices,

You have paid home: but that you have  
vouchsaf'd

With your crown'd brother, and these  
your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house  
to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina,  
We honor you with trouble: But we  
came

To see the statue of our queen: your gal-  
lery

Have we pass'd through, not without  
much content

In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look  
upon,

The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I  
keep it

Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say,  
'tis well.

[PAULINA undraws a Curtain and  
discovers a Statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you,  
my liege,

Comes it not something near?

*Leon.* Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say,  
indeed,

Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art  
she,

In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,  
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled;  
nothing

So aged, as this seems.

*Col.* O, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's  
excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and  
makes her

As she liv'd now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she  
stood,

Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands,) when first I  
woo'd her!

I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke  
me,

For being more stone than it?—O, royal  
piece,

There's magic in thy majesty; which has  
My evil's conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the  
spirits,

Standing like stone with thee!

*Per.* And give me leave;  
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—

Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

*Paul.* O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too  
sore laid on

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy

Did ever so long live; no sorrow,

But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have  
power

To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor  
image

Would thus have wrought you, (for the  
stone is mine,)

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't;  
lest your fancy

May think anon, it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks  
already—

What was he, that did make it?—See, my  
lord,

Would you not deem, it breath'd? and  
that those veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion  
in't.

As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain;

My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

*Leon.* O, sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years to-  
gether;

No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let's  
alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far  
stirr'd you: but

I could afflict you further.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What  
fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man  
mock me,

For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your  
own

With oily painting: Shall I draw the cur-  
tain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you

For mere amazement: If you can behold  
it.

I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll  
think,

(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak

I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy

To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd

You do awake your faith: Then, all stand  
still:

Or those, that think it is unlawful busi-  
ness

I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music; awake her: strike.—

[*Music.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more:  
approach:

Strike all that look upon with marvel.  
Come:

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come  
away;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for  
from him

Dear life redeems you. — You perceive  
she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down from the  
Pedestal.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,

You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun  
her,

Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your  
hand:

When she was young, you woo'd her; now,  
in age,

Is she become the suitor.

*Leon.* O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*  
If this be magic, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where  
she has liv'd,

Or, how stolen from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little  
while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam;  
kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn,  
good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to  
HERMIONE.*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your  
graces

Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me,  
mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where  
liv'd? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear,  
that I,—

Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd

Myself, to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;

Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go to-  
gether,

You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough;  
and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O peace, Paulina;

Thou shouldst a husband take by my con-  
sent,

As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast  
found mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw  
her,

As I thought, dead; and have, in vain,  
said many

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek  
far

(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find  
thee

An honorable husband:—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand: whose worth,  
and honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified

By us a pair of kings.—Let's from this  
place.—

What?—Look upon my brother:—both  
your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (whom heavens  
directing,)

Is troth-pledged to your daughter,—Good  
Paulina,

Lead us from hence; where we may leis-  
urely

Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since  
first

We were dissevered: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was a usurer who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor, but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signor Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I were a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spat upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys?" Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; and still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O Father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the execution of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of: she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring," presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consented, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock, the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "Oh my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch the business and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defense.

Portia had a relation who was a counselor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counselor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counselor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counselor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young Doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counselor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew, and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform. And first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counselor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show: and he said, "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness, to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio, in the deepest affliction, replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here to deliver you."

Portia, hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks if she were present to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting of the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the State of Venice." Now, as it was utterly

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counselor who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly, there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore, prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio; "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the State, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it: half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the State."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home: send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the State will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counselor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentlemen, I and my friend Antonio, have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money ; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves ; I will wear them for your sake ; and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger ; now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counselor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it : but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring ; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia, with the ring ; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action ; her cheerful spirit enjoyed everything she saw : the moon never seemed to shine so bright before ; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall ; how far that little candle throws its beams ; so shines a good deed in a naughty world:" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio ; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarreling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gift ring that Nerissa gave, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death ; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself ; he was clerk to the young counselor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life : this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counselor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counselor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

———while he lived, he'd fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.	LAUNCELOT GOBBO, <i>the clown, servant to Shylock.</i>
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } <i>suitors to</i>	OLD GOBBO, <i>father to Launcelot.</i>
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } <i>Portia.</i>	LEONARDO, <i>servant to Bassanio.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>a merchant of Venice.</i>	BALTHASAR, } <i>servants to Portia.</i>
BASSANIO, <i>his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.</i>	STEPHANO, }
SALANIO, }	PORTIA, <i>a rich heiress.</i>
SALARINO, } <i>friends to Antonio and Bas-</i>	NERISSA, <i>her waiting-maid.</i>
GRATIANO, } <i>sanio.</i>	JESSICA, <i>daughter to Shylock.</i>
SALERIO, }	<i>Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court</i>
LORENZO, <i>in love with Jessica.</i>	<i>of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia,</i>
SHYLOCK, <i>a rich Jew.</i>	<i>and other attendants.</i>
TUBAL, <i>a Jew, his friend.</i>	

SCENE:—PARTLY AT VENICE, AND PARTLY AT BELMONT, THE SEAT OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;

There, where your argosies with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,

Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salar.* 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 piers and roads;

And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.

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,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's  
side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,



Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of danger-  
ous rocks,

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 bechanced would make  
me sad ?

But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore my merchandise makes me not  
sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let  
us say you are sad,  
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as  
easy  
For you to laugh and leap and say you are  
merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-  
headed Jannus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her  
time:

Some that will evermore peep through  
their eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,

And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way  
of smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laugh-  
able.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRA-  
TIANO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Bassanio, your  
most noble kinsman,  
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now in better company.

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

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my  
regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

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

You grow exceeding strange: must it be  
so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to  
attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

*Lor.* My Lord Bassanio, since you  
have found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but at dinner-  
time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must  
meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior  
Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the  
world:

They lose it that do buy it with much  
care:

Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,  
Gratiano;

A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying  
groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the  
jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, An-  
tonio—

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 dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!  
O my Antonio, I do know of these

That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn  
those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their  
brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.  
Come good Loronzo. Fare ye well awhile:  
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 moe,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine  
own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for  
this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith, for silence is  
only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and maid not  
vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

*Ant.* Is that anything 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.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now what lady is  
the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage  
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, An-  
tonio,

How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling  
port

Than my faint means would grant con-  
tinuance

Nor do I now make moan to be abridged  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts

Wherein my time something too prodigal  
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,<sup>130</sup>  
I owe the most, in money and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburden all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let  
me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honor, be assured,  
My purse, my person, my extremest  
means,

Lie 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, and by adven-  
turing both

I oft found both: I urge this childhood  
proof,

Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost; but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not  
doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both  
Or bring your latter hazard back again  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein  
spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And out of doubt you do me now more  
wrong

In making question of my uttermost  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
Then do but say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be  
done,

And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her  
eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages:



Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her  
worth;

For the four winds blow in from every  
coast

Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos'  
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fort-  
unes are at sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the utter-  
most,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little  
body is a-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: It is no mean happiness, there-  
fore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity  
comes sooner by white hairs, but com-  
petency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pro-  
nounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well fol-  
lowed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know  
what were good to do, chapels had been  
churches, and poor men's cottages, princes'  
palaces. It is a good divine that follows  
his own instructions: I can easier teach  
twenty what were good to be done, than  
be one of the twenty to follow mine own  
teaching. But this reasoning is not in  
the fashion to choose me a husband:—O  
me, the word choose! I may neither  
choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I  
dislike; so is the will of a living daughter  
curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it  
not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose  
one, nor refuse none?

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

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

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

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he  
doth nothing but talk of his horse; and  
he makes it a great appropriation to his  
own good parts, that he can shoe him him-  
self.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Pala-  
tine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as  
who should say, *As if you will not have  
me, choose;* he hears merry tales, and  
smiles not: I fear he will prove the weep-  
ing 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. Heaven defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

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

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

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will 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 behavior everywhere.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

*Por.* That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ner.* True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked 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.*

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

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his ap-

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

SCENE III. Venice. A Public Place.

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three 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.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, 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.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes to smell pork: 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 Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money gratis, and brings  
down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear  
him.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well won  
thrift,

Which he calls interest: Cursed be my  
tribe,

If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present  
store;

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly rise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats! What of  
that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me: But soft; How many  
months

Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good  
signior;

[*To ANTONIO.*]

Your worship was the last man in our  
mouths,

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor  
borrow,

By taking, nor by giving of excess,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,

How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

When then, your bond; and, let me see,  
—But hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor  
borrow,

Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

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

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

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be be-  
holden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time  
and oft,

In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances:  
Still have I borne 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 mine own.  
Well then, it now appears, you need my  
help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock, we would have monies; You say  
so;*

You, that did void your rheum upon my  
beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not  
say,

*Hath a dog money? is it possible,*

*A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering hum-  
bleness,*

Say this,—

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday  
last;*

*You spurn'd me such a day; another time*

*You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call the so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends; (for when did friend  
ship take

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

Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, 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.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

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

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

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

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man: I will not  
forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month  
before

This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this  
bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say  
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.  
*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently I will be with you. [*Exit.*  
*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.  
*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.  
*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

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

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of MOROCCO and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine,  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,  
The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change  
this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

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

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that  
 look,  
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the  
 earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the  
 she bear,  
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for  
 prey,  
 To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!  
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater  
 throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker  
 hand:  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 Miss that which one unworthier may  
 attain,  
 And die with grieving.

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

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

*Por.* First, forward to the temple;  
 after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*  
 To make me bless't or curs'd'st among  
 men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCELET GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will  
 serve me to run from this Jew, my mas-  
 ter: The fiend is at my elbow; and  
 tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launce-  
 lot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo,  
 or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs,  
 take the start, run away:* My conscience  
 says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot;  
 take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid,  
 honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run;*

*scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the  
 most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!*  
 says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend;  
*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 Launce-  
 lot, being an honest man's son, budge not;*  
*budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my  
 conscience: Conscience, say I, you coun-  
 sel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well:  
 to be ruled by my conscience, I should  
 stay with the Jew my master, who 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 him-  
 self: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil  
 incarnation; and, in my conscience, my  
 conscience is but a kind of hard con-  
 science, 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.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my  
 true-begotten father! who, being more  
 than sand-blind, high-gravel blind,  
 knows me not:—I will try conclusions  
 with him.

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

*Laun.* 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.* '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; [*Aside.*] 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 it, 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.

*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 alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

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

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows 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 mine own flesh and blood. What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on they chin, than Dobbin my 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 changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as there is 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 other Followers.*

*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. [*Exit a Servant.*]

*Laun.* To him, father—

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; Wouldst 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 I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

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

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

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

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

*Bass.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:  
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The followers of so poor a gentleman.

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

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—  
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire  
My lodging out:— Give him a livery

[To his Followers.

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, father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;  
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit 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 show  
Something too liberal;—pray thee take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;



Nay more, while grace is saying, hood  
mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say,  
amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me  
more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall  
not gage me

By what we do to-night.

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

I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the  
rest;

But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Shylock's House.

*Enter* JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

*Jes.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my  
father so;

Our house is sad, but 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 do not play the knave, and  
get thee, I am much deceiv'd: But, adieu!  
these foolish drops do somewhat drown  
my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*]

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot. —  
Alack, what heinous sin it is in me  
To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this  
strife:

Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. A Street.

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO,  
and SALANIO.

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in sup-  
per time;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good prepara-  
tion.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of  
torch-barrers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be  
quaintly order'd.

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock; we  
have two hours

To furnish us: —

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break  
up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis  
a fair hand

And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old mas-  
ter the Jew to sup to-night with my new  
master the Christian.

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

Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

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

*Salan.* And so will I.

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

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

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

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: She has directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou dost:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Before Shylock's House.

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gorman-dize,

As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell I could do nothing without bidding.

[*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

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

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth except your reproach.

*Shy.* 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 o'clock i' the morning.

*Shy.* 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 public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter.

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;

Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye,

[*Exit Laun.*

*Shy.* What says the fool of Hagar's offspring ha?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not  
with me;

Therefore I part with him; and part with  
him

To one that I would have him help to  
waste

His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go  
in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do as I bid you,

Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast  
find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell: and if my fortune be  
not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. The Same.

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under  
which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells  
his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten miles faster Venus  
pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new made, than they  
are wont,

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: Who riseth  
from a feast,

With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread  
again

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did place them first? All things  
that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native  
bay.

How like the prodigal doth she return;  
With out-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo; — more  
of this hereafter,

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for  
my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you  
wait;

When you shall please to play the thieves  
for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. — Ap-  
proach;

Here dwells my father Jew: — Ho! who's  
within?

*Enter JESSICA, above, in Boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more  
certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your  
tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love,  
indeed;

For who love I so much? And now who  
knows,

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are  
witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket, it is  
worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on  
me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit:  
For if they could, Cupid himself would  
blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

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

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once; For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and join you straight.

[*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 herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

[*Enter JESSICA, below.*]

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

[*Enter ANTONIO.*]

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:—

No masque to-night; the wind is come about,

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,

Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

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

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

The second; silver, which this promise carries;—

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

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again: What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath,*

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens; Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

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

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

And weigh thy value with an even hand:  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet  
enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;  
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,  
Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the  
lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose  
her?—

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

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many  
men desire.*

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

From the four corners of the earth they  
come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing  
saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty  
wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery 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 heavenly  
picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere a  
sin

To think so base a thought; it were too  
gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued 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 insculp'd  
upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if  
my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden  
casket.*]

*Mor.* What have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll? I'll read the  
writing

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

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:  
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome,  
frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* A gentle riddance:—Draw  
the curtains go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio un-  
der sail;

With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is  
not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries  
rais'd the duke ;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's  
ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was  
under sail ;  
But there the duke was given to under-  
stand,

That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* 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, stol'n from me by my  
daughter!*

*And jewels ; a stone, a rich and precious  
stone,*

*Stol'n by my daughter! — Justice! find  
the girl!*

*She hath the stone upon her, and the  
ducats!*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice  
follow him,  
Crying, — his stone, his daughter, and his  
ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep  
his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* 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.

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

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not  
the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
Bassanio told him, he would make some  
speed

Of his return ; he answer'd — *Do not so.  
Slubber not business for my sake, Bas-  
sanio,*

*But stay the very riping of the time ;  
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of  
me,*

*Let it not enter in your mind of love :  
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest  
thoughts*

*To courtship, and such fair ostents of  
love*

*As shall conveniently become you there :  
And even there, his eye being big with  
tears,*

Turning his face, he put his hand behind  
him,  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they  
parted.

*Salan.* I think he only loves the world  
for him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

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

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets,  
noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage;  
lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*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 chooseth me, must give and hazard  
all he hath:*

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or  
hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me  
see: —

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many  
men desire.*

What many men desire. — That many  
may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by  
show,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach:

Which pries not to the interior, but, like  
the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty,

I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common  
spirits,

And rank me with the barbarous multi-  
tudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure  
house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost  
bear:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he  
deserves;*

And well said too; For who shall go  
about

To cozen fortune, and be honorable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none  
presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that  
clear honor

Were purchas'd by the merit of the  
wearer!

How many then should cover that stand  
bare?

How many be commanded, that com-  
mand?

How much low peasantry would then be  
glean'd

From the true seed of honor? and how  
much honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the  
times,

To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my  
choice:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he  
deserves:*

I will assume desert; — Give me a key for  
this.

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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

*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 chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

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

*Ar.* What is here?  
*The fire seven times tried this:  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss:  
Some there be, that shadows kiss:  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So begone, sir, you are sped.*

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

*[Exeunt Arragon, and Train.]*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy:—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.  
*Enter a Servant.*

*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 the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,

Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

SCENE I Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbors 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!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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



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

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters' flight.

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

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was want to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was want to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs; dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the

same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.*]

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

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

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'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 Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

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

*Shy.* Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

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

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

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Four-score ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats.

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

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my torquois; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee 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 merchandise I will; Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont. A room in Portia's House.

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,

Before your hazard; for in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:

There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)

I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate 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 choose right, but then I am forsworn;

So will I never be: Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-looked me, and divided me; One half of me is yours; the other half yours,—

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,

And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights;

And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so

Let fortune bear the blame of it,—not I. I speak too long: but 'tis to peize the time;

To eke it, and draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;

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

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:

There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon  
the rack,

Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll con-  
fess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* Confess and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one  
of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound while he doth make his  
choice,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like  
end,

Fading in music: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be  
the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may  
win;

And what is music then? then music 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 bride-  
groom'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 the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live:—With much, much more  
dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st  
the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the  
caskets to himself.*

## SONG.

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

Reply. 2. It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy die  
In the cradle where it lies:

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 dangerous 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 his 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 search'd, have livers white  
as milk?

And these assume but valor's counte-  
nance,

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 these crisped snaky, golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with  
the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre,  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous  
scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou  
gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common  
drudge

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou  
meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise  
ought,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose 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 ecstasy,  
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.* What find I here?  
[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-  
god

Hath come so near creation? Move these  
eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd  
lips,

Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here  
in her hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath  
woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of  
men,

Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her  
eyes, —

How could he see to do them? having  
made one,

Methinks, it should have power to steal  
both his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look,  
how far

The substance of my praise doth wrong  
this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
doth limp behind the substance, — Here's  
the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!*

*Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll; — Fair lady, by your  
leave;

[*Kissing her.*

I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's  
eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or  
no:

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

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where  
I stand,

Such as I am: though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for  
you,

I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
times

More rich:  
That only to stand high on your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings,  
 friends,  
 Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of something; which, to term in  
 gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unprac-  
 tic'd:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn; and happier than  
 this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself and what is mine, to you, and  
 yours

Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my ser-  
 vants,

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but  
 now,

This house, these servants, and this same  
 myself,  
 Are yours, my lord; I give them with  
 this ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give  
 away,

Let it 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 powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
 Where every something, being blent  
 together,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 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 gen-  
 tle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from  
 me;

And, when your honors mean to solemnize  
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech  
 you,

Even 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 caskets  
 there;

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
 For wooing here, until I sweat again;

And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
 With oaths of love; at last,—if promise  
 last,—

I got a promise of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your  
 fortune

Achiev'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 hon-  
 or'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* But who comes here? Lorenzo,  
 and his infidel.

What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome :— By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord ;  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honor :—For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you.

[*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

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

*Sale.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer you stranger ;  
bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Salerio : What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?

I know, he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Sale.* Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,  
That steal the color 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 yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything

That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;  
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart : When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;

The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio ?

Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks ?

*Sale.* Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it : never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,

So keen and greedy to confound a man :  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at  
 night ;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the  
 state,  
 If they deny him justice : twenty mer-  
 chants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with  
 him ;  
 But none can drive him from the envious  
 plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have  
 heard him swear,  
 To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Antonio's  
 flesh,  
 Than twenty times the value of the  
 sum  
 That he did owe him : and I know, my  
 lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

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

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the  
 kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unwearied  
 spirit  
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honor 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 myself, mean  
 time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come,  
 away ;

For you shall hence upon your wedding  
 day :

Bid your friends welcome, show 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 miscarried, my creditors  
 grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond  
 to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying  
 it, it is impossible I should live, all debts  
 are cleared between you and I, 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, despatch all business,  
 and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to  
 go away,

I will make haste : but till I come again,  
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and  
 Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him ;—Tell not  
 me of mercy ;—

This is the fool that lent out money  
 gratis ;—

Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; speak not  
 against my bond :

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my  
bond :

Thou call'st me dog, before thou hadst a  
cause :

But, since I am dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.— I do  
wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so  
fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not  
hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak  
no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and  
yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I'll have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

*Salan.* 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.

*Salan.* I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course  
of law;

For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,

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, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio  
come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care  
not! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Belmont. A Room in Por-  
tia's House.

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JES-  
SICA, and BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in  
your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity; which appears most  
strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But if you knew to whom you show this  
honor,

How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your hus-  
band,

I know, you would be prouder of the  
work,

Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing  
good,

Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time  
together

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of  
love,

There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;

Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,

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: hear other  
things.—

Lorenzo, I comit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return; for mine own  
part,



I have toward heaven breath'd a secret  
vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return:  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
Not to deny this imposition;  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

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

*Por.* My people do already know my  
mind,  
And all acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, until we shall meet  
again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours,  
attend on you.

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

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

[*Exeunt 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 the endeavor 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 tranect, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time  
in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there  
before thee.

*Balth.* Madama, I go with all conven-  
ient 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 accom-  
plished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any  
wager,  
When we are both accoutred 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.

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole  
device,

When I am in my coach, which stays  
for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste  
away,

For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Garden.

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, and LAUN-  
CELOT.

*Lor.* Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare  
for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done sir; they have all  
stomachs.

*Lor.* What a wit-snapper are you!  
then bid them prepare for dinner.

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

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know  
my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occa-  
sion! Wilt thou show 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 served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*]

*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 tricksy  
word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou,  
Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's  
wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: It is very  
meet,

The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some  
heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something  
else

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude  
world

Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband

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

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

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

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

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for  
table-talk;

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong  
other things

I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art  
come to answer

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

*Ant.* I have heard,

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to  
qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands  
obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

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

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

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

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

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so  
too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy  
malice

To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis  
thought,

Thou'lt show 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 motty 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 courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of  
what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's free-  
dom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to  
have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer  
that:

But, say, it is my humor: 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;—

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide in a gaping pig;

Why, he, a harmless necessary cat;

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 unfeel-  
ing man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee  
with my answer.

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

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he  
would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offense is not a hate at  
first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a ser-  
pent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question  
with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the  
beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual  
height;

You may as well use question with the  
wolf,

Why he had made the ewe bleat for the  
lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain  
pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no  
noise,

When they are fretted with the gusts of  
heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do be-  
seech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment and the Jew his  
will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats  
here are six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand  
ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my  
bond.

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

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread,  
doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd  
slave,

Which, like your asses, and your dogs,  
and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—Shall I say  
to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your  
heirs?

Why sweat they under 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, is mine, and I will have  
it:

If you deny me, fye upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I  
have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss  
this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* 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 wether 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 my epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's  
Clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from  
Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario  
greet's your grace.

[*Presents a letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife  
so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that  
bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,  
harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but 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 curst, inexorable dog!  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish  
spirit

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

Even from the gallows did his fell soul  
fleet,

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

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and raven-  
ous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'st 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 curless 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 ad-  
mit 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.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall un-  
derstand, that at the receipt of your letter,  
I am very sick: but in the instant that  
your messenger came, in loving visitation  
was with me a young doctor of Rome;  
his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him  
with the cause in controversy between the  
Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned  
o'er many books together; he is furnish'd  
with my opinion; which, better'd with his  
own learning, (the greatness whereof I can-  
not 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 com-  
mendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario,  
what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of  
Laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old  
Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your  
place

Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the  
court?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the  
cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which  
the Jew?

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

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit  
you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merci-  
ful.

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

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not  
strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from  
heaven,

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his  
crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings;

But mercy is above his scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest  
God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,  
Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider  
this,—

That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to  
render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus  
much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of  
Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the  
merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave  
the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the  
money?

*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 power  
in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea  
a Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honor  
thee!

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

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor,  
here it is.

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

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath  
in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merci-  
ful;

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the  
bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the  
tenor.—

It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by  
the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the  
court

To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his  
knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young  
man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the  
law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and up-  
right judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy  
looks!

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:

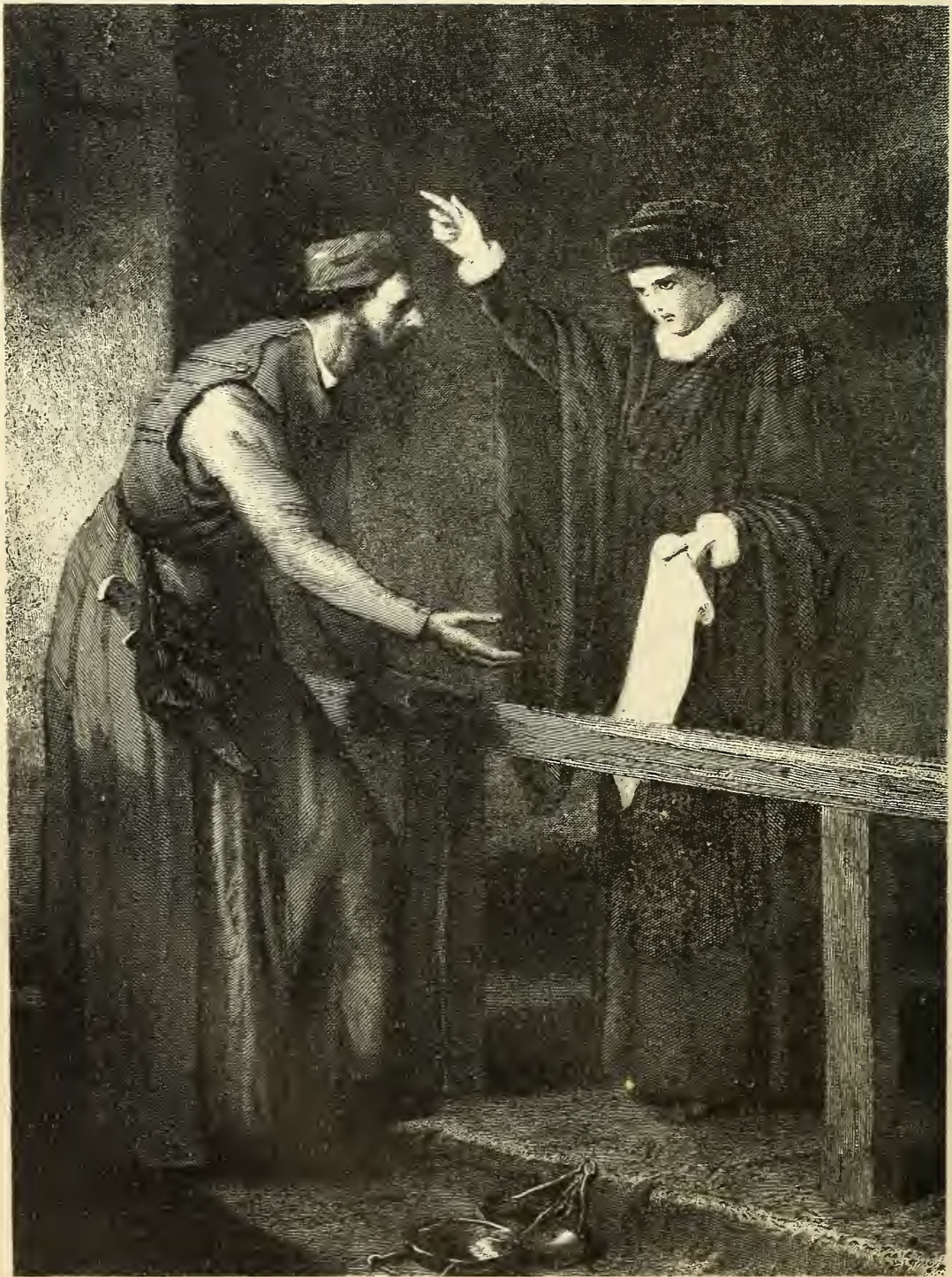
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble  
judge?—

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here,  
to weigh

The flesh.











*Shy.* I have them ready.

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

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd: But what  
of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

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

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

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well  
prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you  
well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more  
kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his  
wealth

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled  
brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering  
penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

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

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

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your  
friend,

And he repents not that he pays your  
debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little  
thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest,  
I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish  
Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her  
back;

The wish would make else an unquiet  
house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands:  
I have a daughter;

'Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband, rather than a  
Christian!

[*Aside.*

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sent-  
ence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's  
flesh is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give  
it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from  
off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence;  
come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is some-  
thing else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of  
blood;

The words expressly are a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound  
of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands  
and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge! — Mark, Jew;  
—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou  
desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge! — Mark, Jew;  
— a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then; — pay the  
bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft;  
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no  
haste; —

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

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

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off  
the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less,  
nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st  
more,

Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so  
much

As makes it light, or heavy, in the sub-  
stance,

Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do  
turn

But in the estimation of a hair, —  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confis-  
cate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

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

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

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

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open  
court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his  
bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second  
Daniel —

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that  
word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my prin-  
cipal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the  
forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good  
of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth  
contrive,

Shall seize one 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 incurrd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the  
duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou mayst have leave  
to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the  
state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the  
state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the differ-  
ence 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 into 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, I hope.

*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:

Provided, 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.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;

I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman; For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied, And therein do account myself 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, as a tribute,

Not as a fee; grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* 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 given 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 ;

An if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;

Let his deservings, and my love withal, Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him, Give him the ring ; and bring him if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently ; And in the morning early will we both Fly toward Belmont : Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A Street.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it : we'll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home : This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken : My lord Bassanio, upon more advice, Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat 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 show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you :—

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou mayst, I warrant : We shall have old swearing, That they did give the rings away to men ; But we'll out face them, and outswear them too.

Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise ; in such a night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls, And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents, Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night, Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ; And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and 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 loved 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?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your  
name, I pray you, friend?

*Steph.* 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?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and  
her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard  
from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the  
house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

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

*Lor.* Who calls?

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

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, 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. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there  
expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go  
in?

My friend Stephano; signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at  
hand;

And bring your music forth into the  
air.— [*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon  
this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of  
music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the  
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of  
heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou  
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear  
it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mis-  
tress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear  
sweet music. [*Music.*

*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 but hear perchance a trumpet  
 sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall see them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore,  
 the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,  
 and floods;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full  
 of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his  
 nature:  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet  
 sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the  
 music.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

*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 itself, as doth an island brook  
 Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the  
 house.

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

*Ner.* Silence bestows that 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 perfec-  
 tion!—

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endy-  
 mion

And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*]

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

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man  
 knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our  
 husbands' welfare,  
 Which speed, we hope, the better for our  
 words;

Are they return'd?

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

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

[*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* BASSANTO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO,  
*and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the  
 Antipodes,



If we 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 hus-  
band,

And never be Bassanio so for me;

You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give wel-  
come to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much  
bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for  
you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquit-  
ted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our  
house:

It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing cour-  
tesy.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to  
talk apart.

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you  
do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

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

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry  
ring

That she did give me; whose posy was  
For all the world, like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, *love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or  
the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of  
death;

And that it should lie with you in your  
grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehe-  
ment oaths,

You should have been respective, and  
have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I  
know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face,  
that had it.

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

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

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to  
a youth,—

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's  
clerk;

A prating boy, that 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 so with faith upon 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 dis-  
pleasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtne of  
the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the  
ring,  
Or your own honor to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the  
ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the mod-  
esty

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 honor, madam, by  
my soul,  
No woman had, but a civil doctor,  
Which 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;  
Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say,  
sweet lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honor would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good  
lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think, you would  
have 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,  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me,  
like Argus,

If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honor, 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 pro-  
tection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take  
him then.

*Ant.* I am the 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, even 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  
wealth :  
Which, but for him that had your hus-  
band's ring,

[To PORTIA.

Had quite miscarried : 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 heaven, it is the same I gave  
the doctor ;

*Por.* I had it of him.—You are all  
amaz'd :

Here's a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the  
doctor ;

Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, your wel-  
come ;

And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your  
argosies

Are richly come to harbor suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange ac-  
cident

I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Where 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 to be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my  
bed-fellow ;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me  
life, and living ;

For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too  
for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him with-  
out a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in  
the way

Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full : Let us go in ;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

[Exeunt.

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ANTONIO.

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

*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 76.*

GRATIANO.

Let me play the fool;  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying  
groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,  
Sit like his grandsire 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 willful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"  
O! my Antonio, I do know of these  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost dam  
those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their  
brothers fools.

*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 79.*

BASSANIO.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 114.*

PORTIA.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is  
awearied of this great world.

*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 1.*

PORTIA.

If to do were as easy as to know what  
were good to do, chape's had been  
churches, and poor men's cottages  
princes' palaces. It is a good devine that  
follows his own instructions: I can easier  
teach twenty what were good to be done,  
than be one of twenty to follow mine  
own teaching. The brain may devise  
laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps  
o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness,  
the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good  
counsel, the cripple.

*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 12*

PORTIA.

God made him, and therefore let him  
pass for a man.

*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 54.*

SHYLOCK.

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,  
With bated breath, and whispering hum-  
bleness,  
Say this?

*Act 1, Sc. 3, l. 122.*

MOROCCO.

Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun.

*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 1.*

LAUNCELOT.

It is a wise father that knows his own  
child.

*Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 75.*

JESSICA.

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

*Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 2.*

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GRATIANO.

That ever holds; who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread  
again  
His tedious measures with the unbated  
fire  
That he did pace them first. All things  
that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
*Act 2, Sc. 6, l. 8.*

JESSICA.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.  
*Act 2, Sc. 6, l. 36.*

ARRAGON.

Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear  
honor  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the  
wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand  
bare!  
How many be commanded, that command!  
How much low peasantry would then be  
glean'd  
From the true seed of honor; and how  
much honor  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the  
times,  
To be new-varnish'd!  
*Act 2, Sc. 9, l. 37.*

NERISSA.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.  
*Act 2, Sc. 9, l. 81.*

SERVITOR.

A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand.  
*Act 2, Sc. 9, l. 91.*

SHYLOCK.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew  
hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affec-  
tions, passions? fed with the same food,

hurt with the same weapons, subject to  
the same diseases, healed by the same  
means, warmed and cooled by the 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.

*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 56.*

BASSANIO.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being seasoned 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 his outward parts.  
*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 73.*

BASSANIO.

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 search'd, have livers white  
as milk;  
And these assume but valor's excrement,  
To render them redoubted!  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 83.*

PORTIA.

O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;  
In measure rain thy joy; scant this ex-  
cess;  
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 111.*

PORTIA.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
times more rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings,  
friends,  
Exceed account ; but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing ; which to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, un-  
practis'd :  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governer, her king.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 150.*

BASSANIO.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words ;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 175.*

BASSANIO.

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.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, 251.*

BASSANIO.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest  
man,  
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 292.*

BASSANIO.

Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if  
your love do not persuade you to come,  
let not my letter.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 319.*

LORENZO.

How every fool can play upon that  
word ! I think the best grace of wit will  
shortly turn into silence, and discourse  
grow commendable only in parrots.  
*Act. 3, Sc. 5, l. 40.*

JESSICA.

Why, if two gods should play some  
heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something  
else  
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude  
world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Act. 3, Sc. 5, l. 75.*

ANTONIO.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual  
height ;  
You may as well use question with the  
wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the  
lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain  
pines  
To wag their high tops and to make no  
noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of  
heaven ;  
You may as well do anything most hard  
As seek to soften that than which what's  
harder ? his Jewish heart.

*Act 4, Sc.1, l. 70.*

PORTIA.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest :  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The thronè monarch better than his  
crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings ;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

And earthly power doth then show likest  
God's

When mercy seasons justice.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 184.*

SHYLOCK.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a  
Daniel!

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 217.*

PORTIA.

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound  
of flesh.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 303.*

SHYLOCK.

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.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 374.*

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  
walls,

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian  
tents

Where Cressid lay that night.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 1.*

LORENZO.

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.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 9.*

LORENZO.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet  
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as  
night,

And his affections dark as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 83*

PORTIA.

How far that little candle throws his  
beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 90.*

PORTIA.

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!

*Act. 5, Sc. 1, l. 102.*

ORLANDO.

O! how bitter a thing it is to look into  
happiness through another man's eyes!

*Act 5, Sc. 2, l' 42.*

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

---

**D**URING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called), there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driving from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden ; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper ; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer ; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counselors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition: and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it, like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw ; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind, and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling-match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace ; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practiced now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling-match therefore Celia and Rosalind went. They found it was likely



to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had long been practiced in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men; in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well-pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal by saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling-match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger, and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Bois, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

---

The ladies then went up to him ; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him ; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend ; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the place, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay; for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience, speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore: she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganimed, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The Lady Rosalind (or Ganimed as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganimed, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganimed, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find it in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganimed tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the Forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke; and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and have perished for want of food; but, providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganimed once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with traveling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied, that he was only servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house, to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganimed remembered he had once been the same Lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganimed thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had traveled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass:

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother, Oliver, charging Oliver, on his blessing, to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you; let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities. "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world? You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together, then, this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam traveled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganimed and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food—I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees, and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady cover of some large trees.

Orlando, who hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear, and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern

command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time: if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever eat any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do ~~me~~ human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have set at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered: therefore sit ye down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome:" and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was: and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganimed and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganimed and Alinea were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind: and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganimed was the fair Princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favor, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganimed to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganimed assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganimed to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganimed proposed and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganimed, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I were Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to

come every day to Ganimed's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganimed and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganimed his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganimed made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganimed was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganimed's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganimed happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock courtship, and did not care to remind Ganimed that the Lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learned from Orlando. Ganimed met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganimed answered that he came of as good a parentage as he did; which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganimed was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganimed, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie couching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness: but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness: but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness: but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: and they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganimed, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganimed—"whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind"—the accident which had befallen him.

Thither, then, Oliver went, and told to Ganimed and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offenses made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganimed, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted: and when he recovered, he pretended he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganimed said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganimed, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganimed's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this: she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena: and Ganimed, whom Orlando had seen approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganimed began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganimed, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish: for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her now person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganimed was the Lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learned of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganimed if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganimed; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganimed was making a jest of Orlando.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

The duke, hearing it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganimed entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganimed then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganimed and Aliena then went out together, and Ganimed throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the Lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganimed very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia, in their own clothes, entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic: but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced to the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword; but by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention: for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and



AS YOU LIKE IT.

wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.



# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, <i>living in exile.</i>	SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, <i>a Vicar.</i>
FREDERICK, <i>brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his dominions.</i>	CORIN, } <i>Shepherds.</i>
AMIENS, } <i>Lords attending upon the Duke</i>	SYLVIVS, }
JAQUES, } <i>in his banishment.</i>	WILLIAM, <i>a country Fellow in love with Audrey.</i>
LE BEAU, <i>a Courtier attending upon Frederick.</i>	<i>A Person representing Hymen.</i>
CHARLES, <i>his Wrestler.</i>	ROSALIND, <i>Daughter to the banished Duke.</i>
OLIVER, } <i>Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.</i>	CELIA, <i>Daughter to Frederick.</i>
JAQUES, }	PHEBE, <i>a Shepherdess.</i>
ORLANDO, }	AUDREY, <i>a country Girl.</i>
ADAM, } <i>Servants to Oliver.</i>	<i>Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.</i>
DENNIS, }	
TOUCHSTONE, <i>a Clown.</i>	

SCENE—LIES, FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding they are taught their manage, and to that

end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed from his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, sir, what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I shall come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; 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 pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, 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.

*Orl.* 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.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*]  
T'will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with

him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the 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 loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade

him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion; I had as lief thou 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 practice 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 villainous 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, heaven keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewell, 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 is gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Lawn 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 mistress of: and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest 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 wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; let me see; What think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prythee, 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 honor come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favor'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's: who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor 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.

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* 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 honor,

for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou means't?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

*Touch.* 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 silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport? Of what color?

*Le Beau.* What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served 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.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost.

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that I ever heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* 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 F.* How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling.

*Ros.* Ay, my liege! so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* 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 F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them, with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;

if killed, 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 eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked 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.

[Charles and Orlando wrestle.]

*Ros.* O excellent young men!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Charles is thrown. Shout.]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away.

[Charles is borne out.]

What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honor-  
able,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with  
this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another  
house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant  
youth;  
I would thou hadst told me of another  
father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., Train, and  
Le Beau.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I  
do this?

*Orl.* I am more prond to be sir Row-  
land's son,  
His youngest son;—and would not change  
that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as  
his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his  
son,  
I should have given him tears unto en-  
treaties,  
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 pro-  
mise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
[*Give him a chain from her neck.*]  
Wear this for me; one out of suits with  
fortune;  
That could give more, but that her hand  
lacks means.—  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentle-  
man.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My  
better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here  
stands up,

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.  
*Ros.* 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?  
*Ros.* Have with you:—Fare you well.  
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights  
upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd con-  
ference.

*Re-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, in-  
deed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to  
speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and pray you,  
tell me this;  
Which of the two was daughter of the  
duke,  
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we  
judge by manners;  
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daugh-  
ter;  
The other is daughter to the banish'd  
duke,



And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company; whose  
 loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle  
 niece;  
 Grounded upon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake:  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you  
 well;  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of  
 you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you:  
 fare you well!

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the  
 smother;  
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—  
 But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—  
 Cupid have 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 lamed with  
 reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it for my father's  
 child: O, how full of briars is this work-  
 ing-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown  
 upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk  
 not in the trodden paths, our very petti-  
 coats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat;  
 these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try; if I could cry hem,  
 and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy  
 affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better  
 wrestler than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you!—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; hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not  
 deserve well?

*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.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, despatch you with  
 your safest haste,  
 And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st  
 found

So near our public court as twenty miles,  
 Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear  
 with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own  
 desires;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors;  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself;—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make  
me a traitor :

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter,  
there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I, when your highness  
took his dukedom ;  
So was I when your highness banish'd  
him :

Treason is not inherited my lord ;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me ? my father was no  
traitor :

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so  
much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for  
your sake,  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her  
stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your own re-  
morse :

I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her ; if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat  
together ;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's  
swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ;  
and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy  
name :

And thou wilt show more bright, and  
seem more virtuous,

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is  
banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on  
me, my liege ;

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool :— You, niece,  
provide yourself ;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine  
honor,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt  
thou go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee  
mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd  
than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin ;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not,  
the duke

Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks  
then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am  
one :

Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet  
girl ?

No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may  
fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take your change upon  
you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me  
out ;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows  
pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with  
thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-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 out-side;  
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, Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: Now go we in content.  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords in the dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,  
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 counselors

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 public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*Ami.* I would not change it: Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—

Being native burghers of this desert  
city,—  
Should in their own confines, with forked  
heads

Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *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 ban-  
ish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps  
out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this  
wood :

To the which place a poor sequester'd  
stag,  
That from the hunter's 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 leath-  
ern coat  
Almost to bursting: and the big round  
tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent  
nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift  
brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.  
*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?  
*1 Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless  
stream;  
*Poor deer,* quoth he, *thou mak'st a testa-  
ment  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:* Then, being  
alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth  
part  
The flux of company:* Anon, a careless  
herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth  
Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that  
we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's  
worse  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,

In their assign'd and native dwelling-  
place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this  
contemplation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping  
and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* 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.*]

SCENE II. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and  
Attendants.*

*Duke F.* 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 miss-  
ing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much com-  
mend

The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* 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.*]

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young master?—O,  
my gentle master,

O, 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 should you be so fond to overcome  
The bony prizer 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.

O, what a world is this, when what is  
comely

Envenoms him that bears it?

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors; within this  
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the  
son —

Yet not the son; — I will not call him  
son —

Of him I was about to call his father), —  
Hath heard your praises; and this night  
he means

To burn the lodgings 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 butch-  
ery

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst  
thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come  
not here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go  
and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, en-  
force

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 serv-  
ant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and  
lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man; how well in  
thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for  
meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
When none will sweat, but for promotion;  
And having that, do choke 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 four score

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 recompense me better,

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in Boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a SHEPHERDESS, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you: for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—  
Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
(As sure I think did never man love so),

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe,  
Phebe!

[*Exit Silvius.*]

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own.

*Touch.* And I mine: 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.

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* Holla; you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they 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 ourselves, and feed:

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succor.

*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 shear the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture.

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold;

Go with me; if you like upon report.  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The Same.

*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES *and others.*

SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note,  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

*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 compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink 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 heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun,*

[All together here.]

*And loves to live i' the sun,*

*Seeking the food he eats,*

*And pleas'd with what he gets,*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither:*

*Here shall he see*

*No enemy*

*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

*If it do come to pass,*

*That any man turn ass,*

*Leaving his wealth and ease,*

*A stubborn will to please,*

*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*

*Here shall he see*

*Gross fools as he,*

*As if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducdame*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I can not, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE VI. The Same.

*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. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield anything 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 awhile at the arm's end: I will here be 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 labor. 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 anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII. The Same.

*A Table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transformed 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 S.* 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 saves my labor by his own approach.

*Duke S.* 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' the forest,

A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;

Who laid him down and basked him in  
the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good  
terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

*Good morrow, fool,* quoth I : *no, sir,*  
quoth he,

*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me  
fortune :*

And then he drew a dial from his poke ;  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*

*Thus may we see,* quoth he, *how the world  
wags :*

*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;  
And after an 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 contempla-  
tive ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* 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  
cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms ;—O, that I were a  
fool !

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit ;

Provided, that you weed your better judg-  
ments

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 galled with my  
folly,

They most must laugh : And why, sir,  
must they so ?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church :  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squand'ring glances of the  
fool.

Invest me in my motley ; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through  
and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected  
world,

If they will patiently receive my medi-  
cine.

*Duke S.* Eye on thee ! I can tell what  
thou would'st do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do,  
but good ?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin,  
in chiding sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party ?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very 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 should-  
ders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean  
her,

When such a one as she, such is her neigh-  
bor?

Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein  
suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; How, what then? Let me  
see wherein

My tongue hath wronged him: if it do  
him right,

Then he hath wronged himself; if he be  
free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose  
flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes  
here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be  
serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock  
come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd  
man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first;  
the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the  
show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland 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.* An you will not be answered with  
reason,

I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your  
gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentle-  
ness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me  
have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and wel-  
come to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon  
me, I pray you,  
I thought that all things had been savage  
here;

And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment: But what'er you  
are,

That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of  
time;

If ever you have look'd on better days;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to  
church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my  
sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen  
better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to  
church;

And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd  
our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engen-  
der'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we  
have,

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a  
little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor  
man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love; till he be first  
suffic'd,—  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and  
hunger,—  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till your  
return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for  
your good comfort! [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all  
alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the  
scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:

They have their exits, and their en-  
trances;  
And one man in his time plays many  
part,  
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 sachel,

And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school: And then, the  
lover;

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful  
ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a  
soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like  
the pard,

Jealous in honor, 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: The sixth age  
shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on  
side;

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too  
wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes

And whistles in his sound: Last scene of  
all

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome: set down your  
venerable burden,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for my-  
self.

*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to: I will not  
trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your for-  
tunes:—

Give us some music; and, good cousin,  
sing.

*AMIEUS sings.*

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the  
green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly:*

*Then, heigh, ho, the holly!*  
*This life is most jolly.*

## II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*  
*That dost not bite so nigh*  
*As benefits forgot:*  
*Though thou the waters warp,*  
*Thy sting is not so sharp*  
*As friend remember'd not.*  
*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! etc.*  
*Duke S.* If that you were the good sir  
Rowland's son,—  
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you  
were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd, and living in your  
face,—

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,  
That lov'd your father: The residue of  
your fortune

Go to my cave and tell me.— Good old  
man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is:  
Support him by the arm.— Give me your  
hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords,*  
*and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir,  
that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made  
mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present: But look  
to it;  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is:  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or  
living,  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou  
no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost  
call thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's  
mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my  
heart in this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well,  
push him out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently, and turn him going.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. The Forest.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness  
of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of  
night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life  
doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll  
character;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every  
where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's  
life, master Touchstone?

*Touch.* 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 humor 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 money, means, and

content, is without three good friends:— That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the

night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, sir; I am a true laborer; 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.—Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth being mounted on the  
wind

Through all the world bears Rosa-  
lind

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,  
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair of Rosalind.

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

They that reap, must sheaf and  
bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind,  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.

This the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten e're you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the meddler.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA Reading a Paper.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this desert silent 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.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and  
friend:

But upon the fairest boughs

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to  
know

The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest  
priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts  
should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what 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, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

*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 wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' 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 pry'thee, 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 pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou

think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I pry'thee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.—What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, no mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance, I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.



*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*Cel.* You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

*[Celia and Rosalind retire.]*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* Peace be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of.

*Orl.* 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?

*Orl.* Not so; 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.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There shall I see my own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

*[Exit Jaques.—Celia and Rosalind come forward.]*

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a sauncy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well; what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, 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.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he can not study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal,

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest.

*Orl.* Are you a native of this place?

*Ros.* As the rabbit, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank fortune, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he 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.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic, 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.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and 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 unbuttoned, your shoe 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 yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then laugh at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III. The same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey; And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! what features?

*Touch.* 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! [*Aside.*]

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: It is honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest 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?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favor'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool! [*Aside.*]

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come here-

after. But be as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in



this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain to see this meeting.

[*Aside.*

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.

But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone;—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you sir? You are very well met: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desire towards wedlock.

*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 waistcoat; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* 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. [*Aside.*]

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey; Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt Jaq. Touch. and Audrey.*]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before a Cottage.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pry'thee; 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.* Why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*Cel.* Was is not *is*: besides the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of

a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. 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 the accustom'd sight of death  
makes hard,  
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner  
be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody  
drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee,  
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine  
eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and soft-  
est things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, mur-  
derers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart:  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let  
them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why not fall  
down;

Or, if you can't not, O, for shame, for  
shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made  
in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there  
remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now  
mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee  
not;

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O, dear Phebe,

If ever, (as that ever may be near),  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power  
of fancy

Then shall you know the wounds in-  
visible

That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me; and, when that  
time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? [*Advanc-  
ing*] Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you  
have more beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed),  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you  
look on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little  
life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes  
too:—

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after  
it;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk  
hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of  
cream,

That can entame my spirits to your wor-  
ship.—

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-favor'd  
children:

'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters  
her;

And out of you she sees herself more  
proper,

Than any of her lineaments can show  
her.—

But, mistress, know yourself; down on  
your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good  
man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can; you are not for all  
markets:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his  
offer;

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a  
scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you  
well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a  
year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this  
man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foul-  
ness, and she'll fall in love with my  
anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers  
thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her  
with bitter words.—Why look you so  
upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love  
with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not: If you will know  
my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, nere hard by:—  
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her  
hard:—

Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him  
better,

And be not proud: though all the world  
could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
Come to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy  
saw of might;

*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd, not at first  
sight?*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle  
Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would  
be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: Is not that  
neighborly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
But, since that thou canst talk of love so  
well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to  
me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense,  
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; lose 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, though I  
ask for him

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks  
well;—

But what care I for words? yet words do  
well,

When he that speaks them pleases those  
that hear

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride  
becomes him

He'll make a proper man: the best thing  
in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his  
tongue

Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just  
the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled  
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my  
part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to  
love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my  
hair black;

And, now I am remember'd, scorned at me:  
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quit-  
tance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Sil-  
vius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;

The matter is in my head, and in my  
heart:

I will be bitter with him, and passing  
short:

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me  
be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy  
fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than  
laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of  
either, are abominable fellows; and betray  
themselves to every modern censure,  
worse than drunkards.



*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; 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, is a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, farewell, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveler: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the

thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss, before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

*Orl.* How, if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years

old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed 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 lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; 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.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, — *Will you Orlando,*—

*Cel.* Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,— *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have married her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my like, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,— *Wit whither wilt?*

*Ros.* You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack the two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;— I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:— that flattering tongue of yours won me:— 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death.— Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So adieu.

*Ros.* Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bey of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:— I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter JAQUES and LORDS in the habit of Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*1 Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:— Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*2 Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that killed the deer?*

2. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn,*

*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

1. *Thy father's father wore it:*

2. *And thy father bore it;*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;— My gentle Phebe bid me give you this;

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenor: pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but t'was her hands;

She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,  
A style 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 Phebes 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.* Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*

*That could do no vengeance to me —*

Meaning me a beast. —

*If the scorn of your bright cyne*

*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 his 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

loves me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless

thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word: for here

comes more company. [Exit *Silvius*.]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlius of this forest, stands

A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

Left on your right hand, brings you to  
the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep it-  
self,

There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a  
tongue,

Then I should 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 inquire for?

*Cel.* It is a boast, being ask'd, to say,  
we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to  
you both;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

*Ros.* I am: What must we under-  
stand 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 befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself!  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd  
with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with  
hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed  
itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats,  
approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-  
like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir:  
for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast,  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as  
dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder  
brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that  
same brother;

And he did render him the most un-  
natural

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 oc-  
casion,

Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which  
hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive  
to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not  
shame

To tell you what I was, since my conver-  
sion

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 entertain-  
 ment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love;  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his  
 arm  
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled; and now  
 he fainted,  
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
 Brief, I recovered 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 nap-  
 kin,  
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd  
 youth  
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why how now, Ganymede? sweet  
 Ganymede? [ROSALIND faints.]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do  
 look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—Cousin—  
 Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would, I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:—  
 I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a  
 man?—

You lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a  
 body would think this was well counter-  
 feited: I pray you, tell your brother how  
 well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit; there is  
 too great testimony in your complexion,  
 that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and  
 counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i'faith I should have  
 been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler;  
 pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go  
 with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear an-  
 swer back—

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: But,  
 I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to  
 him:—Will you go? [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey;  
 patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good  
 enough, for all the old gentleman's say-  
 ing.

*Touch.* A most wicked sir Oliver,  
 Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Aud-  
 rey, 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.*

*Touch.* 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 even, Audrey.

*Aud.* Good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend:  
 Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay,  
 pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you,  
 friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age: Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name; Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir.

*Touch.* Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, 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?

*Touch.* 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; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee

a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* Rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter* ORLANDO and OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant, and will you persevere to marry her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I *came, saw,* and *overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked 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: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* 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?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you no longer then 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 you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is

not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall: and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study,

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;—

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;—

And so am I for Phebe.



*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To ROSALIND.*]

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To PHEBE.*]

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if I can:—I would love you, [*To PHEBE.*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS.*] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met: Come sit, sit, and a song.

*2 Page.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

*1 Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*2 Page.* And both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*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 only pretty rank  
time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*The carol they begin that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, etc.*

III.

*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, etc.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

*1 Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know  
they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our  
compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
[*To the DUKE.*

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms  
to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her  
when I bring her?

[*To ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all king-  
doms king.

*Ros.* You say: you'll marry me, if I  
be willing?

[*To PHEBE.*

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the  
hour after.

*Ros.* But, if you do refuse to marry  
me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful  
shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe,  
if she will?

[*To SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* Though to have her and death  
were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this  
matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your  
daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daugh-  
ter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry  
me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shep-  
herd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry  
her,

If she refuse me:— and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celiu.*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shep-  
herd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's  
favor.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever  
saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your  
daughter;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood  
toward, and these couples are coming to  
the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange  
beasts, which in all tongues are called  
fools.

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him  
put me to my purgation. I have trod a  
measure; I have flattered a lady; I have  
been politick with my friend, smooth with  
mine enemy; I have undone three tailors;  
I have had four quarrels, and like to have  
fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the  
quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause?— Good my  
lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* Sir; I desire you of the like.  
I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of  
the country folks, to swear, and to for-  
swear; according as marriage binds, and  
blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-  
favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor  
humor 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 S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed; — Bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid but the *lie direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If*

*you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter* HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes: and CELIA.

Still Musick.

*Hym.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Alone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her:  
Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou mightst join her hand  
with his*

*Whose heart within her bosom is.*

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.]

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true, Why then,—my love, adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To ORLANDO.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To PHEBE.]

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

To you and you are heart in heart:  
                                   [*To OLIVER and CELIA.*  
 You [*To PHEBE.*] to his love must  
                                   accord,  
 Or have a woman to your lord :—  
 You and you are sure together,  
                                   [*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*  
 As the winter to foul weather.  
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with questioning;  
 That reason wonder may diminish,  
 How thus we met, and these things  
                                   finish.

## SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;  
 O blessed bond of board and bed !  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
 High wedlock then be honored:  
 Honor, high honour and renown,  
 To Hymen, god of every town!*

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome  
 thou art to me;  
 Even daughter, welcome in no less de-  
 gree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now  
 thou art mine;  
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[*To SILVIUS.*

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*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 as-  
 sembly :—  
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every  
 day  
 Men of great worth resorted to this for-  
 est,  
 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 questions with him, was con-  
                                   verted  
 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 S.* Welcome, young man;  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wed-  
                                   ding:  
 To one, his lands withheld: and to the  
                                   other,  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun, and well be-  
                                   got:

And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and  
                                   nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned for-  
                                   tune,

According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustick revelry:—  
 Play, music;—and you brides and  
                                   bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the meas-  
                                   ures 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 con-  
                                   vertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and  
                                   learn'd.—

You to your former honor I bequeath;  
   [*To Duke S.*

Your patience and your virtue, well deserves it :—  
 You [*To ORLANDO.*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—  
 You [*To OLIVER.*] to your land, and love, and great allies :—  
 You [*To SILVIUS.*] to a long and well deserved bed ;—  
 And you [*To TOUCHSTONE.*] to wrangling, for thy loving voyage  
 Is but for two months victual'd :—so to your pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* 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 S.* Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,

And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue : but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished 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 so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, and complexions that liked me : and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

DUKE SENIOR.

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 public  
haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-  
ning brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 12,*

ADAM.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and  
lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly.

*Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 47.*

ORLANDO.

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for  
meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these  
times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

*Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 56.*

JAQUES.

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
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,  
Then the whining school boy, with his  
sachel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the  
lover,  
Sighing like a furnace, with a woful bal-  
lad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a  
soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like  
the pard,  
Jealous in honor, 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. The sixth age  
shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on  
side;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too  
wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of  
all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere obliv-  
ion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

*Act 2, Sc. 7, l. 139,*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

AMIENS.—*Song.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green  
holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly,  
Then heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:—  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

*Act 2, Sc. 7, l. 175.*

ROSALIND.

Do you not know I am a woman? when  
I think, I must speak.

*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 226.*

ROSALIND.

I had rather have a fool to make me  
merry, than experience to make me sad.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 30.*

ROSALIND.

Now I am in a holiday humor, and like  
enough to consent.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 55.*

ROSALIND.

Men have died from time to time, and  
worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 88.*

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

---

THERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was an instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning duke of Athens), to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give up him and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood, where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood, for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.



## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Oberon the king, and Titania the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood, held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of spirits there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement: they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death, the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon, attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy councillor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, and used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk; sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labor to change her cream into butter; nor had the village swains any better success, whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call *Love in Idleness*; the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep, and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood; he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said, they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood. Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite: "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet, the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, comes not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our Fairy Queen.  
Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in your sweet lullaby:  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So good night with lullaby.

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love juice on her eyelids, saying,

What thou seest, when thou doest wake,  
Do it for thy true-love sake.

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued, that Lysander, who was very careful of his dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

---

fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out, that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, that all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah," said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground: is he dead or asleep?" Then gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her, she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such lover-like speeches.

Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned, by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia, were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “it is you have set Lysander on, to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me Goddess, Nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought: growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend.”

“I am amazed at your passionate words,” said Hermia: “I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me.” “Ay, do,” returned Helena, “persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus.”

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone the fairy king, who, with little Puck, had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, “This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?” “Believe me, king of shadows,” answered Puck, “it was a mistake: did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes me excellent sport.” “You heard,” said Oberon, “that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark, that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival’s tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary that they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander’s eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves; and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck; and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found.”

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon, seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep: “This fellow,” said he, “shall be my Titania’s true-love;” and clapping an ass’s head over the clown’s, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass’s head

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went toward the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see!" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamored queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies: their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman: hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown; not much regarding the fairy-queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red bumble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed; "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch; I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturesome fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried pease," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling-boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy-queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him, and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opened his eyes, and, seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason, which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love, which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time; being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep: and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.











# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, <i>Duke of Athens.</i>	OBERON, <i>King of the Fairies.</i>
EGEUS, <i>Father to Hermia.</i>	TITANIA, <i>Queen of the Fairies.</i>
LYSANDER, } <i>in love with Hermia.</i>	PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, <i>a Fairy.</i>
DEMETRIUS, }	PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
PHILOSTRATE, <i>Master of the Revels to Theseus.</i>	COBWEB, } <i>Fairies.</i>
QUINCE, <i>the Carpenter.</i>	MOTH, }
SNUG, <i>the Joiner.</i>	MUSTARD-SEED, }
BOTTOM, <i>the Weaver.</i>	<i>Pyramus,</i>
FLUTE, <i>the Bellows-mender.</i>	<i>Thisbe,</i>
SNOUT, <i>the Tinker.</i>	<i>Wall,</i>
STARVELING, <i>the Tailor.</i>	<i>Moonshine,</i>
HIPPOLYTA, <i>Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.</i>	<i>Lion.</i>
HERMIA, <i>Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.</i>	} <i>Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.</i>
HELENA, <i>in love with Demetrius.</i>	
	<i>Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.</i>

SCENE — ATHENS; AND A WOOD NOT FAR FROM IT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how  
slow

This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep  
themselves in nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the  
time;

And then the moon, like a silver bow

Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

*[Exit Philostrate.]*

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

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

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

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

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,  
This man has my consent to marry her:—  
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,

This hath betwix'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Though hast by moon-light at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman  
Or to her death; according to our law,  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a God;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

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

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure

Forever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Whether, if you yield not to your fathers' choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

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

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

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

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;  
And what is mine my love shall render him:

And she is mine; and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;  
I have some private schooling for you both.—

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate),  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—

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

*Ege.* With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., Dem. and train.*]

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

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

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth:

But, either it was different in blood;  
Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:  
 'Then let us teach our trial patience,  
 Because it is a customary cross;  
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams,  
 and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore,  
 hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
 From Athens is her house remote seven  
 leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.  
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
 Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,  
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow  
 night;

And in the wood, a league without the  
 town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
 To do observance to a morn of May,  
 There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;  
 By his best arrow with the golden head;  
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers  
 loves;

And by that fire which burn'd the Carth-  
 age queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
 In number more than ever women spoke;—  
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

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

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither  
 away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again  
 unsay.

Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!  
 Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's  
 sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds  
 appear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favor so!  
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I  
 go;

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

My tongue should catch your tongue's  
 sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being  
 bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
 O, teach me how you look; and with what  
 art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves  
 me still.

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach  
 my smiles such skill!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he  
 follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he  
 hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of  
 mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty; 'Would  
 that fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall  
 see my face,

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will  
 unfold:

To-morrow night when Phoebe doth be-  
 hold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
 (A time that lovers' flights doth still con-  
 ceal),

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to  
 steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often  
 you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel  
 sweet;

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,  
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
 Farewell, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,  
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
 Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*]

*Lys.* I will, my *Hermia*. — *Helena*, adieu:

As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know.  
 And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes,  
 So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is winged *Cupid* painted blind.

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;  
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:  
 And therefore is love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy love is perjur'd every where:  
 For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight;  
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither, and back again.  
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. The same. A room in a Cottage.

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

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

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

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

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

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

“The raging rocks,

“With shivering shocks,

“Shall break the locks

“Of prison gates:

“And Phibbus’ car  
 “Shall shine from far,  
 “And make and mar  
 “The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—now name the rest of the players.—This is Ereles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the belious-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

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

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as well as you will.

*Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play, Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!*

*Quin.* No, no: you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Starv.* Here, Peter Quince.

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

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

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

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

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

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make

the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek: and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother’s son.

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

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

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

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

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

*Quin.* Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog’d with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

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

*Quin.* At the duke’s oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough: Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Wood near Athens.

*Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night;  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him  
all her joy:  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,  
But they do square; that all their elves,  
for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

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

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:  
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,  
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips,  
and loffe;  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —  
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

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

## SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train,  
and TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud  
Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy,  
skip hence;

I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton: Am not I  
thy lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady: But I  
know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy  
land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing  
love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou  
here,

Come from the farthest steep of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior  
love,

To Theseus must be wedded; and you  
come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus, for shame,  
Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the  
glimmering night,

And make him with fair Ægle break his  
faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jeal-  
ousy:

And never since the middle summer's  
spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling  
wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd  
our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the  
sea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the  
land,

Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborn their continents:  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke  
in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat; and the  
green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned  
field,

And crows are fatted with the murrain  
flock;

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with  
mud;

And the quaint mazes in the wanton  
green,

For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:  
The human mortals want their winert  
here;

No night is now with hymn or carol  
blest:—

Therefore the moon, the governess of  
floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound:

And thorough this distemperature, we  
see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;

And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the  
summer,

The chiding autumn, angry winter,  
change

Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed  
world,

By their increase, now knows not which  
is which:

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissention;

We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then; it lies in you:

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow  
sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the  
flood;  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did  
die;

And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;  
And, for her sake, I will not part with  
him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

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

*Tita.* Not for thy kingdom. — Fairies, away:

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*]

*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury. —  
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious  
breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their  
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from  
his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;

And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower, —  
Before, milk-white; now purple with  
love's wound —

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,

Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

*Obe.* Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

(As I can take it with another herb,)

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible;

And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stolen into this wood,  
And here am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meet with Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

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

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me,  
strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

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

*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that,  
It is not night, when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night:

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;

For you, in my respect, are all the world:  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

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

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!

When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me go:

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town,  
the field,

You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex!  
We cannot fight for love as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made  
to woo.

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

*[Exeunt Dem. and Hel.]*

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do  
leave this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy  
love.—

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome,  
wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme  
blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding violet  
grows;

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;  
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :  
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove  
 More fond on her, than she upon her love ;  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.  
*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another part of the Wood.

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

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

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,  
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
 Come not near our fairy queen:*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :  
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :  
 Beetles black, approach not near ;  
 Worm, nor snail, do no offense ;*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, etc.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :  
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.  
 [*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*]

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obc.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
 [*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eye-lids.*]

Do it for thy true love take ;  
 Love, and languish for his sake :  
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
 In thy eye that shall appear  
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;  
 Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

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

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander : find you out  
a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :  
So far be distant ; and good night sweet  
friend :

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer,  
say I ;

And then end life, when I end loyalty !  
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his  
rest !

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's  
eyes be press'd. [*They sleep.*

*Enter* PUCK.

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

*Enter* DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

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

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

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darling leave me ?  
do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will  
go. [*Exit Demetrius.*

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond  
chase !

The more my prayer, the lesser is my  
grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies ;  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright ? Not with  
salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear :  
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus :  
What wicked and dissembling glass of  
mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish  
eyne ? —

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

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

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

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

Transparent Helena ! Nature here shows  
art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy  
heart.

Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword !

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander : say not  
so :

What though he love your Hermia ? O,  
what though ?

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be con-  
tent.

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

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love :

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their  
season :

So I, being young, till now ripe not to  
reason ;

And touching now the point of human  
skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'er-  
look

Love's stories written in love's richest  
book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen  
mockery born ?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this  
scorn ?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young  
man

That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency ?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,  
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well : perforce I must con-  
fess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness,  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd !

[*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia : —Hermia,  
sleep thou there ;

And never may'st thou come Lysander  
near !

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach  
brings

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated ; but the most of me !

And all my powers, address your love and  
might,

To honor Helen, and to be her knight !  
[*Exit.*]

*Her.* [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander,  
help me ! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my  
breast !

Ah me, for pity ! — what a dream was  
here ?

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear !  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey : —  
Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander !  
lord !

What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound,  
no word ?

Alack, where are you ? speak, and if you  
hear ;

Speak, of all loves ; I swoon almost with  
fear.

No ? — then I well percieve you are not  
nigh :

Either death, or you, I'll find immedi-  
ately. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Queen of  
Fairies lying asleep.

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

*Bot.* Are we all met ?

*Quin.* Pat, pat ; and here's a marvel-  
ous convenient place for our rehearsal :  
This green plot shall be our stage, this  
hawthorne brake our tyring-house ; and  
we will do it in action, as we will do it  
before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

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

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

*Snout.* By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the kill-  
ing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit ; I have a device to  
make all well. Write me a prologue : and  
let the prologue seem to say, we will do  
no harm with our swords, and that Pyra-  
mus is not killed indeed : and for the more

better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

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

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

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

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

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

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

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and

say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

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

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

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

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen? What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor; An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

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

*Pyr.* *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

*Quin.* Odors, odors.

*Pyr.* — *odors savors sweet:*

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

[*Aside. — Exit.*

*This.* Must I speak now?

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



This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,*

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

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, eues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your eue is past; it is, *never tire*.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM, with an Ass's head.*

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

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

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

*[Exeunt Clowns.]*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

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

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

*[Exit.]*

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

*Re-enter SNOOT.*

Snout. O Button, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? *[Exit.]*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

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

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

*The ousel cock, so black of hue,*

*With orange-tawny bill,*

*The throstle with his note so true,*

*The wren with little quill.*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? *[Waking.]*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*

*The plain-song cuckoo grey,*

*Whose note full many a man doth mark,*

*And dares not answer, nay;—*

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

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

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

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
 Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.  
 2 *Fai.* And I.  
 3 *Fai.* And I.  
 4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

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

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!  
 2 *Fai.* Hail!  
 3 *Fai.* Hail!  
 4 *Fai.* Hail!

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

*Cob.* Cobweb.

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

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

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

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

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

*Tita.* Come wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;  
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
 Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
 Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

*Enter OBERON.*

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

*Enter PUCK.*

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

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren  
sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;  
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes; When they  
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler  
eye,

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the  
sky;

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one  
falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens  
calls.

Their sense, thus week, lost with their  
fears, thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them  
wrong:

For briars and thorns at their apparel  
snatch;

Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders  
all things catch.

I led them on this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment (so it came to  
pass),

Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an  
ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could  
devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's  
eyes

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee  
do?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping;—that is  
finish'd too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must  
be ey'd.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Obe.* Stand close; this is the same  
Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this  
the mau.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that  
loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should  
use thee worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to  
curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the  
deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me: would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as  
soon,

This whole earth may be bor'd; and that  
the moon

May through the centre creep, and so dis-  
please

Her brother's noon-tide with the Anti-  
podes.

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look; so dead, so  
grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look;  
and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern  
cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as  
clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering  
sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander?  
where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him  
me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass  
to my hounds.

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

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain  
him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among  
men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my  
sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being  
awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O  
brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder  
stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a  
mispris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

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

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I  
get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me  
more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:  
See me no more, whether he be dead or  
no. *[Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this  
fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow  
owe;

Which now, in some slight measure it will  
pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.  
*[Lies down.*

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast  
mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true love's  
sight:

Of thy misprison must perforce ensue  
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false  
turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one  
man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than  
the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh  
blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

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

*[Exit.*

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

Whan his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

O, what fools these mortals be!

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

*Puck.* Then will two at once, woo  
one;

That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,

That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I  
should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so  
born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn  
to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them  
true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning  
more and more.

When truth kills truth, O matchless  
holy fray!

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

Weigh oath with oath, and you will  
nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two  
scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as  
tales.

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

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

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

*Dem.* [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess,  
nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine  
eyue?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting  
grow

That pure congealed white, high Taurus'  
snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a  
crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let  
me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of  
bliss!

*Hel.* O cruel spite! I see you all are  
bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you are civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join, in souls, to mock me  
too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my  
parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your  
hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
With your derision! none, of noble sort,  
Would so offend a virgin; and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you  
sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius: be  
not so,

For you love Hermia; this, you know, I  
know:

And here, with all good will, with all my  
heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more  
idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I  
will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but, as guest-wise,  
sojourn'd;

And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost  
not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. —

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is  
thy dear.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye  
his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension  
makes

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense:—

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander,  
found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy  
sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me  
so?

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

*Her.* What love could press Lysander  
from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not  
let him bide,  
Fair Helena: who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make  
thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee  
so?  
*Her.* You speak not as you think; it  
cannot be.  
*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all  
three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite of  
me.  
Injurious Hermia: most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these  
contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have  
spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed  
time  
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood in-  
nocence?—  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needs created both one  
flower,  
Both on one sampler sitting on one cush-  
ion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one  
key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and  
minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew to-  
gether,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one  
crest,  
And will you rent our ancient love  
asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor  
friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex as well as I, may chide you for it;  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amaz'd at your passionate  
words:

I scorn you not; it seem that you scorn  
me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in  
scorn,

To follow me, and praise my eyes and  
face?

And make your other love, Demetrius,  
(Who even but now did spurn me with  
his foot,)

To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and  
rare,

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he  
this

To her he hates? and wherefore doth  
Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection;

But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate;  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?

This you should pity, rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean  
by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad  
looks,

Make mows upon me when I turn my  
back;

Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest  
up:

This sport, well carried, shall be chron-  
icled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argu-  
ment.

But fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own  
fault;

Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my  
excuse;

My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena! \*

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—

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

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

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

*Dem.* Quick, come,—

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this.

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, sir:—he will seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

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

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,

Sweet love?

*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out.

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

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

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

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

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

In earnest shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

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

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O me! you juggler! you canker blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem, Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

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

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bit-  
    ter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never  
    wrong'd you;

Save, that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd  
    him:

But he hath chid me hence; and threat-  
    en'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me  
    too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further: Let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

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

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here  
    behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

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

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

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen  
    and shrewd:

She was a vixen, when she went to school;  
And, though she be but little, she is  
    fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low  
    and little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass  
    made;

You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part: for if thou dost in-  
    tend

Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lys.* Now, she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose  
    right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee,  
    cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is long  
    of you:

Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for  
    a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.  
    [*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what  
    to say.

[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou  
    mistak'st,

Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I  
    mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the  
    man

By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enter-  
    prise,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a  
    place to fight!

Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;



And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
 As one come not within another's way.  
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy  
 tongue,  
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter  
 wrong;  
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
 And from each other look thou lead them  
 thus,  
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting  
 sleep  
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth  
 creep:  
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
 To take from thence all error, with his  
 might,  
 And make his eye-balls roll with wanted  
 sight.

When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
 With league, whose date till death shall  
 never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release,  
 From monster's view, and all things shall  
 be peace.

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

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another  
 sort:

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

[*Exit Obe.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down,  
 I will lead them up and down:  
 I am fear'd in field and town;  
 Goblin, lead them up and down.  
 Here comes one.

*Enter* LYSANDER.

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

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

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then  
 To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander as following the voice.*]

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.  
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou  
 fled?

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

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou brag-  
 ging to the stars,  
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for  
 wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant;  
 come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,  
 That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice; we'll try no  
 manhood here. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on ;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

*Re-enter* PUCK and DEMETRIUS. .

*Puck.* Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st thou not ?

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

Where art thou ?

*Puck.* Come hither ; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me.  
Thou shalt buy this dear,  
If ever I thy face by daylight see :  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed. —  
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east ;  
That I may back to Athens, by daylight,

From these that my poor company detest : —

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three ? Come one more ;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad : —

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars :

I can no further crawl, no further go ;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down.*

*Puck.* On the ground

Sleep sound :

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit Puck.* — *Dem., Hel., etc., sleep.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind, unseen.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,

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

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your nief, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

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

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love.

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

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

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

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* *Enter PUCK.*

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

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my  
patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child,

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy  
sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.



And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed  
scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he awaking when the others do,  
May all to Athens back again repair;  
And think no more of this night's acci-  
dents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first, I will release the fairy queen.  
 Be, as thou wast wont to be;  
 [Touching her eyes with an herb.  
 See, as thou wast wont to see:  
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
 Hath such force and blessed power.  
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet  
 queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I  
 seen!

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

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

*Obe.* Silence, a while.—Robin, take  
 off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
 Than common sleep, of all these five the  
 sense.

*Tita.* Music, oh! music, such as charm-  
 eth sleep.

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

*Obe.* Sound, music. [*Still music.*]  
 Come, my queen, take hands with  
 me,

And rock the ground whereon these  
 sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;  
 And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
 Dance in duke Theseus' house triumph-  
 antly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:  
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend and mark,  
 I do hear the morning lark.

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

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

[*Exeunt.* *Horns sound within.*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and  
 train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the  
 forester;—

For now our observation is perform'd;  
 And since we have the vaward of the day,  
 My love shall hear the music of my  
 hounds.—

Uncouple in the western valley; go:—  
 Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mount-  
 ain's top,

And mark the musical confusion  
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cad-  
 mus, once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the  
 bear

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the  
 groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region  
 near

Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
 Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are  
 hung

With ears that sweep away the morning  
 dew;

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessa-  
 lian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth  
 like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with  
 horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what,  
 nymphs are these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter  
 here asleep:

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:

I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her  
choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them  
with their horns.

*Horns and shouts within.* DEMETRIUS,  
LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA,  
*wake and start up.*

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

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.  
I know, you are two rival enemies;  
How comes this gentle concord in the  
world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking: But as yet, I  
swear

I cannot truly say how I came here:  
But, as I think, (for truly would I  
speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is;)  
I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we  
might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you  
have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—  
They would have stol'n away, they would,  
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
You, of your wife; and me, of my con-  
sent;

Of my consent that she should be your  
wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of  
their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them;  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what  
power,

(But by some power it is,) my love to  
Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me  
now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart.  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loath this  
food:

But, as in health, come to my natural  
taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will forever more be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately  
met:

Of this discourse we more will hear  
anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something  
worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—  
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and  
three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—  
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege. and train.*

*Dem.* These things seem small and un-  
distinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turn'd into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with  
parted eye

When everything seems double.

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

*Dem.* It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not  
you think,

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

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

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake: let's  
follow him;

And, by the way, let us recount our  
dreams. [*Exeunt.*

*As they go out BOTTOM awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and  
I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair  
Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince!  
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the  
tinker! Starveling! Odd's my life! stolen  
hence, and left me asleep! I have had a  
most rare vision. I have had a dream,—  
past the wit of man to say what dream it  
was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to  
expound this dream. Methought I was  
—there is no man can tell what. Me-  
thought I was, and methought I had,—  
But man is but a patched fool, if he will  
offer to say what methought I had. I  
will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of  
this dream: it shall be called Bottom's  
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and  
I will sing it in the latter end of the play,  
before the duke! Peradventure, to make  
it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her  
death. [*Exit.*

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

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING.*

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

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

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is  
marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

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

*Flu.* No; he hath simply the best wit  
of any handycraft man in Athens.

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

*Flu.* You must say, paragon, a para-  
mour is a thing of nought.

*Enter SNUG.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming  
from the temple, and there is two or three  
lords and ladies more married: if our sport  
had gone forward, we had all been made  
men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus  
hath he lost sixpence a day during his  
life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence  
a day: an the duke had not given him  
sixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll  
be hanged; he would have deserved it: six-  
pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are  
these hearts?

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

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse  
wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I  
tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will  
tell you everything, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

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

## ACT V.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Palace of  
Theseus.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHIL-  
OSTRATE, Lords and Attendants.*

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

*The.* More strangethan true. I never  
may believe

These antique fables nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething  
brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can  
hold;

That is, the madman: the lover, all as  
frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
earth to heaven,

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's  
pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives the airy  
nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night  
told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so to-  
gether,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great con-  
stancy;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

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

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

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

*The.* Come now; what masks, what  
dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three  
hours,

Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no  
play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say what abridgment have you  
for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall  
we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

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

Make choice of which your highness will  
see first. [*Giving a paper.*]

*The.* [*Reads.*] *The battle with the Cen-  
taurs, to be sung,*

*By an Athenian songster to the harp,*  
Well none of that: that have I told my  
love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their  
rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a con-  
queror.

*The thrice three muses mourning for the  
death*

*Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*



That in some satire, keen, and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
death*

*And his love Thisbe; very tragical  
mirth.*

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange  
snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-  
cord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord,  
some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the  
play

There is not one word apt, one player  
fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must  
confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry  
tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they, that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work  
in Athens here,

Which never labored in their minds till  
now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd  
memories

With this same play, against your nup-  
tial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over;

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel  
pain,

To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places,  
ladies.

*[Exit Philostrate.]*

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness  
o'ercharg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see  
no such thing.

*Hip.* He says, they can do nothing in  
this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them  
thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mis-  
take:

And what poor duty can do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not  
merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have  
purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look

pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their  
fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke  
off,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me  
sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a wel-  
come;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling  
tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied sim-  
plicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Philost.* So please your grace, the  
prologue is addrest.

*The.* Let him approach. *[Flourish  
of trumpets.]*

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol.* *If we offend, it is with our good-  
will.*

*That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,*

*That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.*

*We do not come as minding to content you.*

*Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you.*

*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

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

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol., Pyr., Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

*The.* I wonder if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* "In the same interlude, it doth befall,

"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

"And such a wall, as I would have you think,

"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and  
Thisby,

“Did whisper often very secretly.

“This loam, this rough east, and this  
stone, doth show

“That I am that same wall; the truth is  
so:

“And this the cranny is, right and  
sinister,

“Through which the fearful lovers are to  
whisper.”

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair  
to speak better?

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

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall:  
silence!

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* “O grim-look’d night! O night  
with hue so black!

“O night, which ever art, when day  
is not!

“O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
“I fear my Thisby’s promise is forgot!—

“And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely  
wall,

“That stand’st between her father’s  
ground and mine!

“Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely  
wall,

“Show me thy chink, to blink through  
with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers*

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

“But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

“O wicked wall, through whom I see no  
bliss;

“Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving  
me!”

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensi-  
ble, should curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not.  
*Deceiving me* is Thisby’s cue: she is to  
enter now, and I am to spy her through

the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat  
as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* “Oh wall, full often hast thou  
heard my moans,

“For parting my fair Pyramus and me:  
“My cherry lips have often kissed thy  
stones;

“Thy stones with lime and hair knit up  
in thee.”

*Pyr.* “I see a voice: now will I to the  
chink,

“To spy, and I can hear my Thisby’s face.  
“Thisby!”

*This.* “My love, thou art my love, I  
think.”

*Pyr.* “Think what thou wilt, I am  
thy lover’s grace;

“And like Limander am I trusty still.”

*This.* “And I like Helen, till the fates  
me kill.”

*Pyr.* “Not Shafalus to Procrus was so  
true.”

*This.* “As Shafalus to Procrus, I to  
you.”

*Pyr.* “O, kiss me through the hole of  
this vile wall.”

*This.* “I kiss the wall’s hole, not  
your lips at all.”

*Pyr.* “Wilt thou at Ninny’s tomb  
meet me straightway?”

*This.* “Tide life, tide death, I come  
without delay.”

*Wall.* “Thus have I, wall, my part  
discharged so;”

“And, being done, thus wall away doth  
go.”

*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS and THISBE.*

*The.* Now is the mural down between  
the two neighbors.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls  
are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever  
I heard.

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

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

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

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

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

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

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

*The.* A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.

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

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valor.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord: for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

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

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present:—"

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

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

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present;

"Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

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

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

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

*Enter THISBE.*

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

*Lion.* "Oh.—"

[*The Lion roars.*—*THISBE runs off.*]

*Dem.* Well roared, Lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

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

*The.* Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

*Dem.* And so comes Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanish'd.

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

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

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

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

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here?

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,

"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

"O fate! come, come;

"Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

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

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Py.* "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

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

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

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

"Come, tears, confound;

"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, loose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.*—*Exit Moonshine.*]

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

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

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by star-light. —Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Enter THISBE.*

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

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet.*—

*This.* "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk,

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;—

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.]

*The.* Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for

when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well be-guil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecat's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolick; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent, with broom, before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter* OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

*Obe.* Through this house give glim-mering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And his ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

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

SONG, and DANCE.

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.—  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait;  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace with sweet peace:  
E'er shall it in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;  
Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania and Train.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THESEUS.

You can endure the livery of a nun,  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruit-  
less moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their  
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,  
Than that which withering on the virgin  
thorn

Grows, lives, and dies in single blessed-  
ness. *Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 71.*

LYSANDER.

Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run  
smooth. *Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 133.*

HERMIA.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke.  
*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 177.*

HELENA.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with  
the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted  
blind. *Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 235.*

OVERON.

And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation fancy free.  
*Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 163*

PUCK.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes. *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 176.*

QUINCE.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou  
art translated. *Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 107.*

PUCK.

Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an  
ass. *Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 34.*

PUCK.

Lord, what fools these mortals be!  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 115.*

HELENA.

So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet a union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one  
heart. *Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 208.*

TITANIA.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.  
*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 73.*

BOTTOM.

The eye of man hath not heard, the  
ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is  
not able to taste, his tongue to conceive,  
nor his heart to report, what my dream  
was. *Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 210.*

THESEUS.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can  
hold;

That is, the madman: the lover, all as  
frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
earth to heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's  
pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
nothing

A local habitation and a name.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 7*

THESEUS.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 48.*

THESEUS.

For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 83.*

THESEUS.

The rattling tongue of saucy and auda-  
cious eloquence. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 102.*

THESEUS.

His speech was like a tangled chain;  
Nothing impaired, but all disordered.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 124.*

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

---

THE States of Syracuse and Ephesus being at variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death, unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life.

Ægeon, an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered in the streets of Ephesus and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine or to receive sentence of death.

Ægeon had no money to pay the fine, and the duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

Ægeon said that he did not fear to die, for sorrow had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the events of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history in the following words:

“I was born at Syracuse and brought up to the profession of a merchant. I married a lady with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamnium, I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer, I sent for my wife, who, as soon as she arrived, gave birth to two sons, and, what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. At the same time that these twin boys were born, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged gave birth to two sons, and these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys, and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

“My sons were very fine children, and my wife was not a little proud of two such boys; and she daily wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not sailed above a league from Epidamnium before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such violence that the sailors seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every moment expected would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

“The incessant weeping of my wife, and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion, because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety; I tied my youngest son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms; at the other end I bound the youngest of the twin slaves, and at the same time I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having charge of the two eldest children and I of the two younger, we bound ourselves separately to these masts with the children; and but for this contrivance we had all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock and was dashed in pieces, and we,



## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who, with the other children, was soon separated from me; but while they were yet in my sight they were taken up by a boat of fishermen, from Corinth (as I supposed), and seeing them in safety, I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea-waves to preserve my dear son and the youngest slave. At length we in our turn were taken up by a ship, and the sailors, knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance, and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and eldest child.

“My youngest son, and now my only care, when he was eighteen years of age, began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant, the young slave, who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them; at length I unwillingly gave consent, for though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and eldest son, yet in sending my younger one to find them, I hazarded the loss of him also. It is now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in traveling through the world in search of him: I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homeward, I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave any place unsought that harbors men; but this day must end the story of my life, and happy should I think myself in my death, if I were assured my wife and sons were living.”

Here the hapless Ægeon ended the account of his misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father, who had brought upon himself this great peril by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favor to Ægeon, for not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and helpless and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailer.

Ægeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after his youngest son, that son and his eldest son also were both in the city of Ephesus.

Ægeon's sons, being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholus, and the two twin slaves were also both named Dromio. Ægeon's youngest son, Antipholus of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with his slave Dromio that very same day that Ægeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, would have been in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamnium; this Antipholus agreed to do, and he was sorry to hear one of his own countrymen was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The oldest son of Ægeon (who must be called Antipholus of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his brother, Antipholus of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty years, and, being a rich man, was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father's life; but Antipholus knew nothing of his father, being so

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

young when he was taken out of the sea with his mother by the fisherman that he only remembered he had been so preserved, but he had no recollection of either his father or his mother: the fisherman, who took up this Antipholus and his mother and the young slave Dromio, having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

Antipholus and Dromio were sold by them to Duke Menaphon, a famous warrior, who was uncle to the Duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

The Duke of Ephesus taking a fancy to young Antipholus, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his merit by marrying him to Adriana, a rich lady of Ephesus: with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholus of Syracuse, when he parted with his friend, who advised him to say he came from Epidamnium, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the mean time he said he would walk about and view the city, and observe the manners of the people.

Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholus was dull and melancholy he used to divert himself with the odd humors and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between masters and their servants.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had sent Dromio away, he stood awhile thinking over his solitary wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings; and he said sorrowfully to himself, "I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which, seeking to find its fellow-drop, loses itself in the wide sea. So I unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself."

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels, which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio (as he thought) returned. Antipholus, wondering that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin brother that lived with Antipholus of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as Ægeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied, "My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home." "These jests are out of season," said Antipholus: "where did you leave the money?" Dromio still answering that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to dinner: "what mistress?" said Antipholus. "Why your worship's wife, sir," replied Dromio. Antipholus having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio, and said, "Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humor now, where is the money? we being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?" Dromio hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposing Antipholus was jesting, replied merrily, "I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner. I had no charge but to fetch you home to dine with my mistress and her sister." Now Antipholus lost all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home, and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner, and said that he had no wife.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very angry when she heard that her husband said he had no wife; for she was of a jealous temper, and she said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself; and she began to fret, and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn, and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests, when Adriana came up to him, and not doubting that it was her husband she saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. "How comes it now, my husband," said she, "oh, how comes it that I have lost your love?" "Plead you to me, fair dame?" said the astonished Antipholus. It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours; she insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholus at last, being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her sister, the one calling him husband, and the other, brother; he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep, or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised, for the cook-maid, who was his brother's wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholus of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned home to dinner with his slave Dromio; but the servants would not open the door, because their mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholus and Dromio, the maids laughed at them, and said that Antipholus was at dinner with their mistress, and Dromio was in the kitchen; and though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholus went away very angry, and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had finished his dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady's still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cook-maid, that he left the house, as soon as he could find any pretense to get away; for, though he was very much pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous-tempered Adriana he disliked very much, nor was Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair wife in the kitchen; therefore, both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

The moment Antipholus of Syracuse had left the house, he was met by a goldsmith, who mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholus of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name; and when Antipholus would have refused the chain, saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders; and went away, leaving the chain in the hand of Antipholus, who ordered his man Dromio to get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any longer where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong Antipholus, was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed; and Antipholus the married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

place where the officer was arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholus, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered him, the price amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholus denying the having received the chain, and the goldsmith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed the matter a long time, both thinking they were right, for Antipholus knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and, so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was as certain he had delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest Antipholus for the price of the chain; so that, at the conclusion of their dispute, Antipholus and the merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholus was going to prison, he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own, he ordered him to go to Adriana, his wife, and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail; for he saw Antipholus was in no humor to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself that he must return to Adriana's house, "Where," said he, "Dowsabel claims me for a husband; but I must go, for servants must obey their master's commands."

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning, he met Antipholus of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he met with; for his brother being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old acquaintance: some offered him money which they said was owing to him, some invited him to come and see them, and some gave him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor showed him some silks he had bought for him, and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholus began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts, by asking him how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest, and of a prison, and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded Antipholus, and he said, "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in illusions;" and quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed power deliver us from this strange place!"

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholus, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a gold chain which she said he had promised to give her. Antipholus now lost all patience, and calling her a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a chain, or dined with her, or had ever seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her, and had promised her a chain, which Antipholus still denying, she farther said, that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain, she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholus became quite frantic, and again calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her and her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild looks, for nothing to her appeared more cer-

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

---

tain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring, in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, for she had taken him for his brother: the married Antipholus had done all the things she taxed this Antipholus with.

When the married Antipholus was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to be already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject, and remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady, and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholus promised to give her a gold chain, which he had intended as a present for his wife; it was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thoughts of having a fine gold chain, that she gave the married Antipholus a ring; which, when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied, and said he did not know her, and left her in such a wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana, he came attended by the jailer (who allowed him to come home to get the money to pay the debt), for the purse of money which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholus.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true when he reproached her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner-time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad, she therefore paid the jailer the money, and having discharged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room, and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness: Antipholus all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusation, which the exact likeness he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad; and Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also, and took him away along with his master.

Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholus and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana ran out to fetch him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again; and her sister went along with her. When they came to the gates of a convent in their neighborhood, there they saw Antipholus and Dromio, as they thought, being again deceived by the likeness of the twin brothers.

Antipholus of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him. The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it, and refusing to pay for it, and Antipholus was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning, and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him, and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers; and the men she brought with her were going to lay

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

---

violent hands on Antipholus and Dromio; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholus begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was a grave and venerable lady, and wise to judge of what she saw, and she would not too hastily give up the men who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said, "What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband? Has he lost his wealth at sea? Or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you his wife; and that has driven him into this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his frequent absences from home. Now, it was not his love for another, but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper, that often obliged Antipholus to leave his home; and (the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner) to learn the truth, she said, "You should have reprehended him for this." "Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Ay," said the abbess, "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholus on this subject, replied, "It was the constant subject of our conversation: in bed I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. At table I would not let him eat for speaking of it. When I was alone with him, I talked of nothing else; and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still, all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

The lady abbess having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said, "And therefore comes it that your husband is mad. The venomous clamor of a jealous woman is a more deadly poison than a mad dog's tooth. It seems his sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light; and his meat was sauced with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is, then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad."

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying, she always reprehended her husband mildly; and she said to her sister, "Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?" But the abbess made her so plainly perceive her fault, that she could only answer, "She has betrayed me to my own reproof."

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again, and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day, in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old Ægeon's day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent; the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money he might be present to pardon him.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession, and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care. While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant, Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy; and telling in what manner he had broken his bands, and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to see her husband, when she thought he had been within the convent.

Ægeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother; and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholus in words of fatherly affection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But to the utter astonishment of Ægeon his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this Antipholus had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but while the poor old Ægeon was in vain endeavoring to make his son acknowledge him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his misery; in the midst of this perplexity the lady abbess and the other Antipholus and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling errors, which had so perplexed them all, were clearly made out. When the duke saw the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright, of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story Ægeon had told him in the morning; and he said, these men must be the two sons of Ægeon and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy indeed completed the history of Ægeon; and the tale he had in the morning told in sorrow, and under sentence of death, before the setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion, for the venerable lady abbess made herself known to be the long lost wife of Ægeon, and the fond mother of the two Antipholuses.

When the fishermen took the eldest Antipholus and Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct she was at length made lady abbess of this convent, and in discharging the rights of hospitality to an unhappy stranger she had unknowingly protected her own son.

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long-separated parents and their children made them for a while forget that Ægeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they were become a little calm, Antipholus of Ephesus offered the duke the ransom money for his father's life; but the duke freely pardoned Ægeon, and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly-found husband and children into the convent, to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly complimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of her mother-in-law that she never after cherished unjust suspicions or was jealous of her husband.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

---

Antipholus of Syracuse married the fair Luciana, the sister of his brother's wife; and the good old Ægeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unraveling of these perplexities so entirely remove every ground of mistake for the future, but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, comical blunders would happen, and the one Antipholus, and the one Dromio, be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.



# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS  
of Ephesus, { *Twin Brothers, and*  
ANTIPHOLUS { *Sons to Ægeon and*  
of Syracuse, { *Æmilia, but unknown*  
                  { *to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, { *Twin Brothers and*  
DROMIO of Syracuse, { *Attendants on the*  
                              { *two Antipholus's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

*A Courtezan.*

*Gaoler, Officers and other Attendants.*

SCENE — EPHEBUS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

I am not partial to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of  
your duke

To merchants, our well dealing countrymen, —

Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their bloods, —

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks,

For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

Nay, more,  
If any born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs;  
Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dis-  
pose;

Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief,  
the cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home;

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;  
And he (great care of goods at random left)  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
From whom my absence was not six months old,  
Before herself (almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.  
There she had not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguished but by names.  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A poor mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :

Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon  
We came aboard :  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
My wife, more careful for the elder born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried toward Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapors that offended us ;  
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidarus this :  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !

Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so; For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us! For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock; Which being violently borne upon, Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst, So that, in this unjust divorce of us, Fortune had left to both of us alike What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,

Was carried with more speed before the wind;

And in our sight they three were taken up

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought. At length another ship had seiz'd on us; And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail, And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;

That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favor to dilate at full What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother; and importun'd me, That his attendant, (for his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him:

Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd. Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,

Or that, or any place that harbors men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death, Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap! Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes, would they, may not disannul,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee. But, though thou art adjudged to the death,

And passed sentence may not be recall'd, But, to our honor's great disparagement, Yet will I favor thee in what I can:

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day

To seek thy help by beneficial help: Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus; Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum, And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnium  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscated.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur,  
where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that I'll view the manners of the town,

Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with longtravel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you  
at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

*[Exit Dro. S.]*

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. *[Exit Merchant.]*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date,—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;

The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek;  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold, because you come not home;

You come not home, because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O, —sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—

The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humor now:

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;

If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. E.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix:

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for heaven's sake, hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit Dromio, E.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin;

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A public Place.

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone  
to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see  
time,

They'll go, or come: if so, be patient,  
sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than  
ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies  
out o'door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he  
takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your  
will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be  
bridled so.

*Luc.* Why headstrong liberty is lash'd  
with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's  
eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in  
sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged  
fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their con-  
trols:

Men, more divine, the masters of all  
these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry  
seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their  
lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to  
keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the  
marriage bed.

*Adr.* But were you wedded, you would  
bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practice to  
obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some  
other where?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would  
forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel  
though she pause;

They can be meek, that have no other  
cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of  
pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves  
complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to  
grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst  
relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be  
left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but  
to try;—

Here comes your man, now is your hus-  
band nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at  
hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with  
me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him?  
know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon  
mine ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could under-  
stand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou  
couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I  
could too well feel his blows; and withal  
so doubtfully, that I could scarce under-  
stand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming  
home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his  
wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master  
is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He as'k me for a thousand marks in gold:  
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

*Will you come home?* quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?*

*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:

*My mistress, sir*, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;

*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

*I know*, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *[Exit.*

*Luc.* Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face.

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age the alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait? That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground Of my defeatures: My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair; But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

*Luc.* Self-arming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense,

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere; Or else, what lets it but he would be here? Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain, So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enamelled, Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will,

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio,  
is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful  
slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at  
first  
I sent him from the mart: See, here he  
comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humor  
alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur, you receiv'd no  
gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to  
dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou  
mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?  
*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake  
I such a word?  
*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half  
an hour since.  
*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you  
sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you  
gave me.  
*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the  
gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was dis-  
pleas'd.  
*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this  
merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master,  
tell me.  
*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout  
me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou  
that, and that. [*Beating him.*

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for heaven's sake:  
now your jest is earnest:  
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly  
sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with  
you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats  
make sport,  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his  
beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you  
would leave battering, I had rather have  
it a head: an you use these blows long, I  
must get a sconce for my head, and in-  
sconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit  
in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why  
am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am  
beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for,  
they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me;  
and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus  
beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is  
neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what.

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something  
that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to  
give you nothing for something. But say,  
sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat  
wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.



*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.  
*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat  
 none of it.  
*Ant. S.* Your reason?  
*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric,  
 and purchase me another dry basting.  
*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good  
 time;  
 There's a time for all things.  
*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, be-  
 fore you were so choleric.  
*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?  
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain  
 as the plain bald pate of father Time him-  
 self.  
*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.  
*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to  
 recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.  
*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and  
 recovery?  
*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke,  
 and recover the lost hair of another man.  
*Ant. S.* Why is time such a niggard of  
 hair, being, as it is, so plentiful?  
*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that  
 he bestows on beasts: and what he hath  
 scanted men in hair he hath given them  
 in wit.  
*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man  
 hath more hair than wit.  
*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he  
 hath the wit to lose his hair.  
*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy  
 men plain dealers without wit.  
*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner  
 lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.  
*Ant. S.* For what reason?  
*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.  
*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.  
*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.  
*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing  
 falsing.  
*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.  
*Ant. S.* Name them.  
*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money  
 that he spends in tiring; the other, that

at dinner they should not drop in his  
 porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have  
 proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely,  
 no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not sub-  
 stantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time him-  
 self is bald, and therefore, to the world's  
 end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew it would be a bald  
 conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yon-  
 der?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange  
 and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet as-  
 pects,

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd  
 wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy  
 hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy  
 taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd  
 to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how  
 comes it

That thou art then estranged from thy-  
 self?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, individable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou  
 fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop  
 again,

Without addition, or diminishing;

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the  
 quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn  
 at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot  
 brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding  
 ring,  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy  
 true bed;  
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonored.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame?  
 I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town, as to your  
 talk;  
 Who, every word by all my wit being  
 scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fye, brother! how the world is  
 chang'd with you:

When were you wont to use my sister  
 thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to din-  
 ner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee: and this thou didst re-  
 turn from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows  
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this  
 gentlewoman?  
 What is the force and drift of your com-  
 pact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till  
 this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even  
 her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all  
 my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us  
 by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your  
 gravity,  
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your  
 slave?

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,  
 But wrong not that wrong with a more  
 contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger  
 state,

Makes me with thy strength to communi-  
 cate:

If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with in-  
 trusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves  
 me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants  
 spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me  
 for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of  
 spites!—

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish  
 sprites;

If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black  
 and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and  
 answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou  
 slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transform'd, master, am  
 not I?

*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and  
 so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind,  
 and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.  
*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.  
*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis  
to an ass.  
*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I  
long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never  
be,  
But I should know her as well as she  
knows me.  
*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be  
a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes  
to scorn.—  
Come sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the  
gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature  
enter.—

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter  
well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or  
in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at  
the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I  
break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we  
dine too late. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO  
of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BAL-  
THAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior, Angelo, you  
must excuse us all;  
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not  
hours:  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your  
shop,  
To see the making of her carkanet,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it  
home.  
But here's a villain, that would face me  
down  
He met me on the mart; and that I beat  
him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks  
in gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house:—  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou  
mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I  
know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have  
your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the  
blows you gave were ink,  
Your own handwriting would tell you  
what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I  
bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at  
that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and be-  
ware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Baltha-  
zar: 'Pray heaven, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good  
welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir,  
and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either  
at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one  
dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, Sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common ; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest ;  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But, soft ; my door is lock'd : Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicily, Gillian, Jen' !

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch !  
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter ? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there ? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore ?

*Ant. E.* Wherefore, for my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not ; come again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name ;  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there ? Dromio, who are those at the gate ?

*Dro. E.* Let thy master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith, no ; he comes too late ; And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh :— Have at you with a proverb.— Shall I set in my staff ?

*Luce.* Have at you with another : that's,— When ? can you tell ?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion ? you'll let us in, I hope ?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help ; well struck ; there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake ?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ?

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise ?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife ? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave ! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome ; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master ; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.  
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go, borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honor of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made on it;  
And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;  
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert,) Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)

Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter* LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show  
of blindness,  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's  
orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart  
be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: What need she be  
acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own  
attaint?  
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board.  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil  
word.  
Alas, poor woman! make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love  
us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the  
sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may  
move us,  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her  
wife:  
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery con-  
quers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your  
name is else, I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit on  
mine,)  
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace,  
you show not,  
Than our earth's wonder; more than  
earth divine.  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think  
and speak;  
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words'  
deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labor  
you,  
To make it wander in an unknown  
field?  
Are you a goddess? would you make me  
new?  
Transform me then, and to your power  
I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know,  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with  
thy note,  
To drown me in the sister's flood of  
tears;  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden  
hairs.  
*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do  
reason so?  
*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated; how, I  
do not know.  
*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from  
your eye.  
*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams,  
fair sun, being by.  
*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that  
will clear your sight.  
*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love,  
as look on night.  
*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my  
sister so.  
*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.  
*Luc.* That's my sister.  
*Ant. S.* No;  
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's  
dearer heart.  
*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else  
should be.  
*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I  
aim thee:  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my  
life;  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;  
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still:  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.  
[*Exit Luc.*]

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio?  
where run'st thou so fast.

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I  
Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art  
my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's  
man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how  
besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I  
am due to a woman; one that claims me,  
one that haunts me, one that will have  
me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you  
would lay to your horse.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to  
the road;

And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbor in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
If every one know us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and  
begone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would  
run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do  
inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were  
hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my  
soul

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign  
grace,

Of such enchanting presence and dis-  
course,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's  
song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus.

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is  
the chain;

I thought to have ta'en you at the Por-  
cupine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus  
long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall  
do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I  
have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespeak  
it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty  
times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife  
withal;

And soon at supper-time, I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the  
money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money,  
more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare  
you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this,  
I cannot tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so  
vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden  
gifts,

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio  
stay;

If any ship put out, then straight away.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importuned you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus:  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same:  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labor may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! *Exit Dro. E.*

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you:  
I promised your presence, and the chain;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humor, here's the note.

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman;  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No: bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.



*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;  
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*Ant. E.* Fye! how you run this humor out of breath:  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance;  
Good sir, say, wher you'll answer me or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep.  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon,  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure.  
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ;  
be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer,  
and Ant. E.*]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana ! that is where he  
din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her hus-  
band:  
Thither I must, although against my  
will,  
For servants must their master's minds  
fulfil. [Exit.]

SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee  
so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad or  
merrily ?

What observations mad'st thou in this  
case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him  
no right.

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none ; the  
more my spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a  
stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet  
forsworn he were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he ?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he  
begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he  
tempt thy love ?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest  
suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty ; then, my  
speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair ?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me  
still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall  
have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,  
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every  
where :

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;  
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of  
such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah ! but I think him better than  
I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were  
worse :

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;  
My heart prays for him, though my  
tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go ; the desk, the purse ;  
sweet now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is  
he well ?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo,  
worse than hell :

A devil in an everlasting garment hath  
him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with  
steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one  
that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow  
lands.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter ?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter : he  
is 'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested ? tell me, at  
whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is  
arrested, well ;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested  
him, that can I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption,  
the money in the desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. — This I  
wonder at, [*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in  
debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a  
stronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell; 'tis time that  
I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the  
clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did  
I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes, if any hour meet a  
sergeant, a' turns back for every fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how  
fondly dost thou reason?

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and  
owes more than he's worth to sea-  
son.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not  
heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and  
day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant  
in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour  
in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money,  
bear it straight;

And bring thy master home immedi-  
ately. —

Come, sister: I am press'd down with  
conceit;

Conceit my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet, but  
doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite  
me;

Some other give me thanks for kind-  
nesses:

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought

for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my  
body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you  
sent me for.

What, have you got the picture of old  
Adam new apparel'd?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? what Adam  
dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* He that came behind you, sir,  
like an evil angel, and bid you for-  
sake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he  
that went like a base-viol, in a case of  
leather; the man, sir, that, when gentle-  
men are tired, give them a fob, and 'rests  
them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed  
men, and give them suits of durance; he  
that sets up his rest to do more exploits  
with his mace, than a morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What! thou mean'st an  
officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the  
band; he, that brings any man to answer  
it, that breaks his band: one that thinks  
a man always going to bed, and says, *God  
give you good rest!*

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your  
foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-  
night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word  
an hour since, that the bark Expedition  
put forth to-night, and then were you

hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I ;

And here we wander in illusions ;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now ;

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

*Ant. S.* I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd ;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone : but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise ; and if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring or else the chain ;

I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock :  
Mistress, that you know.

*[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.]*

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself :  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain !  
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)  
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the door against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away : This course I fittest choose ;

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day :  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus :  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a Rope's end.*

Here comes my man ; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money ?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* May, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so in an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, and PINCH, with others.*

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk?

[*Beats him.*]

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.— Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Anr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with a saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Percy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

- Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart  
from thence?
- Dro. E.* In verity you did;—my bones  
bear witness,  
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
- Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these  
contraries?
- Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow  
finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humors well his  
frenzy.
- Ant. E.* Thou hast subborn'd the  
goldsmith to arrest me.
- Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem  
you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for  
it.
- Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and  
good-will you might,  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
- Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a  
purse of ducats?
- Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd  
it.
- Luc.* And I am witness with her, that  
she did.
- Dro. E.* Heaven and the rope-maker,  
bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
- Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master  
is possess'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some  
dark room.
- Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou  
lock me forth to-day,  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
- Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock  
thee forth.
- Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd  
no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd  
out.
- Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st  
false in both.
- Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot thou art  
false in all;
- And art confederate with a wicked pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these  
false eyes,  
That would behold in one this shameful  
sport.
- [PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT.  
E. and DRO. E.]
- Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him  
not come near me.
- Pinch.* More company!—the fiend is  
strong within him.
- Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and  
wan he looks!
- Ant. E.* What, will you murder me?  
Thou gaoler, thou,  
I am thy prisoner; will thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?
- Off.* Masters, let him go;  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have  
him.
- Pinch.* Go, behind this man, for he is  
frantic too.
- Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish  
officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
- Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him  
go,  
The debt he owes, will be required of me.
- Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go  
from thee:  
Bear me forth with unto his creditor,  
And knowing how the debt grows, I will  
pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy  
day!
- Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!
- Dro. E.* Master, I am here entered in  
bond for you.
- Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! where-  
fore dost thou mad me?
- Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing?  
be mad,  
Good master; cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did be speak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call more help,  
To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*]

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;  
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. The Same.

*Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS, and DROMIO, of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to your-  
self,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to  
deny  
This chain, which now you wear so  
openly:  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprison-  
ment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest  
friend;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:  
This chain you had of me, can you deny  
it?

*Ant. S.* I think, I had; I never did  
deny it?

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and for-  
swore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or  
forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know-  
est did hear thee:

Eye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou  
liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain, to impeach  
me thus:

I'll prove mine honor, and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st  
stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a  
villain. [*They draw.*

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan,  
and others.

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for heaven's  
sake; he is mad;—

Some get within him, take his sword  
away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my  
house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for heaven's  
sake, take a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore  
throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted hus-  
band hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him  
fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect  
wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw  
on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession  
held the man?

*Adr.* This week he had been heavy,  
sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man  
he was;

But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by  
wreck at sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else  
his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be  
the last;

Namely, some love, that drew him oft  
from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have repre-  
hended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would  
let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our confer-  
ence:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;



In company, I often glanced it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And thereof came it, that the  
man was mad:

The venom clamors of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's  
tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hindr'd by thy  
railing:

And thereof comes it that his head is  
light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy  
upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
Thou say'st his sports were hindr'd by thy  
brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless des-  
pair;)

And, at her heels, a huge infectuous  
troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?  
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or  
beast;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
Have scared thy husband from the use of  
wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but  
mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude,  
and wildly,—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer  
not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own  
reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my  
house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring  
my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither; he took his place for  
sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your  
hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labor in essaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his  
nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office;  
And will have no attorney but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home  
with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him  
stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I  
have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy  
prayers,

To make of him a formal man again:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here  
with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my  
husband here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt  
not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this  
indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate  
at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person  
hither,

And take perforce my husband from the  
abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points  
at five:

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in  
person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan  
merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Behcaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, —  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters, — this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;

That desperately he hurried through the street  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;

And, with his mad attendant and himself,

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,  
We came again to bind them: then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could. —

Go some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,

Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,

Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

My master preaches patience to him, while

His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:

And, sure, unless you send some present help,

Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;

And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you;  
[*Cry within.*  
Hark, hark, I hear him mistress; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberts.

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee, in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.  
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonor'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,  
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord: — myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together: so befall my soul,

As this is false, he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjurd woman! They are both forsworn,

In this the madman justly chargeth them.  
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say;

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman;  
There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, heaven knows, I saw not: for the which,

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
 To go in person with me to my house.  
 By the way we met  
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
 Of vile confederates: along with them  
 They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-  
 fac'd villain,  
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-  
 teller;  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking  
 wretch,  
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;  
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my  
 pulse,  
 And with no face, as 'twere out-facing  
 me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then alto-  
 gether  
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me  
 thence;  
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both bound  
 together;  
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in  
 sunder,  
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I be-  
 seech,  
 To give me ample satisfaction  
 For these deep shames and great indig-  
 nities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I  
 witness with him;  
 That he dined not at home, but was lock'd  
 out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of  
 thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he  
 ran in here,  
 These people saw the chain about his  
 neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these  
 ears of mine  
 Heard you confess you had the chain of  
 him,

After you first forswore it on the mart,  
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on  
 you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you are come by  
 miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these  
 abbey walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on  
 me:

I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
 And this is false you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach  
 is this!

I think, you all have drank of Circe's  
 cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would  
 have been;

If he were mad, he would not plead so  
 coldly:—

You say he dined at home; the goldsmith  
 here

Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say  
 you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there,  
 at the Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did; and from my finger  
 snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring  
 I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the  
 abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see  
 your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange:—Go call  
 the abbess hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe  
 me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life,  
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what  
 thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, called  
 Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his  
bondman, sir

But he, I thank him gnaw'd in two my  
cords;

Now am I Dromio, and his man, un-  
bound.

*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you  
remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember,  
sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me?  
you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life,  
till now.

*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me since  
you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed  
hand

Have written strange defeatures in my  
face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my  
voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir? but I am sure I do  
not; and whatsoever a man denies, you  
are now bound to believe him.

*Æge.* Not know my voice! O, time's  
extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my  
poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only  
son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd  
cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be  
hid.

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze  
up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer  
left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my  
life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syra-  
cusa, boy,

Thou knowest we parted: but, perhaps,  
my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in  
misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know  
me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty  
years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee  
dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS  
Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man  
much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes  
deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to  
the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural  
man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers  
them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command  
him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray let  
me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else  
his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath  
bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose  
his bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Ege.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;  
If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from  
them,

And me they left with those of Epidam-  
num:

What then became of them I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning  
story right;

These two Antipholu'ss, these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in sembl-  
ance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth  
first.

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from  
Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not  
which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most  
gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town with that  
most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned  
uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with  
me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. S.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call  
me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you  
then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you  
had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it  
not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain,  
arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your  
bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I re-  
ceived from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my  
father here.

*Duke.* I shall not need, thy father hath  
his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond  
from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much  
thanks for my good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to  
take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our for-  
tunes:—

And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us com-  
pany,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
Twenty-five years have I but gone in  
travail

Of you, my sons; nor, till this present  
hour,

My heavy burdens are delivered:—

The duke, my husband, and my children  
both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,  
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;  
After so long grief, such nativity.











*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

*Dro. S.* Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon: Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholus S. and E. Adr. and Luc.*]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks you are my glass,  
and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [Exeunt.]

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ANTIPHOLUS S.  
Here comes the almanac of my true date.  
*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 41.*

BALTHAZAR.  
Small cheer and great welcome makes a  
merry feast.  
*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 26.*

ANTIPHOLUS S.  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden  
hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;  
And, in that glorious supposition, think,  
He gains by death, that hath such means  
to die.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 47.*

ANTIPHOLUS S.  
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's  
dearer heart;

My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's  
aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's  
claim.  
*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 61*

DROMIO S.

I have but lean luck in the match, and  
yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.  
*Act. 3, Sc. 2, l. 92.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

A mere anatomy, a mountebank, . . .  
a living dead man.  
*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 240.*

ÆGEON.

Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer  
left.  
*Act 5 Sc. 1, l. 315.*

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

---

THERE lived at the palace at Messina two ladies whose names were Hero and Beatrice. Hero was the daughter and Beatrice the niece of Leonato, the Governor of Messina.

Beatrice was of a lively temper, and loved to divert her cousin Hero, who was of a more serious disposition, with her sprightly sallies. Whatever was going forward was sure to make matter of mirth for the light-hearted Beatrice.

At the time the history of these ladies commences, some young men of high rank in the army, as they were passing through Messina on their return from a war that was just ended, in which they had distinguished themselves by their great bravery, came to visit Leonato. Among these were Don Pedro, the Prince of Arragon, and his friend Claudio, who was a lord of Florence; and with them came the wild and witty Benedick, and he was a lord of Padua.

These strangers had been at Messina before, and the hospitable governor introduced them to his daughter and his niece as their old friends and acquaintance.

Benedick, the moment he entered the room, began a lively conversation with Leonato and the prince. Beatrice, who liked not to be left out of any discourse, interrupted Benedick by saying, "I wonder that you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you." Benedick was just such another rattlebrain as Beatrice, yet he was not pleased at this free salutation; he thought it did not become a well-bred lady to be so flippant with her tongue; and he remembered, when he was last at Messina, that Beatrice used to select him to make her merry jests upon. And as there is no one who so little likes to be made a jest of as those who are apt to take the same liberty themselves, so it was with Benedick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them, and they always parted mutually displeased with each other. Therefore, when Beatrice stopped him in the middle of his discourse by telling him nobody marked what he was saying, Benedick, affecting not to have observed before that she was present, said, "What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?" And now war broke out afresh between them, and a long, jangling argument ensued, during which Beatrice, although she knew he had so well approved his valor in the late war, said that she would eat all he had killed there; and observing the prince take delight in Benedick's conversation, she called him "the prince's jester." This sarcasm sank deeper into the mind of Benedick than all Beatrice had said before. The hint she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man; but there is nothing that great wits so much dread as the imputation of buffoonery, because the charge comes sometimes a little too near the truth; therefore Benedick perfectly hated Beatrice when she called him "the prince's jester."

The modest Lady Hero was silent before the noble guests; and while Claudio was attentively observing the improvements which time had made in her beauty, and was contemplating the exquisite graces of her fine figure (for she was an admirable

young lady), the prince was highly amused with listening to the humorous dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice, and he said in a whisper to Leonato, "This is a pleasant, spirited young lady. She were an excellent wife for Benedick." Leonato replied to this suggestion, "O my lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad." But though Leonato thought they would make a discordant pair, the prince did not give up the idea of matching these two keen wits together.

When the prince returned with Claudio from the palace, he found that the marriage he had devised between Benedick and Beatrice was not the only one projected in that good company, for Claudio spoke in such terms of Hero as made the prince guess at what was passing in his heart; and he liked it well, and he said to Claudio, "Do you affect Hero?" To this question Claudio replied, "O my lord, when I was last at Messina, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, that liked but had no leisure for loving; but now, in this happy time of peace, thoughts of war have left their places vacant in my mind, and in their room come thronging soft and delicate thoughts, all prompting me how fair young Hero is, reminding me that I liked her before I went to the wars." Claudio's confession of his love for Hero so wrought upon the prince that he lost no time in soliciting the consent of Leonato to accept of Claudio for a son-in-law. Leonato agreed to this proposal, and the prince found no great difficulty in persuading the gentle Hero herself to listen to the suit of the noble Claudio, who was a lord of rare endowments, and highly accomplished; and Claudio, assisted by his kind prince, soon prevailed upon Leonato to fix an early day for the celebration of his marriage with Hero.

Claudio was to wait but a few days before he was to be married to his fair lady; yet he complained of the interval being tedious, as indeed most young men are impatient when they are waiting for the accomplishment of any event they have set their hearts upon. The prince, therefore, to make the time seem short to him, proposed, as a kind of merry pastime, that they should invent some artful scheme to make Benedick and Beatrice fall in love with each other. Claudio entered with great satisfaction into this whim of the prince, and Leonato promised them his assistance, and even Hero said she would do any modest office to help her cousin to a good husband.

The device the prince invented was, that the gentlemen should make Benedick believe that Beatrice was in love with him, and that Hero should make Beatrice believe that Benedick was in love with her.

The prince, Leonato and Claudio began their operations first; and, watching an opportunity when Benedick was quietly seated reading in an arbor, the prince and his assistants took their station among the trees behind the arbor, so near that Benedick could not choose but hear all they said; and after some careless talk, the prince said, "Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me the other day — that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signor Benedick? I did never think that lady would have loved any man." "No, nor I either, my lord," answered Leonato. "It is most wonderful that she should so dote on Benedick, whom she in all outward behavior seemed ever to dislike." Claudio confirmed all this by saying that Hero had told him Beatrice was so in love with Benedick that she would certainly die of grief if he could not be brought to love her; which Leonato and Claudio seemed to agree was impossible, he having always been such a railer against all fair ladies, and in particular against Beatrice.

The prince affected to hearken to all this with great compassion for Beatrice, and he said, "It were good that Benedick were told of this." "To what end?" said Claudio; "he would but make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse." "And if he should," said the prince, "it were a good deed to hang him; for Beatrice is an excellent sweet lady, and exceeding wise in everything but in loving Benedick." Then the prince motioned to his companions that they should walk on, and leave Benedick to meditate upon what he had overheard.

Benedick had been listening with great eagerness to this conversation; and he said to himself when he heard Beatrice loved him, "Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?" And when they were gone, he began to reason in this manner with himself. "This can be no trick! they were very serious, and they have the truth from Hero, and seem to pity the lady. Love me! Why it must be requited! I did never think to marry. But when I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married. They say the lady is virtuous and fair. She is so. And wise in everything but in loving me. Why, that is no great argument of her folly. But here comes Beatrice. By this day, she is a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her." Beatrice now approached him, and said with her usual tartness, "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Benedick, who never felt himself disposed to speak so politely to her before, replied, "Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains;" and when Beatrice, after two or three more rude speeches, left him, Benedick thought he observed a concealed meaning of kindness under the uncivil words she uttered, and he said aloud, "If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture."

The gentleman being thus caught in the net they had spread for him, it was now Hero's turn to play her part with Beatrice; and for this purpose she sent for Ursula and Margaret, two gentlewomen who attended upon her, and she said to Margaret, "Good Margaret, run to the parlor; there you will find my cousin Beatrice talking with the prince and Claudio. Whisper in her ear that I and Ursula are walking in the orchard, and that our discourse is all of her. Bid her steal into that pleasant arbor, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, like ungrateful minions, forbid the sun to enter." This arbor, into which Hero desired Margaret to entice Beatrice, was the very same pleasant arbor where Benedick had so lately been an attentive listener. "I will make her come, I warrant, presently," said Margaret.

Hero, then taking Ursula with her into the orchard, said to her, "Now, Ursula, when Beatrice comes, we will walk up and down this alley, and our talk must be only of Benedick, and when I name him, let it be your part to praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to you must be how Benedick is in love with Beatrice. Now begin; for look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs close by the ground, to hear our conference." They then began; Hero saying, as if in answer to something which Ursula had said, "No, truly, Ursula. She is too disdainful; her spirits are as coy as wild birds of the rock." "But are you sure," said Ursula, "that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?" Hero replied, "So says the prince, and my Lord Claudio, and they entreated me to acquaint her with it; but I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, never to let Beatrice know of it." "Certainly," replied Ursula, "it were not good she knew his love, lest she made sport of it." "Why, to say truth," said Hero, "I never yet saw a man, how wise soever, or noble, young or rarely featured, but she would dispraise him." "Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable," said

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Ursula. "No," replied Hero, "but who dare tell her so? if I should speak, she would mock me into air." "O you wrong your cousin," said Ursula: "she cannot be so much without true judgment as to refuse so rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick." "He hath an excellent good name," said Hero: "indeed he is the first man in Italy, always excepting my dear Claudio." And now, Hero giving her attendant a hint that it was time to change the discourse, Ursula said, "And when are you to be married, madam?" Hero then told her, that she was to be married to Claudio the next day, and desired she would go in with her, and look at some new attire, as she wished to consult with her on what she would wear on the morrow. Beatrice, who had been listening with breathless eagerness to this dialogue, when they went away, exclaimed: "What fire is in my ears? Can this be true? Farewell, contempt and scorn, and maiden pride, adieu! Benedick, love on; I will requite you, taming my wild heart to your loving hand."

It must have been a pleasant sight to see these old enemies converted into new and loving friends; and to behold their first meeting after being cheated into mutual liking by the merry artifice of the good-humored prince. But a sad reverse in the fortunes of Hero must now be thought of. The morrow, which was to have been her wedding-day, brought sorrow on the heart of Hero and her good father, Leonato.

The prince had a half-brother, who came from the wars along with him to Messina. This brother (his name was Don John) was a melancholy, discontented man, whose spirit seemed to labor in the contriving of villainies. He hated the prince his brother, and he hated Claudio, because he was the prince's friend, and determined to prevent Claudio's marriage with Hero, only for the malicious pleasure of making Claudio and the prince unhappy: for he knew the prince had set his heart upon this marriage, almost as much as Claudio himself: and to effect this wicked purpose, he employed one Borachio, a man as bad as himself, whom he encouraged with the offer of a great reward. Thus Borachio paid his court to Margaret, Hero's attendant; and Don John, knowing this, prevailed upon him to make Margaret promise to talk with him from her lady's chamber-window that night, after Hero was asleep, and also to dress herself in Hero's clothes, the better to deceive Claudio into the belief that it was Hero, for that was the end he meant to compass by this wicked plot.

Don John then went to the prince and Claudio, and told them that Hero was an imprudent lady, and that she talked with men from her chamber window at midnight. Now this was the evening before the wedding, and he offered to take them that night, where they should themselves hear Hero discoursing with a man from her window; and they consented to go along with him, and Claudio said, "If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation, where I intended to wed her, there will I shame her." The prince also said, "And as I assisted you to obtain her, I will join with you to disgrace her."

When Don John brought them near Hero's chamber that night, they saw Borachio standing under the window, and they saw Margaret looking out of Hero's window, and heard her talking with Borachio; and Margaret being dressed in the same clothes they had seen Hero wear, the prince and Claudio believed it was the Lady Hero herself.

Nothing could equal the anger of Claudio, when he had made (as he thought) this discovery. All his love for the innocent Hero was at once converted into hatred, and he resolved to expose her in the church, as he had said he would, the next day;



and the prince agreed to this, thinking no punishment could be too severe for the naughty lady, who talked with a man from her window the very night before she was going to be married to the noble Claudio.

The next day they were all met to celebrate the marriage, and Claudio and Hero were standing before the priest, and the priest, or friar, as he was called, was proceeding to pronounce the marriage ceremony, when Claudio, in the most passionate language, proclaimed the guilt of the blameless Hero, who, amazed at the strange words he uttered, said meekly,

“Is my lord well, that he does speak so wide?”

Leonato, in the utmost horror, said to the prince,

“My lord, why speak not you?” “Why should I speak?” said the prince; “I stand dishonored, that have gone about to link my dear friend to an unworthy woman. Leonato, upon my honor, myself, my brother, and this grieved Claudio, did see and hear her last night at midnight talk with a man at her chamber-window.”

Benedick, in astonishment at what he heard, said, “This looks not like a nuptial.”

“True, O God!” replied the heart-struck Hero; and then this hapless lady sank down in a fainting fit, to all appearance dead. The prince and Claudio left the church, without staying to see if Hero would recover, or at all regarding the distress into which they had thrown Leonato, so hard-hearted had their anger made them.

Benedick remained, and assisted Beatrice to recover Hero from her swoon, saying, “How does the lady?” “Dead, I think,” replied Beatrice in great agony, for she loved her cousin; and knowing her virtuous principles, she believed nothing of what she had heard spoken against her. Not so the poor old father; he believed the story of his child’s shame, and it was piteous to hear him lamenting over her, as she lay like one dead before him, wishing she might never more open her eyes.

But the ancient friar was a wise man, and full of observation on human nature, and he had attentively marked the lady’s countenance when she heard herself accused, and noted a thousand blushing shames to start into her face, and then he saw an angel-like whiteness bear away those blushes, and in her eye he saw a fire that did belie the error that the prince did speak against her maiden truth, and he said to the sorrowing father, “Call me a fool; trust not my reading, nor my observation; trust not my age, my reverence, nor my calling; if this sweet lady lie not guiltless here under some biting error.”

When Hero recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, the friar said to her, “Lady, what man is he you are accused of?” Hero replied, “They know that do accuse me; I know of none:” then turning to Leonato, she said, “Oh my father, if you can prove that any man has ever conversed with me at hours unmeet, or that I yesternight changed words with any creature, refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.”

“There is,” said the friar, “some strange misunderstanding in the prince and Claudio;” and then he counseled Leonato, that he should report that Hero was dead; and he said, that the death-like swoon in which they had left Hero, would make this easy of belief; and he also advised him, that he should put on mourning, and erect a monument for her, and do all rites that appertain to a burial. “What will this do?” The friar replied, “This report of her death shall change slander into pity: that is

some good; but that is not all the good I hope for. When Claudio shall hear she died upon hearing his words, the idea of her life shall sweetly creep into his imagination. Then shall he mourn, if ever love had interest in his heart, and wish he had not so accused her: yea, though he thought his accusation truer."

Benedick now said, "Leonato, let the friar advise you; and though you know how well I love the prince and Claudio, yet on my honor I will not reveal this secret to them.

Leonato, thus persuaded, yielded; and he said sorrowfully, "I am so grieved, that the smallest twine may lead me." The kind friar then led Leonato and Hero away to comfort and console them, and Beatrice and Benedick remained alone; and this was the meeting from which their friends, who contrived the merry plot against them, expected so much diversion; those friends who were now overwhelmed with affliction, and from whose minds all thoughts of merriment seemed for ever banished.

Benedick was the first who spoke, and he said, "Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?" "Yea, and I will weep a while longer," said Beatrice. "Surely," said Benedick, "I do believe your fair cousin is wronged." "Ah!" said Beatrice, "how much might that man deserve of me who would right her!" Benedick then said, "Is there any way to show such friendship? I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?" "It were as possible," said Beatrice, "for me to say I loved nothing in the world so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin." "By my sword," said Benedick, "you love me, and I protest I love you. Come, bid me do anything for you." "Kill Claudio," said Beatrice. "Ha! not for the wide world," said Benedick; for he loved his friend Claudio, and he believed he had been imposed upon. "Is not Claudio a villain, that has slandered, scorned, and dishonored my cousin?" said Beatrice: "O, that I were a man!" "Hear me, Beatrice!" said Benedick. But Beatrice would hear nothing in Claudio's defense; and she continued to urge on Benedick to revenge her cousin's wrongs: and she said, "Talk with a man out of the window; a proper saying! Sweet Hero! she is wronged: she is slandered; she is undone. O that I were a man for Hero's sake! or that I had any friend, who would be a man for my sake! but valor is melted into courtesies and compliments. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving." "Tarry, good Beatrice," said Benedick: "by this hand, I love you." "Use it for my love some other way than by swearing by it," said Beatrice. "Think you, on your soul, that Claudio has wronged Hero?" asked Benedick. "Yea," answered Beatrice; "as sure as I have a thought or a soul." "Enough," said Benedick; I am engaged; 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 from me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin."

While Beatrice was thus powerfully pleading with Benedick, and working his gallant temper by the spirit of her angry words to engage in the cause of Hero, and fight even with his dear friend Claudio, Leonato was challenging the prince and Claudio to answer with their swords the injury they had done his child, who, he affirmed, had died for grief. But they respected his age and his sorrow, and they said, "Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man." And now came Benedick, and he also challenged Claudio to answer with his sword the injury he had done to Hero; and Claudio and the prince said to each other, "Beatrice has set him on to do this."

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claudio nevertheless must have accepted this challenge of Benedick, had not the justice of Heaven at the moment brought to pass a better proof of the innocence of Hero than the uncertain fortune of a duel.

While the prince and Claudio were yet talking of the challenge of Benedick, a magistrate brought Borachio as a prisoner before the prince. Borachio had been overheard talking with one of his companions of the mischief he had been employed by Don John to do.

Borachio made a full confession to the prince in Claudio's hearing, that it was Margaret dressed in her lady's clothes that he had talked with from the window, whom they had mistaken for the Lady Hero herself; and no doubt continued on the minds of Claudio and the prince, of the innocence of Hero. If a suspicion had remained it must have been removed by the flight of Don John, who, finding his villainies were detected, fled from Messina to avoid the just anger of his brother.

The heart of Claudio was sorely grieved when he found he had falsely accused Hero, who, he thought, died upon hearing his cruel words; and the memory of his beloved Hero's image came over him, in the rare semblance that he loved it first; and the prince asking him if what he heard did not run like iron through his soul, he answered, that he felt as if he had taken poison while Borachio was speaking.

And the repentant Claudio implored forgiveness of the old man Leonato for the injury he had done his child; and promised that whatever penance Leonato would lay upon him for his fault in believing the false accusation against his betrothed wife, for her dear sake he would endure it.

The penance Leonato enjoined him was, to marry the next morning a cousin of Hero's, who, he said, was now his heir, and in person very like Hero. Claudio, regarding the solemn promise he made to Leonato, said he would marry this unknown lady, even though she were an Ethiop: but his heart was very sorrowful, and he passed that night in tears, and in remorseful grief, at the tomb which Leonato had erected for Hero.

When the morning came, the prince accompanied Claudio to the church, where the good friar, and Leonato and his niece were already assembled, to celebrate a second nuptial; and Leonato presented to Claudio his promised bride; and she wore a mask, that Claudio might not discover her face. And Claudio said to the lady in the mask, "Give me your hand, before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you will marry me." "And when I lived I was your other wife," said this unknown lady; and, taking off her mask, she proved to be no niece (as was pretended) but Leonato's very daughter, the Lady Hero herself. We may be sure that this proved a most agreeable surprise to Claudio, who thought her dead, so that he could scarcely for joy believe his eyes: and the prince, who was equally amazed at what he saw, exclaimed, "Is not this Hero, Hero that was dead?" Leonato replied, "She died, my lord, but while her slander lived." The friar promised them an explanation of this seeming miracle, after the ceremony was ended; and was proceeding to marry them, when he was interrupted by Benedick, who desired to be married at the same time to Beatrice. Beatrice making some demur to this match, and Benedick challenging her with her love for him, which he had learned from Hero, a pleasant explanation took place; and they found that they had both been tricked into a belief of love, which had never existed, and had become lovers in truth by the power of a false jest: but the affection, which a merry invention had cheated them into was grown too powerful to be shaken

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

---

by a serious explanation ; and since Benedick proposed to marry, he was resolved to think nothing to the purpose that the world could say against it ; and he merrily kept up the jest, and swore to Beatrice that he took her but for pity, and because he heard she was dying of love for him ; and Beatrice protested that she yielded but upon great persuasion, and partly to save his life ; for she heard he was in a consumption. So these two mad wits were reconciled, and made a match of it, after Claudio and Hero were married ; and to complete the history, Don John, the contriver of the villainy, was taken in his flight and brought back to Messina ; and a brave punishment it was to this gloomy and discontented man, to see the joy and feasting which, by the disappointment of his plots, took place at the palace in Messina.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, <i>Prince of Arragon.</i>	DOGBERRY, } <i>two foolish Officers.</i>
DON JOHN, <i>his Bastard Brother.</i>	VERGES, }
CLAUDIO, <i>a young Lord of Florence,</i> <i>Favorite to Don Pedro.</i>	<i>A Sexton.</i>
BENEDICK, <i>a young Lord of Padua,</i> <i>Favorite likewise of Don Pedro.</i>	<i>A Friar.</i>
LEONATO, <i>Governor of Messina.</i>	<i>A Boy.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>his Brother.</i>	HERO, <i>Daughter to Leonato.</i>
BALTHAZAR, <i>Servant to Don Pedro.</i>	BEATRICE, <i>Niece to Leonato.</i>
BORACHIO, } <i>Followers of Don John.</i>	MARGARET, } <i>Gentlewomen attending on</i>
CONRADE, }	URSULA, } <i>Hero.</i>
	<i>Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.</i>

## SCENE—MESSINA.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. Before Leonato's House.

*Enter* LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

*Leonato.* I 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 honor on a young Florentine, called 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 bettered 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 joy could not show 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 washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

*Beat.* I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight : and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, 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 victual, and he hath helped to eat it : he is 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.

*Beat.* Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her : they never meet, but there is 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 governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, 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.

*Mess.* Is it possible ?

*Beat.* Very easily possible : 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. Heaven help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

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

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

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

*D. 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 asked her ?

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

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself : Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honorable 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 ; nobody 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 Benedict ! Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat :— But it is certain, I am loved 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 woman ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I am of your humor for that ; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentlemen or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched 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 ; I have done.

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

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all : Don John,— 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.

*D. John.* I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on ?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENE-DICK and CLAUDIO.*]

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

*Bene.* I noted her not ; but I looked 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 pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little 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 thinkest, I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire 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 Vulcan 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 ever I look'd on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with 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 myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is it come to this? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter Don PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. 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 who?—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, heaven forbid it should be so.

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

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. 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 spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. 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.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, 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 recheat winded in my forehead, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

*D. 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 for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. 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 clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

*D. 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 signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick, the married man.*

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not



spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*D. 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 heaven: From my house, (if I had it,) —

*D. 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 Benedick.*]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. 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.* Had Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. 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.

*D. 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 complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

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

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;  
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.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed 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 much overheard by

a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece 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 yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* My lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. 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 drowsy, and tend to no man's business:

laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. 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 true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained 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 denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed 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 meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

What news, Borachio?

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

*D. 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.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

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

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*D. 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 myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind! — Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's House.

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

*Leon.* Was 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-burned 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 tattling.

*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 money 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, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Fathèr, as it please you:* — but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

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

*Beat.* Not till men are made of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? 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 music, 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 cinquepace: 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 ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs,

falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink 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 entering; brother, make good room.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about 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.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favor; for heaven forbid the lute should like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

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

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* 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.

*Urs.* 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 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.

*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 his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him.

*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 marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

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

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

*D. 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.

*D. John.* Are you signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured 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 you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
But hear these 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 their own  
tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into  
blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,  
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell there-  
fore, Hero!

*Re-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 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 fowl! 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 this title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered 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 whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion and he steals it.

*D. 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.

*D. 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.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered 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; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her.

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.

*D. 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 toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry,

once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. 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.

*D. 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 myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

*D. 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-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

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

*Beat.* Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you?

*D. 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.

*D. 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 danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

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

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*]

*D. 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 dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

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

*Leon.* By no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

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

*Leon.* O, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. 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.

*D. 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' labors; 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 but 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.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefulest husband that I know: Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy 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.*

SCENE II. Another Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. 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.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

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

*D. John.* I remember.

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

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated person, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to veil Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despise them, I will endeavor anything.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honor who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: 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 meantime, I will so fashion the matter,

that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. 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 you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

*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.

*Bene.* I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed 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 music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor; and now will he lie 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 is he 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; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it pleases. Ha! the prince and monsieur love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,  
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

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

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended,  
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR with music.

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

*D. 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.

*Balth.* 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.

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

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

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

[Music.]  
*Bene.* Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

BALTH. *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 blithe and bonny:*

*Converting all your sounds of woe*

*Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo*

*Of dumps so dull and heavy;*

*The fraud of men was ever so,*

*Since summer first was leavy.*

*Then sigh not so, etc.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [Aside.] And he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and, I pray heaven, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and music.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*]

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

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*]

*Leon.* What effects, my lord! she will sit you—

You heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. 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 itself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*]

*D. 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 till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all. Then will she tear the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail at herself, that she should write to one that she knew would 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, and cries, *O sweet Benedick!*

*Leon.* She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

*D. 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.

*D. Pedro.* An 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.

*D. Pedro.* In everything but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: 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 makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. 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 contemptuous spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* And in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. 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 most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see 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.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we'll 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 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.*]

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him into dinner.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio and Leonato.*]

BENEDICK *advances from the Arbor.*

*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 their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself 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:—Happy 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 have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—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 take 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 in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Ha! *Against my will, I am sent to bid you come 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 I take for you is as easy 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.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee into the parlor:

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 favorites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose: This is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come. I warrant you, 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 hearsay. Now begin;

*Enter* BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* 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 even now Is couch'd 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.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure,  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

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

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of  
it, madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint  
her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they loved  
Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* 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,

Misprising what they look on; and her  
wit

Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak: she cannot  
love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affec-  
tion,

She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* 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-faced,

She'd swear the gentleman should be her  
sister;

If black, why, nature, drawing of an  
antic,

Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-  
headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all  
wind:

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.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not  
commendable.

*Hero.* No: not to be so odd, and from  
all fashions,

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.

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

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Bene-  
dick,

And counsel him to fight against his  
passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slan-  
ders

To stain my cousin with: One doth not  
know,

How much an ill word may empoison  
liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a  
wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judg-  
ment,

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,  
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

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

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—

When are you married, madam?

*Hero.* Why, every day;—to-morrow :  
Come go in;

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

BEATRICE *advances.*

*Beat.* What fire is in mine 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, my 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.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.*

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

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

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show 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 sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-strings, and the little hangman dared not shoot at him : he hath a heart as sound 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 sadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

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

*D. Pedro.* What? sigh for the tooth-ache.

*Leon.* Where is but a humor, or a worm?

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

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it 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?

*D. 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 stuffed tennis-balls.

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

*D. 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.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wout to wash his face?

*D. 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 lutestring, and now governed by stops.

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

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill-conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

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

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

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

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

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [To CLAUDIO.]

*D. Pedro.* You know, he does.

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

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

*D. 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 labor ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

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

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. 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 entered; even the night before her wedding day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show 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.

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

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witness: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A 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.

*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, neighbor Dogberry.

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

*1 Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored 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 favor, sir, make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is

no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: 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 heaven 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 endured.

*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 those 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 virtue 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 defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.



*Verg.* You have been always called 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 by'r lady, 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 no offense to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, 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 fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

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 neighbors: 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.*]

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* What! Conrade,—

*Watch.* Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*]

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason masters; yet stand close.

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

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich, for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

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

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* 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?

*Con.* All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself 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, by the name of

Hero ; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,— I tell this tale vilely:— I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* 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 possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, 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 overnight, 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 commonwealth.

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

*Con.* Masters, masters.

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

*Con.* 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 men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you.

Come, we'll obey you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

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

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit Ursula.*]

*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other rabato 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 saw the duchess 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 laced with silver ; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

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

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero. '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.* By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled 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, by'r lady, 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 of 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.

*Re-enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* 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.*]

SCENE V. Another Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter* LEONATO with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbor?

*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.* Good man Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbor Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbors, 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!

*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 though 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, have 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: it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbor Verges:—well, an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, all men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you; but I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir; our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it 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 will wait upon them ; I am  
ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you  
to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen  
and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to  
examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I  
warrant you, here's that [*Touching his  
forehead,*] shall drive some of them to a  
*non com:* only get the learned writer to  
set down our excommunication, and meet  
me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Inside of a Church.

*Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO,  
Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and  
BEATRICE, etc.*

*Leon.* 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 married to her, friar ; you  
come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be  
married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any in-  
ward impediment why you should not be  
conjoined, 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.* 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 ?

*D. 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  
honor :—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !  
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence  
To witness simple virtue ? Would you no,  
swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows ? But she is none :  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord ?

*Claud.* Not to be married,  
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you in your  
own proof  
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 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large,

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

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

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! 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?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonored, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

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

*D. 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 catechising 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 itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

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

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

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honor,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last

night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fye, fye! they are Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language.  
Without offense 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 placed

About thy 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?

[*HERO swoons.*]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—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,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame,  
O, 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 smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,  
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.

*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 belied!

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, 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 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

Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenor 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 unto her guilt  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with ex-  
cuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

*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.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent  
of honor;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bas-  
tard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

*Leon.* I know not; If they speak but  
truth of her;

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong  
her honor,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of  
mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havock of my  
means,

Nor my bad life reft 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 thoroughly.

*Friar.* Pause a while,  
And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter here the princes left for  
dead;

Let her a while 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 carried, 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 travail look for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied 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 show  
us

Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with  
Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his  
words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'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,

And wish he had not 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 sort 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 in-  
juries.

*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 honor, 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 Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]

*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 show 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  
as 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 lie not; I confess noth-  
ing, nor, I deny nothing:—I am sorry  
for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou  
lovest me.

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

*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 sauce that can be de-  
vised to it: I protest, I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, heaven forgive me!

*Bene.* What offense, sweat Beatrice.

*Beat.* You have staid me in a happy  
hour; I was about to protest, I loved 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 anything for  
thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it: Fare-  
well.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though 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 slandered, scorned,  
dishonored my kins-woman?—O, that I  
were a man!—What! bear her in hand



until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor, — O, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the marketplace.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice;—

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

*Bene.* Nay, but, Beatrice;—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; 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 courtesies, valor into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I can not 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 wronged Hero?

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

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, 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.*]

SCENE II. A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down — master gentleman Conrade. — 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?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* 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 false knaves.

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

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside. — They are both in a tale: Have you writ down — that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest way: — Let the watch come forth — Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

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

*Dogb.* Write down — prince John a villain: — Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother — villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* 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 received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb*. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Verg*. Yea, by the 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.

*Dogb*. O villain! thou wilt be condemned 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 stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died. — Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination.

[*Exit*.

*Dogb*. Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg*. Let them be in band.

*Con*. Off, coxcomb.

*Dogb*. Where's the sexton; let him write down — the prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them: — Thou naughty varlet!

*Con*. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb*. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O that he were here to write me down — an ass! — but, masters, remember, that I am an though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass: — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder: and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is 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 ass. [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Before Leonato's House.

*Enter* LEONATO and ANTONIO.

*Ant*. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

*Bene*. 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 suit 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; And 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:

Cry — sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,

And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother,  
men

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that  
grief

Which they themselves not feel; but tast-  
ing it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which be-  
fore

Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with  
words:

No, no: 'tis all men's office to speak pa-  
tience

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-ache pa-  
tiently;

However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a pish at chance and suffer-  
ance.

*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 belied;  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the  
prince,

And all of them that thus dishonor  
her.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and  
Claudio, hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords, —

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leon-  
ato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! — well,  
fare you well, my lord: —

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

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

*Ant.* If he could right himself with  
quarreling,

Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry,  
Thou, thou dost wrong me: thou dis-  
sembler, thou: —

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

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew 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 flear  
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 mine innocent  
child and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;  
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many  
days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent  
child;

Thy slander hath gone through and  
through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:  
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers fram'd by thy villainy!

*Claud.* My villainy!

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

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;  
Despite his nice fence, and his active  
practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lusty-  
hood.

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

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me? Thou  
hast kill'd my child ;  
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a  
man.

*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 yourself : God knows,  
I lov'd my niece ;  
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, milksops !—

*Leon.* Brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content ; What, man !  
I know them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost  
scruple :

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring  
boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and  
slander,

Go antiely, and show outward hideous-  
ness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous  
words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if  
they durst,

And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

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

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not  
wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's  
death ;

But, on my honor, she was charg'd with  
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No ?

Brother, away :—I will be heard :—

*Ant.* And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

*Enter* BENEDICK.

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

*Claud.* Now, signior ! what news ?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior : You are  
almost come to part almost a fray.

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

*D. 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 valor. I came to seek you both.

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

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

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by  
thy side ?

*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.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

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

*D. 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.* Heaven bless 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 cowardice. You have killed 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.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's 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.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit: *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: *No*, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*: *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*: *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise 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 cared not.

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

*Claud.* All, all.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage 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 humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which 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.*]

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

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

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee.

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

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

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

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

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let be; 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 looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

*Claud.* Harken after their offense, my lord !

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offense 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 belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

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

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

*D. 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 offense ?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived 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 incensed me to slander the lady Hero : how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her ; my villainy 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.

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

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

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

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

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter : And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the 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.

*Leon.* 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 thyself ;

Here stand a pair of honorable 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: Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinned I not,  
But in mistaking.

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

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,  
That were impossible: But, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died: and, if your love  
Can labor 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 ring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*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 anything 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 ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered 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; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing: 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.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. I wish your worship well: I humbly give you leave to depart.—Come, neighbor.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

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

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,  
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

*Enter* BENEDICT *and* MARGARET,  
*meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray 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.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

*Bene.* [*Singing.*]

*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 turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* Oh, 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 has passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words are but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou has frightened the word out of his 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 altogether; which maintained so politick 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.

*Bene.* 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 lived in the time of good neighbors: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question?—Why, an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: 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 myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself 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.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your  
uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is  
proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely  
accused, the prince and Claudio mightily  
abused; and don John is the author of all,  
who is fled and gone: will you come pres-  
ently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news,  
signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, be bur-  
ied in thy eyes, and will go with thee to  
thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Inside of a Church.

*Enter* Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attend-  
ants, with music and tapers.

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leon-  
ato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,*

*Was the Hero that here lies :*

*Death in guerdon of her wrongs,*

*Gives her fame which never dies :*

*So the life, that died with shame,*

*Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb.* [*Affixing*  
*Praising her when I am dumb.*— it.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn  
hymn.

SONG.

*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 rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put  
your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the  
gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of  
grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you  
well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters; each  
his several way;

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put  
on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And, Hymen, now with luckier  
issue speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this  
woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's  
House.

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK,  
BEATRICE, URSULA, 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 yourselves.  
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 entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is good signior,  
Your niece 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

In the estate of honorable marriage;—  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. 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 Ethiope.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*]

*D. 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.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked*

For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

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 lived, I was your other wife. [*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer:

One hero died defam'd; but I do live,  
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead.

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:  
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,  
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is  
Beatrice?

*Beat.* I answer to that name;  
[*Unmasking.*]

What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* No, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the  
prince, and Claudio,  
Have been deceived; for they swore you  
did.

*Beat.* Do you not love me?

*Bene.* No, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my cousin, Margaret,  
and Ursula,  
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you  
did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were al-  
most sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-  
nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter:—Then  
you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recom-  
pense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you  
love the gentleman.

*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.* I would not deny you; but, by  
this good day, I yield upon great per-

suasion; and, partly to save your life; for I  
was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth.—  
[*Kissing her.*]

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick  
the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a  
college of witerackers cannot flout me out  
of my humor: 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 propose 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 unbruised, and love  
my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou would'st  
have denied Beatrice, that I might have  
cudgelled 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 married, that  
we might lighten our own hearts and our  
wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o'my word; therefore,  
play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get  
thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no  
staff more reverend than one tipped with  
horn.

*Enter a 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-mor-  
row; I'll devise thee brave punishments  
for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.—Exeunt.*]

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DON PEDRO.

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the  
force  
And strong encounter of my amorous  
tale.

*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 271.*

CLAUDIO.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy :  
I were little happy, could I say how  
much.

*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 299.*

CLAUDIO.

Time goes on crutches, till love have all  
his rites.

*Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 348.*

BALTHAZAR.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever ;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;  
To one thing constant never.

*Act 3, Sc. 3, l. 62.*

HERO.

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with  
traps.

*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 106.*

BENEDICK.

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

*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 28.*

BENEDICK.

O, what men dare do ! what men may  
do ! what men daily do, not knowing  
what they do !

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 17.*

FRIAR.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come appparallel'd in more precious  
habit,

More moving-delicate and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 225.*

LEONATO.

For there was never yet philosopher,  
That could endure the toothache pa-  
tiently.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 36.*

BENEDICK.

If a man do not erect, in his age, his  
own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no  
longer in monument, than the bell rings,  
and the widow weeps.

*Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 62.*

DON PEDRO.

Why, what's the matter,  
That you have such a February face ?

*Act 5, Sc. 4, l. 40.*

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

---

SEBASTIAN and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other, that, but for the difference in their dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria as they were making a sea-voyage together. The ship on board of which they were split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place." "Who governs here?" said Viola. The captain told her, Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so very lately, for but a month ago I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know what great ones do the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the Lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit, to serve the Duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire, and pass for a boy; but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She having observed a fair behavior in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, intrusted him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same color and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear; and when she was dressed in her manly garb she looked so exactly like her brother that some strange errors happened by means of

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

---

their being mistaken for each other; for as will afterward appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain; and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon became his most favored attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole history of his love for the Lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignorable sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love-songs; and neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion, no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great Duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidants of handsome young dukes; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia, she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him: and much it moved her wonder that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one should behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino, that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities; and she said, "If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must not she be content with this answer?" But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said no woman's heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino's had; and she said, "Ah, but I know, my lord." "What do you know, Cesario?" said Orsino. "Too well I know," replied Viola, "what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter loved a man, as I perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship." "And what is her history?" said Orsino. "A blank, my lord," replied Viola; "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief." The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer; as probably she had feigned the story to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: Until seven years hence, the element itself

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother." On hearing this the duke exclaimed, "O she that has a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love when the rich golden shaft has touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola, "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access! stand at the doors, and tell her there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience." "And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry: but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity; and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you were sick: he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep: he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said, that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier's language of great men's pages, she said to the veiled lady, "Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house; for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another; for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it." "Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola; "and that question is out of my part." "Are you a comedian?" said Olivia. "No," replied Viola; "and yet I am not that which I play;" meaning, that she being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was; and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features than haste to deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply: for this haughty beauty, whom the Duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, "Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face?" And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done?" Viola replied, "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living, if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." "O, sir," replied Olivia, "I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them; one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me?" Viola replied, "I see what you are: you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O such a love

could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty : for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire." "Your lord," said Olivia, "knows well my mind. I cannot love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I can, not love him—he might have taken his answer long ago." "If I did love you as my master does," said Viola; "I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name. I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night: your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me." "You might do much," said Olivia; "what is your parentage?" Viola replied, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman." Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, "Go to your master, and tell him I cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When he was gone, Olivia repeated the words, "*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.*" And she said aloud, "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she wished Cesario was the duke; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love; but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root: and presently the noble Lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretense that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped, by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design; and truly it did make Viola suspect; for knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas," said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the mean time, to pass away the tedious intervals, he commanded a song which he loved, to be sung; and he said, "My good Cesario when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."



## TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

---

### SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.  
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it,  
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown :  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown,  
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves; has it not, boy?" "A little, with your leave," replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she?" said Orsino. "Of your age, and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola; which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older than himself, and of a man's dark complexion; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers; and the instant Viola arrived, the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf this lady said, "I desire you never to speak of him again; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly, and openly confessed her love; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in Viola's face, she said, "O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidenhood, honor, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion. But in vain the lady wooed; Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitations was a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was made upon her valor. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favored the duke's messenger, challenged him to fight a duel. What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a manlike outside, had a true woman's heart, and feared to look on her own sword!

When she saw her formidable rival advancing toward her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, "If this young gentleman has done offense, I will

take the fault on me; and if you offend him, I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him; for the officers of justice coming up in that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name to answer for an offense he had committed some years before; and he said to Viola, "This comes with seeking you;" and then he asked her for a purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you, than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him; but for the kindness he had just shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth whom you see here, I snatched from the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away, he called Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother: and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea-captain. He had taken Sebastian up into his ship, when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew, if his person should be known there, his life would be in danger, because in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the Duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offense for which he was now made a prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn, while Sebastian went to view the town; but Sebastian not returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him, and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defense of the youth he had saved, and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him, and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not gone long, when her adversary thought he saw her return; but it was her brother Sebastian who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you;" and struck him a blow. Sebastian was no coward; he returned the blow with interest, and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she too mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very

willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving that she was mistress of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia finding Cesario in this good humor, and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal; and when the marriage ceremony was over he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the mean time Orsino came to visit Olivia, and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master; and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying, that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now the lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said, "Here comes the countess: now Heaven walks on earth! but for thee, fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me: and then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario; and when he found his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favor he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge; and as he was going to depart he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, prevented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the Lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress, and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared! for another Cesario entered, and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other, for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how

## TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

---

to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola and his sister under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the Lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman; and Olivia showed no dislike to her exchange, when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

The hopes of Orsino were forever at an end by this marriage of Olivia; and with his hopes all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favorite young Cesario being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page, but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me, so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long you shall now be your master's mistress, and Orsino's true duchess."

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart, which she had so ungraciously rejected, to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest, who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day; the storm and shipwreck which had separated them being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the Lady Olivia.

# TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*  
 SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*  
 ANTONIO, *a Sea - Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*  
 A SEA-CAPTAIN, *Friend to Viola.*  
 VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the*  
 CURIO, } *Duke.*  
 SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of Olivia.*  
 SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.  
 MALVOLIO, *Stewart to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*  
 CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST NEAR IT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter Duke, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love,  
 play on,  
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.—  
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough; no  
 more;  
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art  
 thou!  
 That notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soever,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is  
 fancy  
 That it alone is high-fantastical.  
*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that  
 I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;  
 That instant was I turned into a hart;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.—How now, what  
 news from her?

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not  
 be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this  
 answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye offending brine: all this, to  
 season

A brother's dead love, which she would  
 keep fresh,

And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she, that hath a heart of  
that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden  
shaft,  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her! when liver, brain, and  
heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,  
and fill'd  
(Her sweet perfections) with one self  
king!—  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied  
with bowers. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. The Sea Coast.

*Enter VIOLA, Captain and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What  
think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance, that you your-  
self were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, per-  
chance, may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and to comfort  
you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and that poor number saved  
with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your  
brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him  
the practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the  
sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the  
waves,

So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this  
country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was  
bred and born,

Not three hours' travel from this very  
place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,  
As in his name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father  
name him!

He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now,  
Or was so very late: for but a month  
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas  
fresh

In murmur, (as, you know, what great  
ones do,

The less will prattle of,) that he did seek  
The love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter  
of a count

That died some twelvemonth since; then  
leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear  
love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O, that I served that lady:  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mel-  
low,  
What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behavior in thee,  
captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous  
wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits

With this thy fair and outward character.

I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid  
For such disguise as, haply, shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;

Thou shalt present me as a page to him,  
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,

And speak to him in many sorts of music,

That will allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit ;

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his page, and I your mute will be.

When my tongue blabs, let mine eyes not see !

*Tio.* I thank thee, lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these

boots too ; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who ? Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek ?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose ?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats ; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fye, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed, — almost natural : for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler ; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they ?

*Mar.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece ; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria : He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. Here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir Toby Belch ?

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew !

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Mary Accost, —

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Ma.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends. [Exit Maria.]

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than an ordinary man has: but I am a

great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd fore-swear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

*Sir And.* I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.



*Sir And.* Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else?— Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!— excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.— Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

*Duke.* Oh, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,

And all its semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company:—Prosper well in this; And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colors.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colors.

*Clo.* Where, good mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, Heaven give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

*Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.*

*Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool: I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprison in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes: and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madam: Fye on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, do dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Oli.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! What gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good sir Toby,——

*Sir To.* There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ah, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool: the second mads him: and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes

to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage, and years, is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA.*

*Vio.* The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn: I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian ?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity; to any other's profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if nature did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are : you are proud ;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love  
Could be but recompens'd, though you  
were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty !

*Oli.* How does he love me ?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile  
tears,

With groans that thunder love, with  
sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind, I  
cannot love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him  
noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless  
youth ;

In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and  
valiant,

And, in dimension, and the shape of  
nature,

A gracious person : but yet I cannot love  
him ;

He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's  
flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense,

I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you ?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your  
gate,

And call upon my soul within the house ;

Write loyal cantons of contemned love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of  
night ;

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

*Oli.* You might do much : What is  
your parentage ?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state  
is well ;

I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord ;  
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you  
well :

I thank you for your pains : spend this for  
me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep  
your purse,

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you  
shall love ;

And let your fervor, like my master's,  
be

Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.  
[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What is your parentage ?

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :*

*I am a gentleman.* — I'll be sworn thou  
art ;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions,  
and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon : — Not too  
fast : — soft ! soft !

Unless the master were the man. — How  
now ?

Even so quickly may one catch the  
plague ?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it  
be. —

What, ho, Malvolio ! —

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish mes-  
senger,

The county's man : he left this ring be-  
hind him

Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not  
for him :

If that the youth will come this way to-  
morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee,  
Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. *[Exit.*

*Oli.* I do I know not what: and fear  
to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my  
mind.

Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do  
not owe;

What is decreed, must be; and be this  
so! *[Exit.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. The Sea-coast.

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor  
will you not, that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars  
shine darkly over me; the malignancy of  
my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours;  
therefore I shall crave of you your leave,  
that I may bear my evils alone: It were a  
bad recompense for your love, to lay any  
of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither  
you are bound.

*Seb.* No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate  
voyage is mere extravagancy. But I per-  
ceive in you so excellent a touch of mod-  
esty, that you will not extort from me  
what I am willing to keep in; therefore  
it charges me in manners the rather to  
express myself. You must know of me  
then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,  
which I called Rodorigo: my father was  
that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I  
know, you have heard of: he left behind  
him, myself, and a sister, both born in an  
hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd,  
would we had so ended! but you, sir,  
alter'd that; for, some hour before you  
took me from the breach of the sea, was  
my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said  
she much resembled me, was yet of many  
accounted beautiful: but, though I could  
not, with such estimable wonder, overfar  
believe that, yet thus far I will boldly  
publish her, she bore a mind that envy

could not but call fair: she is drowned  
already, sir, with salt water, though I  
seem to drown her remembrance again  
with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad enter-  
tainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your  
trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for  
my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you  
have done, that is, kill him whom you  
have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye  
well at once: my bosom is full of kind-  
ness; and I am yet so near the manners  
of my mother, that upon the least occa-  
sion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me.  
I am bound to the count Orsino's court:  
farewell. *[Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go  
with thee:

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there:  
But come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will  
go. *[Exit.*

## SCENE II. A Street.

*Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the  
countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate  
pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir;  
you might have saved me my pains, to  
have taken it away yourself. She adds,  
moreover, that you should put your lord

into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man; — If it be so as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;  
For, such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this! As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st, —

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool.

*Clow.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith.

*Clow.* My lady has a white hand, and the *Myrmidons* are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on ; there is a sixpence for you : let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a —

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

## SONG.

*Clo.* *O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?*

*O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,*

*That can sing both high and low.*

*Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;*

*Journeys end in lovers' meeting,*

*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith !

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* *What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;*

*Present mirth hath present laughter ;*

*What's to come, is still unsure :*

*In delay there lies no plenty ;*

*Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,*

*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver ? Shall we do that ?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't : I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain : let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight !* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool ; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith ! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a catterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians : Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men we be.* Am not I consanguineous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilly-valley, lady ! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !* [*Singing.*]

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too ; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* *O the twelfth day of December,* — [*Singing.*]

*Mar.* Peace.

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My master, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you ?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up !

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the



house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.



Clo. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go? [Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

*Clo.* O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o'time? sir, ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. *[Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed,

as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit.*

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o'that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir T.* Come, come; I'll go burn  
some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now:  
come, knight; come knight; [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music:—Now,  
good morrow, friends:  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of  
song,  
That old and antique song we heard last  
night;  
Methought, it did relieve my passion  
much;  
More than light airs, and recollected  
terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced  
times:—  
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your  
lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool,  
that the lady Olivia's father took much  
delight in: he is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the  
tune the while. [*Exit Curio.—Music.*]  
Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:  
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save, in that constant image of the crea-  
ture  
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this  
tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:  
My life upon't, young though thou art,  
thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it  
loves;  
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favor.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then.  
What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven; Let still  
the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to  
him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and  
worn,

Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger  
than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very  
hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they  
are so;  
To die, even when they to perfection  
grow!

*Re-enter CURIO and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we  
had last night:—  
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their  
thread with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*]

SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it;  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my poor bones  
shall be thrown:*

*A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,  
To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

*Exit Clown.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.—

*[Exeunt Curio and Attendants.]*

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But, if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* 'Sooth, but you must.  
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides,  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay but I know.—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery: for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter,*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*]

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes

a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be count Malvolio;—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the starchy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in, look, how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One *Sir Andrew*:

*Sir And.* I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *P*'s her *U*'s and her *T*'s, and thus makes she her great *O*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *P*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes*: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

*But who?*

*Lips do not move,*

*No man must know.*

*No man must know*:—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know*:—If this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* *I may command, where I adore*:

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart  
doth gore;*

*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*  
—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,  
—let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stan-nyel checks at it!

*Mal.* *I may command, where I adore.*  
Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! *M, O, A, I.*—

*Sir To.* O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M*,—*Malvolio*;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel: that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind;—

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure*

*thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,  
The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will

smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *[Exit.]*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o'mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond slave?

*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either.

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua vitæ.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him : or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger ; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee. Is thy lady within ?

*Clo.* My lady is within, sir. I will construe to her whence you come : who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time ; And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labor as a wise man's art : For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi : votre serviteur.*

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you !

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier !  
*Rain odors !* Well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* *Odors, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*

Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name ?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.



*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,  
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a guise; for 'tis a vulgar procf,

That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;

O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time,—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man: There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward—ho:

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think, you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right; I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this  
 clause,  
 For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no  
 cause:  
 But, rather, reason thus with reason  
 fetter:  
 Love sought is good, but given unsought  
 is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my  
 youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one  
 truth,  
 And that no woman has; nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu, good madam; never more  
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again: for thou, per-  
 haps, may'st move  
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his  
 love. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW  
 AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot  
 longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give  
 thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your rea-  
 son, sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do  
 more favors to the count's serving man,  
 than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw't  
 i'the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old  
 boy? tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of  
 love in her towards you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an  
 ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir,  
 upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand  
 jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favor to the youth in  
 your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake  
 your dormouse valor, to put fire in your  
 heart, and brimstone in your liver: You  
 should then have accosted her; and with  
 some excellent jests, fire-new from the  
 mint, you should have banged the youth  
 into dumbness. This was looked for at  
 your hand, and this was baulked: the  
 double gilt of this opportunity you let  
 time wash off, and you are now sailed into  
 the north of my lady's opinion; where you  
 will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's  
 beard, unless you do redeem it by some  
 laudable attempt, either of valor, or  
 policy.

*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must  
 be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as  
 lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then, build me thy for-  
 tunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge  
 me the count's youth to fight with him;  
 hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall  
 take note of it: and assure thyself, there  
 is no love-broker in the world can more  
 prevail in man's commendation with  
 woman, than report of valor.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir  
 Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a  
 challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand;  
 be curst and brief; it is no matter how  
 witty, so it be eloquent, and full of inven-  
 tion: taunt him with the license of ink:  
 if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall  
 not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie  
 in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet  
 were big enough for the bed of Ware in  
 England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let  
 there be gall enough in thy ink: though  
 thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:  
 About it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*;  
 Go. [*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you,  
Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad;  
some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from  
him: but you'll not deliver it?

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by  
all means stir on the youth to an answer.  
I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale  
them together. For Andrew, if he were  
opened, and you find so much blood in  
his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll  
eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth,  
bears in his visage no great presage of  
cruelty.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest  
wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will  
laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me:  
you' gull Malvolio is in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant  
that keeps a school i'the church.—I have  
dogged him, like his murderer: He does  
obey every point of the letter that I  
dropped to betray him. He does smile  
his face into more lines, than are in the  
new map, with the augmentation of the  
Indies: you have not seen such a thing as  
'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things  
at him. I know, my lady will strike him;  
if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a  
great favor.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us  
where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Street.

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have  
troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your  
pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my  
desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me  
forth:

And not all love to see you, (though so  
much,

As might have drawn one to a longer  
voyage,)

But jealousy what might befall your  
travel,

Being skillless in these parts; which to a  
stranger,

Unguided, and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and inhospitable: My willing  
love,

The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often  
good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:  
But, were my worth, as is my conscience,  
firm,

You should find better dealing. What's  
to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this  
town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir; best, first, go  
see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to  
night;

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of  
fame,

That do renown this city.

*Ant.* 'Would you'd pardon me;  
I do not without danger walk these  
streets:

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his  
gallies,

I did some service; of such note, indeed,  
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be  
answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of  
his people.

*Ant.* The offense is not of such a bloody nature;  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel,  
Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which for traffic's sake  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir,  
here's my purse;  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet.  
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.—

*Seb.* I do remember.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?— he is sad, and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam;  
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam  
He does nothing but smile; your ladyship  
Were best have guard about you if he come;

For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

How now, Malvolio?

*Mar.* Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mar.* Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mar.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mar.* To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* *Be not afraid of greatness:* 'Twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,—*

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desires to be so:—*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the young gentlemen of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.* Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Excunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she: *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thy self into the trick of singularity,—* and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me

thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to: Fellow!* Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY*

*BELCH, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you, let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did I not tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray heaven, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace, this is not the way; Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, Bidy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at

cherry-pit with Satan; Hang him, foul collier!

*Mal.* Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning-

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper i't.

*Fab.* Is't so sawey?

*Sir And.* Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceedingly good sense-less.

*Sir To.* *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, ———*

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

*Sir To.* *Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir To.* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so frighten them both, that they will

kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honor too unchary out:  
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Viola.* With the same 'havior that your passion bears,  
Go on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;  
That honor, sav'd, may upon asking give?

*Viola.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Viola.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow;  
Fare thee well. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH. and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, heaven save thee.

*Viola.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

*Viola.* You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me, my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath, can furnish man withgl.

*Viola.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet considerations; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't or tak't.

*Viola.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Viola.* This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, to do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit Sir Toby.]*

*Viola.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk toward him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, who would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Sir TOBY with Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him hanged ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

I have his horse [*To FAB.*] to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray heaven defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray heaven, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*]

*Ant.* Put up your sword;—if this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*]

*Sir To.* You, sir? why what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

*Enter two Officers.*

*Fab.* O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

[*To ANTONIO.*]

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put up your sword if you please. [*To Sir ANDREW.*]



*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir;—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit

Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity,

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which, methought, did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers, with Antonio.*]

*Vio.* Me thinks his words do from such passions fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper over a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian; I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favor was my brother; and he went  
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,  
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh  
in love! [Exit.

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy,  
and more a coward than a hare: his dis-  
honesty appears in leaving his friend here  
in necessity, and denying him; and for  
his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward,  
religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again,  
and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but  
never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— [Exit.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill  
be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's  
House.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe, that  
I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish  
fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do  
not know you; nor I am not sent to you  
by my lady, to bid you come speak with  
her; nor your name is not master Cesario;  
nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing,  
that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly some-  
where else; Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard  
that word of some great man, and now  
applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I  
am afraid this great lubber, the world,  
will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now  
ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what  
I shall vent for my lady: Shall I vent to  
her, that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart  
from me;

There is money for thee; if you tarry  
longer,

I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open  
hand:—These wise men that give fools  
money, get themselves a good report after  
fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and  
FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you  
again? there's for you.

[Striking SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there,  
and there: Are all the people mad?

[Beating Sir ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your  
dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight:  
I would not be in some of your coats for  
two pence. [Exit Clown.

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go  
another way to work with him; I'll have  
an action of battery against him, if there  
be any law in Illyria: though I struck him  
first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you  
go. Come, my young soldier, put up  
your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What  
wouldst thou know?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw  
thy sword. [Draws.

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I  
must have an ounce or two of this mala-  
pert blood from you. [Draws.

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

*Sir To.* Madam?

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight,

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.*

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Feb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Feb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou are Sir Topas, the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and will dissemble myself in't; I am not tall enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master parson.

*Clo.* *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*; so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was a man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

*Sir To.* My most exquisite sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offense with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

*Clo.* *Hey Robin, jolly Robin.*

*Tell me how thy lady does.*

[*Singing.*]

*Mal.* Fool.—

*Clo.* *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*Mal.* Fool.—

*Clo.* *Alas, why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say;—

*Clo.* *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas—

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice;  
Like to the old vice  
Your need to sustain.*

*Who with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad.  
Adieu, goodman drival.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service:  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take, and give back, affairs and their despatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,

That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace: He shall conceal it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;

What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth.—What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father;  
—And heaven to shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House.

*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Anything.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: One, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;

With which such scathful grapple did he  
make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,  
Cry'd fame and honor on him.—What's  
the matter?

*Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,  
That took the Phoenix, and her freight  
from Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his  
leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame,  
and state,

In private brabble did he apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on  
my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech  
upon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water  
thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to  
their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so  
dear,

Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names  
you give me;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground  
enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me  
hither:

That most ingrateful boy there, by your  
side,

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy  
mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love, without retention, or restraint,  
All his in dedication: for his sake,

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;  
Where being apprehended, his false cun-  
ning,

(Not meaning to partake with me in  
danger,)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-  
ance,

And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,  
While one would wink; denied me mine  
own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three  
months before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now  
heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words  
are madness.

Three months this youth hath tended  
upon me;

But more of that anon.— Take him  
aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he  
may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with  
me.

*Vio.* Madam?

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario?—  
Good my lord,—

*Vio.* My lord would speak, my duty  
hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my  
lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What! to perverseness? you  
uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithful'st offerings hath  
breath'd out,

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall  
I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that  
shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the  
heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of  
death,

Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,  
That sometime savors nobly?— But hear  
me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my  
faith,

And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in  
your favor,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant,  
still;

But this your minion, whom, I know, you  
love,

And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender  
dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's  
spite.—

Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe  
in mischief:

I'll sacrifice a lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and  
willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would  
die. [ *Following.*

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love,  
More than I love these eyes, more than  
my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love  
wife:

If I do feign, you witnesses above,  
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I be-  
guil'd!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who  
does do you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself! Is it  
so long!—

Call forth the holy father.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

*Duke.* Come away. [ *To VIOLA.*

*Oli.* Whither, my lord?— Cesario,  
husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband?

*Oli.* Ay, husband; can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy  
fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety;  
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou knowest thou art, and then  
thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.— O, wel-  
come, father.

*Re-enter Attendant and Priest.*

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, (though lately we in-  
tended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost  
know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and  
me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of  
love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your  
hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your  
rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me,  
toward my grave,

I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what  
wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy  
case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine over-  
throw?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy  
feet,

Where thou and I henceforth may never  
meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—

*Oli.* O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too  
much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with  
his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of heaven, a  
surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?



*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of heaven, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario!

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is: — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you;

You drew your sword upon me, without cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentlemen? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.— Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clow.* O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures; I hate a drunken pavin rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

*[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]*

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,

Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

*[To VIOLA.]*

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your  
cheek,  
And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd  
Viola!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his  
brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola  
from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my  
soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen  
years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy  
both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me, till each circum-  
stance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and  
jump,  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose  
gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this  
lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been  
mistook: [To OLIVIA.  
But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a  
maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and  
man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is  
his blood.—  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy  
wreck:

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand  
times,

[To VIOLA.  
Thou never should'st love woman like to  
me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-  
swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in  
soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's  
weeds.

*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me  
first on shore,  
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon  
some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him;—Fetch  
Malvolio hither:—  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much  
distract.

*Re-enter Clown, with a Letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd  
his.—

How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belze-  
bub at the stave's end, as well as a man in  
his case may do: he has here writ a letter  
to you; I should have given it to you to-  
day morning; but as a madman's epistles  
are no gospels, so it skills not much, when  
they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open it, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified,  
when the fool delivers the madman:—  
*By the Lord, madam,—*

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read mad-  
ness: an your ladyship will have it as it  
ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah.

[To FABIAN.

*Fab.* [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly used MALVOLIO.*

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savors not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; [To Viola] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, the same:  
How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;

Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

You can say none of this: Well; grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
Why have you given me such clear lights of favor;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:

And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffered me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck, and gull,

That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though I confess much like the character:

But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,

And in such forms which here were pre-supposed

Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
 Taint the condition of this present hour,  
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it  
 shall not,  
 Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,  
 Set this device against Malvolio here,  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous  
 parts  
 We had conceived against him: Maria  
 writ  
 The letter, at sir Toby's great impor-  
 tance;  
 In recompense whereof, he hath married  
 her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was fol-  
 low'd,  
 May rather pluck on laughter than re-  
 venge;  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
 That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they  
 baffled thee!

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some  
 achieve greatness, and some have greatness  
 thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this  
 interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's  
 all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*  
 —But do you remember? *Madam, why  
 laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you  
 smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the  
 whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole  
 pack of you. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously  
 abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to  
 a peace:—  
 He hath not told us of the captain yet;  
 When that is known and golden time con-  
 vents,  
 A solemn combination shall be made  
 Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet  
 sister,  
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario,  
 come,  
 For so you shall be, while you are a man:  
 But, when in other habits you are seen,  
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SONG.

*Clo.*

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 A foolish thing was but a toy,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I come to man's estate,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[*Exit.*

## FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

### TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DUKE.

If music be the food of love, play on ;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die,—  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet  
    sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor!

*Act. 1, Sc. 1, l. 1.*

CAPTAIN.

What great ones do, the less will prattle  
of.

*Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 33.*

CLOWN.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad  
marriage.

*Act 1, Sc. 5, l. 18.*

VIOLA.

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Act 1, Sc. 5, l. 213.*

OLIVIA.

What is parentage?

*Act 1, Sc. 5, l. 249*

VIOLA.

“Above my fortunes, yet my state is well?  
I am a gentleman.”

*Act 1, Sc. 5, l. 249.*

MARIA.

If I do not gull him into a nay-word,  
and make him a common recreation, do  
not think I have wit enough to lie straight  
in bed.

*Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 137.*

DUKE.

Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself: so wears she to  
    him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart;  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and  
    worn  
Than women's are.

*Act 2, Sc. 4, l. 29.*

DUKE.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd doth fall that very  
    hour.

*Act 2, Sc. 4, l. 38.*

VIOLA.

She never told her love,—  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th'  
    bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in  
    thought,  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love in-  
    deed?

We men may say more, swear more, but  
    indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we  
    prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Act 2, Sc. 4, l. 109.*

MALVOLIO.

Some are born great, some achieve  
greatness, and some have greatness thrust  
upon 'em.

*Act 2 Sc. 5, l. 125.*

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

OLIVIA.

But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that,  
Than music from the spheres.

*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 104.*

OLIVIA.

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 139.*

OLIVIA.

Love sought is good, but given unsought  
is better.

*Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 151.*

FABIAN.

You are now sail'd into the north of my  
lady's opinion; where you will hang like  
an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless  
you do redeem it by some laudable at-  
tempt, either of valor or policy.

*Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 26.*

OLIVIA.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 52.*

SIR TOBY.

Swear horrible; for it comes to pass off,  
that a terrible oath, with a swaggering  
accent sharply twanged off, gives man-  
hood more approbation than ever proof  
itself would earn'd him.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 155.*

OLIVIA.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to  
hell.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 196.*

VIOLA.

Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 307.*

VIOLA.

I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunken-  
ness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corrup-  
tion  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 318.*

ANTONIO.

In nature there's no blemish, but the  
mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd, but the un-  
kind:

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the  
devil.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, l. 332.*

SEBASTIAN.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep.

*Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 63.*

OLIVIA.

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 103.*

MALVOLIO.

Made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 328.*

CLOWN.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in  
his revenges.

*Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 360.*



## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

---

**B**ERTRAM, Count of Rossilion, had newly come to his title and estate by the death of his father. The King of France loved the father of Bertram, and when he heard of his death he sent for his son to come immediately to his royal court in Paris, intending, for the friendship he bore the late count, to grace young Bertram with his especial favor and protection.

Bertram was living with his mother, the widowed countess, when Lafeu, an old lord of the French court, came to conduct Bertram to the king. The King of France was an absolute monarch, and the invitation to court was in the form of a royal mandate, or positive command, which no subject, of what high dignity soever, might disobey; therefore though the countess in parting with this dear son seemed a second time to bury her husband, whose loss she had so lately mourned, yet she dared not keep him a single day, but gave instant orders for his departure. Lafeu, who came to fetch him, tried to comfort the countess for the loss of her late lord and her son's absence; and he said, in a courtier's flattering manner, that the king was so kind a prince she would find in his majesty a husband, and that he would be a father to her son; meaning only that the good king would befriend the fortunes of Bertram. Lafeu told the countess that the king had fallen into a sad malady, which was pronounced by his physicians to be incurable. The lady expressed great sorrow on hearing this account of the king's ill-health, and said she wished the father of Helena (a young gentlewoman who was present in attendance upon her) were living, for that she doubted not he could have cured his majesty of his disease. And she told Lafeu something of the history of Helena, saying she was the only daughter of the famous physician Gerard de Narbon, and that he had recommended his daughter to her care when he was dying, so that, since his death, she had taken Helena under her protection; then the countess praised the virtuous disposition and excellent qualities of Helena, saying she inherited these virtues from her worthy father. While she was speaking, Helena wept in sad and mournful silence, which made the countess gently reprove her for too much grieving for her father's death.

Bertram now bade his mother farewell. The countess parted with this dear son with tears and many blessings, and commended him to the care of Lafeu, saying, "Good my lord, advise him, for he is an unseasoned courtier."

Bertram's last words were spoken to Helena, but they were words of mere civility, wishing her happiness; and he concluded his short farewell to her with saying, "Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her."

Helena had long loved Bertram, and when she wept in sad and mournful silence, the tears she shed were not for Gerard de Narbon. Helena loved her father, but in the present feeling of a deeper love, the object of which she was about to lose, she had forgotten the very form and features of her dead father, her imagination presenting no image to her mind but Bertram's.



Helena had long loved Bertram, yet she always remembered that he was the Count of Rossilion, descended from the most ancient family in Paris. She of humble birth. Her parents of no note at all. His ancestors all noble. And therefore she looked up to the high-born Bertram as to her master and to her dear lord, and dared not form any wish but to live his servant, and so living to die his vassal. So great the distance seemed to her between his height of dignity and her lowly fortunes, that she would say, "It were all one that I should love a bright peculiar star, and think to wed it, Bertram is so far above me."

Bertram's absence filled her eyes with tears, and her heart with sorrow; for though she loved without hope, yet it was a pretty comfort to her to see him every hour, and Helena would sit and look upon his dark eye, his arched brow, and the curls of his fine hair, till she seemed to draw his portrait on the tablet of her heart, that heart too capable of retaining the memory of every line in the features of that loved face.

Gerard de Narbon, when he died, left her no other portion than some prescriptions of rare and well-proved virtue, which by deep study and long experience in medicine he had collected as sovereign and almost infallible remedies. Among the rest, there was one set down as an improved medicine for the disease under which Lafen said the king at that time languished; and when Helena heard of the king's complaint, she, who till now had been so humble and so hopeless, formed an ambitious project in her mind to go herself to Paris and undertake the cure of the king. But though Helena was the possessor of this choice prescription, it was unlikely, as the king as well as his physicians were of opinion that his disease was incurable, that they would give credit to a poor unlearned virgin if she should offer to perform a cure. The firm hopes that Helena had of succeeding, if she might be permitted to make the trial, seemed more than even her father's skill warranted, though he was the most famous physician of his time; for she felt a strong faith that this good medicine was sanctified by all the luckiest stars in heaven to be the legacy that should advance her fortune, even to the high dignity of being Count Rossilion's wife.

Bertram had not been long gone, when the countess was informed by her steward that he had overheard Helena talking to herself, and that he understood, from some words she uttered, she was in love with Bertram, and had thought of following him to Paris. The countess dismissed the steward with thanks, and desired him to tell Helena she wished to speak with her. What she had just heard of Helena brought the remembrance of days long past into the mind of the countess; those days probably when her love for Bertram's father first began; and she said to herself, "Even so it was with me when I was young. Love is a thorn that belongs to the rose of youth; for in the season of youth, if ever we are nature's children, these faults are ours, though then we think not they are faults." While the countess was thus meditating on the loving errors of her own youth, Helena entered, and she said to her, "Helena, you know I am a mother to you." Helena replied, "You are my honorable mistress." "You are my daughter," said the countess again; "I say I am your mother. Why do you start and look pale at my words?" With looks of alarm and confused thoughts, fearing the countess suspected her love, Helena still replied, "Pardon me, madam, you are not my mother; the Count Rossilion can not be my brother, nor I your daughter." "Yet, Helena," said the countess, "you might be my daughter-in-law; and I am afraid that is what you mean to be, the words *mother* and *daughter* so

disturb you. Helena, do you love my son?" "Good madam, pardon me," said the affrighted Helena. Again the countess repeated her question. "Do you love my son?" "Do not you love him, madam?" said Helena. The countess replied, "Give me not this evasive answer, Helena: Come, come, disclose the state of your affections, for your love has to the full appeared." Helena on her knees now owned her love, and with shame and terror implored the pardon of her noble mistress; and with words expressive of the sense she had of the inequality between their fortunes, she protested Bertram did not know she loved him, comparing the humble un aspiring love to a poor Indian, who adores the sun, that looks upon his worshipper, but knows of him no more. The countess asked Helena if she had not lately designed to go to Paris? Helena owned the design she had formed in her mind, when she heard Lafeu speak of the king's illness. "This was your motive for wishing to go to Paris," said the countess, "was it? Speak truly." Helena honestly answered, "My lord your son made me think of this; else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, had from the conversation of my thoughts been absent then." The countess heard the whole of this confession without saying a word either of approval or of blame, but she strictly questioned Helena as to the probability of the medicine being useful to the king. She found that it was the most prized by Gerard de Narbon of all he possessed, and that he had given it to his daughter on his death-bed; and remembering the solemn promise she had made at that awful hour in regard to this young maid, whose destiny, and the life of the king himself, seemed to depend on the execution of a project (which though conceived by the fond suggestions of a loving maiden's thoughts, the countess knew not but it might be the unseen workings of Providence to bring to pass the recovery of the king, and to lay the foundation of the future fortunes of Gerard de Narbon's daughter), free leave she gave to Helena to pursue her own way, and generously furnished her with ample means and suitable attendants; and Helena set out for Paris with the blessings of the countess, and her kindest wishes for her success.

Helena arrived at Paris, and by the assistance of her friend, the old Lord Lafeu, obtained an audience of the king. She had still many difficulties to encounter, for the king was not easily prevailed on to try the medicine offered him by this fair young doctor. But she told him she was Gerard de Narbon's daughter (with whose fame the king was well acquainted), and she offered the precious medicine as the darling treasure which contained the essence of all her father's long experience and skill, and she boldly engaged to forfeit her life if it failed to restore his majesty to perfect health in the space of two days. The king at length consented to try it, and in two days' time Helena was to lose her life if the king did not recover; but if she succeeded, he promised to give her the choice of any man throughout all France (the princes only excepted) whom she could like for a husband; the choice of a husband being the fee Helena demanded, if she cured the king of his disease.

Helena did not deceive herself in the hope she conceived of the efficacy of her father's medicine. Before two days were at an end the king was restored to perfect health, and he assembled all the young noblemen of his court together, in order to confer the promised reward of a husband on his fair physician; and he desired Helena to look round on his youthful parcel of noble bachelors, and choose her husband. Helena was not slow to make her choice, for among these young lords she saw the Count Rossillon, and turning to Bertram, she said, "This is the man. I dare not say, my lord, I take you, but I give me and my service ever whilst I live, into your

guiding power." "Why, then," said the king, "young Bertram take her; she is your wife." Bertram did not hesitate to declare his dislike to this present of the king's of the self-offered Helena, who, he said, was a poor physician's daughter, bred at his father's charge, and now living a dependent on his mother's bounty. Helena



heard him speak these words of rejection and of scorn, and she said to the king, "That you are well, my lord, I am glad. Let the rest go." But the king would not suffer his royal command to be so slighted; for the power of bestowing their nobles in marriage was one of the many privileges of the kings of France; and that same day Bertram was married to Helena, a forced and uneasy marriage to Bertram, and of no promising hope to the poor lady, who, though she gained the noble husband

she had hazarded her life to obtain, seemed to have won but a splendid blank, her husband's love not being a gift in the power of the king of France to bestow.

Helena was no sooner married than she was desired by Bertram to apply to the king for him for leave of absence from court; and when she brought him the king's permission for his departure, Bertram told her that as he was not prepared for this sudden marriage, it had much unsettled him, and therefore she must not wonder at the course he should pursue. If Helena wondered not, she grieved when she found it was his intention to leave her. He ordered her to go home to his mother. When Helena heard this unkind command, she replied, "Sir, I can say nothing to this, but that I am your most obedient servant, and shall ever with true observance seek to eke out that desert, wherein my homely stars have failed to equal my great fortunes." But this humble speech of Helena's did not at all move the haughty Bertram to pity his gentle wife, and he parted from her without the common civility of a kind farewell.

Back to the countess then Helena returned. She had accomplished the purport of her journey, she had preserved the life of the king, she had wedded her heart's dear lord, the Count Rossillion; but she returned back a dejected lady to her noble mother-in-law, and as soon as she entered the house she received a letter from Bertram which almost broke her heart.

The good countess received her with a cordial welcome, as if she had been her son's own choice, and a lady of high degree, and she spoke kind words, to comfort her for the unkind neglect of Bertram in sending his wife home on her bridal day alone. But this gracious reception failed to cheer the sad mind of Helena, and she said, "Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone." She then read these words out of Bertram's letter: *When you can get the ring from my finger which never shall come off then call me husband, but in such a when I write a Never.* "This is a dreadful sentence," said Helena. The countess begged her to have patience, and said, now Bertram was gone, she should be her child, and that she deserved a lord that twenty such rude boys as Bertram might tend upon, and hourly call her mistress. But in vain by respectful condescension and kind flattery this matchless mother tried to soothe the sorrows of her daughter-in-law. Helena still kept her eyes fixed upon the letter, and cried out, in an agony of grief, *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* The countess asked her if she found those words in the letter? "Yes, madam," was all poor Helena could answer.

The next morning Helena was missing. She left a letter to be delivered to the countess after she was gone, to acquaint her with the reason of her sudden absence; in this letter she informed her that she was so much grieved at having driven Bertram from his native country and his home, that, to atone for her offense, she had undertaken a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Jaques le Grand, and concluded with requesting the countess to inform her son, that the wife he so hated had left his house forever.

Bertram, when he left Paris, went to Florence, and there became an officer in the Duke of Florence's army, and after a successful war, in which he distinguished himself by many brave actions, Bertram received letters from his mother, containing the acceptable tidings that Helena would no more disturb him; and he was preparing to return home when Helena herself, clad in pilgrim's weeds, arrived at the city of Florence.

Florence was a city through which the pilgrims used to pass on their way to St. Jacques le Grand; and when Helena arrived at this city she heard that a hospitable widow dwelt there, who used to receive into her house the female pilgrims that were going to visit the shrine of that saint, giving them lodging and kind entertainment. To this good lady, therefore, Helena went, and the widow gave her a courteous welcome, and invited her to see whatever was curious in that famous city, and told her that if she would like to see the duke's army, she would take her where she might have a full view of it. "And you will see a countryman of yours," said the widow; "his name is Count Rossilion; who has done worthy service in the duke's wars." Helena wanted no second invitation, when she found Bertram was to make a part of the show. She accompanied her hostess; and a sad and mournful pleasure it was to look once more upon her dear husband's face. "Is he not a handsome man?" said the widow, "I like him well," replied Helena with great truth. All the way they walked, the talkative widow's discourse was of Bertram; she told Helena the story of Bertram's marriage, and how he had deserted the poor lady his wife, and entered into the duke's army to avoid living with her. To this account of her own misfortunes Helena patiently listened, and when it was ended, the history of Bertram was not yet done, for then the widow began another tale, every word of which sank deep into the mind of Helena; for the story she now told was of Bertram's love for her daughter.

Though Bertram did not like the marriage forced on him by the king, it seems he was not insensible to love, for since he had been stationed with the army at Florence he had fallen in love with Diana, a fair young gentlewoman, the daughter of this widow who was Helena's hostess; and every night with music of all sorts and songs composed in praise of Diana's beauty, he would come under her window and solicit her love; and all his suit to her was that she would permit him to visit her by stealth after the family were retired to rest: but Diana would by no means be persuaded to grant this improper request, nor give any encouragement to his suit, knowing him to be a married man; for Diana had been brought up under the counsels of a prudent mother, who, though now she was in reduced circumstances, was well born and descended from the noble family of the Capulets.

All this the good lady related to Helena, highly praising the virtuous principles of her discreet daughter, which she said were entirely owing to the excellent education and good advice she had given her; and she farther said, that Bertram had been particularly importunate with Diana to admit him to the visit he so much desired that night, as he was going to leave Florence early next morning.

Though it grieved Helena to hear of Bertram's love for the widow's daughter, yet from this story the ardent mind of Helena conceived a project (nothing discouraged at the ill success of her former one) to recover her truant lord. She disclosed to the widow that she was Helena, the deserted wife of Bertram, and requested that her kind hostess and her daughter would suffer this visit from Bertram to take place, and allow her to pass herself upon Bertram for Diana; telling them, her chief motive for desiring to have this secret meeting with her husband was to get a ring from him, which he had said, if ever she was in possession of, he would acknowledge her as his wife.

The widow and her daughter promised to assist her in this affair, partly moved by pity for this unhappy forsaken wife, and partly won over to her interest by the promises of reward which Helena made them, giving them a purse of money in earnest

of her future favor. In the course of that day Helena caused information to be sent to Bertram that she was dead; hoping that when he thought himself free to make a second choice by the news of her death, he would offer marriage to her in her feigned character of Diana. And if she could obtain the ring and this promise too, she doubted not she should make some future good come of it.

In the evening after it was dark, Bertram was admitted into Diana's chamber, and Helena was there ready to receive him. The flattering compliments and love discourse he addressed to Helena were precious sounds to her, though she knew they were meant for Diana; and Bertram was so well pleased with her that he made her a solemn promise to be her husband, and to love her forever; which she hoped would be prophetic of a real affection, when he should know it was his own wife, the despised Helena, whose conversation had so delighted him.

Bertram never knew how sensible a lady Helena was, else perhaps he would not have been so regardless of her; and seeing her every day, he had entirely overlooked her beauty; a face we are accustomed to see constantly losing the effect which is caused by the first sight either of beauty or of plainness; and of her understanding it was impossible he should judge, because she felt such reverence, mixed with her love for him, that she was always silent in his presence; but now that her future fate, and the happy ending of all her love-projects, seemed to depend on her leaving a favorable impression on the mind of Bertram from this night's interview, she exerted all her wit to please him; and the simple graces of her lively conversation and the endearing sweetness of her manners so charmed Bertram that he vowed she should be his wife. Helena begged the ring from off his finger as a token of his regard, and he gave it to her; and in return for this ring, which it was of such importance to her to possess, she gave him another ring, which was one the king had made her a present of. Before it was light in the morning she sent Bertram away; and he immediately set out on his journey toward his mother's house.

Helena prevailed on the widow and Diana to accompany her to Paris, their further assistance being necessary to the full accomplishment of the plan she had formed. When they arrived there they found the king was gone upon a visit to the Countess of Rossilion, and Helena followed the king with all the speed she could make.

The king was still in perfect health, and his gratitude to her who had been the means of his recovery was so lively in his mind, that the moment he saw the Countess of Rossilion he began to talk of Helena, calling her a precious jewel that was lost by the folly of her son; but seeing the subject distressed the countess, who sincerely lamented the death of Helena, he said, "My good lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all." But the good-natured old Lafeu, who was present and could not bear that the memory of his favorite Helena should be so lightly passed over, said: "This I must say, the young lord did great offense to his majesty, his mother, and his lady; but to himself he did the greatest wrong of all, for he has lost a wife whose beauty astonished all eyes, whose words took all ears captive, whose deep perfection made all hearts wish to serve her." The king said, "praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hither;" meaning Bertram, who now presented himself before the king, and on his expressing deep sorrow for the injuries he had done to Helena, the king, for his dead father's and his admirable mother's sake, pardoned him and restored him once more to his favor. But the gracious countenance of the king was soon changed

toward him for he perceived that Bertram wore the very ring upon his finger which he had given to Helena; and he well remembered that Helena had called on all the saints in heaven to witness she would never part with that ring, unless she sent it to the king himself upon some great disaster befalling her; and Bertram, on the king's questioning him how he came by the ring, told an improbable story of a lady throwing it to him out of a window, and denied ever having seen Helena since the day of their marriage. The king, knowing Bertram's dislike to his wife, feared he had destroyed her; and he ordered his guards to seize Bertram, saying; "I am wrapped in dismal thinking, for the life of Helena was foully snatched." At this moment Diana and her mother entered, and presented a petition to the king, wherein they begged his majesty to exert his royal power to compel Bertram to marry Diana, he having made her a solemn promise of marriage. Bertram, fearing the king's anger, denied he had made any such promise; and then Diana produced the ring (which Helena had put into her hands) to confirm the truth of her words; and she said that she had given Bertram the ring he then wore in exchange for that, at the time he vowed to marry her. On hearing this, the king ordered the guards to seize her also; and her account of the ring differing from Bertram's the king's suspicions were confirmed, and he said, if they did not confess how they came by this ring of Helena's they should both be put to death. Diana requested her mother might be permitted to fetch the jeweler of whom she bought the ring, which, being granted, the widow went out, and presently returned, leading in Helena herself.

The good countess, who in silent grief had beheld her son's danger, and had even dreaded that the suspicion of his having destroyed his wife might possibly be true, finding her dear Helena, whom she loved with even a maternal affection, was still living, felt a delight she was hardly able to support; and the king, scarce believing for joy that it was Helena, said, "Is this indeed the wife of Bertram that I see?" Helena, feeling herself yet an unacknowledged wife, replied, "No, my good lord, it is but the shadow of a wife you see, the name and not the thing." Bertram cried out, "Both, both! O pardon!" "O my lord," said Helena, "when I personated this fair maid I found you wondrous kind; and look, here is your letter!"—reading to him in a joyful tone those words which she had once repeated so sorrowfully, *When from my finger you can get this ring*—"This is done, it was to me you gave the ring. Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?" Bertram replied, "If you can make it plain that you were the lady I talked with that night, I will love you dearly, ever, ever dearly." This was no difficult task, for the widow and Diana came with Helena purposely to prove this act; and the king was so well pleased with Diana, for the friendly assistance she had rendered the dear lady he so truly valued for the service she had done him, that he promised her also a noble husband, Helena's history giving her a hint that it was a suitable reward for kings to bestow upon fair ladies when they perform notable services.

Thus Helena at last found that her father's legacy was indeed sanctified by the luckiest stars in heaven, for she was now the beloved wife of her dear Bertram, the daughter-in-law of her noble mistress, and herself the Countess of Rossilion.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,		CINNA, <i>a poet.</i>	<i>Another Poet.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} <i>triumvirs after death of Julius Cæsar.</i>	LUCILIUS,	} <i>friends to Brutus and Cassius.</i>
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		TITINIUS,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		MESSALA,	
CICERO,	Young CATO,	} <i>servants to Brutus.</i>	
PUBLIUS,	VOLUMNIUS,		
POPILIUS LENA,	} <i>senators.</i>	VARRO,	} <i>servants to Brutus.</i>
MARCUS BRUTUS,		CLITUS,	
CASSIUS,		CLAUDIUS,	
CASCA,		STRATO,	
TREBONIUS,		LUCIUS,	
LIGARIUS,		DARDANIUS,	
DECIUS BRUTUS,		PINDARUS, <i>servant to Cassius.</i>	
METELLUS CIMBER,		CALPURNIA, <i>wife to Cæsar.</i>	
CINNA,		PORTIA, <i>wife to Brutus.</i>	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, <i>tribunes.</i>		Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants,	
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, <i>a teacher of rhetoric.</i>	<i>Etc.</i>		
<i>A Soothsayer.</i>			

SCENE — THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SARDIS; THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF PHILIPPI.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter* FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain  
Commoners.

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures  
get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a laboring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade  
art thou?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and  
thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
You, sir, what trade are you?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a  
fine workman, I am but, as you would say,  
a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer  
me directly.

*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I  
may use with a safe conscience; which is,  
indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou  
naughty knave, what trade?

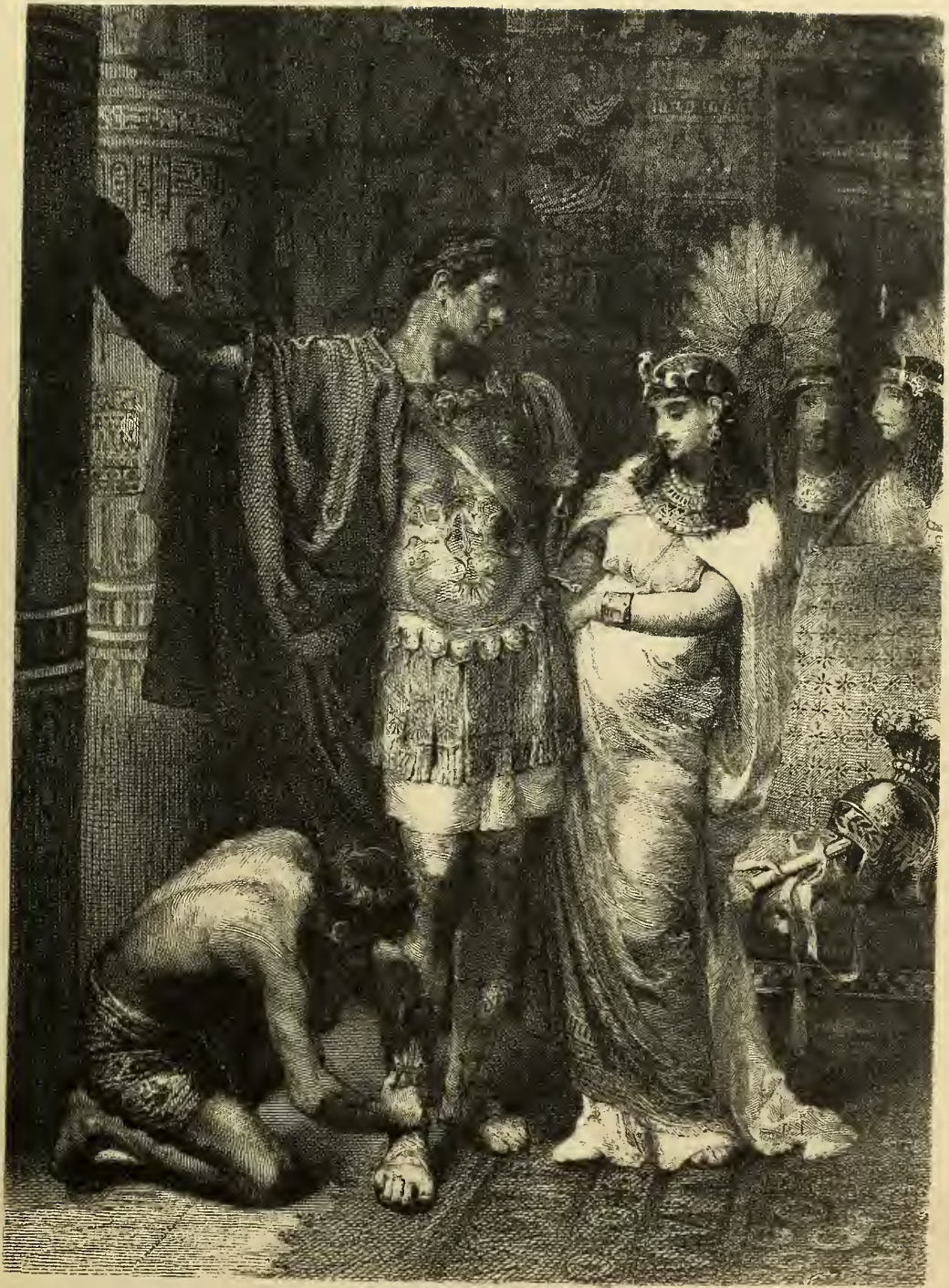
*Sec. Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be  
not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I  
can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that?  
mend me, thou saucy fellow!











*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores?  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and,  
for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I: disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Public Place.

*Flourish.* Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and

CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course.

Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls me?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass. [*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived; if I have veil'd my look  
I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will  
turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have  
heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of  
Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his  
eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you  
lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be pre-  
pared to hear;  
And since you know you cannot see your-  
self  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not  
of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughter, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protestor; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them  
hard

And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I  
do fear, the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have  
it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love  
him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so  
long?

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye and death i' the  
other

And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you,  
Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single  
self,

I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;  
We both have fed as well, and we can  
both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he;  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her  
shores,

Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius,  
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the  
word,

Accoutered as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of contro-  
versy;

But ere we could arrive the point pro-  
posed,

Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I  
sink!'

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his  
shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves  
of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his  
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did  
mark

How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did  
shake :

His coward lips did from their color fly;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe  
the world,

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the  
Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their  
books,

Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Ti-*  
*tinius,*

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze  
me,

A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heaped on  
Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the  
narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their  
fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our  
stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlinge.  
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in  
that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more  
than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a  
name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth  
as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with  
them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*

Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar  
feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou  
art sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
bloods!

When went there by an age, since the  
great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one  
man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd  
of Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one  
man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers  
say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have  
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in  
Rome,

As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am noth-  
ing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some  
aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these  
times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this pres-  
ent,

I would not, so with love I might entreat  
you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have  
said,

I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear: and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high  
things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon  
this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this  
time

Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire  
from Brutus.



*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so :— But look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train :

Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter :— But I fear him not ;  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;

He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music :

Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;

And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Casca stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their night-caps, and uttered such a deal of foul breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken

him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: Farewell, both.

[*Exit Casca.*]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow this is grown to be;

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form,  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his  
words

With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:— till then, think of the world. [*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cæsarius,  
He should not humor me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his window throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III. A Street.

*Thunder and Lightning.* Enter, from opposite sides, *CASCA*, with his Sword drawn, and *CICERO*.

*Cic.* Good even, Casca; Brought you Cæsar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?  
*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too sauncy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonderful?  
*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
Held up his left hand which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides (I have not since put up my sword),  
Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw  
Men, all on fire walk up and down the streets.  
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, *These are their reasons,—they are natural;* For, I believe they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?  
*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca; this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius,  
what night is this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest  
men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens  
menace so?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth  
so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the  
streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbrac'd, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-storm:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd  
to open

The breast of heaven, I did present my-  
self

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much  
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens,  
send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those  
sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not: You look pale and  
gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in won-  
der,

To see the strange impatience of the  
heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding  
ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and  
kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calcu-  
late;

Why all these things change, from their  
ordinance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven has infus'd them with these  
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear, and  
warning,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could  
I, Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dread-  
ful night;

That thunders, lightnings, opens graves,  
and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; Is  
it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans  
now

Have thewes and limbs like to their ances-  
tors;

But woe the while! our fathers' minds are  
dead,

And we are governed with our mothers'  
spirits;

Our yoke and sufferings show us woman-  
ish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators  
to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

And he shall wear his crown by sea and  
land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this  
dagger then:

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cas-  
sius:

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak  
most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten  
brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
 If I know this, know all the world besides,  
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
 I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate .  
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!  
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps,  
 speak this

Before a willing bondman: then I know  
 My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
 And danger's are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded  
 Romans,

To undergo, with me, an enterprise  
 Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me

In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;

And the complexion of the element  
 Is favor'd, like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
 He is a friend.— Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes  
 You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
 The noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window: set this up with wax  
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and  
he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will  
hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade  
me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's  
theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*  
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of  
him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him  
ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high, in all the  
people's hearts:  
And that, which would appear offence in  
us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our  
great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us  
go,

For it is after midnight; and ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. Brutus's Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.— Lucius, I  
say!  
I would it were my fault to sleep so sound-  
ly.  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say:  
What, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study,  
Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for  
my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at  
him,  
But for the general. He would be  
crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's  
the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the  
adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown  
him?— That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him.  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: And, to speak  
truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections  
sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common  
proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his  
face:

But when he once attains the upmost  
round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base  
degrees

By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since  
the quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmen-  
ted,

Would ruu to these, and these extremi-  
ties:

And therefore think him as a serpent's  
egg,

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow  
mischievous;

And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet,  
sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am  
sure,

It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not  
day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring  
me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the  
air,

Give so much light, that I may read by  
them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy-  
self.*

*Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake——*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, etc.* Thus, must I piece it  
out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of  
Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a  
king.

*Speak, strike, redress!* — Am I entreated  
then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make  
thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen  
days. [*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate;  
somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against  
Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of  
man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at  
the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with  
him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd  
about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favor.

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the fiction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow  
by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by  
day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek

none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance  
on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter* CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,  
METELLUS, CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon  
your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men, that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honors you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself, Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; And this Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?

[*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun rises; Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year, Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our revolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of woman; then, countrymen,

What need we any spur, but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests, and cowards, and men

cantelous,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprize

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think, that, or our cause or our performance,

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.



*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands:

Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in its gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd;—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improves them, may well stretch so far,

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody,  
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers,  
Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar:—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him, let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;

It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with  
holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.  
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does; being then most flatter-  
tered.

Let me work:

For I can give his humor the true bent;  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to  
fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: Is that the  
uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail  
not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar  
hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pom-  
pey;

I wonder, none of you have thought of  
him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by  
him:

He loves me well, and I have given him  
reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us:  
We'll leave you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all  
remember

What you have said, and show yourselves  
true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and  
merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:

And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no  
matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brain of  
men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord?

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Where-  
fore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold  
morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have  
urgently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at  
supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms  
across:

And when I ask'd you what the matter  
was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratched  
your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your  
foot:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seemed so much enkindled; and,  
withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every  
man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your  
shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your con-  
dition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my  
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of  
grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and  
that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not  
in health,

He would embrace the means to come by  
it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do:—good Portia, go  
to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors  
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my  
 Brutus;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you: for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but  
 in the suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife;  
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,  
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
 I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
 A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.  
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:

I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound  
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
 And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the character of my sad brows:—  
 Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
 To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy of the name of honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee as we are going;  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you;  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his nightgown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's within?*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinion of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions

Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the  
beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of  
cowardice.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full  
well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your  
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-  
house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not  
well;  
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them  
so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow,  
worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy  
time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them, that I will not come to-  
day:

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not,  
falsely;

I will not come to-day: Tell them so,  
Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so  
far,

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know  
some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will  
not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at  
home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which like a fountain with a hundred  
spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Ro-  
mans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands  
in it.

And these does she apply for warnings,  
portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-  
day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpret-  
ed;

It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall  
suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall  
press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cogniz-  
ance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well ex-  
pounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what  
I can say:

And know it now; The senate have con-  
cluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty  
Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not  
come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it  
were a mock

Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whis-  
per,

*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem  
now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,  
METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and  
CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch  
me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early  
too?—

Good morrow, Casca.— Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,  
As that same ague which hath made you  
lean.—

What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and  
courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up:—

Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna:—Now Metellus:—What  
Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near  
will I be, [*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had  
been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste  
some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go  
together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same,  
O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think  
upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street near the Capitol.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take  
heed of Cassius; come not near Casca;  
have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius;  
mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius  
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged  
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind  
in all these men, and it is bent against  
Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look  
about you: Security gives way to conspir-  
acy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy  
lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along.  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst  
live;

If not, the fates with traitors do con-  
trive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Another Part of the same  
Street, before the House of Brutus.

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prythee, boy, run to the sen-  
ate halls,

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.  
*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—  
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
 Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
 For he went sickly forth: And take good note,  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:  
 I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,  
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow:  
 Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol?

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harms intended toward him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heaven speed thee in thy enterprise!  
 Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. • [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol: among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.

*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discover'd.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius CÆSAR and the Senators take their Seats.*]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently present his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd, press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are you all ready? what is now amiss,

That Cæsar, and his senate must now redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*]

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree, Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished; If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus?

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:



But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd  
sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth  
shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his  
place:

So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with  
men,

And men are flesh and blood, and appre-  
hensive,

Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he:  
Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant, Cimber should be  
banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olym-  
pus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute?* — Then fall,  
Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and people retire in confusion.*]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is  
dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the  
streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits,  
and cry out,

*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not  
affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is  
paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with  
this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some  
friend of Cæsar's

Should chance ——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing;— Pub-  
lius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your per-  
son,

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Pub-  
lius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius, lest that  
the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some  
mischief.

*Bru.* Do so;— and let no man abide  
this deed,

But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out  
and run,

As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleas-  
ures:—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the  
time,

And drawing days out, that men stand  
upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty  
years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a  
benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have  
abridged

His time of fearing death. — Stoop  
Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's  
blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our  
swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-  
place:

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Anthony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and loved him;

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living: but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Through the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may; but yet have I a mind.

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.

If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your swords,  
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek  
and smoke,

Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity), Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,

Of brother's temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,

In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius: The enemies of Cæsar shall say this; Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so, But what compact mean you to have with us:

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends:

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed, Sway'd from the point, by looking down at Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you will give me reasons,

Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regards,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek :  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do ; do not con-  
sent. [*Aside.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
Know you how much the people may be  
mov'd —

By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremo-  
nies.

It shall advantage more, than do us  
wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like  
it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you  
Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech  
blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of  
Cæsar ;

And say, you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and fol-  
low us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding  
piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly  
blood !

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —  
Which like dumb mouths, do ope their  
ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my  
tongue ;—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of  
men ;

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they  
behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of  
war ;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's  
voice,

Cry, *Havock!* and let slip the dogs of  
war ;

That this foul deed shall smell above the  
earth,

With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come  
to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is  
coming :

And bid me say to you by word of mouth.  
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart  
and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in  
thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered Of Cæsar's death.

*1 Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*2 Cit.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens.*]

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

*3 Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that ye

may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom: and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: Who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dag-

ger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it were a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause

What cause witholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason  
in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the  
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrongs.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his  
place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He  
would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambi-  
tious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will  
dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red with  
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in  
Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again  
to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of  
Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he  
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and  
rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius  
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and  
you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of

Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,  
{Which, pardon me, I do not mean to

read,}

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's  
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it,  
Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear  
Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I  
must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd  
you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
men;

And being men, hearing the will of  
Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his

heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of  
it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it,  
Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you  
stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do  
fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honorable  
men!

*Cit.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers,  
The will! read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read  
the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of  
Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the  
will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me  
leave?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from  
the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand  
from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble  
Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand  
far off.

*Cit.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to  
shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger  
through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus  
stabb'd:

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's  
angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar  
lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's  
arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his  
mighty heart;

And, in this mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statute,  
Which all the while ran blood, great  
Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you  
but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you  
here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with  
traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge;  
about, seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—  
let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble  
Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow  
him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let  
me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are  
honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I  
know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and  
honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer  
you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your  
hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt  
man,

That love my friend; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor  
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do  
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,  
poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I  
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an An-  
tony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a  
tongue



In every wound of Cæsar, that should  
move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of  
Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the con-  
spirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet  
hear me speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most  
noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you  
know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your  
loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you  
then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true;—the will;—let's  
stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under  
Cæsar's seal,

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drach-  
mas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll re-  
venge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all  
his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted  
orchards,

On this side 'Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common

pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such  
another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away,  
away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors'  
houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows,  
any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work: Mischief, thou  
art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How  
now, fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come  
to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's  
house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to  
visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is  
merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and  
Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates  
of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of  
the people

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to  
Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Street.

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast  
with Cæsar

And things unluckily charge my fan-  
tasy:

I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a  
bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

4 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's: some to Ligarius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we will determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here or at

The Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you;

And though we lay these honors on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down this load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for  
that,

I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my  
spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid  
go forth:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations;  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other  
men,

Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,  
Are levying powers: we must straight  
make head.

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best  
means stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so; for we are at the  
stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts,  
I fear,

Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Before Brutus' Tent in the  
Camp near Sardis.

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,  
and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS  
meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand here.

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius  
near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is  
come

To do you salutation from his master.

PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master,  
Pindarus,

In his own charge, or by ill offices,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to  
wish

Things done, undone: but, if he be at  
hand,

I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honor.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word,  
Lucilius:

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect  
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly confer-  
ence,

As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Luci-  
lius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in pain and simple  
faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their  
mettle:

But when they should endure the bloody  
spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful  
jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis  
to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd:—

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[*Within.*] Stand.

[*Within.*] Stand.

[*Within.*] Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Within the Tent of Brutus.

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
Didn't great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.  
*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.  
*Bru.* Away, slight man!  
*Cas.* Is't possible?  
*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?  
 Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?  
*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?  
*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;  
 Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
 When you are waspish.  
*Cas.* Is it come to this?  
*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.  
*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:  
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
 Did I say, better?  
*Bru.* If you did, I care not.  
*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have mov'd me.  
*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.  
*Cas.* I durst not?  
*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?  
*Bru.* For your life you durst not.  
*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.  
*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:  
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—  
 For I can raise no money by vile means:  
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
 By any indirection. I did send  
 To you for gold to pay my legions,  
 Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius  
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces!  
*Cas.* I denied you not.  
*Bru.* You did.  
*Cas.* I did not;—he was but a fool,  
 That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart:  
 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.  
*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.  
*Cas.* You love me not.  
*Bru.* I do not like your faults.  
*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though  
they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his  
brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults  
observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by  
rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my  
dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a  
heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than  
gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my  
heart;  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou  
lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have  
scope;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be  
honor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth  
him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-  
temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give  
me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus! —

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear  
with me,  
When that rash humor, which my mother  
gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your  
Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so.

[*Noise within.*

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in and  
see the generals:  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis  
not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] You shall not come  
to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death  
shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals: What  
do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men  
should be;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure,  
than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha; how vilely doth this  
cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fel-  
low, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his  
fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he  
knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jig-  
ging fools?

Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, begone.  
[*Exit Poet.*

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the  
commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think, you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—  
Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark  
Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for  
with her death

That tidings came;—With this she fell  
distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd  
fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter* LUCIUS, *with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me  
a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.  
[*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the  
cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.  
[*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome,  
good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-  
same tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of  
outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well  
agree:

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Ay, Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my  
lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ  
of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught  
of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell  
me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the  
truth I tell.

For certain she is dead, and by strange  
manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We  
must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses  
should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think,  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:  
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must not beside,  
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with you, will go on;  
We'll on ourselves, and meet him at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*]  
Farewell, good Messala:  
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent,  
and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand; and  
watch your pleasure.



*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down,  
good sirs;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink  
me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought  
for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not  
give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am  
much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up the heavy eyes  
awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or  
two.

*Luc.* Ay, my lord; an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy;  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art will-  
ing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past  
thy might;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of  
rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It is well done; and thou shalt  
sleep again;  
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee.

[*Music and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slum-  
ber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my  
boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave,  
good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake  
thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instru-  
ment;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good  
night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf  
turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who  
comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me—art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair  
to stare?

Speak to me, what art thou?

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me  
at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi  
then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with  
thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs,  
awake!—

Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his in-  
strument.—

Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that  
thou so cry'dst out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I  
did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou  
see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah,  
Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

*Var.* My lord!

*Clau.* My lord!

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in  
your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay ; saw you anything ?  
*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.  
*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.  
*Cru.* Go, and commend me to my  
 brother Cassius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
 And we will follow.  
*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

*Enter* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their  
 Army.

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are  
 answered :  
 You said the enemy would not come  
 down,  
 But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
 It proves not so : their battles are at  
 hand ;  
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
 Answering before we do demand of them.  
*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I  
 know,  
 Wherefore they do it : they could be con-  
 tent  
 To visit other places ; and come down  
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this  
 face,  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have  
 courage ;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something's to be done immediately.  
*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly  
 on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.  
*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep  
 thou the left.  
*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this  
 exigent ?  
*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do  
 so. [March.]

*Drum. Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and  
 their Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,  
 MESSALA and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have  
 parley.  
*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : We must  
 out and talk.  
*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign  
 of battle ?  
*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on  
 the charge.  
 Make forth, the generals would have some  
 words.  
*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.  
*Bru.* Words before blows : Is it so,  
 countrymen ?  
*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as  
 you do.  
*Bru.* Good words are better than bad  
 strokes, Octavius.  
*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you  
 give good words :  
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's  
 heart,  
 Crying, *Long live ! hail Cæsar !*  
*Cas.* Antony,  
 The posture of your blows are yet un-  
 known ;  
 But for your words, they rob the Hybla-  
 bees,  
 And leave them honeyless.  
*Ant.* Not stingless too.  
*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too ;  
 For you have stol'n their buzzing, An-  
 tony,  
 And, very wisely, threat before you sting.  
*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when  
 your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and  
fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's  
feet,

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank  
yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : If argu-  
ing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up  
again?—

Never till Cæsar's three and twenty  
wounds

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of  
traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by  
traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of  
thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more  
honorable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless  
of such honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony ; away. —

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the  
field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their  
Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell,  
billow ; and swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho!

Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala, —

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,

Messala :

Be thou my witness, that, against my  
will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion : now I change my  
mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former en-  
sign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they  
perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers,  
hands ;

Who to Philippi here consorted us ;

This morning are they fled away, and  
gone ;

And in their steads, two ravens, crows,  
and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on  
us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows  
seem

A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we  
may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
But, since the affairs of men rest still

uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may  
befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak to-  
gether:

What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philoso-  
phy,  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself: — I know not  
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life: arming myself with  
patience,

To stay the Providence of some high  
powers

That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Through the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not,  
thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same  
day

Must end that work the ides of March  
began;

And whether we shall meet again I know  
not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well  
made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell,  
Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well  
made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. — O, that a  
man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it  
come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. — Come, ho!  
away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Field of Battle.

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and  
give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud  
Alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the over-  
throw.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come  
down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the vil-  
lains fly:

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning  
back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from  
him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word  
too early.

Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to  
spoil,

Whilst we by Antony were all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly  
further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look,  
look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the  
fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs  
in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder  
troops,

And here again that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, And tell me what thou not'st about the field. — [*Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,

And where I did begin, there I shall end; My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

Make to him on the spur; — yet he spurs on. —

Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius! —

Now some 'light: — O, he 'lights too — he's ta'en — and, hark! [*Shout.*]  
They shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more. — O, coward that I am, to live so long. To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now,  
keep thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search  
this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou  
the hilts;

And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword, — Cæsar, thou art  
reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So I am free, yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. — O setting sun!  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our  
deeds are done;

Mistrust of my success hath done this  
deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath  
done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts  
of men

The things that are not? O error, soon  
conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd  
thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus? Where art  
thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go  
to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave  
Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not  
they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me giv't thee? Didst thou not  
hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy  
brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.— Brutus, come  
apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods:— This is a Roman's  
part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius'  
heart.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,  
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and  
LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his  
body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourn-  
ing it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty  
yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our  
swords

In our own proper entrails.

[*Low Alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!  
Look, wher he have not crown'd dead  
Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such  
as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee  
well!

It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.— Friends, I owe  
more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me  
pay.—

I shall find time Cassius, I shall find  
time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his  
body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.— Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato, let us to the  
field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere  
night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of  
both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO,  
LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up  
your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who  
will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's  
friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the Enemy*]

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Bru-  
tus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me  
for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO  
is overpowered, and falls.*]

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art  
thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titi-  
nius;

And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die :  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me  
straight ;

[*Offering Money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble pris-  
oner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Bru-  
tus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here  
comes the general :

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe  
enough ;

I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
The gods defend him from so great a  
shame !

When you do find him or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like him-  
self.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but,  
I assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man  
safe,

Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go  
on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS,  
STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends,  
rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ;  
but, my lord,  
He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or  
slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus, slaying is  
the word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Cli-  
tus.— [*Whispering.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all  
the world.

*Bru.* Peace, then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius !

[*Whispers him.*

*Dar.* I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius !

*Dar.* O, Clitus !

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make  
to thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus : Look, he  
meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of  
grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius :  
list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord ?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius :  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night : at Sardis,  
once ;

And, this last night, here in Philippi'  
fields.

I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it  
goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good  
Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school  
together ;

Even for that our love of old I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run  
on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend,  
my lord. [*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no  
tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you;— and you;—  
and you, Volumnius.—  
Strato, thou hast been all this while  
asleep;  
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.— Country-  
men  
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my  
life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus,  
tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history:  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones  
would rest  
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.  
[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*  
*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.  
*Bru.* Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and  
VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor  
in it:  
Hold then my sword and turn away thy  
face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou,  
Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: Fare  
you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.— Cæsar,  
now be still,

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.  
[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS,  
ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their  
Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.— Strato, where  
is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are  
in, Messala;  
The conquerors can but make a fire of  
him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his  
death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.— I  
thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying  
true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will  
entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with  
me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to  
you.

*Oct.* Do so, Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did  
run to it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to fol-  
low thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of  
them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of  
them.

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might  
stand up,

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us  
use him,

With all respect and rights of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall  
lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.—  
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*



## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

---

KATHERINE, the Shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katherine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed, impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

It happened, however, that a gentleman named Petruchio came to Padua, purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katherine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labor as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katherine's, and he was a witty and most happy tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous air he assumed when he became the husband of Katherine being but in sport, or more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome in her own way the passionate ways of the furious Katherine.

A courting then Petruchio went to Katherine the Shrew, and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katherine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly that, having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behavior, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katherine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katherine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I can not come every day to woo. You knew my father. He is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover, but being glad to get Katherine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death; so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

rails at me, why, then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katherine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate, for that is your name, I hear." Katherine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katherine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover, "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew: but Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."



A strange courtship they made of it. She in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katherine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering, Petruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katherine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a mad-cap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving, and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katherine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katherine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared, but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katherine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in a strange, disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katherine was to be married to him and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katherine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all-amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so that the high-spirited Katherine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never, sure, was there such a mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast, but when they returned from church, Petruchio, taking hold of Katherine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katherine, could make him change his purpose: he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katherine off; he seemed so daring and so resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted, they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever when the horse of Katherine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he had been the most passionate man alive. ?

At length, after a weary journey during which Katherine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and the horses; they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved that she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away, and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katherine that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katherine, weary, and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed-clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair where if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

---

the loud voice of her husband storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petruchio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katherine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had the supper; and Katherine, the haughty Katherine, was fain to beg the servants to bring her secretly a morsel of food, but they, being instructed by Petruchio, replied they dare not give her anything unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed, and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me." Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio: he, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word! Nay, then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katherine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand." But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katherine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate, eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" and to make her believe he really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katherine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katherine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will: I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true, it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me, or love me not," said Katherine, "I like this cap, and will have this cap, or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that. "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is

here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple-tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;" and Katherine said she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, had excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room: and then, turning to Katherine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katherine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there." But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued, that she should assent to everything he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward: "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katherine was forced to practise her newly-found obedience, and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he was going back again; but Katherine, no longer Katherine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please; and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say it is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Katherine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruchio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katherine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katherine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humor would last, he addressed an old gentleman he met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good morrow, gentle mistress:" and asked Katherine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair, lovely maiden, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake." The now completely vanquished Katherine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet: whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child." "Why, how now, Kate," said Petruchio; "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katherine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that every-

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

thing I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father : I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake." "Do, good old grandsire," said Petruchio, "and tell us which way you are traveling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy, by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katherine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly-married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new-married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him : for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katherine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petruchio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katherine ; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petruchio merrily said, he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hounds, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How," said Petruchio, "does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said it would be well for him if Katherine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife ; and he said to his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "Oh ho ! entreat her !" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress ; and he said to him, "How now ! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says you must have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petruchio ; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my halidom, here comes Katherine !" and she entered, saying meekly to Petruchio, "What is your will sir, that you send for me?" "Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katherine replied,

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

---

“They sit conferring by the parlor fire.” “Go, fetch them hither,” said Petruchio. Away went Katherine without replying to perform her husband’s command. “Here is a wonder,” said Lucentio, “if you talk of a wonder.” “And so it is,” said Hortensio; “I marvel what it bodes.” “Marry, peace it bodes,” said Petruchio, “and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and to be short, everything that is sweet and happy.” Katherine’s father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, “Now, fair befall thee, son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as if she had never been.” “Nay,” said Petruchio, “I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience.” Katherine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, “See where she comes, and brings your forward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katherine, that cap of yours does not become you; off with that bauble and throw it under foot.” Katherine instantly took off her cap and threw it down. “Lord!” said Hortensio’s wife, “may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!” And Bianca, she too said, “Fie, what foolish duty call you this?” On this Bianca’s husband said to her, “I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time.” “The more fool you,” said Bianca, “for laying on my duty.” “Katherine,” said Petruchio, “I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands.” And, to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wife-like duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio’s will. And Katherine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katherine the Shrew, but as Katherine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

Where?

# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GREMIO.

Our cake's dough on both sides.

*Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 109.*

GRUMIO.

If I were not a little pot, and soon hot.

*Act. 4, Sc. 1, l. 8.*

PETRUCHIO.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments  
poor;

For 't is the mind that makes the body  
rich;

And as the sun breaks through the dark-  
est clouds,

So honor 'peareth 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? *Act 4, Sc. 3, l. 167.*

WIDOW.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns  
round. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 20.*

KATHARINA.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain  
troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of  
beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy  
keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares  
for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his  
body

To painful labor, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in  
cold,

Whilst thou liest 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.

*Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 142.*



# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

} *Courtiers.*

OSRIC, *a Courtier.*

*Another Courtier.*

*A Priest.*

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO, } *Officers.*

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier,*

REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

*A Captain.*

*An Ambassador.*

*Ghost of Hamlet's Father.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter of Polonius.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers and other Attendants.*

## SCENE—ELSinORE.

### PREFACE TO HAMLET.

When so great a writer as Johnson declares himself unable to perceive any satisfactory cause for Hamlet's counterfeiting madness, I fear I shall be accused of presumption, if I attempt to offer any solution of the problem; yet I really think that the difficulty is not as great as he supposes it to be. He says that Hamlet does nothing in the character of a lunatic, which he might not have done in his proper senses; but in this observation he appears to have overlooked what Hamlet intended to do, which ought to have been taken into consideration as well as what he actually did.

The state of the question I take to be as follows:—

Hamlet being informed by the Ghost of the murder of his father, and being at the same time required to revenge it, forms the resolution of killing his uncle; but, being sensible that he has no proof of the murder, except what was said by

the Ghost to himself alone, which could have no weight with any other person, he feels conscious that his killing the king would be considered as the act of a traitor and an assassin: he therefore determines to assume the appearance of madness, in order that the intended blow might be ascribed to distraction rather than to treason. Having formed this resolution, he requires the most solemn oaths from Horatio and Marcellus that they will not, if he

“Perchance hereafter shall think meet,  
To put an antic disposition on,”

allow any expression to escape them, which would convey an idea of what might have occasioned the alteration in his behavior.

Hamlet is nevertheless induced, by more mature reflection, to doubt the propriety of proceeding to extremities, till he has further proof of the king's guilt

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

——“The spirit that I have seen  
May be a devil;  
I'll have grounds  
More relative than this.”

He therefore has recourse to the play. The stratagem succeeds; and, being now convinced of the truth of what was said by the Ghost, he determines to kill the king.

“Now could I drink hot blood,” etc.

This resolution he would immediately afterwards have carried into effect, if a very extraordinary circumstance (the finding the king engaged in prayer) had not induced him to postpone it. I am happy that it is by no means necessary for me to say anything respecting his horrid reflections on that occasion; they do not affect the course of argument which I am pursuing, and in this, as in other instances, I attempt nothing more than to point out the motives of Hamlet's conduct, without entering into the propriety or impropriety of those motives, or of the actions to which they gave birth.

Hamlet now goes to his mother, and while he is with her, he does (as he supposes) what he had before resolved to do. He thinks he is killing the king, when he kills Polonius. That he supposed the person behind the arras to be the king, is evident from his words to his mother: “Is it the king?” and to the dead Polonius, “I took thee for thy better.” After this, he entreats the queen by no means to disclose the secret of his madness being counterfeit, and not real distraction.

Here, then, with all due submission to Dr. Johnson, is an act done by Hamlet

while supposed to be mad, which would have been thought an unpardonable murder if he had been in his proper senses; and this is the use which Hamlet afterwards makes of his counterfeit madness. He excuses himself to Laertes on this very ground:

“This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,  
How I am punished with a sore distraction.  
What I have done,  
That might your nature, honor, and exception,  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness,”  
etc.

It appears, then, that Hamlet resolved to counterfeit madness, that he might kill the king without being considered as a traitor and a murderer. He thought he was killing him when he was killing Polonius, and if the person behind the arras had been the king, Hamlet would have excused his death, as he excused the death of Polonius, by saying,

“What I have done,  
I here proclaim was madness.”

I shall add one word in answer to a question which I have heard frequently asked: Why did Hamlet act the madman in a manner so distressing to the amiable Ophelia? The reason I take to be this: Ophelia was known to be the object of his affection. The queen hoped

“She would have been her Hamlet's wife.”

If, then, it appeared that he acted as a madman in the presence of the object of his tenderest regard, he considered it as a certain consequence, that no doubt could be entertained of the reality of his distraction.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform  
before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his Post. Enter to him*  
BERNARDO.

*Ber.* Who's there ?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me : stand, and  
unfold yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king !

*Fran.* Bernardo ?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon  
your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee  
to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks ;  
'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard ?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make  
haste.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Fran.* I think, I hear them.—Stand,  
ho ! Who is there ?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier :  
Who hath reliev'd you ?

*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place.  
Give you good night. [*Exit Francisco.*]

*Mar.* Holla ! Bernardo !

*Ber.* Say,  
What, is Horatio there ?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio ; welcome,  
good Marcellus.

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd  
again to-night ?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says, 'tis but our fan-  
tasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him.  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen  
of us ;

Therefore I have entreated him, along  
With us to watch the minutes of this  
night ;

That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes, and speak to  
it.

*Hor.* Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile ;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,  
When yon same star, that's westward  
from the pole,  
Had made his course to illumine that part  
of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and my-  
self,

The bell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off ; look,  
where it comes again !

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king  
that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar, speak to it,  
Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king ? mark  
it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like :— It harrows me with  
fear, and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this  
time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march ? By heaven I  
charge thee speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay, speak: speak I charge thee,  
speak. [Exit Ghost.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble,  
and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you of it?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this  
believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway com-  
bated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry  
parle,

He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at  
this dead hour,

With martial stock hath he gone by our  
watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to  
work, I know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our  
state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me,  
he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant  
watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land;  
And why such daily cast of brazen can-  
non,

And foreign mart for implements of war:  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose  
sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the  
week:

What might be toward, that this sweaty  
haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with  
the day;

Who is't, that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last  
king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Ner-  
way,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate  
pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant  
Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world es-  
teemed him,)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd  
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his  
lands,

Which he stood seis'd of, to the con-  
queror:

Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had re-  
turn'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same  
comart,

And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young For-  
tinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and  
there,

Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't: which is no  
other

(As it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,  
And terms compulsory, those 'foresaid  
lands

So by his father lost: And this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations;  
The source of this our watch; and the  
chief head

Of this post-haste and romage in the  
land.

*Ber.* I think, it be no other, but even  
so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch ; so like  
the king

'That was, and is the question of these  
wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is, to trouble the  
mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of  
Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the  
sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman  
streets.

Stars shone with trains of fire ; dews of  
blood fell ;

Disasters veil'd the sun ; and the moist  
star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire  
stands,

Was sick almost to doomsday with  
eclipse.

And even the like precurse of fierce  
events,—

As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
And prologue to the omen coming on,—  
Have heaven and earth together demon-  
strated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

*Re-enter Ghost.*

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes  
again !

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay,  
illusion !

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to  
me,

Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,  
O speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk  
in death, *[Cock crows.*

Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it,  
Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my par-  
tizan ?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'Tis here !

*Hor.* 'Tis here !

*Mar.* 'Tis gone ! *[Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,al,

To offer it the show of violence ;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the  
cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty  
thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding  
throat

Awake the god of day ; and, at his warn-  
ing,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine : and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the  
cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season  
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night

long :

And then they say no spirit dares stir  
abroad ;

The nights are wholesome ; then no plan-  
ets strike.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part  
believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern

hill :

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him  
with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this  
morning know

Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Same.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear  
brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us be-  
fitted

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole  
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with  
nature,

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our  
queen,

The imperial jointress of this warlike  
state,

Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—  
With one auspicious, and one dropping

eye;  
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in  
marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely  
gone

With this affair along:—For all, our  
thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young  
Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth;

Or thinking, by our late dear brother's  
death,

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advan-  
tage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with mes-  
sage,

Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
To our most valiant brother.—So much  
for him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of  
meeting.

Thus much the business is: We have here  
writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to sup-  
press

His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists, the full proportions, are all  
made

Of his subject:—and we here despatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
For bearers of this greeting to old Nor-  
way;

Giving to you no further personal power  
To business with the king, more than the  
scope

Of those dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend  
your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, will  
we show our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing; heartily  
farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with  
you?

You told us of some suit: What is't, Laer-  
tes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou  
beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy ask-  
ing?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy  
father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,  
Your leave and favor to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to  
Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;  
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again to-  
ward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and  
pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave?  
What says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from  
me my slow leave,

By laborious petition; and, at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes;  
time be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—  
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my  
son,—

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less  
than kind. *[Aside.]*

*King.* How is it that the clouds still  
hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord, I am too much  
i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted  
color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on  
Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common; all, that live,  
must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I  
know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good  
mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of  
grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed,  
seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I have that within, which passeth  
slow;

These, but the trappings and the suits of  
woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in  
your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your  
father:

But, you must know, your father lost a  
father;

That father lost his; and the survivor  
bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to perseve  
In obstinate condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly  
grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,  
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;  
An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
For what, we know, must be, and is as  
common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to  
heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to na-  
ture,

To reason most absurd; whose common  
theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath  
cried,

From the first corse, till he that died to-  
day,

*This must be so.* We pray you, throw to  
earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
As of a father: for let the world take  
note,

You are the most immediate to our  
throne;

And, with no less nobility of love,  
Than that which dearest father bears his  
son,

Do I impart toward you. For your in-  
tent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And, we beseech you, bend you to re-  
main

Here, in the cheer and comfort of our  
eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her  
prayers, Hamlet;

I pray thee stay with us, go not to Witten-  
berg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you,  
madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair  
reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam,  
come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Ham-  
let

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace where-  
of,

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks  
to-day,

But the great canon to the clouds shall  
tell;

And the king's rouse the heaven shall  
bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come  
away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, etc.,  
Polonius, and Laertes.*]

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!

O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this  
world!

Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded gar-  
den,

That grows to seed; things rank, and  
gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come  
to this!

But two months dead!—nay, not so much,  
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my  
mother,

That he might not betem the winds of  
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and  
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang  
on him

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on: And yet, within a  
month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy  
name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were  
old,

With which she follow'd my poor father's  
body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even  
she,—

O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse  
of reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,—married  
with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my  
father,

Than I to Hercules: Within a month;

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous  
tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

She married:—O most wicked speed, to  
post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;

But break, my heart: for I must hold my  
tongue!



*Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your  
poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change  
that name with you.  
And what make you from Wittenberg,  
Horatio?—

Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good  
even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wit-  
tenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my  
lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy  
say so:

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know, you are no  
truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you how to drink deep ere you  
depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your fa-  
ther's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me,  
fellow student;  
I think, it was to see my mother's wed-  
ding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard  
upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the fu-  
neral bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage ta-  
bles.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—  
My father, — Methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.* Where,  
My lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly  
king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all  
in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yes-  
ternight.

*Ham.* Saw! who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your administration for a  
while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For Heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these  
gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waist and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like  
your father,

Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pé,  
Appears before them, and, with solemn  
march,

Goes slowly and stately by them: thrice  
he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; while they,  
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This  
to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them, the third night kept  
the watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in  
time,

Form of the thing, each word made true  
and good,

The apparition comes: I know your fa-  
ther:

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform  
where we watch'd:

*Ham.* Did you speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;  
But answer made it none: yet once, me-  
thought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But, even then, the morning cock crew  
loud;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste  
away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord,  
'tis true;  
And we did think it writ down in our  
duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this  
troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not  
His face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord! he wore his  
beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would, I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like,  
Very like: Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste  
might tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was gizzl'd? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his  
life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;  
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's  
person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should  
gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you  
all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves: So, fare you  
well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and  
twelve,

I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you:  
Farewell.

[*Exeunt Hor., Mar. and Ber.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not  
well;

I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night  
were come!

Till then sit still my soul: Foul deeds  
will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to  
men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A Room in Polonius's House.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessaries are embark'd;  
farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of  
his favor,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not last-  
ing,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews, and bulk, but, as this temple  
waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves  
you now;

And now no soil, nor cautel, doth be-  
smirch

The virtue of his will: but, you must  
fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his  
own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice de-  
pends

The safety and the health of the whole  
state;

And therefore must his choice be circum-  
scrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says  
he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he is in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no  
further,

Than the main voice of Denmark goes  
withal,

Then weigh what loss your honor may  
sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs:  
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure  
open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affec-  
tion,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious  
strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else  
near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good  
lesson keep,

As watchman to my heart: But, good my  
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and throny way to  
heaven;

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless liber-  
tine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance  
treads,

And recks not his own read.

*Laer.* O fear me not.

I stay too long;—But here my father  
comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard,  
for shame;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your  
sail,

And you are staid for: There,—my bless-  
ing with you;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts  
no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of  
steel:

But do not dull thy palm with entertain-  
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.  
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France of the best rank and station,

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry

This above all,—To thine ownself be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave,  
my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell! [*Exit Laertes.*]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time on you: and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honor:

What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath my lord, of late, made many tenders,

Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? Puh! you speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath imp'ortun'd me with love,

In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making,  
You must not take for fire. From this

time,

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate,  
Than a command to parley. For lord

Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, That he is young;  
 And with a larger tether may he walk,  
 Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows, for they are  
     brokers,  
 Not of that die which their investments  
     show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this  
     time forth,  
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
 As to give words or talk with the lord  
     Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.  
*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV. The Platform.

*Enter* HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordinance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind, — though I am native here,

And to the manner born, — it is a custom More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west, Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mode of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Off breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens

The form of plausible manners; — that these men, —

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —

Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,)

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: The dram of base

Doth all the noble substance often dout, To his own scandal.

*Enter* Ghost.

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us! —

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee,  
 Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:  
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in  
 death,  
 Have burst their cerements! why the  
 sepulchre,



Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble  
 jaws,  
 To cast thee up again! What may this  
 mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete  
 steel  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of  
 nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our  
souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should  
we do?

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with  
it,

As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous ac-  
tion

It waves you to a more removed ground:  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will  
follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to  
that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward  
the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea!

And there assume some other horrible  
form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of despera-  
tion,

Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still:  
Go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this  
body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentle-  
men;—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that  
lets me:—

I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imag-  
ination.

*Mar.* Let's follow;—'tis not fit thus  
to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after:—To what issue will  
this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state  
of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A more remote part of the  
Platform.

*Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me?  
Speak, I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting  
flames

Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy seri-  
ous hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when  
thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the  
night;

And, for the day, confin'd to fast in  
fires,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of  
nature,

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that  
I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest  
word

Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy  
young blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
their spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on  
end

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O  
list! —

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

*Ham.* O heaven!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most un-  
natural murder.

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the  
best it is;

But this most foul, strange, and un-  
natural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I,  
with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat  
weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now,

Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine  
orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of  
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble  
youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's  
life,

Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetic soul! my  
uncle.

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adult-  
erous beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous  
gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the  
power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous  
queen:

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!  
From me, whose love was that of dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the  
vow

I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were  
poor

To those of mine! —

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning  
air;

Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine  
orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial  
And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leprous distillment: whose effect  
Holds such an emnity with blood of man,

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses  
through

The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with sudden vigor, it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it

mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome  
crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once de-  
spatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;

No reckoning made, but sent to my ac-  
count

With all my imperfections on my head.

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!



If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for luxury and horrid incest.  
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul con-  
     trive  
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to  
     heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom  
     lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well  
     at once!  
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be  
     near.  
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O  
     earth! What else?  
 And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold,  
     hold, my heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember  
     thee?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds  
     a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember  
     thee?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures  
     past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall  
     live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by  
     heaven.  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;  
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a  
     villain;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Den-  
     mark:  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my  
     word;

[*Writing.*

It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn't.

*Hor.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Heaven secure him.

*Ham.* So be it!

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird!  
     come.

*Enter* HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O wonderful!

*Hor.* Good, my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No;

You will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you then: would heart  
     of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling  
     in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord,  
     Come from the grave,

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are in the right;  
 And so, without more circumstances at  
     all,

I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and  
     part:

You, as your business, and desire, shall  
     point you;—

For every man hath business, and desire,  
 Such as it is,—and, for my own poor  
     part,

Look you, I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling  
     words, my lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you,  
     heartily; yes,

Faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offense, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offense too. Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you; For your desire to know what is between us, O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord? We will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith, My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,— Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:— Come hither, gentlemen, And lay your hands again upon my sword: Swear by my sword: Never to speak of this that you have heard.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!— Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy! How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, to express his love and friending to you,

Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius's House.

*Enter* POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.*Rey.* I will, my lord.*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behavior.*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.*Pol.* Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
What company, at what expense; and finding,By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it:Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;  
As thus, — *I know his father, and his friends,**And, in part, him;*—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.*Pol.* *And, in part, him;*—*but,* you may say, *not well:**But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild; Addicted so and so;*—and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonor him; take heed of that: But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord;*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling.*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty: The flash and out-break of a fiery mind; A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord, —*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?*Rey.* Ay, my lord, I would know that.*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift; And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sullies on my son, As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would sound, Having ever seen him in the prenominate crimes, The youth you breath of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence; *Good sir, or so; or, friend, or gentleman,*— According to the phrase, or the addition, Of man, and country.*Rey.* Very good, my lord.*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this, — He does —

What was I about to say? — By the mass, I was about to say something: — Where did I leave?

*Rey.* At, closes in the consequence.*Pol.* At, closes in the consequence, — *Ay, marry,*He closes with you thus: — *I know the gentleman;*

*I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,  
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and,  
as you say,  
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his  
rouse;  
There falling out at tennis: or so forth. —  
See you now;  
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of  
truth:*

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out;  
So, by former lecture and advice,  
Shall you, my son: You have me, have  
you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* Then, fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord, —

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in your-  
self.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

*Pol.* Farewell! — How now, Ophelia?  
what's the matter?

*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been  
so affrighted!

*Pol.* With what, in the name of  
heaven?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my  
closet,

Lord Hamlet, — with his doublet all un-  
brac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each  
other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors, — he comes before  
me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and  
held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm:  
And with his other hand thus o'er his  
brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last, — a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and  
down, —

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being: That done, he lets me  
go:

And, with his head over his shoulder  
turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his  
eyes;

For out of doors he went without their  
helps,

And, to the last, bended their light on  
me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me; I will go seek  
the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate under-  
takings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our nature. I am  
sorry, —

What, have you given him any hard words  
of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord: but, as you  
did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heed and  
judgment,

I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did  
but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew  
my jealousy!

It seems, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the  
king;  
This must be known; which, being kept  
close, might move  
More grief to hide, than hate to utter  
love,  
Come. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz,  
and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see  
you,  
The need, we have to use you, did pro-  
voke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you  
heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
Since not the exterior nor the inward  
man  
Resembles that it was: What it should  
be,  
More than his father's death, that thus  
hath put him  
So much from the understanding of him-  
self,  
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
That, — being of so young days brought  
up with him:  
And, since, so neighbor'd to his youth  
and humor, —  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our  
court  
Some little time: so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures; and to  
gather,  
So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts  
him thus,  
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much  
talk'd of you;  
And, sure I am, two men there are not  
living,

To whom he more adheres. If it will  
please you  
To show us so much gentry, and good  
will,  
As to expend your time with us awhile,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have  
of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into com-  
mand  
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;  
And here give up ourselves, in the full  
bent;  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gen-  
tle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and  
gentle Rosencrantz:  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. — Go, some of  
you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet  
is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and  
our practices,  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,  
and some Attendants.]

## Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway,  
my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father  
of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my  
good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:  
And I do think, (or else this brain of  
mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that: that do I long  
to hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the am-  
bassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great  
feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and  
bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*  
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath  
found  
The head and source of all your son's dis-  
temper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the  
main;  
His father's death, and our o'er hasty  
marriage.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and  
CORNELIUS.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Wel-  
come, my good friends!  
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother  
Norway?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings,  
and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: Whereat  
griev'd,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out  
arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief obeys;  
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in  
fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give the assay of arms against your  
majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual  
fee;

And his commission to employ these sol-  
diers

So levied as before, against the Polack:  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
[*Gives a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enter-  
prize;

On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well:  
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll  
read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-  
took labor:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast to-  
gether:

Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is  
time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and  
time,

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of  
wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward  
flourishes,

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it: for, to define true mad-  
ness,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at  
all,

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then: and now re-  
mains,

That we find out the cause of this effect;  
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cause:

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is  
mine;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: Now gather and  
surmise.

—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the  
most beautified Ophelia,*—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beauti-  
fied* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—

Thus:

*In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.*

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will  
be faithful.—

[*Reads.*

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire;*

*Doubt, that the sun doth move:*

*Doubt truth to be a liar;*

*But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these num-  
bers; I have not art to reckon my groans;*  
*but that I love thee best, O most best, be-  
lieve it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter  
shown me:

And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, my means, and  
place,

All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and hon-  
orable.

*Pol.* I would vain prove so. But what  
might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the  
wing,

(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,) what might  
you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here,  
think,

If I had play'd the desk, or table book;  
Or given my heart a working, mute and  
dumb;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? no, I went round  
to work,

And my young mistress thus did I be-  
speak:

*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;*  
*This must not be:* and then I precepts  
gave her,

That she should lock herself from his re-  
sort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my  
advice;

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
Thence to a watch; thence into weak-  
ness;

Thence to a lightness; and, by this de-  
clension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think, 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, (I'd  
fain know that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be  
otherwise:

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid  
indeed

Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks  
four hours together,

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my  
daughter to him;

Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm, and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

*Queen.* But look, where sadly the poor  
wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both  
away;

I'll board him presently:—O, give me  
leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*  
How does my good lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, god-'a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fish-  
monger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest  
a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this  
world goes, is to be one man picked out of  
ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots  
in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,  
—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun:  
conception is a blessing; but not as your  
daughter may conceive—friend, look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? [*Aside.*]  
Still harping on my daughter:—yet he  
knew me not at first; he said, I was a fish-  
monger; He is far gone, far gone: and,  
truly in my youth I suffered much ex-  
tremity for love: very near this. I'll  
speak to him again.—What do you read,  
my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words!

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read,  
my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical  
rogue says here, that old men have grey  
beards; that their faces are wrinkled;  
their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-  
tree gum; and that they have a plentiful  
lack of wit: all of which, sir, though I  
most powerfully and potently believe, yet  
I hold it not honesty to have it thus set  
down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as  
I am, if, like a crab, you could go back-  
ward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet  
there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you  
walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air.—  
How pregnant sometimes his replies are!  
a happiness that often madness hits on,  
which reason and sanity could not so pros-  
perously be delivered of. I will leave him,  
and suddenly contrive the means of meet-  
ing between him and my daughter.—My  
honorable lord, I will most humbly take  
my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me  
any thing that I will more willingly part  
withal; except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the lord Hamlet;  
there he is.

*Ros.* God save you, sir!

[*To Polonius.*

[*Exit Polonius.*

*Guil.* My honored lord!—

*Ros.* My most dear lord!—

*Ham.* My excellent good friends!  
How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah,  
Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of  
the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not over  
happy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very  
button.



*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live in the middle of her favors?

Well, what news?

*Ros.* None, my lord: but that the world is grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O heaven! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ros.* Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the

beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.]

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*—if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, for-gone all custom of exercise: and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory: this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in

reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way: and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere: and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence, both reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little cyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common

stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to terre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is it possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load, too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am mad but mad north-north west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentleman!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too:—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily, he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the player; mark it.—You say right, sir: of Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you; When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honor,—

*Ham.* *Then came each actor on his ass,*—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—*One fair daughter and no more,*

*The which he loved passing well.*

*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then you know, *It came to pass, As most*

*like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more: for look, my abridgment comes.

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters: welcome all;—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends:—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray heaven, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*1 Play.* What speech, my lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted;—or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas a caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no salads in the lines, to make the matter savory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Pyrcanian beast,*—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus. *The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resem-*  
*ble*

*When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion  
smear'd*

*With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,  
sons;  
Bak'd and imparted with the parching  
streets,*

*That lend a tyrannous and a fearful light  
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath  
and fire,*

*And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyr-  
rhus*

*Old grandsire Priam seeks;— So proceed  
you.*

*Pol.* My lord, well spoken; with good  
accent, and good discretion.

*1 Play.* *Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique  
sword,*

*Rebellious to his armies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: Unequal  
match'd,*

*Pyrrihus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes  
wide;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell  
sword*

*The unnerved father falls. Then sense-  
less Ilium,*

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous  
crash*

*Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his  
sword,*

*Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to  
stick:*

*So, as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand  
still,*

*The bold winds speechless, and the orb be-  
low*

*As hush as death: anon the dreadful thun-  
der*

*Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus'  
pause,*

*A roused vengeance sets him new a work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding  
sword*

*Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All  
you gods,*

*In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her  
wheel,*

*And bowl the round nave down the hill of  
heaven,*

*As low as to the fiends!*

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's with  
your beard.— Pr'ythee, say on:— He's for  
a jig, or he sleeps:— say on: come to  
Hecuba.

*1 Play.* *But who, ah woe! had seen the  
mobled queen—*

*Ham.* The mobled queen?

*Pol.* That's good; mobled queen is  
good.

*1 Play.* *Run barefoot up and down,  
threat'ning the flames*

*With bisson rheum; a clout upon that  
head,*

*Where late the diadem stood; and for a  
robe,*

*About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom  
steep'd,*

*'Gainst fortune's state would treason have  
pronounced:*

*But if the gods themselves did see her  
then,*

*When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious  
sport*

*In mincing with his sword her husband's  
limbs;*

*The instant burst of clamor that she made,*

(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)

Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,

And passion in the gods.

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turn'd his color, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'y-thee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Much better, man: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

[Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.]

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't: could you not?

1 *Play.* Ah, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Ham.* Ay, so adieu, and,—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That from her working, all his visage wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion, That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A vile defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villian? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal: Bloody, murd'rous villian!

Remorseless, treacherous, unnatural villain!  
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a drab, unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a cursing!  
 Eye upon't! foh! About my brains!  
 Humph! I have heard,  
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue,  
 will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father,  
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench  
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
 May be a devil: and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
 More relative than this: The plays the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,  
 ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* And can you, by no drift of conference  
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess, he feels himself distracted;  
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;  
 But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
 When we would bring him on to some confession  
 Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him  
 To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: They are about the court;  
 And, as I think, they have already order  
 This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,

To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give me a further edge,  
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet  
hither;  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia:  
Her father, and myself (lawful espials),  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, un-  
seen,  
We may of their encounter frankly  
judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you:  
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy  
cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope,  
your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you hear:—Gra-  
cious, so please you,  
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this  
book; [To OPHELIA.  
That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in  
this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devo-  
tion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* O, 'tis too true! how smart  
A lash that speech doth give my con-  
science!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaster-  
ing art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps  
it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted  
word:

O heavy burden! [Aside.

*Pol.* I hear him coming; let's with-  
draw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the  
question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,  
—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks  
That flesh is heir to, —'tis a consumma-  
tion  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to  
sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay  
there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams  
may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal  
coil,  
Must give us pause: There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns  
of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's de-  
lay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels  
bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life!  
But that the dread of something after  
death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose  
bourn  
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we  
have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us  
all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought;  
And enterprizes of great pith and  
moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn  
awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you,  
now!  
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy  
orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honor for this many a  
day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrance  
of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I:  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honor'd lord, you know right  
well, you did;  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath  
compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their per-  
fume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind,  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove  
unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair,  
you should admit no discourse to  
your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have  
better commerce than with honesty.

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of  
beauty will sooner debase honesty from  
what it is, than the force of honesty can  
translate beauty into his likeness; this  
was some time a paradox, but now the time  
gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord you made me  
believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me:  
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old  
stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd  
you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery; Why  
would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I  
am myself indifferent honest; but yet I  
could accuse me of such things, that it  
were better my mother had not borne me:  
I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;  
with more offences at my beck, than I  
have thoughts to put them in, imagina-  
tion to give them shape, or time to act  
them in: What should such fellows as  
I do crawling between earth and heaven!  
We are arrant knaves, all; believe none  
of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's  
your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him;  
that he may play the fool no where but  
in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give  
thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou  
as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou  
shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a  
nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs  
marry, marry a fool; for wise men know  
well enough, what monsters you make of  
them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly  
too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings;  
too, well enough; Nature hath given you  
one face, and you make yourselves another:  
you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-  
name God's creatures, and make your  
wantonness your ignorance: I'll no more  
of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we  
will have no more marriages; those that  
are married already, all but one, shall live;  
the rest shall keep as they are. To a  
nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]



*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here  
o'erthrown.

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,  
tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of  
form,

The observed of all observers! quite, quite  
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music  
vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign  
reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and  
harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of  
blown youth,

Blasted with ecstasy; O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what  
I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that  
way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form  
a little,

Was not like madness. There's something  
in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood:  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the dis-  
close,

Will be some danger: Which for to prevent  
I have, in quick determination,

Thus set it down; He shall with speed to  
England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his  
heart;

Whereon his brains, still beating, puts  
him thus

From fashion of himself. What think  
you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet I do be-  
lieve,

The origin and commencement of his  
grief

Sprung from neglected love.—How now,  
Ophelia,

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet  
said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you  
please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play,

Let this queen mother all alone entreat  
him

To show his grief; let her be round with  
him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you in the  
ear,

Of all their conference: If she find him  
not,

To England send him: or confine him,  
where

Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.*

It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd  
go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Hall in the same.

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as  
I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the  
tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of  
our players do, I had as lief the town-crier  
spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air  
too much with your hand, thus; but use  
all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest,  
and (as I may say) whirlwind of your pas-  
sion, you must acquire and beget a tem-  
perance, that may give it smoothness. O,  
it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusti-  
ous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to  
tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of  
the groundlings; who, for the most part  
are capable of nothing but inexplicable  
dumb shows and noise: I would have  
such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Ter-  
magant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you,  
avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your honor.

*Ham*. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in all allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham*. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players*.]

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol*. And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham*. Bid the players make haste.—  
[*Exit Polonius*.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

*Both*. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*.]

*Ham*. What, ho; Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor*. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham*. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor*. O, my lord,—

*Ham*. Nay, do not think I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue has, but thy good spirits, To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,

She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please: Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king ;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle: if his guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note :

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face:

And, after, we will both our judgments join *his*

In censure of ~~this~~ seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord :

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :

Get you a place.

*Danish March. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith ; of the camelion's dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed : You cannot feed capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say ?

[To POLONIUS.

*Pol.* That did I, my lord : and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact ?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar ; I was kill'd i' the Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready ?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.

*Pol.* O ho ! do you mark that ?

[To the KING.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I ?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O ! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long ? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year : But he must build churches then : or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

*Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck ; lays him down upon a bank of flowers ; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns ; finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with*

*some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.*

*Oph.* What means this, my lord ?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow : the players cannot keep counsel they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant ?

*Ham.* Ay.

*Oph.* I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* *For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a King and a Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath  
Phœbus' cart gone round  
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd  
ground ;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd  
sheen,  
About the world have times twelve  
thirties been ;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our  
hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the  
sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be  
done !

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former  
state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I dis-  
trust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing  
must :

For women fear too much, even as they  
love ;

And women's fear and love hold quantity ;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made  
you know ;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts  
are fear ;

Where little fears grow great, great love  
grows there.

*P. King.* 'Faith, I must leave thee,  
love, and shortly too ;

My operant powers their functions leave  
to do ;

And thou shalt live in this fair world  
behind,

Honor'd, belov'd ; and haply one as  
kind

For husband shalt thou——

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest !

Such love must needs be treason in my  
breast:

In second husband let me be accurst !

None wed the second, but who kill'd the  
first.

*Ham.* That's wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The instances, that second  
marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of  
love ;

A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband wins me to his  
bed.

*P. King.* I do believe, you think what  
now you speak ;

But, what we do determine, oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory:

Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now like fruit unripe, sticks on  
the tree:

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:  
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
 The passion ending, doth the purpose  
 lose.

The violence of either grief or joy  
 Their own enactures with themselves de-  
 stroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most  
 lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender ac-  
 cident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not  
 strange,

That even our loves should with our for-  
 tunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune  
 love.

The great man down, you mark, his  
 favorite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of  
 enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:  
 For who not needs, shall never lack a  
 friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth  
 try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,  
 That our devices still are overthrown;  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of  
 our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband  
 wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord  
 is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to give me food,  
 nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and  
 night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of  
 joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it de-  
 stroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me, lasting  
 strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now,——  
 [To OPHELIA.

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet,  
 leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would  
 beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
 And never come mischance between us  
 twain! [Exit.

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too  
 much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument?  
 Is there no offence in 't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison  
 in jest; no offense i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse trap. Marry, how?  
 Tropically. This play is the image of a  
 murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the  
 duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you  
 shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of  
 work: But what of that? your majesty,  
 and we that have free souls, it touches us  
 not: Let the galled jade wince, our  
 withers are unwrung.—

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the  
 king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my  
 lord.

*Ham.* Begin, murderer;—leave thy  
 horrible faces, and begin. Come;——

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt,  
 drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature see-  
 ing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds  
 collected,

With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*]

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What! frightened with false fire!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light:—away!

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ah!—Come, some music, come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come, some music.

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with cholera.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more cholera.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command: or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then thus she says; Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

*Enter the Players, with Recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believed me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet

cannot you make it speak. Do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

Bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*]

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friend. [*Exeunt Ros., Guil., Hor., etc.*]'Tis now the very witching time of night; When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom; Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none; My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: How in my words soever she be shent, To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the same.

*Enter KING ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,

To let his madness range. Therefore,  
prepare you;  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunes.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide:  
Most holy and religious fear it is,  
To keep those many many bodies safe,  
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The singular and peculiar life is  
bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the  
mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much  
more  
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and  
rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth  
draw  
What's near it, with it: it is a massy  
wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest  
mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when  
it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty conse-  
quence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never  
alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general  
groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this  
speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. Guil.* We will haste us.  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his moth-  
er's closet:  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll  
tax him home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience, than  
a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should  
o'erhear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well,  
my liege;

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong in-  
tent;

And, like a man to double business  
bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed  
hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet  
heavens,

To wash it white as snow? Whereto  
serves mercy,

But to confront the visage of offense?  
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold  
force,—

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look  
up;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of  
prayer

Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul  
murder!—

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the mur-  
der,

My crown, my own ambition, and my  
queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain the  
offense?



In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action  
lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can: What can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!

O limed soul; that struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay?  
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel;  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;  
All may be well!

[Retires and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven:  
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:

A villian kills my father; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush  
as May;

And, how his audit stands, who knows,  
save Heaven,

But in our circumstance and course of  
thought,

'Tis heavy with him: And am I then  
reveng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid  
hent:

When he is drunk, asleep; or in his rage;  
At gaming, swearing;—or about some  
act

That has no relish of salvation in't.—

My mother stays:

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.  
[Exit.

*The KING rises and advances.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts  
remain below:

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven  
go. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look,  
you lay home to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad  
to bear with;

And that your grace hath screen'd and  
stood between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en  
here.

Pray you, be round with him.

*Queen.* I'll warrant you;  
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him  
coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now, mother; what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father  
much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father  
much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with  
an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a  
wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?  
*Ham.* What's the matter now?  
*Queen.* Have you forgot me?  
*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:  
 You are the queen, your husband's brother's  
 wife;  
 And,—would it were not so!—you are  
 my mother.  
*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you  
 that can speak.  
*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down;  
 you shall not budge;  
 You go not, till I sit you up a glass  
 Where you may see the inmost part of  
 you.  
*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt  
 not murder me?  
 Help, help, ho!  
*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!  
*Ham.* How now! a rat?  
 [*Draws.*  
 Dead, for a ducat, dead.  
 [*HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.*  
*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.  
*Pol.* [*Falls and dies.*  
*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?  
*Ham.* Nay, I know not:  
 Is it the king?  
 [*Lifts up the Arras and draws forth*  
 POLONIUS.  
*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody  
 deed is this!  
*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almost as bad,  
 good mother,  
 As kill a king, and marry to his brother.  
*Queen.* As kill a king!  
*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—  
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool,  
 farewell! [*To POLONIUS.*  
 I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune:  
 Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some  
 danger.—  
 Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit  
 you down,  
 And let me wring your heart: for so I  
 shall,  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If horrid custom have not braz'd it so,  
 That it be proof and bulwark against  
 sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou  
 dar'st wag thy tongue  
 In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,  
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
 Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent  
 love,  
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage  
 vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
 As from the body of contraction plucks  
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth  
 glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ah me, what act,  
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the  
 index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture,  
 and on this;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two broth-  
 ers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:  
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove him-  
 self;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-  
 mand;

A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
 A combination, and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man:  
 This was your husband.—Look you now,  
 what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have  
 you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to  
 feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you  
 eyes?

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's  
 humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment; And what  
 judgment  
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure,  
 you have,  
 Else, could you not have motion: But,  
 sure, that sense  
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference. What  
 devil was't,  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-  
 blind?  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without  
 sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans  
 all  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.  
 O shame! where is thy blush?

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained  
 spots,

As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live

In an incestuous bed,—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine  
 ears:

No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain:  
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the  
 tythe

Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem  
 stole,

And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* A king  
 Of shreds and patches:—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your  
 wings,  
 You heavenly guards!—What would your  
 gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son  
 to chide,  
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go  
 by

The important acting of your dread com-  
 mand;

O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: This visitation  
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose  
 But, look! amazement on thy mother sits.  
 O step between her and her fighting soul:  
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;  
 Speak to her Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
 And with the incorporal air do hold dis-  
 course?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
 Your bedded hair starts up. O gentle son,  
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you  
 look?

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you,  
 how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching  
 to stones,  
 Would make them capable.—Do not look  
 upon me;

Lest with this piteous action, you convert  
 My stern effects: then what I have to do  
 Will want true color; tears, perchance, for  
 blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is,  
 I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how  
 it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at  
the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of  
your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham* Ecstasy!  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep  
time,  
And makes as healthful music: It is  
not madness,  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which  
madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of  
grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your  
soul,  
That not your trespass but my madness  
speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous  
place;  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to  
heaven;  
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the  
weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this  
my virtue:  
For in the fatness of these pursy times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg:  
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him  
good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my  
heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part  
of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth  
eat  
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more  
easy:

For use almost can change the stamp of  
nature,  
And either curb the devil, or throw him  
out  
With wondrous potency. Once more  
good night!  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same  
lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it  
so,—

To punish me with this, and this with  
me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So again good  
night!—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains  
behind.—

But one word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I  
bid you do.

Let the bloated king tempt you again to bed;  
And let him for a pair of wanton kisses,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let  
him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober,  
wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would  
do so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the bird's fly: and, like the famous  
ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to  
• breathe

What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that?

*Queen.* Alack,  
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—  
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the body to the neighbor room:—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with ycu:—

Mother, good night.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs;  
these profound heaves;  
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:

Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea, and wind,  
when both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.*

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O, Gertrude, come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains  
touch,  
But we shall ship him hence: and this vile  
deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guild-  
enstern!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some  
further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he  
dragged him:

Go seek him out: speak fair, and bring  
the body

Into the chapel. I pray you haste in  
this.

*[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest  
friends:

And let them know both what we mean  
to do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply,  
slander,—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss  
our name,

And hit the woundless air.—O come  
away!

My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.*—Safely stowed,—*[Ros., etc.,  
within. Hamlet! lord Hamlet!]* But soft!  
—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O,  
here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord,  
with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust,  
whereto 'tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may  
take it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel,  
and not mine own. Besides, to be de-  
manded of a sponge—what replication  
should be made by the son of a king?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my  
lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the  
king's countenance, his rewards, his  
authorities. But such officers do the  
king best service in the end: He keeps  
them, like an ape, in the corner of his  
jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:  
When he needs what you have gleaned, it  
is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you  
shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish  
speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where  
the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but  
the king is not with the body. The king  
is a thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him.  
Hide fox, and all after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to  
find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes  
loose?

Yet must not we put the strong law on  
him:

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their  
eyes;

And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge  
is weigh'd,

But never the offense. To bear all smooth  
and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate  
grown,  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all. — How now? what hath  
befallen?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd,  
my lord,

We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to  
know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern? bring in my  
lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where  
he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic  
worms are e'en at him. Your worm  
is your only emperor for diet: we fat all  
creatures else, to fat us: and we fat ourselves  
for maggots: Your fat king, and  
your lean beggar, is but variable service;  
two dishes, but to one table; that's the  
end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm  
that hath eat of a king; and eat of the  
fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how  
a king may go a progress through the  
body of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see:  
if your messenger find him not there,  
seek him i' the other place yourself. But  
indeed, if you find him not within this

month, you shall nose him as you go up  
the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there.

[*To some Attendants.*]

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine  
especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,— must  
send thee hence

With fiery quickness; Therefore, prepare  
thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help.  
The associates tend, and every thing is  
bent

For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our  
purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub, that sees them.  
—But, come, for England!— Farewell,  
dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: Father and mother  
is man and wife; man and wife is one  
flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for  
England!— [*Exit.*]

*King.* Follow him at foot: tempt him  
with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:  
Away; for everything is sealed and done  
That else leans on the affair: Pray you  
make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at  
aught,

(As my great power thereof may give  
thee sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not  
coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at  
full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it,  
England;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis  
done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er  
begin. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter* FORTINBRAS, *and Forces,*  
*marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the  
Danish king;  
Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras  
Craves the conveyance of a promised  
march  
Over his kingdom. You know the ren-  
dezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on.  
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

*Enter* HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-  
STERN, *etc.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are  
these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir,  
I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who  
Commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway,  
Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Po-  
land, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, sir, and with no  
addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name,  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm  
it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will  
defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty  
thousand ducats,  
Will not debate the question of this  
straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth  
and peace;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause  
without

Why the mau dies.—I humbly thank you,  
sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir:

[*Exit Captain.*

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I will be with you straight.  
Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a  
man,

If his chief good, and market of his  
time,

Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no  
more.

Sure, He, that made us with such large  
discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fast in us unus'd. Now, whether it  
be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one  
part wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not  
know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength,

and means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, ex-  
hort me:

Witness, this army of such mass, and  
charge,



Led by a delicate and tender prince:  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger,  
     dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be  
     great,  
 Is not to stir without great argument;  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
 When honor's at the stake. How stand I  
     then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother  
     stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I  
     see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand  
     men,  
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
 Go to their graves like beds: fight for a  
     plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the  
     cause,  
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent  
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time  
     forth  
 My thoughts be bloody, or nothing worth!  
[Exit.]

SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the  
     Castle.

*Enter* QUEEN and HORATIO.

*Queen.*—I will not speak with her.

*Hor.* She is imfortunate; indeed, dis-  
 tract;

Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* What would she have?

*Hor.* She speaks much of her father;  
 says, she hears,

There's tricks i' the world; and hems,  
 and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws: speaks things  
 in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is  
 nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection: they aim at it,  
 And botch the words up fit to their own  
     thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gest-  
     ures yield them.

Indeed would make one think, there  
     might be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhap-  
     pily.

*Queen.* 'Twere good she were spoken  
 with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding  
     minds:

Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
 Each toy seems prologue to some great  
     amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter* HORATIO with OPHELIA.

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty  
 of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?

*Oph.* *How should I your true love*  
     *know*

*From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,*  
     *And his sandle shoon.*

[Singing.]

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports  
 this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,* [Sings.]

*He is dead and gone:*

*At his head a grass-green turf,*

*At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain*  
     *snow,* [Sings.]

*Enter* KING.

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* *Larded all with sweet flowers;*

*Which bewept to the grave did go,*

*With true-love showers.*

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well! they say the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,*

*All in the morning betime,*

*And I a maid at your window,*

*To be your Valentine.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know or it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. *[Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. *[Exit Horatio.* O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs.

All from her father's death: And now be hold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies

But in battalions! First, her father slain; Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: The people mudded,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France: Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering piece in many places Give me superfluous death!

*[A noise within.*

*Queen.* Alack! what news is this?

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* Attend, Where are my Switzers! Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

*Gent.* Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpowering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trial they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke.

*[Noise within.*

*[Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

*Dan.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will.  
           [*They retire without the door.*]  
*Laer.* I thank you:—keep the door.  
       O thou vile king,  
 Give me my father.  
*Queen.*      Camly, good Laertes.  
*Laer.* That drop of blood, that's calm,  
       proclaims me bastard.  
*King.*      What is the cause, Laertes,  
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our  
       person;  
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
 That treason can but peep to what it  
       would,  
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
 Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go,  
       Gertrude;—  
 Speak, man.  
*Laer.* Where is my father?  
*King.*          Dead.  
*Queen.*          But not by him.  
*King!* Let him demand his fill.  
*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be  
       juggled with:  
 To hell, allegiance! To this point I stand,  
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
 Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
 Most thoroughly for my father.  
*King.*          Who shall stay you?  
*Laer.* My will; not all the world's:  
 And, for my means, I'll husband them so  
       well,  
 They shall go far with little.  
*King.*          Good Laertes,  
 If you desire to know the certainty  
 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in  
       your revenge,  
 That, sweepstake, you will draw both  
       friend and foe,  
 Winner and loser?  
*Laer.* None but his enemies.  
*King.*      Will you know them then?  
*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide  
       I'll ope my arms;  
 And, like the life rend'ring pelican,  
 Repast them with my blood.

*King.*          Why, now you speak  
 Like a good child and a true gentleman.  
 That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
 And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
 It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,  
 As day does to your eye.  
*Danes.* [Within.] Let her come in.  
*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with  
 Straws and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven  
       times salt,  
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine  
       eyes!—  
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with  
       weight,  
 Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of  
       May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!  
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's  
       wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
 Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,  
 It sends some precious instance of itself  
 After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* *They bore him barefac'd on the  
 bier:*

*Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:  
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear;  
 Fare you well, my dove!*

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst  
       persuade revenge,  
 If could not move thus.

*Oph.* You must sing, *Down-a-down,  
 an you call him a-down-a.* O, how  
 the wheel becomes it! It is the false  
 steward, that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than  
       matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for  
 remembrance; pray you, love, remember;  
 and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness;  
 thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and col-  
 umbines:—there's rue for you; and here's

some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—* [Sings.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favor, and to prettiness.

*Oph.* *And will he not come again?*

[Sings.

*And will he not come again?*

*No, no, he is dead,*

*Go to thy death-bed,*

*He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,*

*All flaxen was his poll:*

*He is gone, he is gone,*

*And we cast away moan;*

*Gramercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! Adieu.

[*Exit Ophelia.*

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction; but, if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labor with your soul To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall,

And where the offence is, let the axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another room in the same.

*Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they, that would speak with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir; They say, they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in:—

[*Exit Servant.*

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*1 Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too. .

*1 Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* [*Reads.*] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on compelled valor; and in the grapple, I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the*

*matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine.* Hamlet.  
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

*Enter* KING *and* LAERTES.

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he, what hath your noble father slain,  
Pursu'd my life.

*Laer.* It well appears:— But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons:  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother,  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,  
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)  
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but buy her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go

Is, the great love the general gender bear him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,

And not where I had aimed them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;

A sister driven into desperate terms;

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,

Stood challenger on mount of all the age

For her perfections:— But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

How now? what news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet? who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;

They were given me by Claudio, he received them

Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them:—  
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom.*

*To-morrow, shall I beg leave to see your  
kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking  
your pardon thereunto, recount the occa-  
sion of my sudden and more strange re-  
turn.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean! are all the rest  
come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character,—  
*Naked,*—

And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But  
let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
*Thus diddest thou.*

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be  
now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he  
means

No more to undertake it,—I will work  
him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but  
fall:

And for his death no wind of blame shall  
breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the  
practice,

And call it, accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;

The rather, if you could advise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel  
much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a  
quality

Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum  
of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from  
him,

As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of  
youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no less be-  
comes

The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Two  
months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the  
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this  
gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his  
seat;

And to such wondrous doing brought his  
horse,

As he had been incorps'd and demi-  
natur'd

With the brave beast: so far he top'd my  
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,

Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the  
brooch indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you;

And gave you such a masterly report,

For art and exercise in your defense,

And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight  
indeed,

If one could match you: the scrimers of  
their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard nor  
eye,

If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of  
his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and  
beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with  
you.

Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to  
you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think, you did not  
love your father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate  
it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much: That we would  
do,

We should do when we would; for this  
*would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are ac-  
cidents;

And then this *should* is like a spendthrift  
sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick  
o' the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back; What would you  
undertake,

To show yourself in deed your father's  
son

More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder  
sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But,  
good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your  
chamber?

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are  
come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your ex-  
cellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in  
fine, together,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being  
remiss,

Most generous, and free from all con-  
triving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with  
ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of prac-  
tice,

Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my  
sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so  
rare,

Collected from all samples that have  
virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from  
death,

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch  
my point

With this contagion; that, if I gall him  
slightly,

It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time  
and means,

May fit us to our shape: if this should  
fail, and that our drift look through  
our bad performance,

'Twere better not essay'd: therefore this  
project

Should have a back, or second, that might  
hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let  
me see:

We'll make a solemn wager on your cun-  
nings,—

I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end),  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have pre-  
 ferr'd him  
 A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sip-  
 ping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd  
 stuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay,  
 what noise?

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon an-  
 other's heel,

So fast they follow:—Your sister's  
 drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows as-  
 caunt the brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
 stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she  
 make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long  
 purples,

And on the pendent boughs her coronet  
 weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver  
 broke;

When down her weedy trophies and  
 herself,

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes  
 spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her  
 up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old  
 tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,  
 Or like a creature native and indu'd

Unto that element: but long it could not  
 be,

Till that her garments, heavy with their  
 drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melo-  
 dious lay

To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou,  
 poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet  
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds  
 Let shame say what it will: when these  
 are gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my  
 lord!

I have a speech of fire that fain would  
 blaze,

But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his  
 rage!

Now fear I, this will give it start again;  
 Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church Yard.

*Enter two Clowns, with Spades, etc.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian  
 burial, that wilfully seeks her own salva-  
 tion?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore  
 make her grave straight: the crowner hath  
 set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she  
 drowned herself in her own defense?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it  
 cannot be else. For here lies the point:  
 If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an  
 act: and an act hath three branches; it is,  
 to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she  
 drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman  
 delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the  
 water; good: here stands the man; good:



If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

*[Exit 2 Clown.]*

1 Clown digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought, it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my*  
*behove*

*O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me into the  
land,*

*As if I had never been such.*

*[Throws up a Skull.]*

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent any body, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it: might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so: and now my lady  
Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the  
mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's

fine revolution, and we had the trick to  
see't. Did these bones cost no more the  
breeding, but to play at loggats with  
them? mine ache to think on't. [Sings.



1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For—and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a Skull.

*Ham.* There's another: Why may not  
that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be  
his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases,  
his tenures, and his tricks? why does he  
suffer this rude knave to knock him about

the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calves'skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*1 Clo.* Mine, sir.— [Sings.

*O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

*1 Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*1 Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*1 Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*1 Clo.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*1 Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these

three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*1 Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long's that since?

*1 Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*1 Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*1 Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*1 Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*1 Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*1 Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, mar, and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*1 Clo.* If he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 Clo.* A mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This? [*Takes the skull.*]

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the Skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he finds it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, etc., in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA; LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,

The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate: Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warrant: Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and her bringing home

Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;—  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish  
priest,

A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering Flowers.*

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my  
Hamlet's wife;

I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd,  
sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious  
sense

Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a  
while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine  
arms:

[*Leaps into the Grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and  
dead;

Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose  
grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of  
sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes  
them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my  
throat;

For, though I am not splenitive and  
rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy  
hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen,—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they  
come out of the Grave.*

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon  
this theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son! what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand  
brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do  
for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* Show me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast?  
woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them  
throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning  
zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt  
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness;

And thus a while the fit will work on  
him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are dis-  
clos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I loved you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his  
day. [Exit.

*King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait  
upon him.— [Exit Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last  
night's speech; [To LAERTES.  
We'll put the matter to the present  
push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your  
son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;  
Till then, in patience our proceedings be.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now,  
shall you see the other;—  
You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a  
kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep: methought,  
I lay  
Worse than the munities in the bilboes.  
Rashly,  
And prais'd be rashness for it,— Let us  
know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall; and that  
should teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the  
dark  
Grop'd I to find out them: had my de-  
sire;  
Finger'd their pocket: and, in fine, with-  
drew  
To mine own room again: making so  
bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found,  
Horatio

A royal knavery; an exact command,—  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

Importing Denmark's health, and Eng-  
land's too,  
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my  
life,

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission; read  
it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did pro-  
ceed?

*Hor.* Ay, 'beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round  
with villainies,  
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play;—I sat me  
down;

Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our statistes do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd  
much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir,  
now

It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou  
know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from  
the king,—

As England was his faithful tributary;  
As love between them like the palm  
might flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten garland  
wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities;  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That, on the view and knowing of these  
contents,

Without debatement further, more, or  
less,

He should the bearers put to sudden  
death,

Not shriving time allowed.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven  
ordinant;

I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal:  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression;  
    plac'd it safely,

The changeling never known: Now the  
    next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was  
    sequent

Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosen-  
    crantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why man, they did make love  
    to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their  
    defeat

Does by they own insinuation grow:  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature  
    comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee, stand  
    me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, seduc'd my  
    mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my  
    hopes;

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect  
    conscience,

To quit him with this arm? and not to  
    let

This canker of our very nature come  
In further evil?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him  
    from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is  
    mine;

And a man's life no more than to say,  
    one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For by the image of my cause, I see

'The portraiture of his: I'll count his  
    favors:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put  
    me

Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace; who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome  
    back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.— Dost  
    know this waterfly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious;  
for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much  
land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of  
beasts, and his crib shall stand at the  
king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say,  
spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were  
at leisure, I should impart a thing to you  
from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, with all dili-  
gence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right  
use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I think your lordship, 'tis very  
hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold;  
the wind is northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold; my lord,  
indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks it is very  
sultry and hot; or my complexion—

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord: it is very  
sultry—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—  
My lord, his majesty bade me signify to  
you, that he has laid a great wager on  
your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech, you remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on  
    his Hat.

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord; for my case,  
in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to  
court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute  
gentleman, full of most excellent differ-  
ences, of very soft society, and great  
showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of  
him, he is the card or calendar of gentry,

for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infal-  
libly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osr.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination  
of this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all  
his golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know, you are not ignorant—

*Ham.* I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what ex-  
cellence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but,  
well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which

he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so; Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Ham.* I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the han-  
gers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more ger-  
man to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why, is this impawned, as you call it?

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I auswer, no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition  
of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I command my duty to your  
lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.



*Ham.* He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me.

*[Exit Lord.]*

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord, —

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forstal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it

be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, etc.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]*

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punished with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself, be ta'en away, And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honor,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters of known  
honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
To keep my name ungor'd: but till that  
time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly  
play.—

Give us the foils; come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in  
mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest  
night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young  
Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the  
weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it:—I have seen  
you both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore  
odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see  
another.

*Ham.* This likes me well: These foils  
have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

*Osr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon  
that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance  
fire,

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better  
breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive  
kings

In Denmark's crown have worn; Give  
me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven  
to earth,

*Now the King drinks to Hamlet.*—Come,  
begin;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Lear.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well,—again.

*King.* Stay, give me drink: Hamlet,  
this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot  
off within.*]

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first, set it by  
a while.

Come.—Another hit; What say you?

[*They play.*]

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy  
brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Ham-  
let.

*Ham.* Good madam,—

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord;—I pray you,  
pardon me.

*King.* It is the poison'd cup; it is too  
late. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam;  
by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my  
conscience. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes:  
You do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;  
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on.

[*They play.*]

*Osr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in  
scuffling, they change Rapiers,  
and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come again.

[*The QUEEN falls.*]

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides:—  
How is it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is it, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own  
springe, Osric;

I am justly killed with mine own treach-  
ery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,  
—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd!  
[*Dies.*]

*Ham.* O villainy!—Ho! let the door  
be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet,  
thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee  
good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy  
hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul prac-  
tice

Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poi-  
son'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to  
blame.

*Ham.* The point.

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy  
work.

[*Stabs the KING.*]

*Osr. & Lords.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends, I  
am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here thou incestuous, mur-  
d'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is thy union  
here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble  
Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not  
upon thee;

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I  
follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen,  
adieu!—

You that look pale or tremble at this  
chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this  
act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant,  
death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell  
you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause  
aright

To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it;

I am morean antique Roman than a Dane,  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,—  
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll  
have it.—

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live  
behind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath  
in pain,

To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest  
come from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my  
spirit;  
I cannot live to hear the news from Eng-  
land:

But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice,  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or  
less,  
Which have solicited, — the rest is silence.

[*Dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart; —  
Good night, sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?

*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassa-  
dors, and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Ham.* What is it you would see?  
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your  
search.

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havoc! —  
O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck?

*1 Amb.* The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too  
late:

The ears are senseless, that should give  
us hearing,  
To tell him, his commandment is ful-  
fill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are  
dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you;  
He never gave commandment for their  
death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody ques-  
tion,

You from the Polack wars, and you from  
England,  
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these  
bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing  
world,  
How these things come about: So shall  
you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaught-  
ers;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd  
cause;

And in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my for-  
tune;

I have some rights of memory in this  
kingdom,  
Which now to claim my vantage doth  
invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause  
to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will  
draw on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild; lest  
more mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his  
passage,

The soldier's music, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the bodies: — Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much  
amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead March.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off dead bodies; after  
which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.*

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

---

THERE was great indignation against one Sir John Falstaff among the men of Windsor; his conduct was so bad and bold, he transgressed every law and troubled the general peace so sorely, that a certain justice in those parts, named Shallow, determined to get him punished. A Welsh parson, by name Sir Hugh Evans, advocated peace, and tried to arrange some compromise between these two. He proposed now that Shallow and his cousin Slender should come with him to the house of Master Page, to talk over what should be done for the best.

"I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow," said Page, receiving his visitors with courtesy. "I am glad to see you too, Master Slender."

"Is Sir John Falstaff here?" asked Shallow.

"Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you," was the reply.

The knight appeared with three of his usual followers, and Shallow instantly taxed him with having beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge.

"I have done all this," said Falstaff, in nowise abashed; and then he inquired if Slender also had anything against him.

"Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you," said Slender, "and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket."

"Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?" asked his master; but the man would not own to it, and said that Slender had been drinking too hard to be in his right mind.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mistress Page and her daughter Anne, who bore wine and glasses.

"Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome," said Page — "Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness."

Slender being disposed for merriment, regretted that he had not with him his book of riddles, and when his servant Simple appeared, asked if he had it about him.

"Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you," said Shallow, who cared not for such trifling when there were other things to treat of; and at the present moment he wished to persuade Slender into a marriage with Anne Page.

"I will marry her upon any reasonable demands," said this pliable young man.

This was not quite the way in which Shallow wished his plan to be received. "Can you love the maid?" he asked.

"I will marry her, sir, at your request," said Slender; "but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, '*Marry her,*' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely."

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

“His meaning is good,” suggested the parson. But just then Anne Page appeared to summon the guests to dinner.

Slender did not follow his friends to table. “I am not a-hungry, I thank you,” he said.

“I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come,” said Anne, still lingering.



“I’ll eat nothing,” replied Slender once more; “I thank you as much as though I did.”

But now Page himself came out. “Come, gentle Master Slender,” he said. Nor would he take any excuse; so Slender was compelled to join the rest.

Sir Hugh Evans presently dispatched the man-servant Simple to the house of Doctor Caius with a letter, which was to be given to “one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.” It appeared that this same letter contained a request that she, being well acquainted with Anne Page, should speak to the young maiden favorably

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

of Slender; which Mistress Quickly promised to do. She went on to describe her numerous occupations in the house of Doctor Caius, saying, "I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself."

"'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand," said Simple.

"Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge," returned the woman: "and to be up early and down late"—she paused a moment, and then returning to the matter which had brought Simple to the house, told him, as a great secret, that the doctor was himself in love with Anne Page.

Caius perhaps overheard this whisper, for he grew angry, and uttered all kinds of threats against Sir Hugh Evans for his meddlesomeness, and ordered the man to be gone; then, turning to Mistress Quickly, he said, "I will myself have Anne Page."

To quiet him she told him that all would be well; but no sooner had he left the room than she said to herself, "No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven."

While she was thus soliloquizing, a second visitor sought admittance; it was Fenton, another gentleman of Windsor, who also had set his affections on Page's fair daughter, and had come to talk to Mistress Quickly concerning her. "What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne," he said.

"In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way."

They talked together a little more, and then Fenton took his leave, upon which Mistress Quickly reflected, "Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not."

We must now go to the home of Page, where his wife was perusing a letter just received, and which caused her both displeasure and surprise. It was signed "John Falstaff," and ran thus:—

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase, but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight."

"How dares he in this manner assay me?" cried the indignant woman. "Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! . . . How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be."

Just then a friend of hers called. Mistress Ford came in. "Oh, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!" she cried, and forthwith showed a letter just received from Falstaff, which was exactly the same as the one addressed to Mistress Page. Then they consulted together how the impertinent knight could be most fitly punished, and perceiving Mistress Quickly approaching the house, they decided to employ her as messenger to him.

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

One of Falstaff's servants had told both Ford and Page of the way in which that gentleman had written to their wives, and Ford determined to be revenged at the earliest opportunity, so he bargained with the host of the Garter Inn, at which Falstaff lodged, to let him into the knight's presence under the assumed name of Brook, and well disguised. His pretense was that he had a goodly sum of money which he wished to intrust to Falstaff's keeping, and then he proceeded to disclose the service he wanted to secure in return. Speaking of his own wife, as if he were indeed the so-called Brook, he described his love for her, but that it was quite unsuccessful, and he asked the knight to try to gain her affection, and then speak a good word for him.

Falstaff agreed, never suspecting that a trick was being played him, and he named an hour when he would be sure to visit Mistress Ford. This was just what the disguised husband desired, that so he might be ready, and he left the inn, well satisfied with what he had accomplished.

Previous to this interview, Mistress Quickly had visited Falstaff, bringing word from Mistress Ford that she felt flattered by his letter, and would grant him permission to visit her.

"Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail," the knight had said.

But now must the messenger pretend that Mistress Page was also as much delighted by his protestation of affection, and that she begged him to lend her his little serving-boy to go and come with messages between them; and to this Falstaff readily consented, and "Robin" went off in Mistress Quickly's company.

Justice Shallow had not been idle all this while in his scheme for uniting his cousin Slender to Anne Page. Doctor Caius was equally eager to marry her himself, and Fenton loved her dearly. It only remained to see which of these three suitors the lady would choose; and they were all to dine at her father's house on the day when Mistress Page and Mistress Ford had planned to put Sir John Falstaff to confusion.

A great basket had been conveyed to Ford's house, and two stalwart men were bidden to keep themselves within call, then take the basket down to Datchet-mead, and empty it in the muddy ditch close by the river. This being arranged, Mistress Page concealed herself, while Mistress Ford received the knight, feigning pleasure at his civil speeches. Little Robin had been instructed in the part he should play, and presently interrupted the interview by crying that Mistress Page would not be refused admittance, having business of importance to speak of. Falstaff immediately concealed himself, and Mistress Page, being let in, proceeded to tell her friend that Ford and all the officers in Windsor were coming to search the house, because it had been reported that a gentleman was there. Mistress Ford affected great terror as she confessed the suspicion true; and Mistress Page suggested that if he were of reasonable size he might get into the large basket, and be hidden with clothing, as if it were going to the wash.

"He's too big to go in there," answered Mistress Ford. "What shall I do?"

But Falstaff now came out of hiding, terribly frightened at what he had overheard. "I'll in," he cried.—"Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in."

"What, Sir John!" exclaimed Mistress Page, as if scarcely able to believe the evidence of her eyes.

"I love thee, and none but thee," said Falstaff, forgetting everything in the fear of discovery. "Help me away; let me creep in here;" and so the women pushed him



## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

---

into the basket, with young Robin's assistance, and, covering him with soiled linen, called loudly for the waiting men-servants, and bade them carry it to the laundress at Datchet-mead, and speedily, too.

Scarcely had they left the house than Ford, Page, and several others hurried in, declaring some man was hiding there, and at once beginning their search.

While this was going on, the two women talked together, and resolved to have still more tricks with Falstaff for his punishment; so Mistress Quickly was sent to hinder him being thrown into the ditch, and to pretend to arrange another interview, during which they meant to betray him once more.

Of course, no one was found in hiding, and Master Ford felt somewhat vexed; but Master Page suggested that another opportunity of detecting Falstaff would come. Then, to change the subject, he invited his friend, with Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius, to a "birding" on the following morning, for he had a fine hawk for the bush.

Anne Page had been entertaining two of her suitors and Shallow, who began to do Slender's part for him until she cried, "Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself."

While they were still talking, her parents entered, and seeing Fenton there, told him he was no match for their child. Master Page even refused to hear him plead his cause, and called the other gentlemen to follow him from the room; whereupon Fenton tried to turn the mother's heart to favor his union with her daughter.

At last Mistress Page promised to find out Anne's feelings in his regard, and so to determine her own; but meanwhile she bade him retire, lest her husband should be angry.

Now went Dame Quickly in search of Falstaff, whom she found at his inn, calling for a quart of sack with which to comfort himself after his ducking. She had loitered on her way, and had not been in time to prevent the men emptying the contents of their basket into the wet ditch, as they were directed.

The woman pretended that Mistress Ford would be much distressed at such a mistake being made, and proceeded to deliver a message, by which the knight was entreated to visit her again at nine in the morning, when her husband should be out hawking.

"Well, I will visit her: tell her so," said Falstaff; and Quickly departed to let the merry wives know his reply.

But now was ushered in Ford himself, disguised again, and bearing the name of Brook, to whom Sir John confided the whole of his misadventure—how he had been half-suffocated in the basket beneath the clothes, and then thrown into the water.

"In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?" said Ford, still assuming the character of Brook, who might be anxious as to the success he desired Falstaff to obtain for him.

Falstaff then told that a second visit had been arranged, and Mistress Ford expected him at nine o'clock in the morning, when her husband would surely be away. With the promise, "You shall have her, Master Brook," the interview terminated.

At the appointed hour the knight went to the Fords' house, and truly found its master absent, and its mistress ready to make him welcome. Once more they were

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

interrupted by Mistress Page, who brought word that Master Ford was returning, and even then had reached the corner of the street.

“What shall I do?” cried Falstaff. “I’ll creep up into the chimney.”

“There they always discharge their birding-pieces,” said Mistress Ford. “Creep into the kiln-hole.”

“Where is it?” said the frightened knight. But Mistress Ford now declared it an unsafe place; in fact, she said there was no corner in which her husband might not search.

“I’ll go out then,” said Falstaff; and here Mistress Page put in a word, and said in that case he would be killed, unless, indeed, he assumed some disguise.

“My maid’s aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above,” remarked Mistress Ford; and so they hurried Falstaff up stairs, to dress him after this fashion, first placing the men-servants at the door, ready to shoulder the big basket, which now held only clothes, and with orders to set it down the instant Master Ford bade them.

They did so, and, of course, no man was within; whereupon a search through the house was again instituted.

Mistress Ford now called from below—“What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.”

“Old woman! what old woman’s that?” shouted Ford.

“My maid’s aunt of Brentford,” replied his wife; whereupon he declared she was a witch, whom he had forbidden the house, and cudgeling the disguised Falstaff soundly, turned him forth into the street.

Escaping to the Garter Inn, the knight had scarcely removed his clothing than Simple arrived from his master Slender, who said he had seen a fat old woman run through the streets, and finally enter Falstaff’s rooms, and believing her to be the wise woman of Brentford, wished to ask her to divine for him who had robbed him of his chain. Sir John said she had been there, but was now gone, not, however, without speaking of the matter to him. “She says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.”

“I would I could have spoken with the woman herself,” said Simple; “I had other things to have spoken with her too from him;” and when Falstaff forced him to reveal these other matters, he said he desired to know if his master would have Anne Page or not.

The knight said yes, such would be his fortune; whereupon Simple left him to make Slender glad with the tidings.

Now came in Mistress Quickly, bringing a fresh message from the merry wives, who had not yet got sufficient sport out of Falstaff; but she found him in sorry temper, because for their sakes, as he said, he had been beaten all the colors of the rainbow—nay, had barely escaped the hands of the constable, who would have set him in the stocks as a witch. However, with some ado, she persuaded him to be in the park at midnight, close by a certain tree called “Herne’s oak.”

An old legendary story told that a hunter named Herne, once a keeper of Windsor Forest, was in the habit since his death of coming there with horns on his head and rattling a long chain, and Falstaff was to assume this disguise, in order to meet Mistress Page and Mistress Ford with perfect safety.

They, meanwhile, had arranged that Anne Page and a few more young people, attired as elves and fairies, should suddenly rush forth and form a circle round the

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

knight, burning him with their tapers, pinching and otherwise frightening him as they demanded how he durst come there to interrupt their revels. In the confusion, which was sure to ensue, his disguise was to be torn from him, and one and all should chase him back to his inn, for the people of the town to see and mock at him.

“My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,  
Finely attir'd in a robe of white,”

had Mistress Page said when this last prank was arranged.

While Mistress Quickly obtained Sir John's promise to assume the semblance of Herne, the hunter, and come to the oak at the hour of midnight, Master Fenton was in another room of the Garter Inn, divulging a scheme of his own to the host :—

“To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;  
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,  
While other jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton  
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:  
Now, sir,  
Her mother, even strong against that match  
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds,  
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot  
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath  
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:  
Her father means she shall be all in white,  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand and bid her go,  
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,  
The better to denote her to the doctor,  
For they must all be masked and vizarded,  
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,  
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.”

The host inquired whether the maiden intended then to deceive her father or her mother. Said Fenton :

“Both, my good host, to go along with me:  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar  
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,  
And, in the lawful name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.”

And he was made happy by the assurance that all should be managed as he wished.

The night proved dark, which was in favor of the game about to be played. Master Page gave directions to Slender as to escaping with Anne; Mistress Page did the same by Dr. Caius; and meanwhile Sir Hugh Evans led the band of fairies to the place of concealment, wherein they should await the arrival of Falstaff.

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Presently he reached the oak with his buck's head on, and Mistress Page and Mistress Ford quickly joined him, but instantly declared they heard a noise, and ran away. Before the stout knight could follow their example, he was surrounded by the pretended elves, who flashed their tapers in his face, and uttered such shrill cries that he sank down on the ground, murmuring,—

“They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.”

Then Mistress Quickly, in the character of queen, sang out her orders to her attendant sprites; to execute which, they should presently disperse:—

“But till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom round about the oak  
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.”

Already were they locked hand in hand, when one (it was Evans) cried that he could “smell a man of middle-earth,” and the queen bade them touch the end of his



finger with what she termed “trial-fire,” which would give him no pain if he were pure and good, whereas, if he started, it would prove he was corrupt at heart. Helpless and terrified, Sir John crouched down beneath the oak at this utterance; but when they singed him slightly with their tapers, he groaned with pain, and they called out that he was corrupt, and, dancing round him, sang a scornful song, denouncing his bad character, which ended in a sort of chorus, thus:—

“Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.”

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

---

While this was going on, Doctor Caius came near and stole off with a fairy in green; Slender appeared from another direction, and made escape with a fairy in white; while Fenton got the hand of his dear Anne Page, and hurried off to where the vicar awaited him. All the other fairies disappeared; and Falstaff pulled off his buck's head and rose from the ground. But Master Ford, with his wife and Mistress Page, laid hold of him, and, disclosed the whole trick concocted for his discovery and shame.

He had not a word to say in excuse, and he saw he was in their power; but they, thinking his punishment already sufficient to teach him better conduct, let him loose—nay, even Page invited him to come home and eat a posset in honor of Anne's marriage with Master Slender. Mistress Page laughed at this, knowing, as she thought, that their daughter was the wife of Doctor Caius by now. But both of them were soon undeceived; for Slender appeared, crying out that he had taken Anne, as he believed, from the fairy ring, and it proved to be the post boy; and the doctor followed him with a similar tale. Master Fenton's appearance with the bride cleared up the mystery; and as the marriage was over, and could not be undone, both Master and Mistress Page made the best of it, and wished the young folk happiness and long life. Then they invited every one in to make merry by their fireside—even Sir John Falstaff, who, we will hope, was a wiser man after he had been dealt with by the merry wives of Windsor.

# KING LEAR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*  
KING OF FRANCE.  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.  
DUKE OF CORNWALL.  
DUKE OF ALBANY.  
EARL OF KENT.  
EARL OF GLOSTER.  
EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*  
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*  
CURAN, *a Courtier.*  
*Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.*  
*Physician.*

*Fool.*  
OSWALD, *Stewart to Goneril.*  
*An Officer employed by Edmund.*  
*Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.*  
*A Herald.*  
*Servants to Cornwall.*  
GONERIL, }  
REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*  
CORDELIA, }  
*Knights attending on the King, Officers,*  
*Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

## SCENE—BRITAIN.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

*Enter* KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

*Kent.* I thought, the King had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Glo.* But I have, sir, a son, by order of law, some year elder than this, who

yet is no dearer in my account:—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Enter* LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.











Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,  
 In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent  
 To shake all cares and business from our age:  
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,  
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a constant will to publish  
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,  
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,  
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)  
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
 That we our largest bounty may extend  
 Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,  
 Our eldest-born, speak first.  
*Gon.* Sir, I  
 Do love you more than words can wield the matter,  
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:  
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.  
*Cor.* What shall Cornelia do? love and be silent. [*Aside.*]  
*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue  
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?  
 Speak.  
*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
 I find, she names my very deed of love;  
 Only she comes too short,—that I profess  
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
 And find, I am alone felicitate  
 In your dear highness' love.  
*Cor.* Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]  
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
 More richer than my tongue.  
*Lear.* To thee, and thine hereditary ever,  
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom:  
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
 Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love  
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
 Strive to be interest'd: what can you say to draw  
 A third more opulent than your sisters?  
 Speak.  
*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Lear.* Nothing?  
*Cor.* Nothing.  
*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.  
*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth: I love your  
majesty

According to my bond; nor more nor less

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend  
your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good, my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,  
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall  
wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my  
plight, shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and  
duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so,—Thy truth then  
be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity, and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this for ever. The bar-  
barous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and re-  
liev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent.

Come not between the dragon and his  
wrath:

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my  
rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid  
my sight!— [To CORDELIA.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call  
France;—who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest  
this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness,  
marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by  
monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns. Only we  
still retain

The name, and all the additions to a  
king;

The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,

Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you.

[Giving the Crown.

*Kent.* Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my  
prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn,  
make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the  
fork invade

The region of my heart: be Kent un-  
mannerly;

When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou  
do, old man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread  
to speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plain-  
ness honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse  
thy doom;

And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hidious rashness: answer my life my  
judgment,

The youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low  
sound

Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a  
pawn

To wage against thine enemies; nor fear  
to lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me  
still remain

The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal, miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or whilst I can vent clamor from my  
throat,

I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break  
our vow,

(Which we durst never yet,) and, with  
strain'd pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our  
power;

(Which nor our nature nor our place can  
bear,)

Our potency make good, take thy re-  
ward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world:  
And, on the six, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day  
following,

Thy banished trunk be found in our  
dominions,

The moment is thy death: Away! By  
Jupiter,

This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: since thus  
thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is  
here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee,  
maid, [To CORDELIA.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly  
said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds  
approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words  
of love.—

Thus Kent, O princess, bids you all  
adien;

He'll shape his old course in a country  
new. [Exit.

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BUR-  
GUNDY, and Attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy,  
my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with  
this king

Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in  
the least,

Will you require in present dower with  
her,

Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness  
offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her  
so;

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there  
she stands;

If aught within that little, seeming sub-  
stance,

Or, all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your  
grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Sir,  
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd  
with our oath,  
Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such condi-  
tions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the  
power that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great  
king,

[To FRANCE.  
I would not from your love make such a  
stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore be-  
seech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is  
asham'd  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange!  
That she, that even but now was your  
best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of  
your age,  
Most best, most dearest, should in this  
trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dis-  
mantle  
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offense  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd  
affection  
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith, that reason without  
miracle  
Could never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I  
well intend,  
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make  
known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action or dishonor'd step,

That hath depriv'd me of your grace and  
favor:

But even for want of that, for which I  
am richer;

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to  
have it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not to have  
pleas'd me better.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in  
nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Bur-  
gundy,

Whatsay you to the lady? Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with respects, that  
stand

Aloof from the entire point. Will you  
have her?

She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself pro-  
pos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am  
firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry then, you have so  
lost a father,

That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respect of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, thou art  
most rich, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken: and most lov'd,  
despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their  
cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd  
respect.—

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to  
my chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair  
France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd preeious maid of  
me.—

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though  
unkind:

Thou locest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her  
be thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever  
see

That face of hers again:—Therefore be  
gone,

Without our grace, our love, our beniz-  
zon.—

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flurish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy,  
Cornwall, Albany, Gloster 'and  
Attendants.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* The jewels of our father, with  
wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you; I know you what  
you are;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use  
well our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Reg.* Let your study  
Be, to content your lord; who hath  
receiv'd you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience  
scanted,

And well are worth the want that you  
have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited  
cunning hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them  
derides

Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not a little I have to  
say, of what most nearly appertains to us  
both. I think, our father will hence to-  
night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with  
you; next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his  
age is: the obseravtion we have made of it  
hath not been little: he always lov'd our  
sister most; and with what poor judg-  
ment he hath now cast her off appears too  
grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: ye  
he hath ever but slenderly known him-  
self.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his  
time hath been but rash; then must we  
look to receive from his age, not alone the  
imperfections of long-engrafted condition,  
but therewithal, the unruly waywardness  
that infirm and choleric years bring with  
them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we  
like to have from him, as this of Kent's  
banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of  
leaving-taking between France and him.  
Pray you, let us hit together: If our  
father carry authority with such disposi-  
tions as he bears, this last surrender of his  
will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i'  
the heat. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Hall in the Earl of Glos-  
ter's Castle.

*Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess;  
to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom; and  
permit

The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen  
moon-shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? Well then,  
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—  
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!  
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!  
 Confin'd to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?  
*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.  
 [*Putting up the Letter.*]  
*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?  
*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.  
*Glo.* What paper were you reading?  
*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Glo.* No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.  
*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; for so much as I have

perused, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep ill I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

*Edm.* It was not brought me; my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.



*Glo.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord, If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's

son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offense, honesty! Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of man, to lay his ill disposition to the charge of a star! Edgar—

*Enter* EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a secretary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come: when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* Why, the night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best, go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:

All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and Stewart.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraid us

On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well: the fault of it I'll answer.

*Stew.* He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*]

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,

That still would manage those authorities,  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,

Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks, as flatterers—when they are seen abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

*Stew.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Hall in the same.

*Enter KENT disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,  
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labors.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What service canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

*Enter Steward.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Stew.* So please you,— [*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now, where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. --But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's gone into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go, you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter Steward.*

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father! my lord's knave: you slave! you cur!

*Stew.* I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his Heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, rise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away; go to: Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT Money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* Why, for taking one's part that is out of favor: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, a did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine: beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when lady, the brach, may stand by the fire.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle:—

*Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.*

*Lear.* This is nothing, fool. \*

*Fool.* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythæe, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To KENT.*]

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord, that counsell'd thee,  
To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,—  
Or do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other found out threſe.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

[Singing.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;  
For wise men are grown foppish;  
And know not how their wits to wear,  
Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother.

[Singing.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep;  
And I for sorrow sung,  
That such a king should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster

that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

*Fool.* I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou artan O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum*

*Weary of all, shall want some.—*

That's a sheal'd peascod.

[*Pointing to LEAR.*

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue,  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking  
forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well known  
unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now  
grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and  
done,

That you protect this course, and put it  
on

By your allowance; which if you should,  
the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redress  
sleep;

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that of-  
fense,

Which else were shame, that then neces-  
sity

Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you trow, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.*

So, out went the candle, and we were left  
darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir, I would, you would  
make use of that good wisdom whereof I  
know you are fraught; and put away these  
dispositions, which of late transform you  
from what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the  
cart draws the horse?

*Lear.* Does any here know me?—Why  
this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus?  
speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either  
his notion weakens, or his discernings are  
lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha!  
sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me  
who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn  
that; for by the marks of sovereignty,  
knowledge, and reason, I should be false  
persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient  
father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favor  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech  
you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should  
be wise;

Here do you keep a hundred knights and  
squires:

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their  
manners,

Shows like a riotous inn. The shame  
doth speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she  
begs,

A little to disquantity your train;  
And the remainder, that shall still de-  
pend,

To be such men as may besort your age,  
And know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
Saddle my horses; call my train togeth-  
er —

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;  
Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your  
disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—  
O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir. —  
Prepare my horses?

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in  
a child,

Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest:

[*To GONERIL.*

My train are men of choice and rarest  
parts,

That all particulars of duty know;

And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O most  
small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my  
frame of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my  
heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear,  
Lear!

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go,  
my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am  
ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord. — Hear,  
nature, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose,  
if

Thou didst intend to make this creature  
fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honor her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may  
live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to  
her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of  
youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her  
cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
To laughter and contempt; that she may  
feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child! — Away, away!

[*Exit.*

*Alb.* Now, gods, that we adore, where-  
of comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know  
the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter Lear.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers, at  
a clap!

Within a fortnight?

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee; — Life and death!  
I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my man-  
hood thus:

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from  
me perforce,

Should make thee worth them. — Blas't  
and fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's  
curse

Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond  
eyes,

BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck you  
out;

And cast you, with the waters that you  
lose,

To temper clay. — Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: — Yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

When she shall hear this of thee, with  
her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt  
find,

That I'll resume the shape which thou  
dost think

I have cast off forever; thou shalt, I war-  
rant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you, —

*Gon.* Pray you, content. — What,  
Oswald, ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your  
master.

[*To the Fool.*

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry,  
and take the fool with thee.

*A fox, when one has caught her,*

*And such a daughter,*

*Should sure to the slaughter,*

*If my cap would buy a halter;*

*So the fool follows after.*

[*Exit.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good coun-  
sel: — A hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that  
on every dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint,  
dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald,  
I say! —

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the arms of fear,  
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she sustains him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness, —  
How now, Oswald?

*Enter Steward.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*]

No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then —

*Alb.* Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Court before the same.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no

further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.

[*Exit.*]

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong: —

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. — So kind a father! — Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldest make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take it again perforce! — Monster ingratitude!



*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad,

sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! —

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! Are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

*Edm.* Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!

My father has set guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing, of a queazy question,

Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;

Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him; Have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming,— Pardon me:—

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—

Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So farewell. — [*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his Arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavor; I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!

Stop, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword cut,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring  
the moon

To stand his auspicious mistress:—

*Glo.* But, where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by  
no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—  
By no means,—what?

[*Exit Serr.*]

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of  
your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders  
bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a  
bond

The child was bound to the father;—  
Sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword, he charges  
home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the  
encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo* Let him fly far:  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke  
my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-  
night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which finds him, shall deserve  
our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the  
stake;

He, that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his  
intent,  
And found him pight to do it, with curst  
speech

I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,

*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou  
think,*

*If I would stand against thee, would the  
reposal*

*Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I  
should deny,*

*(As this I would; ay, though thou didst  
produce*

*My very character,) I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned prac-  
tice:*

*And thou must make a dullard of the  
world,*

*If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it.*

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter?—I never got  
him. [*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not  
why he comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not  
'scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides,  
his picture

I will send far and near, that all the  
kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my  
land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the  
means

To make thee capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attend-  
ants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend?  
since I came hither,  
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard  
strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes  
too short,  
Which can pursue the offender. How  
dost, my lord?

*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is  
crack'd, is crack'd!

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

*Glo.* O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights That tend upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam: It is too bad, too bad.—

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was.

*Reg.* No marvel then, though he were ill affected; 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister Been well-inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,

I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.— Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours;

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir. Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him, I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you,—

*Reg.* Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize, Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father, he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several messengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam; Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Gloster's Castle.

*Enter KENT and Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pin-fold, I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-

inheriting slave; nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, and coward: one whom I will beat into clamorous writhing, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue. for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Stew.* Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

[*Beating him.*]

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now? What's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,  
At suit of his grey beard,—

*Kent.* Thou zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wag-tail!

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!  
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,  
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out?  
Say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave?  
What's his offense?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchancè, does mine,  
or his, or hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow  
Who, having been praised for his bluntness,  
doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter,  
he!—

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

*Corn.* What was the offense you gave him?

*Stew.* Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;

When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted,  
rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,

Drew on me here.

*Kent.* None of these rogues, and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks, ho!  
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,  
We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;

On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show to bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,

Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks:  
As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord;  
and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same color

Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away  
the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to  
do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his  
master

Will check him for't: your purpos'd low  
correction

Is such, as basest and contemned'st  
wretches,

For pilferings and most common tres-  
passes,

Are punish'd with: the king must take it  
ill,

That he's so slightly valued in his mes-  
senger,

Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much  
more worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—Put in his  
legs.—

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis  
the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well  
knows,

Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll en-  
treat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir; I have watch'd,  
and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll  
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at  
heels:

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this: 'twill  
be ill taken. [*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve  
the common saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees  
miracles,

But misery;—and I know 'tis from Corde-  
lia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course, and shall find time  
From this enormous state,—seeking to  
give

Losses their remedies:—All weary and  
o'erwatch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more;  
turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III. A Part of the Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd:  
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no  
place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. While I may  
'scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime  
with filth;

Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness outface  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring  
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortifi'd bare  
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-  
mary;

And with this horrible object, from low  
farms,

Poor, pelting villages, sheep-cotes and  
mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometimes  
with prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood!  
 poor Tom!  
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing  
 am. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should  
 so depart from home,  
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,  
 The night before there was no purpose in  
 them  
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel  
 garters! Horses are tied by the heads;  
 dogs and bears, by the neck; monkies by  
 the loins; and men by the legs: when a  
 man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears  
 wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much  
 thy place mistook  
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,  
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis  
 worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which  
 way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose,  
 this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home  
 I did commend your highness' letters to  
 them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking  
 post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, pant-  
 ing forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;  
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,  
 Which presently they read: on whose  
 contents,

They summon'd up their meiny, straight  
 took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend  
 The leisure of their answer: gave me cold  
 looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,  
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd  
 mine,

(Being the very fellow that of late  
 Display'd so saucily against your high-  
 ness,)

Having more man than wit about me,  
 drew:

He raised the house with loud and coward  
 cries:

Your son and daughter found this tres-  
 pass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. *Winter's not gone yet, if the wild  
 geese fly that way.*

*Fathers, that wear rags,*

*Do make their children blind;*

*But fathers, that bear bags,*

*Shall see their children kind.*

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many  
 dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst  
 tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up  
 toward my heart!

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing  
 sorrow,

Thy element's below!—Where is this  
 daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not;  
Stay here. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* Make you no more offense than  
what you speak of?

*Kent.* None.  
How chance the king comes with so small  
a train?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the  
stocks for that question, thou hadst well  
deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an  
ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in  
the winter. Let go thy hold, when a  
great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break  
thy neck with following it; but the great  
one that goes up the hill, let him draw  
thee after. When a wise man gives thee  
better counsel, give me mine again: I  
would have none but knaves follow it,  
since a fool gives it.

*That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack, when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.*

*But I will tarry, the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly,*

*The knave turns fool, that runs away;  
The fool no knave, perdy.*

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They  
are sick? they are weary?  
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere  
fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;  
How unremoveable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! Plague! death!  
confusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster,  
Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and  
his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have in-  
form'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou un-  
derstand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with  
Cornwall; the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak, com-  
mands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath  
and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke  
that—

No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not  
ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands  
the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier  
will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state!  
wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*]  
Should he sit here? 'This act persuades  
me,

That this remotion of the duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant  
forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak  
with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and  
hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the  
drum,

Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

*Glo.* I'd have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* O me, my heart. my rising  
heart!—but, down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney  
did to the eels, when she put them i' the  
paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the cox-



combs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down wancens, Down:* 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from my mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adultress. — O, are you free? [To *KENT.*]

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here. —

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

Of how deprav'd a quality. — O, Regan!

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think, my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,

She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rid'd, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;

Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;*

*Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling.

*That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fye, fye, fye!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my  
train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not  
forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good, sir, to the purpose.  
[*Trumpets within.*]

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Enter Steward.*

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's: this  
approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here.—Is your  
lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy bor-  
row'd pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he fol-  
lows:—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Re-  
gan, I have good hope  
Thou didst not know o't.—Who comes  
here? O heavens.

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet  
sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take  
my part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this  
beard!— [To GONERIL.]

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the  
hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How  
have I offended?

All's not offense, that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O, sides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man  
i' the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir; but his own  
disorders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak,  
seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sis-  
ter,

Dismissing half your train, come then to  
me;

I am now from home, and out of that  
provision

Which shall be needful for your enter-  
tainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men  
dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with  
her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dow-  
erless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be  
brought

To knee his throne, and, square-like,  
pension beg

To keep base life afoot:—Return with  
her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sump-  
ter

To this detested groom.

[*Looking on the Steward.*]

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not  
make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; fare-  
well:

We'll no more meet, no more see one an-  
other:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my  
daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: but I'll not  
chide;

Let shame come when it will, I do call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging  
Jove;

Mend when thou canst; be better at thy  
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so, sir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am pro-  
vided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my  
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your  
passion,

Must be content to think you old, and  
so—

But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken now?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty  
followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of  
more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge  
and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in  
one house,

Should many people, under two com-  
mands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord;  
receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or  
from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they  
chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come  
to me,

(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my de-  
positaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: What, must I come  
to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you  
so?

*Reg.* And speak it again, my lord; no  
more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do  
look well-favor'd,

When others are more wicked; not being  
the worst,

Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go  
with thee; [To GONERIL.

The fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten or  
five,

To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our  
basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a

lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gor-  
geous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But,  
for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, pa-  
tience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old  
man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters'  
hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble  
anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatu-  
ral hags,

I will have such revenge on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such  
things,—

What they are yet, I know not; but they  
shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping: but this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad! [*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*]

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm. [*Storm heard at a distance.*]

*Reg.* This house is little; the old man and his people cannot

Be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame; he hath put Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd. Where is my lord of Gloster?

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth;— he is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to willful men, The injuries that they themselves procure, Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;

He is attended with a desperate train; And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Heath.

*A Storm is heard, with Thunder and lightning.*

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's here, besides foul weather?

*Kent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you; Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair:

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of: Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labors to out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you; And dare, upon the warrant of my heart,

Commend a dear thing to you. There is  
 divison,  
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and  
 Cornwall;  
 Who have (as who have not, that their  
 great stars  
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem  
 no less;  
 Which are to France the spies and specu-  
 lations  
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been  
 seen,  
 Either in snuffs and packings of the  
 dukes;  
 Or the hard rein which both of them have  
 borne  
 Against the old kind king: or something  
 deeper,  
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnish-  
 ings:—  
 But, true it is, from France there comes  
 a power  
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
 In some of our best ports, and are at  
 point  
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
 If on my credit you dare build so far  
 To make you speed to Dover, you shall  
 find  
 Some that will thank you, making just  
 report  
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sor-  
 row  
 The king hath cause to 'plain.  
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
 And from some knowledge and assurance,  
 offer  
 This office to you.  
*Gent.* I will talk further with you.  
*Kent.* No, do not.  
 For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and  
 take  
 What it contains: If you shall see Cor-  
 delia,

(As fear not but you shall,) show her this  
 ring;  
 And she will tell you who your fellow is  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this  
 storm!

I will go seek the king.

*Kent.* Give me your hand: Have you  
 no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but no effect, more  
 than all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in  
 which your pain  
 That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on  
 him,

Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Another Part of the Hearth.  
 Storm continues.

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, wind, and crack you  
 cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples,  
 drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing  
 fires,

Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-  
 bolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-  
 shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'er the  
 world!

Crack nature's molds, all germens spill  
 at once,

That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a  
 dry house is better than this rain-water  
 out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy  
 daughters' blessing; here's a night pities  
 either wise men or fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly-full! Spit, fire!  
 spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my  
 daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-  
 ness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
 You owe me no subscription; why then  
 let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your  
 slave,  
 A poor infirm, weak, and depis'd old  
 man:—  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters  
 join'd  
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a  
 head  
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!  
*Fool.* He that has a house to put his  
 head in, has a good head-piece.

*The man that makes his toe  
 What he his heart should make,  
 Shall of a corn cry woe,  
 And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman,  
 but she made mouths in a glass.

*Enter KENT.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all  
 patience, I will say nothing,  
*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things  
 that love night,  
 Love not such nights as these: the wrath-  
 ful skies  
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
 And make them keep their caves. Since  
 I was man,  
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid  
 thunder,  
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I  
 never  
 Remember to have heard: man's nature  
 cannot carry  
 The affliction, nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our  
 heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble,  
 thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou  
 bloody hand;  
 Thou perjur'd, and thou similar man of  
 virtue  
 Thou art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces  
 shake,  
 That under covert and convenient seem-  
 ing  
 Hast practis'd on man's life:—Close pent-  
 up guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am  
 a man,  
 More sinned against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!  
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst  
 the tempest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard  
 house,  
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis  
 rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding after you,  
 Denied me to come in,) return and force  
 Their scanted courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn,—  
 Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy?  
 Art cold?

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw,  
 my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,  
 That can make vile things precious.

Come, your hovel,  
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in  
 my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* *He that has a little tiny wit,—  
 With heigh, ho, the wind and  
 the rain—*

*Must make content with his for-  
 tunes fit;*

*For the rain it raineth every  
 day.*

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come,  
 bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

*Fool.* I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  
 When priests are more in word than matter;  
 When brewers mar their malt with water;  
 When every case in law is right;  
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
 Nor slanderers do not live in tongues;  
 Nor cutpurses come not to thongs;  
 Then shall the realm of Albion  
 Come to great confusion.  
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for  
 I live before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not  
 this unnatural dealing; When I desired  
 their leave that I might pity him, they  
 took from me the use of mine own house;  
 charged me on pain of their perpetual  
 displeasure, neither to speak of him, en-  
 treat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage, and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing; There  
 is division between the dukes; and a worse  
 matter than that: I have received a letter  
 this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;  
 —I have locked the letter in my closet:  
 these injuries the king now bears will be  
 revenged home; there is part of a power  
 already footed: we must incline to the  
 king. I will seek him, and privily relieve  
 him: go you, and maintain talk with the  
 duke, that my charity be not of him per-  
 ceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and  
 gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is  
 threatened me, the king my old master  
 must be relieved. There is some strange  
 thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be care-  
 ful. [Exit.]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall  
 the duke  
 Instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
 This seems a fair deserving, and must  
 draw me

That which my father loses; no less than  
 all:

The younger rises, when the old doth fall.  
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Part of the Heath, with a  
 Hovel.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good  
 my lord, enter;  
 The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
 For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own: Good  
 my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that  
 this contentious storm  
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun  
 a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the raging  
 sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.  
 When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my  
 mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingrati-  
 tude!

It is not as this mouth should tear this  
 hand,

For lifting food to 't?—But I will pun-  
 ish home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will en-  
 dure:

In such a night as this! O Regan, Gon-  
 eril!—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart  
 gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun  
 that!

No more of that.—

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go to thyself; seek  
thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to  
ponder

On things would hurt me more.— But I'll  
go in:

In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You  
houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll  
sleep.— [Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, whosoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless  
storm,

How shall your houseless heads, and unfed  
sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness  
defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have  
ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic,  
pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to  
them,

And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [*Within.*] Fathom and half,  
fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's  
a spirit.

Help me, help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.— Who's  
there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit; he says his  
name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grum-  
ble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows  
me!—

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the  
cold wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm  
thee.

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two  
daughters?

And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor  
Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led  
through fire and through flame, through  
ford and whirlpool, over bog and quag-  
mire; that hath laid knives under his pil-  
low, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane  
by his porridge; made him proud of heart,  
to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-  
inched bridges, to course his own shadow  
for a traitor:— Bless thy five wits! Tom's  
a-cold,— O, do de, do de, do de.— Bless  
thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and  
taking! Do poor Tom some charity,  
whom the foul fiend vexes: There could  
I have him now,— and there,— and there,  
— and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought  
him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou  
give them all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else  
we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the  
pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy  
daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could  
have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daugh-  
ters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their  
flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh  
begot

Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock's  
hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all  
to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed of the foul fiend: obey



thy parent; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by [Storm still continues.

*Lear.* Why thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume: Ha! here three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art—Off, off, you lendings:—Come: unbutton here. [Tearing off his clothes.

*Fool.* Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip: mildews the white wheat, and hants the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*

*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,*

*And her troth plight,*

*And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER with a Torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.—

What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer;  
Go into the house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same  
learned Theban.—

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and  
to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in  
private.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to  
go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glo.* Can'st thou blame him?  
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that  
good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd  
man!—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell  
thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,  
Now outlawed from my blood; he sought  
my life,

But lately, very lately; I loved him,  
friend,—

No father his son dearer: true to tell  
thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a  
night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, cry you mercy;

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, to the hovel:  
keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let  
him take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with  
us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words;  
Hush.

*Edg.* Child Rowland to the dark  
tower came,

His word was still.—*Fie, foh and fum,*  
*I smell the blood of a British man.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter* CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

*Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I  
depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be cen-  
sured, that nature thus gives way to  
loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not alto-  
gether your brother's evil disposition  
made him seek his death; but a provok-  
ing merit, set a-work by a reprobable bad-  
ness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune,  
that I must repent to be just! This is  
the letter he spoke of, which approves  
him an intelligent party to the advantage  
of France. O heavens! that this treason  
were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be  
certain, you might have business in hand.

*Corn.* True, or false, it hath made  
thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy  
fathers is, that he may be ready for our  
apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside.*] If I find him com-  
forting the king, it will stuff his suspicion  
more fully.—I will persevere in my  
course of loyalty, though the conflict be  
sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and  
thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-  
house, adjoining the Castle.

*Enter* GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and*  
EDGAR.

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air;  
take it thankfully; I will piece out the

comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:— The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit Gloster.*]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon them:—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come; sit thou here, most learned justicer:— [To *Edgar.*]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the *Fool.*]  
—Now, you she foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—*

*Fool.* *She dares not come over to thee.*

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of the nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first:— Bring in the evidence:—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [To *EDGAR.*]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

[To the *Fool.*]

Bench by his side:— You are of the commission,

Sit you too.

[To *KENT.*]

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king, her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry your mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them:—

Avaunt, you curs!

*Be thy mouth or black or white,*

*Tooth that poisons if it bite;*

*Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,*

*Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lyn;*

*Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;  
Tom will make them weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.*

Do de, do de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns:— Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?— You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*To EDGAR.*]

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend: Where is the king, my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will with some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience, will not allow, Stand in hard cure. — Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

[*To the Fool.*]

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*]

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind.

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away: Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord, your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.— Edmund, keep you your sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon

your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the king?

*Stew.* My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*]

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster.

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice: yet our power

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor.

*Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—  
Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends,

*Corn.* Bind him, I say.

[*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him:—  
Villain, thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

*Glo.* By the kind gods 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favors

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore  
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

*Glo.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare  
head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have  
buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor  
old heart,

He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that  
stern time,

Thou should'st have said, *Good porter,*  
*turn the key;*

All cruels else subscrib'd:— But I shall  
see

The winged vengeance overtake such chil-  
dren.

*Corn.* See it shalt thou never:— Fel-  
lows, hold the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair,*  
*while CORNWALL plucks out one of*  
*his Eyes and sets his Foot on it.*

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he  
be old,

Give me some help:— O cruel! O ye  
gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the  
other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance, —

*Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord:  
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child:  
But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog?

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon  
your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you  
mean?

*Corn.* My villain!

[*Draws, and runs at him.*

*Serv.* Nay, then come on, and take  
the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is*  
*wounded.*

*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—

[*To another Serv.*]

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and*  
*stabs him.*

*Serv.* O, I am slain!— My lord, you  
have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:— O! [*Dies.*

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it:—  
Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and*  
*throws it on the Ground.*

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—  
Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of  
nature,

To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it  
was he

That made the overture of thy treasons  
to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd —

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper  
him!

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and  
let him smell

His way to Dover.— How is't, my lord?  
How look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:— Follow  
me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this  
slave

Upon the dunghill.— Regan, I bleed  
apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your  
arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan; Servants*  
*unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wicked-  
ness I do,

If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,  
And, in the end, meet the old course of  
death,  
Women will all turn monsters.  
1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and  
get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his rognish  
madness  
Allows itself to any thing.  
2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax,  
and whites of eggs,  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now,  
heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Heath.

*Enter* EDGAR.

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to  
be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be  
worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of  
fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, lives not in  
fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome  
then,  
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!  
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto  
the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who  
comes here?

*Enter* GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world,  
O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make us  
hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good lord, I have  
been your tenant, and your father's ten-  
ant, these fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good  
friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, you cannot see  
your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore  
want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,  
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son  
Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say, I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now? Who's there?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can  
say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet:  
The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could  
not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow  
saw;

Which made me think a man a worm:  
My son

Came then into my mind; and yet my  
mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have  
heard more since.

*Edg.* How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sor-  
row,

Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside*]—  
Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone:  
If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or  
twain,  
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient  
love;

And bring some covering for this naked  
soul,

Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he's mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when mad-  
men lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleas-  
ure;

Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best parel  
that I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold: I cannot  
daub it further. [*Aside.*

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And yet I must.— Bless  
thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way  
and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been  
scared out of his good wits: Bless the  
good man from the foul fiend! Five  
fiends have been in poor Tom at once.  
So, bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom  
the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am  
wretched,

Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal  
so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not  
see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power  
quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou  
know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and  
bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it;  
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me: from that  
place

I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's  
Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward  
meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel,  
our mild husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's  
your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man  
so chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;  
He smil'd at it: I told him you were com-  
ing;

His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's  
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son.

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me  
sot;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side  
out:—

What most he should dislike, seems pleas-  
ant to him;

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he'll not feel  
wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer; Our wishes,  
on the way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to  
my brother:

Hasten his musters, and conduct his  
powers:

I must change arms at home, and give  
the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty  
servant



Shall pass between us: ere long you are  
like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare  
speech; [Giving a Favor.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst  
speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the  
air;—

Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster!

[Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man, and man! To  
thee

A woman's services are due; my fool  
Usurps my bed.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit Steward.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O Goneril,

You are not worth the dust which the  
rude wind

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposi-  
tion:

That nature, which contemns its origin,  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must  
wither,

And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile  
seem vile:

Filths savor but themselves. What have  
you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-  
form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear  
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerated! have  
you madd'd.

Could my good brother suffer you to do  
it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible  
spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile  
offenses,

'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-livered man!

Thou bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for  
wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye dis-  
cerning

Thine honor from thy suffering; that not  
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are  
punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief.  
Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noise-  
less land,

With plumed helm thy slayer begins  
threats;

Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and  
cry'st.

*Alack! why does he so!*

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid, as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou chang'd and self-cover'd  
thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my  
fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art  
a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the duke of  
Cornwall's dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd  
with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and among them fell'd him  
dead:

But not without that harmful stroke,  
which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above  
You justicers, that these our nether  
crimes

So speedily can venge!—But, O poor  
Gloster!  
Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy an-  
swer;

'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] One way I like this  
well;  
But being widow, and my Gloster with  
her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life: Another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and  
answer. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did  
take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not here.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him  
back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 'twas he in-  
form'd against him;  
And quit the house on purpose, that their  
punishment  
Might have freer course.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst  
the king,  
And to avenge thine eyes.—Come hither,  
my friend:  
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The French Camp near  
Dover.

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the king of France is so  
suddenly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in  
the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought  
of; which

Imports to the kingdom so much fear and  
danger,  
That his personal return was most requir'd,  
And necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him  
general?

*Gent.* The Marschal of France, Mon-  
sieur le Fer.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the  
queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read  
them in my presence;  
And now and then an ample tear trill'd  
down  
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd, she was a  
queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sor-  
row strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You  
have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and  
tears

Were like a better day: Those happy  
smiles,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to  
know

What guests were in her eyes; which  
parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In  
brief, sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd; if all  
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* 'Faith, once, or twice, she  
heav'd the name of *Father*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!*—*Shame of ladies!*  
*sisters!*

*Kent! father! sister! What? i' the storm?*  
*'i the night?*

*Let pity not be believed!*—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamor moisten'd: then away she  
started

To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self mate and mate could not  
beget

Such different issues. You spoke not  
with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king re-  
turned?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir; the poor distress'd  
Lear is i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remem-  
bers

What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him:  
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction,  
turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear  
rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these  
things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning  
shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's  
powers you heard not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so; they are afoot,

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our  
master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear  
cause,

Will in concealment wrap me up a while;

When I am known aright, you shall not  
grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray  
you, go

Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. A Tent.

*Enter* CORDELIA, Physicians, and Sol-  
diers.

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met  
even now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow  
weeds,

With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
flowers,

Darnel; and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century sent  
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown  
field,

And bring him to our eye.

[*Exit an Officer.*]

What can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He, that helps him, take all my outward  
worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam:

Our foster nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in  
him,

Are many simple operative, whose power  
Will close the eyes of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and  
remediate,

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek  
for him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Madam, news;

The British powers are marching hither-  
ward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about;  
Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath  
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's  
right;

Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter REGAN and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set  
forth?

*Stew.*

Ay, madam.

*Reg.*  
In person there?

*Stew.* Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with  
your lord at home?

Himself

*Stew.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he's posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch His nighted life; moreover, to descry The strength o' the enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, madam:

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purpose by word? Belike, Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather—

*Reg.* I know, your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,

She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note: My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand, Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this:

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* 'Would I could meet him, madam; I would show

What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible step;

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks, you are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place;—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, her buoy

Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse: in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,

Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce: and, in your sights,

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!—

Now fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the theft: Had he been where

he thought,

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!

Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives:

What are you, sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathoms down precipitating, Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but

thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st: art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude, Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn;

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: Do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit, To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some

comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing  
was that

Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought,  
his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand  
noses,

Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the en-  
ridged sea;

It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy  
father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make  
them honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd  
thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth  
I'll bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

*Enough, enough, and die.* That thing  
you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

*The fiend, the fiend:* he led me to that  
place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.—  
But who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with  
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for  
coining;

I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that res-  
pect.—There's your press-money. That  
fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:  
draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a  
mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of  
toasted cheese will do't.—There's my  
gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring  
up the brown bills.—O, well flown bird!  
—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give  
the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril!—with a white  
beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and  
told me, I had white hairs in my beard,  
ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*,  
and *no*, to everything I said!—*Ay* and *no*  
too was no good divinity. When the rain  
came to wet me once, and the wind too  
to make me chatter; when the thunder  
would not peace at my bidding; there I  
found them, there I smelt them out. Go  
to, they are not men o' their words: they  
told me I was everything; 'tis a lie; I am  
not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well  
remember:

Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject  
quakes.

I pardon that man's life: what was thy  
cause?—

*Adultery.*—

Thou shalt not die: for Gloster's bastard  
son

Was kinder to his father, than my daugh-  
ters

Born in the lawful bed.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of  
mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This  
great world

Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou  
know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well  
enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No,  
do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—  
Read thou this challenge; mark but the  
penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could  
not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from re-  
port;—it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,

I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that!

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in it. Nay, an' you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

*Kent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;



Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast  
one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general  
curse

Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: What's your  
will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a  
battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar; every one  
hears that

Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favor,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the  
main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on spe-  
cial cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Gent.* You ever-gentle gods, take my  
breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Gent.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame by  
fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling  
sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me  
your hand,

I'll lead you to some biding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benizon of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd  
flesh

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy  
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—The sword  
is out

That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it.

[*EDGAR opposes.*]

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?  
Hence;

Lest that the infection of his fortune  
take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Ch'll not let go, zir, without  
vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait,  
and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha'  
been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould  
not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.

Nay, come not near the old man; keep  
out, che vor' ye, or ise try whether your  
costard or my bat be the harder: Ch'll  
be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Ch'll pick your teeth, zir:  
Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him  
down.*]

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—  
Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st  
about me,

To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him  
out

Upon the British party:—O, untimely  
death! [*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable  
villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—  
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that  
he speaks of,  
May be my friends.—He's dead: I am  
only sorry

He had no other death's man.—Let us see:

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful:

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from which deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.*

*Your wife, (so I would say,)*

*And your affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in  
the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, and, in the mature  
time,

With this ungracious paper strike the  
sight

Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis  
well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the Body.*]

*Glo.* The king is mad: How stiff is my  
vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feel-  
ing

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were dis-  
tract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from  
my griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.*

Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten  
drum.

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. A Tent in the French Camp.

LEAR *on a Bed, asleep*: Physician, Gentle-  
man and others attending. *Enter* COR-  
DELIA and KENT.

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I  
live, and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be  
too short,

And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is  
o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited;  
These weeds are memories of those worsen  
hours;

I pr'ythee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
Yet to be known, shortens my made in-  
tent:

My boon I make it, that you know me  
not,

Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so, my good lord.—  
How does the king?

[*To the Physician.*]

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his absurd na-  
ture!

Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind  
up,

Of this child-changed father!

*Phys.* So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept  
long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge,  
and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he ar-  
ray'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of  
his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

*Phys.* Be by, good madam, when we  
do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well.  
*Phys.* Please you, draw near.—Louder  
the music there.  
*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration,  
hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this  
kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two  
sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!  
*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!  
*Cor.* Had you not been their father,  
these white flakes  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a  
face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted  
thunder?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor  
perdu!)  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood  
that night  
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor  
father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues for-  
lorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at  
once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak  
to him.  
*Phys.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.  
*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How  
fares your majesty?  
*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me  
out o' the grave:—  
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.  
*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?  
*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know; When  
did you die?  
*Cor.* Still, still, far wide!  
*Phys.* He's scarce awake; let him alone  
awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been?—Where am  
I?—Fair day-light?—  
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die  
with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to  
say.—  
I will not swear, these are my hands:—  
let's see;  
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were as-  
sur'd  
Of my condition.  
*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er  
me:—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.  
*Lear.* Pray do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plain-  
ly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you, and know  
this man:  
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ig-  
norant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I  
know not  
Where I did lodge last night: Do not  
laugh at me;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.  
*Cor.* And so I am, I am.  
*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith.  
I pray weep not:  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know, you do not love me; for your sis-  
ters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.  
*Cor.* No cause, no cause.  
*Lear.* Am I in France?  
*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.  
*Lear.* Do not abuse me.  
*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam: the  
great rage,  
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is  
danger

To make him even o'er the time he has  
lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:  
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old,  
and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician,  
and Attendants.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,  
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent  
In Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable.  
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the  
kingdom

Approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrament is like to be a  
bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be  
thoroughly wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's  
fought.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. The Camp of the British  
Forces, near Dover.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, EDMUND,  
REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last  
purpose hold;

Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course: He's full of alter-  
ation,

And self-reproving:—Bring his constant  
pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly mis-  
carried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon  
you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the  
truth,

Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honor'd love.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: Dear  
my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not:—  
She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle, than  
that sister

Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, will be  
met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his  
daughter,

With others, whom the rigor of our state,  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be-  
honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us as France invades our land,

Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I  
fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the  
enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not to question here.

*Alb.* Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceed-  
ings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at  
your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you,  
go with us.

*Gon.* O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*]  
I will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech  
with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.  
[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril,  
Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope  
this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet  
sound

For him that brought it: wretched though  
I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love  
you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald  
cry,

And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well; I will o'er-  
look thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view, draw up  
your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength  
and forces

By diligent discovery;—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I  
sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I  
take?

Both! one? or neither? Neither can be  
enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gon-  
eril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll  
use

His countenance for the battle: which be-  
ing done,

Let her, who would be rid of him, devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cor-  
delia,—

The battle done, and they within our  
power,

Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Field between the two  
Camps.

*Alarm within. Enter, with Drum and  
Colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their  
Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of  
this tree

For your good host; pray that the right  
may thrive.

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit Edgar.*]

*Alarums: afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter  
EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man, give me thy  
hand, away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter  
ta'en:

Give me thy hand, come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot  
even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again?  
Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming  
hither:

Ripeness is all: Come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The British Camp near  
Dover.

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colors,  
EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as  
Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, etc.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away:  
good guard;  
Until their greater pleasures first be  
known

That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd  
the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's  
frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters, and  
these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's  
away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the  
cage:

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll  
kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll  
live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales,  
and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor  
rogues

Talk of court news: and we'll talk with  
them too—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's  
out;—

And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were heaven's spies: And we'll  
wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of  
great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cor-  
delia,

The gods themselves throw incense. Have  
I caught thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand  
from heaven,

And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine  
eyes;

They shall not make us weep: we'll see  
them starve first.

Come.

[*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take out this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go,  
follow them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou  
dost

As this instruct thee, thou dost make thy  
way

To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that  
men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword:—Thy great  
employment

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt  
do 't,

Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do 't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy,  
when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down.

*Off.* If it be man's work, I will do it.

[*Exit Officer.*]

*Flourish.* *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL,  
REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your  
valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: You have the  
captives,

Who were the opposites of this day's  
strife:

We do require them of you; so to use  
them,











As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention, and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title  
more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

Which do command them. With him I  
sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are  
ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to ap-  
pear

Where you shall hold your session. At  
this time,

We sweat, and bleed; the friend hath lost  
his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are  
curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness:—  
The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks, our pleasure might have been  
demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our  
powers;

Bore the commission of my place and  
person;

The which immediacy may well stand  
up,

And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your advancement.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Gon.* That were the most, if he should  
husband you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holloa, holloa!  
That eye, that told you so, look'd but  
a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patri-  
mony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are  
thine:

Witness the world, that I create thee  
here

My lord and master.

*Con.* Mean you to wed him?

*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your  
good will.

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove  
my title thine.

[To EDMUND.]

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund,  
I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GON.*]—  
for your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your  
banns.

If you will marry, make your love to  
me,

My lady is bespoke.

*Con.* An interlude!

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let  
the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many trea-  
sons,

There is my pledge: [*Throwing down a  
Glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing  
less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!

*Gon.* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[*Aside.*]

*Edm.* There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honor firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtues; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name Took their discharge.

*Reg.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—

And read out this.

*Off.* Sound trumpet.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*

*Herald reads.*

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defense.*

*Edm.* Sound. [1 *Trumpet.*

*Her.* Again. [2 *Trumpet.*

*Her.* Again. [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears

Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword!

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors, My oath, and my profession: I protest,—

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name:

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever,—Trumpets, speak.

*[Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.]*

*Alb.* O save him, save him!

*Gon.* This is mere practice, Gloster: By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame, Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir,

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady: I perceive you know it.

*[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]*

*Gon.* Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:

Who shall arraign me for 't?

*Alb.* Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know.

*[Exit Goneril.]*

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

*[To an Officer, who goes out.]*

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out;

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,

That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund:

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,

Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel has come full circle; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee; Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy father!

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know it well.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape, That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,

Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost, became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,

(Alack, two weak the conflict to support!)  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;

You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period

To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,

Who having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,

That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service

Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily with a bloody Knife.*

*Gent.* Help! help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of —

*Alb.* Who, man? Speak.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both; all three

Now marry in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead! —

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity.

*[Exit Gentleman.]*

*Enter KENT.*

*Edg.* Here comes Kent, sir.

*Alb.* O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;

Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot! —

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia? —

See'st thou this object, Kent?

*[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]*

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so. — Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life: — Some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, —

Be brief in it, — to the castle; for my writ.

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O, run—

*Edg.* To whom, my lord?— Who has  
the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on; take my  
sword,

Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy  
wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him  
hence awhile.

[*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA, dead in his  
Arms; EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!— O,  
ye are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use  
them so

That heaven's vault should crack:— O,  
she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one  
lives;

She's dead as earth:— Lend me a looking  
glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the  
stone,

Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if  
it be so,

It is a chance that does redeem all sor-  
rows

That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers,  
traitors, all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone  
for ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!  
What is't thou say'st?— Her voice was  
ever soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in  
woman:—

I kill'd the slave that was hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting  
faulchion

I would have made them skip: I am old  
now,

And these same crosses spoil me.— Who  
are you?

Mine eyes are none o' the best:— I'll tell  
you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd  
and hated,

One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight: Are you  
not Kent?

*Kent.* The same.

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant  
Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell  
you that;

He'll strike, and quickly too:— He's  
dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the  
very man;—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of differ-  
ence and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else;

All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd  
themselves,

And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and  
vain it is

That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb* That's but a trifle here.—  
You lords and noble friends, know our  
intent.

What comfort to this great decay may  
come,

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old majesty,  
To him our absolute power:—You to  
your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your  
honors

Have more than merited.—All friends  
shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings.—O, see,  
see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd!

No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have  
life,

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt  
come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you,  
sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—  
her lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

*Edg.* He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I pr'ythee break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him  
pass! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough  
world

Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* O, he is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd  
so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our  
present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you  
twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the god's state  
sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to  
go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we  
must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought  
to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are  
young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 094 500 6

