



www.libtool.com.cn



www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

—

COMEDIES.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE WORKS OF

www.libtool.com.cn

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCKXIII, WITH VARIOUS
READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS,
NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF
THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET,
AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. III.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY

1889

www.libtool.com.cn

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New York.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON,
CAMBRIDGE.

931
1889
V.3-4

www.libtool.com.cn

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

(8)

M562036

Measure for Measure occupies twenty-four pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes and is followed by a list of the Dramatis Personæ under the head, "The names of all the Actors." From this list, however, *Varrius* and the *Justice* are omitted: above it is "*The Scene Vienna.*"

www.libtool.com.cn
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE found the plot and the principal characters of this play made to his hand in the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone which was published in 1578, but never acted. Whetstone founded his play upon the fifth Novel of the eighth Decade of Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, a collection of tales similar to Boccaccio's *Décamerone*, and in which also Shakespeare found the tale upon which he constructed his *Othello*. The course of the story in Cinthio's novel is indicated with sufficient particularity in its long title, which is as follows:— "*Juriste* is sent by the Emperor Maximilian to Inspruch, where he causes a young man, who has violated a virgin, to be arrested, and condemns him to death: his sister endeavours to free him: *Juriste* holds out hopes to the lady that he will marry her and liberate her brother: she lies with him, and the same night *Juriste* causes the young man's head to be struck off, and sends it to his sister. She complains to the Emperor, who causes *Juriste* to marry the lady; after which he orders him to be put to death: the lady saves him, and lives with him most lovingly." *

Whetstone himself published in 1582 a book of tales similar to that of Cinthio, which he called the *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, and one of these tales he founded on Cinthio's story of *Juriste*. The following argument, prefixed to his play of *Promos and Cassandra*,† gives a very good description of the course of its

* "*Juriste* e mandato da Massimiano, Imperadore, in Ispruchi, ove si prende un giovane, violatore di una vergine, e condannato à morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: *Juriste* da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa *Juriste* fa tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fa querela all' Imperadore, il quale fa sposare ad *Juriste* la donna; poëcia lo fa dare ad essere ucciso. La donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente."

† "*The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, divid- ed into Comical Discourses: In the fyrste Parte is shorne the unsufferable*

incidents, but is defective in two or three points important to the student of Shakespeare:—

“In the Cytie of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparell, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord Promos auctority: who, convicting a yong Gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behavours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he re pryved her brother: but, wicked man, tounring his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But, in fine, wonne with the importunitye of her Brother, (pleading for life,) upon these conditions she agreeed to Promos. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos as feareless in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygnd her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandras clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The Gayler, [touched] with the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorring Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was set at libertie) was so agreed at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl herselfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And, devisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kynge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he

abuse of a lewde Magistrate, the vertuous behavours of a chaste Ladye, the uncontroled lewdenes of a favoured Cartisan, and the undeserved Estimation of a peralicious Parasyte: In the second Parte is discoursed the perfect Magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking Vice and favouringe Vertue: Wherin is showne the Ruyn and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises, with the Advancement of upright Dealing.”

Both Whetstone's tale and Cinthio's are printed in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*

hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgment was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This marryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendinge the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieffe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renoune the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvelye followeth."

By this it will be seen that Whetstone improved greatly upon the plot of Cinthio's tale, for dramatic purposes, by causing the brother to be condemned for a far more venial fault than that laid to his charge by the Italian author, and by substituting another prisoner as the victim of the governor's faithless cruelty. Upon Whetstone's plot, Shakespeare again improved by still further mitigating the brother's error, by making the monarch himself the principal agent in working out the denouement, and, above all, by the introduction of another female character, betrothed (which in early times was about the same as married) to the deputy, and whose intervention saves his intended victim from compliance with his conditions, while he is yet made answerable for the same crimes of which he is guilty even in the original Italian story. But Shakespeare not only adopted, with these great improvements, Whetstone's variations from Cinthio's novel: he found in *Promos and Cassandra* another set of characters, the Bawd, the Fantastic, the Clown, and the Constable, which he also introduced but re-created. He followed, too, in some measure, the arrangement of Whetstone's Scenes, and in certain passages of the earlier play we find the germs of others in the later. Thus, for instance, in these lines,

"Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll,"

is the origin of these,

"Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than aocompt."

So this passage, in a soliloquy by *Promos*, after *Cassandra* has yielded to him,

"No force for that my might commaundeth right;
Hir privie maime hir open cryes will staye.

Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright :
 And thus shall rule conceal his filthy deed, "

is plainly but the counterpart of the following, in *Angelo's* soliloquy, when he supposes himself to be in a similar position with regard to *Isabella* :—

" But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me ! Yet Reason dares her on :
 For my authority here bears up a credent bulk
 That no particular scandal once can touch
 But it confounds the breather."

One of Whetstone's comic characters, too, says, " A holie hood makes not a frier devoute," which is but a slight metrical paraphrase of the Latin saw, "*Cucullus non facit monachum*," which Shakespeare puts in *Lucio's* mouth. These are but a few out of many similar instances ; and from all that has gone before, the reader can form his own opinion as to the sort of obligation under which Shakespeare was to Whetstone. He will probably not agree with Mr. Collier, that " Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling and employment of language," but he may safely rest assured that *Promos and Cassandra* is about as much like *Measure for Measure*, as heaps of unshaped clay and pits of sand and lime are like an Elizabethan mansion.

The text of this play is generally well printed in the folio ; but it contains several passages which give more trouble to the editor and the reader than any others which occur in that volume. To those not disciplined in the construction of language, and unaccustomed to trace the logical connection of thoughts apparently remote, the style of all the serious parts of *Measure for Measure* is involved and therefore more or less obscure ; and hence the necessity for the explanation of passages which are not in any way corrupted, as well as the difficulty which has been found in restoring those that are, and the supposition by many intelligent editors and commentators that corruption existed in many passages, which, upon a closer and more analytical examination, have been found pure. The versification is rugged and irregular ; but it seems to be so from design, not carelessness. Conjectural emendation is

known entirely upon its own resources in restoring some extremely difficult and unquestionably corrupted passages in this play; for it receives no aid from any earlier copy than that of the first folio.

We have no means of determining with great approach to accuracy the time when *Measure for Measure* was written. That it was written in Shakespeare's maturity, its own profound philosophy, strikingly akin to that of *Hamlet*, is sufficient evidence: that it had not been produced in 1597, we may feel quite confident, from the omission of it from the enumeration of its author's works in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*: that it was produced before 1604, we know, from an entry in the accounts of the Revels at Court from October, 1604, to October, 1605, in the following words:—

"By his Ma^{ty}es Plaies. On St. Stevens night in the Hall, a Play caled Mesur for Mesur."

In a column of the account devoted to "The Poets which mayd the Plaies," the name of a Mr. "Shaxberd," apparently not so well known then as it is now, is entered. The passage in the first Scene, which contains a flattering allusion to the disposition of King James to deny his subjects access to his person, has been, with some reason, supposed to fix the date of the production of this play after the accession of that monarch; and although it might have been inserted for the special occasion of the performance at court in 1604, and afterward retained, the supposition jumps so well with the character of the play itself and with our knowledge as to the date of the production of other plays, that we may safely conclude, with Mr. Collier, that *Measure for Measure* was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604.

The period of the action of this play, which has been hitherto considered, and even pronounced, to be undeterminable, is clearly defined by the first few lines of the second Scene of the first Act, and by our knowledge of the source of the plot. Whetstone tells us, as we have seen, that the incidents took place "in the city of Julio, sometime under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia," and in his *Heptameron* the tale begins, "At what time Corvinus, the scourge of the Turks, rayned as Kinge of Bohemia, for to well governe the free cities of his realme, he sent divers worthy magistrates," &c.: in the Scene mentioned, *Lucio* says, "If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King:" to which the reply is, "Heaven grant us its

peace, but not the King of Hungary's." Now Corvinus, King of Hungary, was declared King of Bohemia in 1473, and reigned until his death in 1490. He was almost continually at war with the Duke of Austria, Frederic III. (whose court was at Vienna,) and with the Turks. His expeditions were almost always successful against both; and he usually "conquered a peace" by a very bloody victory, so that his enemies might well pray for Heaven's peace, "but not the King of Hungary's." As he marched on Vienna and took it in 1485, the apprehensions expressed by *Lucio* and his acquaintance enable us to determine almost the very year of the supposed action, — an accuracy unattainable with regard to any other of these dramas not founded upon a historical subject. Shakespeare, with his usual tact in adapting his plays to the understanding of his audience, changed Whetstone's unknown city, Julio, to Vienna, a place almost or quite as well known in England then as now. With the place he also changed, of course, the prince whose delegated authority is abused; but he scrupulously retained the costume and all the traits and incidents which marked the period of the story on which he built his comedy, and added two or three allusions not to be found in Whetstone's play or story, as if for the very purpose of giving a local habitation and a time, as well as an air of reality, to this wonderful and admirable creation.* The costume of the characters is

* The reader who is disposed to examine closely the points considered in this Introduction will find them discussed with much greater particularity in *Shakespeare's Scholar*. Mr. Verplanck's excellent Introduction to the play should also receive his thoughtful attention. The following lines are the principal part of what passes between the brother and sister in *Promos and Cissandra*, in the interview corresponding to that between *Claudio* and *Isabella* in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1. By comparing them, a correct idea may be formed of the likeness — and the difference between the two plays.

"*Cissandra*. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.

Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: than which I rather chose
With torments sharpe myselfe he first should kyl.
Thus am I bent: thou seest thy death at hand:
O would my life would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then would cancell soone thy band!

Andrugio. And may it be a judge of his account
Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust?
Syster, that wise men love we often see,
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne.

the Viennese dress of the close of the fifteenth century, some approach to which, at least, may be found in Vecelli's *Habiti Antichi e Moderni*, published at Vienna in 1698.

But who so loves, if he rejected be,
His passing love to peevish hate will turne.
Deare sister then note how my fortune stands:
That Promos love, the like is oft in use;
And sith he crave this kindnesse at your hands,
Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Pocoso*.
Here are two evils, the best harde to digest;
But whereas things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evils choose the least.

Cassandra. And of these evils the least, I hold, is deata
To shun whose dart we can no meane devise;
Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst:
Thus fame then lyfe is of furre more comprise.

Andragio. Nay, *Cassandra*, if thou thy selfe submit,
To save my life, to Promos fleashly wyll,
Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
For in forest faultes is no intent of yll.

Cassandra. How so th' intent is construed in offence,
The Proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,
And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence
By envious tongues, report abroad doth spread.
Andragio, so my fame shall vallewed bee;
Dispite will blame my crime, but not the cause;
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,
Poor wench, I feare the grype of slaunder's pawes.

Andragio. Nay sweete sister, more slaunder would inflame
Your spotles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,
When you have power for to enlarge the same;
Once in your handes doth lye my life and death.
Way that I am the selfe-same feash you are;
Thinks, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knows, forced faultes for slaunder neede not care:
Looke you for blame, if I gualle through your lack.
Consider well my great extremitie;
If otherwise this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare for any Jebardye
To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke:
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
And yet his hope may further thy consent;
He sayde, he maye percave make thee his wyfe,
And 'tis likelie he cannot be content
With one night's joye: if love he after seekes;
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe them be,
Before he lose thy selfe that so he leekes,
No doubt but he to marriage wyll agree."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *the Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
PROVOST.
THOMAS, }
PETER, } Two Friars.
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*
ARMOSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dishonest Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *detrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
Mistress OVER-DONE, *a Bowd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE.

ESCALUS!

Escalus. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you; then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency,—as your worth is
able,—

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply,
 Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Angelo. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke, *Angelo,*
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to th' observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 touch'd,

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor—
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise:
 Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power:]
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary :
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes !—

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place.
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come
 not to composition with the King of Hungary, why
 then, all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gentleman. Heaven grant us its peace, but not
 the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pi-
 rate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments,
 but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command
 the captain and all the rest from their functions:
 they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us
 all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth rel-
 ish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never
 wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet: thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dolours a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in -the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down, too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers ;
LUCIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to
th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight. —
The words of Heaven; — on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
'Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an ar-
rest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And
yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery
of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. — What's
thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir: you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. — Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: — Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed :
 You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
 Save that we do the denunciation lack
 Of outward order : this we came not to,
 Only for preservation of a dow'r
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends, •
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
 Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke, —
 Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
 Or whether that the body public be
 A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 He can command, lets it straight feel the spur :
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in ; — but this new Governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
 Freshly on me : — 'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is ; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be

in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service. This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation : Acquaint her with the danger of my state ; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy : bid herself assay him : I have great hope in that ; for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as moves men : beside, she hath prosperous art, When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her —

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio, —

Lucio. — within two hours.

Claud. Come, Officer ; away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy Father ; throw away that thought : Believe not that the dribbling dart of Love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth

Friar. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,

(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes] more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd,
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my Fa-
 ther,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
 Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight,
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both Prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one: — Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isabella. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Francisca. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of St. Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls!

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
 You may; I may not: you are yet unsworn.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioress :
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again : I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, — as those cheek-
 roses

Proclaim you are no less : Can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? Let me ask,
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
 you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
 judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks.

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not (though 'tis my fa-
 miliar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so :
 I hold you as a thing enski'd, and sainted
 By your renouncement, — an immortal spirit,
 And to be talked with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? — My cousin
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly: as school-maids change their
names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O! let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
— Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him
 Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight,
 No longer staying but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
 Commend me to my brother: soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.
 [*Exeunt.*]

www.libtool.com.cn
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this gentle-
man

Whom I would save had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point where now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To justice, that justice seizes: what knows the law,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I that censure him do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us
 all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run from brakes of vice and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elbow. Come, bring them away. If these be good
 people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
 their abuses in common houses, I know no law:
 bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name, and
 what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
 Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean
 upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your
 good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir — parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she def'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [To ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and long-ing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, — a dish of some three pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are there-in in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the 'foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. — Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; — 'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. — Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right, Constable; what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! — If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou would'st discover if thou

could'st, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. — What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine! — Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*] — Come you hither to me, Mr. Tapster. What's your name, Mr. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster.

Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a day! If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come
nither, Master Constable. How long have you been
in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office,
you had continued in it some time. You say, seven
years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you.
They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters.
As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for
them: I do it for some piece of money, and go
through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some
six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit ELBOW.*

What's o'clock, think you?

Justice. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Servant. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. 'Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas! He hath offended but as in a dream: All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it! —

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place;
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful but not lavish means;
There shall be order for't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. 'Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while. — [*To ISAB.*] Y' are
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
'Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well, what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your honour!
www.libtool.com.cn [*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so: to him
again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it [back] again: Well, believe this;
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he like you
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made!

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If [but] the first that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)

Are now to have no successive degrees,

But ere they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:

Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this

sentence,

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;

For every pelting, petty officer

Would use his heaven for thunder;

Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,

Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd, —

His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] O, to him, to him, wench!

He will relent:

He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] 'Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:

Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Thou'rt i' the right, girl :
more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*]
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. — Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise : prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow

Lucio. [To *Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well: away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [Aside.] Amen

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* *LUCIO*, *ISABELLA*, and *Provost*.]

Ang. From thee: even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite. — Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.
 [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
 needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
 And he that got it, sentenc'd — a young man
 More fit to do another such offence
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —

[To JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
 conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Erit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew his name,
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception. The State, whereon I studied,
 Is, like a good thing being often read,
 Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a Sister,
 Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv*
 O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve, Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted, That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from Nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid. 'Tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put metal in restrained means,

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab.

Sir, believe this:

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this: —
I (now the voice of the recorded law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, crafty; and that is not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. — But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)
But — in the loss of question — that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-holding law, and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must
 Your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
 Better it were, a brother di'd at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
 Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
 To have what we would have, we speak not what
 we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,

If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!— Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet: and you tell me,
That he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!— Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
 My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i' the State,
 Will so your accusation overweigh,
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein:
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite:
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will,
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,—
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approval,
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit*

www.libtocol.com
 ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

DUKE.

SO then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope.

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: —
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's Fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more: thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
 For, what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st: thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: if thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And Death unloads thee : friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner : thou hast nor youth
 nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsi'd eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud.

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
 And seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, hoa ! Peace here ; grace
 and good company !

Prov. Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves
 a welcome.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior ; here's
 your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may
 be conceal'd. [*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are ; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger :
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed ;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance : a restraint —
Though all the world's vastidity you had —
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature ?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O ! I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of Hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.

Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee from this rank
offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? — O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be, worse than worst,
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine, howling! — 'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!

O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
 Die; perish! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, Father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation:— he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the

angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrack'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal;

and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this — as you may — the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the Moated Grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good Father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O Heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. — 'Bless you, good Father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, [Free] from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist—a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' th' last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it

must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too — bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey; commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, Friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. — What news abroad, Friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.]

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, Friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women: he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon:—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you

have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name? www.libtool.com.cn

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfait in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: — let him be call'd before us. — Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good Father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a Brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contend-
ed especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed — Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his

proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost*

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised :
So disguise shall, by th' disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit*

www.libtool.com.cn
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Room at the Moated Grange.

MARIANA discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

SONG.

TAKE, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE.

I cry you, mercy, sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a
charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy middle
of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. — What, hoa! within! come forth.

Enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid :
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*]

Duke. O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !

Enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome ! How agreed ?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, Father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract :

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
 Sith that the justice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
 Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhorson. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet,

compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, — four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown and ABHORSON.]

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by:—

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, Father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

[*Knocking within.*

But this being so, he's just. — Now are they come. —

[*Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle Provost: seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*
How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with
haste,
That wounds th' unlisting postern with these strokes.

Enter Provost.

Prov. [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he
must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happely,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Messenger. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest ~~article of it,~~ neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,
[*Aside.*]

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended. —
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] “*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*” — What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:

and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you:

if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and dye the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good Father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Ye: since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of

what is [here] writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Over-done's own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey, the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the-sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O, grovelling beast!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Excunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him, in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angels: See this be done,

And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good Father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. — Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit* Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The Provost, he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. — She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Hoa! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your
eyes:

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab.

I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter. Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart: trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course. — Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even.
Friar, where is the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not, for my head, fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO'S House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd [the] other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: betimes i' th' morn, I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night. —

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! — But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her on;
For my authority bears up a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
 But send me Flavius first.

Friar Peter. It shall be speeded well.
 [Exit Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good
 haste.
 Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
 [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
 He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
 He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
 That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the Friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a stand
 most fit,
 Where you may have such vantage on the Duke.
 He shall not pass you. 'Twice have the trumpets
 sounded:

The generous and gravest citizens
 Have hent the gates, and very near upon
 The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

Enter, severally, DUKE, VARRIUS, and Attendant Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens. During their interview, enter MARIANA, (veiled,) ISABELLA, and Friar PETER, at a distance.

DUKE.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see
 you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your Royal
 Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
 wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
 And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time. Speak loud, and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O Royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy Prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice. Justice! justice! justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom?
Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy Duke!
You bid me seek redemption of the Devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn; — is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; — is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator; —
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.

Duke. Away with her.— Poor soul!
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-
sible

That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, Royal Prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,—
Such a dependency of thing on thing,—
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious Duke!
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.— What would you
say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
 I, in probation of a Sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother, — one Lucio
 As then the messenger —

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace,
 I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then:
 Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
 A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
 To speak before your time. — Proceed.

Isab. I went
 To this pernicious, caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
 The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter? — Proceed.

Isab. In brief, — to set the needless process by,
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
 How he refell'd me, and how I repli'd,
 (For this was of much length,) — the vile conclusion
 I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
 He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
 To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
 My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
 And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
 His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
 For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not
 what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
 In hateful practice. First, his integrity
 Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
 That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
 And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you
 on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
 In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from
 woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!—
 To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
 Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike.—Who knows
 that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar:

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This ' a good friar, be-
like!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar—
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman:
To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
 Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.
 [ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and
 MARIANA comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? -
 O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools: -
 Give us some seats. - Come, cousin Angelo;
 In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
 Of your own cause. - Is this the witness, Friar?
 First let her shew her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
 Are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
 of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
 cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
 And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
 I have known my husband, yet my husband knows
 not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be
 no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No?—you say your husband?

Mari. Why, just, my lord; and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me: now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
 For that her reputation was disvalued
 In levity : since which time of five years
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
 Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
 As there comes light from heaven, and words from
 breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
 I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
 As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
 But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,
 A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now .
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
 My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member,
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
 And punish them [un]to your height of pleasure. —
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy
 oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
 That's sealed in approbation ? — You, Lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin : lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. —
 There is another friar that set them on ;
 Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this complaint.
 Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. — [*Exit* Provost.
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
 In any chastisement : I, for a while,
 Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well
 Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. — [*Exit*
 DUKE.] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
 that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
 nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke
 most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
 come, and enforce them against him. We shall find
 this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again : [*To*
an Attendant.] I would speak with her. Pray you,
 my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see
 how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her
 privately she would sooner confess : perchance, pub-
 licly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the DUKE, in a
Friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress. [*To ISABELLA.*] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the Devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne. — Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls! Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain? and then to glance from him To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to the rack with him: — We'll
 touze you
 Joint by joint but we will know his purpose. —
 What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare
 No more stretch this finger of mine than he
 Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
 Nor here provincial. My business in this State
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
 But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
 Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the State! Away with him to
 prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior
 Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman
 bald-pate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
 voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the
 Duke.

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember
 what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-
 monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
 him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere
 you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of
 him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck
 thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would glose now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: — Away with him to prison. — Where is the Provost? — Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more. — Away with those gignots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the DUKE.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke. —

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three. —

Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the Friar and you

Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave.

[*The DUKE takes ANGELO's seat*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord!

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
 Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good Prince,
 No longer session hold upon my shame,
 But let my trial be mine own confession:
 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
 Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. —

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. —

Do you the office, Friar; which consummate,
 Return him here again. — Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER,
 and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
 Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

Your Friar is now your Prince: as I was then
 Advertising and holy to your business,
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still
 Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
 Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel!
 And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
 And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
 Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
 Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid!
 It was the swift celerity of his death,
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
 That life is better life, past fearing death,
 Than that which lives to fear. Make it your com-
 fort,
 So happy is your brother.

Enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching
 here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
 For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd your
 brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out,
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure*, still, for *Measure*.
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
 Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee van-
 tage.

We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
 haste.—

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord!

I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-
 band.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choke your good to come. For his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
 We do instate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord!
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, — [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
 Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [to LUCIO.]
 to you.

Mari. O, my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my
 part:

Lend me your knees; and, all my life to come,
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
 Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
 Hold up your hands: say nothing; I'll speak all.
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad: so may my husband.
 O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir
 [Kneeling.]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
 As if my brother liv'd. I partly think
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
 Till he did look on me: since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he di'd :
 For Angelo,
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no sub-
 jects —

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable : stand up, I say. —
 I have bethought me of another fault. —
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private mes-
 sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
 office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
 Yet did repent me, after more advice ;
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
 That should by private order else have di'd,
 I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. —
 Go, fetch him hither : let me look upon him.

[*Exit* Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry one so learned and so wise
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
 Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
 And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
 That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man. —
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
 That apprehends no farther than this world,
 And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
 And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
 For better times to come. — Friar, advise him:
 I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow's
 that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
 That should have di'd when Claudio lost his head,
 As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to ISABELLA.*]
 for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake
 Give me your hand, and say you will be mine:
 He is my brother too. — But fitter time for that.
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
 Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. —
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
 Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
 yours. —

I find an apt remission in myself,
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. —
 You, sirrah, [*to LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool,
 a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your Highness said even now I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison, And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind that is more grate. —
Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES ON MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 13. "Since I am *put* to know" :— Since I am constrained to know — must needs know. So, in this play, Act III. Sc. 2 : "I am made to understand : " also,

"Though for possession put to try once more."

Paradise Lost, IV. 942.

The expression can hardly need explanation or illustration.

"

" — then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, — as your worth is able, —
And let them work."

This is the original text, with the mere substitution of the dash, which we now use for the comma in *quasi* parenthetical passages ; and it plainly means, — merely putting the words in their conversational order, and remembering "that," as a relative, to be the emphatic word ; — "then, as your worth is able, no more remains to your sufficiency but that ;" &c. A paraphrase will remove any difficulty which may yet possibly be found in the sentence : — "then, as your worth is able [i. e., your high character rendering you competent,] no more remains to your sufficiency [i. e., no more is wanting to complete your capacity for the fulfilment of your trust,] but that [i. e., that knowledge of government of which I have just spoken ;] and let them [i. e. that knowledge and your worth] work [together]."

This passage has been thought very obscure by most editors and commentators, and by many has been pronounced corrupt ; and it must be confessed that the latter supposition would be favored by the redundancy of the second line, were not the versification of this play so exceedingly irregular. But had it not been for confusing changes and comments, the supposed obscurity of the passage would

doubtless have long since disappeared ; and it would have been seen that the original folio, which has hitherto been departed from by all editors without exception, is correct in placing no point after "remains" and a comma after "that." For the phrase "no more remains to your sufficiency," as meaning 'no more is wanting to, or for, your completeness,' could not have presented the slightest difficulty to any intelligent person acquainted with the English idiom ; and as to what the relative "that" refers, there can of course be no dispute.

Rowe, with whom the present editor was inclined to concur before he had carefully examined the original, read, —

"then no more remains :

Put that to your sufficiency," &c.

He was followed by Pope, Theobald, and Warburton. But Theobald thought that a line had been omitted, and proposed to complete the sense, thus : —

"then no more remains

*But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligence, as your worth is able," &c.*

Hanmer attempted to do the same, in this manner, in his text : —

"then no more remains

*But that to your sufficiency you join
A will to serve us, as your worth," &c.*

Johnson restored "But" of the original, for Rowe's "Put," but left his mischief-making colon ; and, still thinking the passage corrupt, "suspected" that Shakespeare wrote,

"then no more remains

But that to your sufficiencies your worth is able," &c.

Capell did not change the words of the original, but helped to fix the prevailing misconception, by removing the comma after "that" and placing one after "remains." In the *Variorum* Edition (Boswell's *Malone*, 21 vols., 1821,) the original text is given, but in seeming despair, as it is left to be obscured for the reader by the comments *variorum*, — the decision of Malone, Steevens, and Tyrwhitt, that two half lines are lost, being added to the conjectures already enumerated. Mr. Singer reads, "But *thereto* your sufficiency ;" Mr. Halliwell, on the authority of an old MS. note, "But *task* to your sufficiency ;" and various other futile attempts, which need not be particularly referred to, have been made, to amend or explain what, after all, needs no emendation, and little, if any, explanation.

- p. 13. " — the terms : " — The "terms for common justice" were the forms and technical phrases of the law. Shakespeare may possibly have had the *Termes de la Loy*, written

in Henry VIII.'s time, in his mind, as Blackstone suggests, but that is a mere book of definitions, 438 in number, in English and that distracting hodgepodge, Law French.

- p. 14. "There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold."

Notes incomprehensibly from the purpose having been written upon this simple passage by such men as Johnson, Steevens, Mason, &c., one may be pardoned for pointing out that the *Duke* merely says to *Angelo*, 'the character of your present life shows what your past life must have been.'

"— as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, *they* on thee."

This is the original text, which has been hitherto changed by reading "*them* on thee." But the original is an ellipsis for "they [to waste themselves] on thee." The passage is far from being strictly grammatical.

"— *nor* Nature *never* lends": — Shakespeare very frequently uses two negatives with the force of one, in spite of the grammatical laws which prevailed no less in his day than in ours; as we learn, for instance, from Sidney's Sonnet upon his mistress saying "No, no," to him.

"But Grammars force with sweet success confirm,
For Grammar sayes (O, this dear *Stella* say!)
For Grammar sayes (to Grammar who sayes nay?)
That in one speech two Negatives affirm."

Astrophel and Stella, 63

Was Shakespeare consciously following classical precedent

"Hold therefore, *Angelo*, [our place and power:]"

The original has only "Hold, therefore, *Angelo*:" the efforts to explain which imperfect line have been equally various and futile. Johnson would have it mean 'Continue to be *Angelo*,' an exegesis too absurd to merit further attention. Hanmer and Steevens suppose the *Duke* to tell *Angelo* to take hold of his commission, the former introducing a corresponding stage direction: a conjecture how ludicrous, let every reader determine for himself by imagining the *Duke* to extend a roll of parchment to *Angelo*, crying 'Hold!' — for these plays were written to be played. Tyrwhitt thinks that the *Duke* addresses 'Hold' to himself, and that there should be a full point after 'therefore,' and none after '*Angelo*;' but it will be generally admitted that there is no occasion for what the elder *Mr. Weller* would call such a very "sudden pull up" on the *Duke's* part. *Mr. Halliwell* would sustain Hanmer and Steevens by quoting *Falstaff's* "Hold, sirrah," when he gives his letters to

Robin (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. 3.) But *Falstaff* uses the word there merely as an equivalent to 'stay,' as not only appears by the context, but by the corresponding line in the quarto, where he says, "Stay, sirrah." This intransitive sense (if we except that of 'keep your appointment,' which is hardly an exception) being the only one which the word ever has when used in the imperative mood absolutely and alone, the words to which "Hold" refers have, without a doubt, been lost, as we know is the case with others in both the first and second folios. The sense which those words conveyed is shown by the context; but by the *Duke's* remark to *Friar Thomas*, when, in the next Scene but one, he speaks of the very act performed in this, we may be said to learn what they actually were, from Shakespeare himself. The *Duke* says,

"I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna."

It has been necessary in several instances for previous editors to supply lost words, which have been received into the text; but it is submitted that there was never greater need of such emendation than the present, and that there could not be better warrant for the words supplied than there is for those which appear within brackets in the present text.

- p. 15. "—— shall importune": — In this line "importune," like "advertise" a little before, and "contract" shortly after, is accented on the second syllable. It would be tedious and superfluous to point out all similar licenses and variations from modern custom: the reader's ear will detect, and his judgment account for or excuse, them.

SCENE II.

- p. 17. "—— there went but a pair of shears between us": — i. e., we were both of a piece.

"—— as be *pill'd*, as thou art *pill'd*, for a *French velvet*": — This is a quibbling allusion to the pile of velvet and losing the hair, or being *pill'd*, — one of the results of what was in Shakespeare's day called 'the French disease.'

"I have purchas'd as many diseases," &c.: — This appears as part of *Lucio's* speech in the original, owing to the neglect of the compositor, or perhaps the author or copyist, to prefix the proper name to it. The subsequent dialogue shows plainly both that it does not belong to *Lucio* and that it does belong to the 1st Gentleman.

- "—— three thousand *dolours*": — Thus the original,

which it has been the practice to change to 'dollars,' and thus make explanation necessary for an otherwise patent pun. www.libtool.com.cn

- p. 17. "A French crown more":— Another of those allusions so common with Shakespeare and all our old dramatists, to the effect of that 'French disease' which was yet supposed to have been brought to Europe from the Indians of America.
- p. 18. "— the sweat":— The sweating sickness, — a pestilence which prevailed about the time when this play was written.
- p. 19. "All houses in the suburbs":— So, "trust that little stock of money thou hast gathered to set up a house of Carnality ith' suburbs." *The Noble Stranger*. 1640. I. 2.
- " — Thomas Tapster":— A tapster was called 'Thomas,' as an ostler was called 'John.'

SCENE III.

- p. 20. There is, strictly speaking, no new Scene here. One party merely goes off as the other comes on, which is plain enough from the *Clown's* last speech. But as the division is made in the original and has been preserved for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and as the stage is left vacant and an entirely new interest supervenes, it is better that no change should be made.

" — the morality of imprisonment":— The original has "mortality" by a palpable misprint which was corrected by Davenant, in his *Law for Lovers*, — an adaptation of this play.

- p. 21. " — the denunciation lack":— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 substitutes 'pronunciation,' which, though seeming plausible at first, cannot be received, and shows the incompetence and the want of authority of the corrector, and, perhaps, the lateness of his labors. Minsheu, 1617, defines "To denounce or declare, — *indicare, con-dicere, indicare*. Cooper, 1678, has "*Denuntiare*, — to shew or tell to another, to give knowledge, to signifie, to denounce," &c. Littleton gives the same definition. The word seems to have been used rather in the sense of 'declaring beforehand,' which is well suited to this place.

" — for preservation of a dower":— The original has *propogation*, which has hitherto been naturally, but too readily, assumed to be 'propagation' with the slight misprint of a letter. But it is impossible to find any appropriate signification for that word in this place. It means 'increasing,' and nothing more or less — its sense of 'begotting,

even, being entirely derivative or accidental, because increase is a concomitant of begetting. But in no way would the secrecy of *Claudio* and *Juliet* increase her dower which was "remaining in the coffer of her friends;" and the intention was, as *Claudio* says, only to keep it there, or to preserve it for her, "until time had made them for," instead of against the lovers. These considerations dispose of Malone's suggestion, "*prorogation*," and the "*procuration*" proposed by Jackson, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. There were few easier misprints than *propagation* for *preservation* in Shakespeare's time; for the *s* and the *o* were so much alike that they could hardly be distinguished, (see, for instance, 'bleeding' or 'bleeding' — nobody can tell which — in the facsimile of a part of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, published in his *Notes and Emendations, &c.*) and the *p* and the long *s* might be almost as easily mistaken for each other. Further confirmation of this reading is to be found in the word 'assurance,' substituted for it by Davenant. The object sought was, the *safety* of the dower till time had worked a favorable change of opinion in those who had it in their possession.

- p. 22. " — receive her *approbation* " : — i. e., enter upon her probationary term — her noviciate.
- " " — a *prone* and speechless dialect " : — Johnson took "prone" in its sense of 'prompt,' 'quick,' 'ready;' but the suggestion of Steevens, that it has its almost primitive meaning 'humble,' is far happier.
- " " — the enjoying of thy life, *which* I would be sorry," &c. : — The original has 'who,' which Collier and Knight, as well as most of the earlier editors, retain; but it is plainly a misprint for 'which.' Shakespeare would not write "the like *which*" and "the life *who*" in the same sentence.
- " " — a game of *tick-tack* " : — This was played with the backgammon board, and was sometimes called 'trick-track.' As to his meaning, *Lucio* is his own commentator.

SCENE IV.

- p. 28. " — to headstrong *steeds* " : — The original has '*woods*,' which, although retained by Mr. Collier, it were a waste of words to show must be a misprint for '*steeds*,' to which it was changed by Theobald. The change of '*slip*' of the original to *sleep* in the next line, first made by Davenant, is of the same nature.
- " " [Becomes] more mocked," &c. : — The word in brackets, which, or a not easily discovered equivalent, is required by the sense, is not in the original, and was first supplied by Davenant.

- p. 24. "And yet my nature never in the *fight*
To do ~~is~~ slander."

This is the original reading, which the preceding line both explains and shows to be correct; but Hammer changed "fight" to 'sight' and "in" to 'it.' "To do in slander" is, of course, 'to perform this office in the face of slander.'

SCENE V.

- p. 25. "Sir, make me not your story":—Malone most needlessly reads, "mock me not:—your story," Davenant, "make me not your *scorn*." But this use of 'me' is the commonest of all archaisms. For instance, "—he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg," (*Two Gentle men of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4;) "A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, and dull and crudy vapours," &c. (*Henry IV.* Part 2, Act IV. Sc. 3.)
- p. 26. "That from the *seedness*":—Mr. Verplanck, with much reason, suggests that this word is a misprint for 'seed~~ing~~;' but although unique in this place, it has a plain and appropriate meaning, and must not be disturbed.
- " "His *givings-out*":—In the original the word is "giving," the *s* having accidentally dropped. But Mr. Collier strangely retains this word, and changes "were" to 'was.'
- p. 27. "Of business":—In the folio these words are printed at the end of the preceding line,—a palpable error, which destroys the rhythm by two superfluous feet. The arrangement of the original is here very irregular.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

- p. 28. "— the resolute acting of *your* blood":—The original has "*our* blood,"—a palpable misprint.
- " "— *where* now you censure him":—The folio has "*which* now," &c., and the editors have retained it, some adding and some understanding the 'for,' which both Malone and Steevens pronounced to be necessary to the sense at the end of the line. But this does not avoid the difficulty. *Angelo* did not censure *Claudio* for a point: that is not English, and never was. He might censure him on a point; but there has been plainly a misprint, easily made, of 'which' for 'where.'
- " "— what knows the law":—The original has,

"what *knowes* the *Laves*;" and "To justice," belonging to this line, to which it was restored by Steevens, appears at the end of the previous line. 11

- p. 29. "For I have had:" — because I have had, or, on account of my having. See Note on "for catching cold." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2.

"Some run from *brakes* of *vice*": — In the original, "brakes of *Ice*." As Mr. Dyce has remarked upon another passage, the old printers were very apt to blunder on words beginning with *v*; and as in this case a capital would be used, the mistake would be the easier. Rowe made the correction. "Brake" has its common meaning, 'a thicket,' in contradistinction to the solitary fault spoken of in the next line; and "answer" has the equally common sense of 'answer for.' Steevens, however, understood "brake" to mean an instrument of torture, a signification which it undoubtedly had; in which case "and answer none" would mean that the torture failed to elicit any reply. But this is from the purpose: *Escalus* is contrasting the impunity of some great criminals with the rigid accountability to which petty offenders are held. Somebody proposed to read "*breaks* of *ice*"!

- p. 30. "— a tapster, sir — *parcel* bawd": — part tapster, part bawd: 'parcel' being from *pars*.

' "— a *hot-house*": — a *bagnio*, which used generally to be about the same thing as the sort of house actually kept by the *Clown's* mistress.

- p. 31. "Come *we* to what was done": — The folio has "Come *me*," which has been hitherto retained and even quoted as an instance of that use of the pronoun, noticed above in *Isabella's* "make me" and *Falstaff's* "ascends me." But 'come' was not so used, and could not be: "comes me the Prince and Claudio," in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 3, is not at all a parallel case. *Escalus* means, 'Let us come to what was done,' 'Let us get at what was done.'

- p. 32. "— in a *lower* chair": — an easy chair.

" "— the *Bunch of Grapes*": — In Shakespeare's time the larger rooms of inns were named.

- p. 33. "Justice, or Iniquity": — referring to allegorical characters commonly found in the old *Mysteries* and *Moralities*.

- p. 34. "— no more of it, *Master Froth*. . . . Come you hither to me, *Mr. Tapster*": — Upon Mr. Collier's supposition that in Act IV. Sc. 3, Shakespeare makes the *Clown* distinguish between those who had and those who had not

the rank of gentlemen, by calling the first 'Mr.' and the last 'Master,' Mr. Dyce well remarks that "no such distinction was ever dreamed of by Shakespeare," and that "Mr. and Master were put indiscriminately by transcribers and printers." But Mr. Collier's error was even greater than Mr. Dyce shows it to be; for 'Mr.' — pronounced *Mister* — was at first a degradation of the more formal 'Master,' as 'Mrs.' — pronounced *Missis* — was of 'Mistress;' and neither was used in addressing persons 'of worship' until long after they had been applied to common folk. At last, however, (with 'Miss,' which originally had a very derogatory meaning,) they were raised to their present position. Therefore, although the abbreviated form was used in writing, even as the title of persons of consideration, the distinction of the original text between *Master Froth* and *Mister Tapeter* is worthy of respect.

- p. 34. " — your bum is the greatest thing about you " : — This refers to the fashion of stuffing out the dress around and behind the hips with horse hair or some like material, which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth and the early years of James : — a fashion too fairly and openly followed in our own days to need further explanation.
- p. 35. " — after three pence a *day* " : — The original has " a *day*," by the most palpable and easiest of misprints. The fact that the distance between certain beams in a house was called 'a bay' has caused that word to be retained in most, if not all, editions. But this is one of those instances in which the meaning of the word in the original excludes it from the text, as inconsistent both with the context and the character of the person who uses it. And suppose we admit 'bay' : — three pence a bay for how long? The *Clown* means to say he could get houses very cheap; and three pence a day would give us the "fairest house in Vienna" at £4 11s. 3d., or, at the present value of money, about one hundred and forty dollars a year. 'Day,' which had been suggested by Mr. Halliwell and by the present editor, was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- p. 36. " — by *your* readiness in the office " : — The original has, " by *the* readiness," &c. : the result of mistaking *y* for *ye*.

SCENE II.

- p. 37. " He hath *offended but as in a dream* " : — The original has " He hath *but as offended*," &c., — a transposition fatal to the sense of the line, but which has hitherto remained uncorrected.
- p. 40. " If [but] the first " : — The word in brackets is not in

the original; and, as one is necessary, Pope read, "If the first *man*," and was followed by Theobald, Malone, and others. (This reading, however, has a prosaic particularity; which is also in a measure true of that adopted by Capell and Tyrwhitt — "If *he*, the first." Angelo means to say that if but the first had been punished, the many would have been deterred.)

- p. 41. "But *ere* they live":—The original has "*here*," which Malone changed to '*where*,' and this is supported by Mr. Dyce. Hanmer first read '*ere*,' which is the only word applicable to evils "in progress to be hatched and born." Mr. Collier retained "*here*"! but the corrector of his folio of 1632 changed it to '*ere*.'
- p. 42. "— fond *shekels*":—The word is spelled "*sickles*" in the original — a not uncommon orthography of old.
- p. 43. "Where *prayers* cross":—Were it not that every editor, from Johnson down, had found obscurity in this expression, and made it more obscure by his explanation, it would have been passed here without comment. *Angelo*, distracted between his passion and his sense of duty, is in that way of temptation in which his prayers for preservation from wrong-doing cross those which he utters for the enjoyment of *Isabella*. If explanation be needed, Shakespeare himself puts it into *Angelo's* mouth in the first lines of the next Scene but one:—

"When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel," &c.

SCENE III.

- p. 44. "— in the *flames* of her own youth":—The original has "*flaws*." The error was corrected by Davenant.
- p. 45. "— but *lest* you do repent":—The folio has "*least*;" but the two words used to be pronounced, and so were often written, alike. There are yet people in New England — not ignorant persons — who pronounce '*lest*' thus.
- " "— we would not *spare* Heaven":—we would not spare Heaven our sins. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*serve* Heaven."
- " "O, injurious *law*":—The original has "*love*," which is undeniably wrong, as Monck Mason pointed out, though not clearly. Neither her love nor its consequences had any effect upon her life; but the law in question, declaring, as we learn in the old tale on which the play is founded, that the

man who broke it "should lose his head, and the woman offender should ever after be infamously noted," thus *did* respite her "a life whose very comfort" was "a dying misery." Hanmer made the slight though important correction; but most modern editors, including Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight, retain the senseless 'love.'

SCENE IV.

p. 46. "Whilst my *invention*":— Warburton was more than probably right in reading '*intention*.' But as '*invention*' is used by Shakespeare in other places for '*imagination*,' which gives a consistent sense, the original word must stand.

p. 46. "Grown *sear'd* and tedious":— Most copies of the first folio have "*fear'd*;" but the Earl of Ellesmere's, as Mr. Collier tells us, has *sear'd*, "as if the letter *s* had been substituted for *f* as the sheet was going through the press." Warburton proposed the obvious correction, which needs no authority to sustain it.

"Blood, thou art blood":— The pause after the exclamation fills out the line with a rhetorical effect, which, with a finer sense, Pope destroyed, by reading "thou art *but* blood," and Malone, by reading "thou *still* art blood."

"The *general*":— The general public. So in *Hamlet*, (Act II. Sc. 2,) " 'twas caviare to the general."

p. 48. "Let *me* be ignorant":— The first folio omits "me," which is supplied in the second.

"Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)
But—in the loss of question—that you," &c.

There is a certain obscurity in this sentence, owing partly to its interwoven parentheses, and partly to the obsolete sense in which "question" is used. "In the loss of question" means 'in the very waste of words,' 'supposing an unsupposable case,' or, as Steevens says, 'in idle supposition.' 'Question' is continually used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'discussion.' In the folio the parenthesis begins at "As" and extends to "question," inclusively, thus making confusion. For, excluding all parenthetical matter, the sentence is, "Admit no other way to save his life, but that you, his sister, finding," &c.; and the "but" must not be shut out of the direct construction. Hanmer saw this, and so enclosed "in the loss of question" within marks of parenthesis, by itself. But in his day our useful, but too much and too vaguely used, dash had not taken its present place in punctuation. All of this speech is in a manner parenthetical, except the first and last lines. The

reader will find it analyzed with particularity in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, where, however, a needless change of a word in the text is proposed. Dr. Johnson proposed to read "loss of question"!

- p. 49. "Of the all-holding law":—The folio has "all-build-ing," by an evident typographical error, which Rowe corrected. The generally received reading, "all-binding," is attributed by Johnson, Steevens, Knight, and Collier to Theobald; but it is to be found neither in his edition of 1733 nor in that of 1740, and he died in 1744. It first appears in Johnson's edition, 1765. Theobald would have been obliged to set at naught his own admirable canon of conjectural criticism in substituting 'all-binding' for 'all-holding,' which is its equivalent in sense and much nearer to the form of the word in the original.
- p. 49. " — I've been sick for":—The folio has "That long-ing have been sick for," omitting the pronoun, which some editors have merely inserted. But "have" was a mis-print, and a very easy one, for "I've."

" *Ignomy* in ransom":—An old form of 'ignominy,' which occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act. V. Sc. 3.

" "Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness."

This speech is found somewhat obscure, but only on account of the obsolete or peculiar sense in which the three important words in it are used. "Feodary" means 'an associate,' 'a fellow': as in *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act?" &c.

"Owe" means 'to possess,' as is seen by scores of instances in these plays; and "succeed" means 'to follow,' 'to take after,' as in *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act. I. Sc. 1:—

"Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape."

Isabella's reply is therefore — in the clumsiness of paraphrase — 'Otherwise let my brother die, if no companion but he alone be possessed of and take after thy weakness.'

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 52. "The miserable have," &c.:—The metrical arrangement of this passage is, with a slight variation, that of the

original, which was needlessly much changed by Steevens, who has hitherto been inconsiderately followed, except by Knight and Singer.

- p. 52. "Servile to all the skyeey influences
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict."

This is the original text, which Hanmer changed by reading "that do." Upon this emendation, Porson is represented in the Variorum edition as remarking, "The construction is not 'the skyeey influences that do,' but 'a breath thou art that dost,' &c. If 'Servile thou art to all the skyeey influences' be enclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish." It is not surprising that this suggestion has since been followed; for a critical decision by Porson is to be received with as much deference as is due to one in morals by Dr. Johnson. But still it must be remarked that this construction would, in the words of the text, make the breath hourly afflict its habitation, the body, — an absurd result of his suggestion, which, of course, entirely escaped the attention of Porson. Plainly it is "all the skyeey influences" that afflict the body. Yet Hanmer's change is inadmissible; for such disagreements of verbs with nominatives are not uncommon in Shakespeare's writings and those of his contemporaries. It is more than probable, too, that he wrote "influence," both here and in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, as the rhythm in both instances would seem to require. For 'influence' in Shakespeare's time was a word without a plural, and was used, especially when applied to the heavenly bodies, (to which service it was then almost set apart, — see Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, also Richardson's,) in its radical sense of 'in-flowing,' and then in the singular form, even when all those bodies are spoken of. See Milton, who frequently uses the word, but never the plural.

"And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed their selectest influence." *Par. Lost*, VIII. 512.

"and taught the fixt [i. e. stars]
Their influence malignant when to shed." *Ib.* X. 663.

"Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon

Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists." *Comus*, 330, 335.

- " — thou art *Death's Fool*": — The reference here, as Steevens and Douce have heretofore pointed out, is to the introduction of Death and a Fool in the rude old plays and dumb shows; — the sport being made by Death's endeav-

ors to surprise the Merry Andrew and the finally unsuccessful efforts of the latter to elude them.

- p. 53. "What *ho!*" — In this form the exclamation constantly appears in the original, and also with sufficiently rare exceptions in contemporary authors to show that 'ho,' to which it is universally changed by modern editors, although it gives the sense, does not represent the sound of the word as used between two hundred and fifty and three hundred years ago.
- " "Bring *me* to hear *them* speak": — The folio has "Bring *them* to hear *me* speak." Strangely enough, it was left for Steevens to make the required transposition of the pronouns.
- p. 54. " — most good, most good indeed": — The second "most good" has been generally omitted; and it is more than possible that the repetition is due to copyist or compositor. But the emphasis is in place, and Alexandrines are too common in this play to make the redundant foot a sufficient reason for the omission of the words.
- " " — an everlasting *leiger*": — A leiger was a resident ambassador.
- " " *Though* all the world's vastidity": — The folio has "through."
- p. 55 "The *priestly* Angelo?" — The folio has "*prenzie*" both here and three lines below, — a combination of letters, but not a word. It was changed in the second folio to '*prince-ly*,' a word singularly out of relation to the context, and deserving of no particular attention because it is in that edition. Tieck conjectured that '*precise*' might be the word; and in spite of its destruction of the rhythm of two lines and of its meagre sense, it has been adopted by Knight and Hudson. Mr. Singer reads '*primzie*,' which he says is used by Burns for 'formal,' 'demure,' and quotes an old proverb, 'a primzie damsel makes a laidlie dame.' But Shakespeare was not writing Scotch saws. Is it not plain from *Isabella's* phrases in her previous speech, "this *outward sainted* deputy" who "is yet a *devil*," that priestly guards, i. e., priestly ornaments or facings, were the marks of the livery with which she says Hell invests such as he? Pollok's description of a hypocrite, as
- "one who stole the livery of Heaven
To serve the Devil in,"
- is the very converse, the counter-proof, of *Isabella's* thought. Warburton first suggested '*priestly*,' and it was discovered in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- p. 56 " — the *delighted* spirit": — The obvious sense of this

much discussed expression is the proper one. *Claudio* says that the body which is sensible and warm is to become a clod, and that the spirit which is delighted [i. e., enjoys what John Bunyan calls the delight of life] is to suffer the torment of fire or ice, or imprisonment in the winds. Warburton first made the passage the subject of comment, and gave an explanation somewhat like this. Hammer read 'dilated;' Johnson proposed 'delinquent,' and approved 'benighted.'

p. 56. "— age, ache, *penury*":— The first folio has "*perjury*," which was corrected in the second.

"— alip of *wilderness*":— a wild alip, not from the true stock: often so used by Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate successors.

p. 59. "— was affianced to her *by oath*":— The first folio omits "by," which was supplied in the second.

"— her *combine* husband"— contracted husband. So in Act IV. Sc. 3, "I am combined by a sacred vow."

p. 60. "— the corrupt deputy *foiled*":— The first folio has "*sealed*," spelled of course with a long *s*,— a very easy misprint. This word has been hitherto retained: Warburton supposed it to mean 'weighed;' but *Angelo* had been already weighed and found wanting, and the *Duke's* proposition involved no further test: others are driven to the fish-market for a definition even less disgusting than ridiculous. The only object of the *Friar-Duke*, as far as *Isabella*, *Claudio*, and *Mariana* were concerned, was to *foil* the corrupt Deputy.

"— the *Moated Grange*":— A grange was originally a farm house attached to a monastery: this one was, or had been, attached to that of St. Luke, mentioned just before by the *Duke*. The word finally came to be applied to a country house less pretentious than a Hall, and more so than a cottage.

SCENE II.

p. 61. "The Street before the Prison." No change of Scene is indicated in the folio, but *Elbow* and the rest join the *Duke*;— an arrangement plainly the result of the want of scenery on Shakespeare's stage.

"— brown and white *bastard*":— a kind of sweet wine, made of raisins.

"— good *brother father*":— *Elbow* calls the *Duke* 'father brother (*frère*), and the *Duke* in return calls him 'brother father.'

- p. 61. " — I eat, *array* myself " : — The folio has " *away* myself," which to a London exquisite would be hardly even a misprint.
- p. 62. "[Free] from our faults, as *from faults* seeming free ! "
 In the original folio this line is printed without the first word, without an initial capital, and with a transposition, thus : —
 " from our faults as *faults* from seeming free."
 "Free," demanded both by sense and rhythm, was supplied in the second folio ; but the other equally needed emendation has not hitherto been made. The Duke speaks not of faults, but of men. *Elbow's* eulogy of "the precise Angelo" causes his better informed hearer to wish that all men were as free from faults as some seem to be free from them. The line evidently broke down, as the printers say, and in attempting to set it up again, two words were transposed as well as one omitted.
- ' " — extracting *it* clutch'd ? " — The folio omits " it." It can hardly be necessary to point out that *Lucio* asks the bawd if there are any women to be had for money.
- " " What say'st thou, *Trot* ? " — Gray suggested " What say'st thou *to't* ? " and Collier, " What say'st thou *trot's* ? " But the word in the original begins with a capital ; and there surely could be no name given to a Bawd's assistant more appropriate than Trot.
- " " — she is herself *in the tub* " : — The allusion is to the powdering tub in which beef was powdered, i. e. salted, in order to preserve it from corruption.
- p. 64. " — he is a motion *ungenerative* " : — The original has, " a motion *generative*." Theobald made the change, the necessity of which will be apparent to any one who considers *Angelo's* character and what *Lucio* has just said and soon after says of him. Yet Steevens, Knight, and Collier retain 'generative,' which the former explains as 'a masculine puppet.'
- p. 65. " — a ducat in her *clack-dish* " : — Beggars used to have a dish for the receipt of alms with a hinged cover which they clacked to attract attention. It is almost needless to say that *Lucio* makes a very poor pun for the sake of a very indecent jest.
- " " — an *inward* of his " : — an intimate.
- " " — with *dearer* love " : — The folio has " *deare*," the *r* having dropped out.
- p. 66. " — would eat *mutton* on Fridays " : — *Lucio's* charge of the violation of a fast day involves also an innuendo, from the application of 'mutton' to prostitutes.

p. 68. "— and it is as dangerous," &c. :— The folio has "and as it is as dangerous," the sentence nevertheless being closed at "undertaking" with a full point, and the next word beginning with a capital. Mr. Collier retained the 'as' and made one sentence of the two, to which the objection is, not only that it is not logical, as Mr. Knight says, but that a semblance of logic is not in place. The *Duke* himself calls what he says a "riddle," i. e., a paradox.

" "You have paid the Heavens your function" :— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "You have paid the Heavens the due of your function," the corrector having failed to see that 'to pay a function' and 'to discharge a duty' are synonymous.

p. 69. "He, who the sword," &c. :— I more than doubt that this and the following lines are Shakespeare's; and, briefly, for these reasons. — They are not interwoven with the Scene or evolved from it, but appended to it, 'tacked on' it :— they are entirely superfluous, having no dramatic purpose, and uttering no moral truth that has not had infinitely better utterance before; and, so, being sheer surplusage, like all surplusage, might be stricken out with advantage :— their rhythmical expression is entirely inconsistent with their sentiment and with the diction of the serious parts of this play; it was not in Shakespeare to stop the *Duke* and set him off in this octosyllabic canter upon the same road over which he had paced before with such severe and stately dignity :— the lines are a mere succession of couplets, each containing a perfect if not an isolated thought, which is not Shakespeare's manner under any circumstances, and above all in such a soliloquy as the *Duke's*; "*non color, non vultus.*" If we will, we must believe that this soliloquy was written by Shakespeare after those in *Hamlet*. Let who will believe it! — I am quite sure that Shakespeare closed the Act with the *Duke's* "Peace be with you!" and that these lines were added by some one of the versifiers that it was common to have about theatres, and often among the actors, in those days, and one who wrote in the old style. The lines may have been added with Shakespeare's consent; for gentle Will had the kindest heart in the world; and while working, himself, up to the highest requirements of his art, was well content, so long as the audience was pleased and the theatre prosperous, to do any thing to serve or gratify a friend; and the play not having been published until twenty years after it was written, the circumstance

of the introduction of such a speech would more than probably be forgotten by Heminge and Condell, even if they thought of the subject. But as this is merely an opinion, unsupported by any authority, no marks implying doubt of the authenticity of the speech are allowed to appear in the text.

p. 69. "Grace to stand, and virtue go;"

Various and futile have been the attempts to make better English of this line without rewriting it:—the reason being that the fault is not in the printer but the author. Coleridge and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 have suggested,

"Grace to stand, *virtue* to go;"

"How may likeness *wade* in crimes."

The folio has "*made*." Malone suggested the word in the text, which removes all the "great obscurity" which commentators have found in this passage, except that resulting from the writer's own confused notion of what he wanted to say. "Likeness" has been taken to mean 'comeliness.' Mr. Collier's folio has "Masking practice" in the next line: Malone read "*Mocking practice*;" and various other ineffectual and supererogatory labor has been expended upon the passage.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 70. "Take, O! take those lips away."

This most exquisite of love songs reappears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, first published surreptitiously at London, 1639, an authorized edition having appeared at Oxford, 1640. In the latter play this stanza is accompanied by the following:—

"Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee."

Both stanzas were published as Shakespeare's in the spurious edition of his Poems, London, 1640, and, from that time to the present, both have been attributed to him, except by some of the critics and commentators who were in doubt to whom

to assign them. But this stanza alone is Shakespeare's; the other, almost surely, Fletcher's. The two stanzas in fact will not make one song, except at great violence to both the form and spirit of the first. For that is written so that the music shall repeat the last three syllables of each of the last two lines, which is impossible with the other: they can both be sung to the same music only by suppressing the beautiful and touching repetition in the first: and this was done when it was introduced in *The Bloody Brother*. Besides, the stanza added in that play is palpably addressed to a woman, while this is just as certainly and as clearly, though not just as palpably, addressed to a man. See *Shakespeare's Scholar*, where this is shown and the subject examined in detail. The command to the *Boy*, to break off his song, is but a dramatic contrivance to produce the effect of an intrusion upon *Mariana's* solitude.

p. 71. "— *planché gate*": — a planked gate. The French *plancher* with the *ch* hard.

" "There have I made my promise," &c.: — These lines are prose, although printed as verse in the folio. By no efforts have they been made to assume more than the mere form of verse. The folio has,

"There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him."

Capell and Malone make this bold transposition: —

"There have I made my promise to call on him
Upon the heavy middle of the night."

Mr. Collier gives,

"There have I made my promise upon the heavy
Middle of the night to call upon him."

No one will regret such verse; and we have many instances of the first part of a speech in verse with the last in prose; of which, indeed, in the third speech of the *Duke* above, there is one at hand.

p. 73. "— our *tith's* to sow": — The folio has "*tith's*," a typographical error which was corrected by Warburton and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1832.

SCENE II.

p. 76. "— were he *meaf'd*": — This word is taken by Johnson to mean 'sprinkled,' as meat is, with the dredging box; Blackstone derives it from '*mesler*,' 'to mingle,' which is better; but there is probably a misprint, though for what, I cannot conjecture.

' "— th' *unlisting* postern": — the unregarding postern. The folio has "*voisting*." The emendation is Monck

Mason's; and as both *s*'s are long in the original, it involves only the correction of the easiest possible misprint. Rowe gave '*unresisting*,' Hamner '*unresting*,' Steevens suggested '*unlist'ning*,' or '*unshifting*,' Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has '*resisting*,' — a very plausible correction, — and Blackstone says that '*unsisting*' "may mean 'never at rest,' 'always opening.'"

- d. 76. "*Happely*" :— That is, 'hap-ly,' 'by hap,' formerly spelled '*happe*.' This is the word as it stands in the original, — the old orthography and pronunciation being retained on account of the rhythm, which requires a word of three syllables.
- " "This is his lordship's man" :— In the original folio this speech is assigned to the *Duke*, and the next to the *Provost*; but there can be no doubt that Tyrwhitt was right in suggesting the transposition of the prefixes; for the *Duke* would not know, or, at least, seem to know, his lordship's man; and the *Provost* was far from expecting *Claudio*'s pardon, which the *Duke*, on the contrary, looked for every moment. Just before, when the knocking is first heard, he says to himself, "Now are they come," and while the *Provost* reads the letter, "This is his pardon."
- p. 78. " — his fact" :— his deed: the radical sense of the word.
- p. 79. " — *dye* the beard" :— The folio has "*tie* the beard." Heath is the author of this emendation, which ('*dye*' and '*die*' having been in Shakespeare's day without any distinction of orthography) is not only justified but required by what the *Provost* says in the next Scene about *Ragozine*, "his beard and head just of his colour." As it was customary for men to dye the beard and women the hair, materials could easily be procured.
- p. 80. " — nothing of what is [here] writ" :— The folio omits "here," which is necessary to the sense, and was supplied by Warburton.

SCENE III.

- " — *Master Rash*" :— The original has the abbreviated form "*Mr.*" throughout this speech, except in the case of *Three-pile*. See Note on "*Master Froth*," Act II. Sc. I.

" — a commodity of *brown paper* and *old ginger*" :— Usurers in Shakespeare's day, as they do now, made their unfortunate clients take part of their loan in rubbish of some sort or other, which must needs be sold at a great sacrifice. *Ginger* was then, oddly enough, one of the commodities so used.

- p. 80. "— and are now for the Lord's sake":— This is an allusion to the practice of permitting prisoners for debt to ask alms of visitors and passers. It obtained until recently at the Fleet in London. Malone quotes the following pertinent passage from Nashe's *Apology for Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the fleet-ing, and thus crying 'for the Lord's sake' out at an iron window." Singer also gives the following from Baret's *Alvearis*, 1573:—"then will he turn him [the debtor] to commons into Ludgate; where for his ablative case he shall have a dative cage, craving and crying at the gate 'your worship's charitie for the Lord's sake.'"
- p. 81. "*Master Barnardine*":— The Clown who has just said "*Mr. Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged,*" now, when he coaxes, says, "Pray, *Master Barnardine.*" See Note on "*Master Froth*," Act II. Sc. 1. This may be accidental; but if so, it is to be classed among "*Gli Inghanni Fortunati.*"
- p. 82. "*O, grovelling beast!*"— The folio has "*O gravel heart,*" which means nothing, although many have tried to persuade themselves and others to receive it for '*O stony heart.*' The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632: the misprint which it supposes is an easy one, and the sense which it gives, most appropriate.
- p. 83. "*Ere twice the sun*":— The metrical arrangement here is that of the original, which was needlessly changed by Steevens, who was followed unthinkingly by almost every subsequent editor. The purpose of Steevens was to accommodate the rhythm to a necessary change in the original text, which has "*To yond generation.*" Steevens read,

"Ere twice
The sun has made his journal greeting to
The under generation."

The error resulted from the compositor's mistaking 'y undr' (abbreviated for 'the under') for 'yond;' and 'th' under' does not destroy the rhythm of the line, as 'generation' was used sometimes as a word of four, sometimes of five, syllables. The emendation has been rejected of late years, and indeed was never properly established; but an examination of the meaning of the passage will show that we must read "th' under generation," i. e., the antipodes, and not "yond generatiol," i. e., the world outside the prison. For, just before, we are told, with some particularity, that it is almost day break; and the *Provost's* justification, if made before the sun had twice greeted the people of Vienna, must have been made that day; but if made before the sun had twice greeted the antipodes, that is, before the second ensuing night, it of course must take

place on or before the day after; and so it did, and so the *Duke* declared it would to *Isabella* as well as to the *Provost*.

- p. 83. " — well balanc'd form": — The folio has "weal-balanc'd:" a palpable misprint for "well-balanc'd," as Heath and Mason pointed out.
- p. 85. " — he's a better woodman": — a hunter after deer, and so after *dears*. *Falstaff* asks *Mrs. Ford*, with a similar double meaning, "Am I a woodman?"

SCENE IV.

- p. 86. " — hath disvouch'd [the] other": — The article necessary to the sense, is omitted in the folio.
- p. 87. "Yet reason dares her on," &c.: — That is, of course. 'Reason is on my side, and dares her to denounce me; for should she do so, my mere reputation and authority would at once confound her.' The folio has "Yet reason dares her no," by the most obvious and easy of typographical errors, which yet has hitherto remained uncorrected, while vain efforts have been made to extract sense from the passage. Theobald dropped 'no:' Steevens changed it to 'not': Malone read "Yet reason dares her? — no."

" — bears up a credent bulk": — This needs no explanation. It is the correction of an easy typographical error in the folio, — "bears of a credent bulk," — which has hitherto been endured, or cured by reading "bears off a credent bulk" or "*here's* of a credent bulk," or by boldly dropping the particle altogether. *Angelo's* thought is plainly, that his position and reputation will *sustain* his denial of any scandalous story.

SCENE V.

- p. 87. Dr. Johnson thought, not without some appearance of reason, that this Act should end with Scene IV., "for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this Scene (IV.) and those of the next. The next Act, beginning with the following Scene, (V.,) proceeds without any interruption of time or place." But Shakespeare cared comparatively little for such considerations. By the original division of the Acts, which has been preserved, with Act V. begins a grand and entirely new dramatic interest — that attaching to the exposure of *Angelo*. Up to the conclusion of the next and last Scene of the present Act (IV.) we see the toils of the *Friar-Duke* closing round his victim: after that there is no further plotting, and no disguise, except the momentary one necessary to the complete working out of

former designs. A clock and a good memory will preserve the unities of time and place, or detect their violation; but for the preservation of the far more important unity of dramatic interest, it is better to trust to Shakespeare.

SCENE VI.

- p. 89. "Have *hent*":— taken possession of: from the A. S. '*hentan*,' 'to seize.'

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 89. "*Enter, severally*":— The folio directs, "*Enter at several doors*," all entrances being made from doors on Shakespeare's stage, from want of scenery. In the folio, too, *Friar Peter* and *Isabella* are not directed to enter until just as the former says "Now is your time;" but though the play-wright was obliged thus to conform to the limited space on which his characters appeared, we know, from the foregoing Scene, that the poet had in his mind's eye the arrangement indicated in this stage direction.
- " "— yield *forth to you* public thanks":— The folio has "*yield you forth to*"— an evident transposition. The *Duke* yielded *Angelo* forth to no public thanks; but he gave him his own thanks publicly. See the first two lines of his next speech.
- p. 91. "— *characters*":— characters, outward seeming.
- " "*As e'er I heard*":— '*As*' for '*that*': the construction being, — '*Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense that e'er I heard in madness*' — the intervening line being interjectional.
- " "— for *inequality*":— for apparent inconsistency; as we say that one part of a story does not *square* with another.
- " "— the false seems true":— '*Which*' is understood; but some suppose that "*seems true*" is a compound word for *vraisemblable*, '*true-seeming*.'
- p. 92. "How he *refell'd* me":— refuted me.
- p. 93. "O, that it were *as like*, as it is true":— That is, '*as likely to be believed*.' The *Duke*, throwing doubt upon her assertion, says, ironically, "*This is most likely [to be true];*" and she, knowing it to be virtually true, and wishing it to be so received, replies, "*O, that it were as like, [to be believed] as it is true!*" Of course, whether it were all actually true or not, she could not wish that it were at all '*likely to be true*.'

- p. 93. " — with *ripened* time " : — The last syllable of this word is not contracted in the folio : it was pronounced *ripe-sed*, not *ri-pen-ed*. Hitherto the editors have contracted it.
- p. 94. " This ' a good friar " : — The apostrophe marks the elision of ' is ; ' as in " What ' fool " for ' what a fool.' *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2.
- p. 95. " — let her shew *her* face " : — The folio has " *your*," an easy misprint for ' her,' when *h* had a bow below the line like *y*, and *o* could scarcely be distinguished from *e*.
- p. 97. " — informal women " — ill regulated, distracted women. See Note on " make of him a formal man again." *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1.
- " " And punish them [*um*]to your height of pleasure."
The folio has " to " — an error, as the rhythm shows.
- p. 98. " *Cucullus non facit monachum* " : — The cowl does not make the monk.
- p. 100. " Nor here *provincial* " : — of this province, and subject to its civil or ecclesiastical authorities.
- " " — forfeits in a barber's shop " : — It is only of late in America, that the fashion of lounging in a barber's shop has entirely gone out ; and Dr. Kenrick states, in his *Suffolk Words*, that, in 1750, he saw a metrical list of forfeits in a barber's shop to be enforced against those who meddled with the razors or surgical instruments ; for barbers were surgeons of old. We may well believe that these forfeits were " as much in mock as mark."
- p. 101. " Hark how the villain would *glose* now " : — how he would smooth over his treasonable abuses. The folio has " close," an evident misprint, as the *Duke* shows no intention to close the discussion, — yet hitherto retained.
- " " — *giglots* " : — loose girls.
- " " — that e'er *mad'st* a duke " : — So the original ; generally changed to ' *made*.'
- p. 102. " — rash *remonstrance* " : — used in its radical sense of ' showing again.' It is only of comparatively late years that this word has come to mean ' expostulation.'
- p. 104. " — by *confiscation* " : — The folio has " *confutation*," which was corrected in the second folio — a change that hardly merits notice.
- p. 107. " If any *women's* wrong'd " : — In the folio, " any *woman*."
- p. 108. " — *that's* meet you all should know " : — The original has " *that meet*."

www.libtool.com.cn

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

The Comedie of Errors occupies sixteen pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 85 to p. 100 inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes. At the head of the first, third, fourth, and fifth Acts, however, "*Scena Prima*" appears. There is no list of *Dramatis Personae*, which was first supplied by Rowe.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no doubt that *The Comedy of Errors* is an imitation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; but the question whether the imitation was direct or indirect has not been decided. We know, from the Record of the Revels at Court, that a play called *The History of Error* was in existence in the year 1576-7; for among the entries for that year is the following:—

“The Historie of Error, shewn at Hampton Court on New yeres daie at night, enacted by the children of Pawles.”

Malone, who first directed attention to this memorandum, also pointed out a passage in the *Gesta Grayorum*—a contemporary record of the festivities at Gray's Inn, published in 1688— which shows that “a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*, was played by the players” during the Christmas Revels at that venerable Inn of Court in December, 1594. In 1695 there was published in London a free translation of the *Menæchmi*.^{*} Finally, Meres gives us evidence that Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was written at least as early as 1597. These are all the facts on record from which we can determine the origin of this comedy or the date of its production; but as the old *History of Error* is entirely lost, and as we do not know whether the play at Gray's Inn was Shakespeare's Comedy or the older *History*, we are unable to decide from these data whether Shake-

* “A pleasant and fine Conceited Comœdie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English by W. W. — London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratiouſe ſtreete. 1595.” 4to.

This W. W. is supposed by Anthony Wood, in his *Athena Oxonienses*, to have been William Warner, the author of *Albion's England*, a sort of chronicle in verse, first published at London in 1586. 4to.

Shakespeare's play existed in any form before the publication of the translation from Plautus.

Of internal evidence upon this subject there is very little, and that not of much weight. *Dromio's* reply to *Antipholus*, Act III. Sc. 2, that he found France in the forehead of the globe-like dame who asserted uxorial rights over him, "armed and reverted,* making war against her heir," is, however, so plainly a punning allusion to the war of the League, which was closed by Henry IV.'s apostasy in 1593, that there can hardly be a doubt as to the existence of the passage before that date. For although it is true that 'heire' might be a misprint or loose spelling of 'haire,' to which it is changed in the folio of 1632, the allusion yet exists in as full force, in the otherwise senseless words "armed and reverted, making war," and the pun remains with a different spelling. The likeness between the phraseology of the translated *Menæchmi* and *The Comedy of Errors* is very slight indeed; and all other similarity is due, of course, to the original. *Adriana* says, Act II. Sc. 1, "poor I am but his stale," and the Wife in the translated *Menæchmi* says, "He makes me a stale and a laughing stock": W. W. translates,

"— nunc ibo in tabernam: vasa et argentum tibi
Referam,"

"He go strait to the Inn, and deliver up my accounts, and all your stuff," and *Antipholus* of Syracuse says, "Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;" and although 'stuff' and 'stale' were generally used in Shakespeare's time as they are here used, in these speeches they have somewhat the air of reminiscences.

That the author of *The Comedy of Errors* knew the story of the *Menæchmi*, needs, of course, no setting forth; but that he had studied it closely, either in the original or in a translation, is evident from similarity in minor points between the plays. In both the resident brother is married; in both the wife is shrewish; in both she has brought her husband a large dowry; in both the Courtesan appears; and in both the resident brother seeks refuge at her table from the jealous clamors of his wife; the incident of the chain is common to both, and is used by each dramatist, though with a difference, for the same purpose; in

* A misprint, left uncorrected here, will be noticed hereafter.

both the wandering brother gives his purse to his servant to be carried to the inn; in both the wife, on account of the behavior of his double, finally supposes her husband to be lunatic, and in the one case sends and in the other brings a leech to take him in charge, who in both encounters the husband himself. It is also noteworthy that in the first stage directions of the original, one *Antipholus* is called "*Erroticus*" and the other "*Sereptus*," — misprints, doubtless, for '*Erraticus*' and '*Surreptus*,' — meaning 'wandering' and 'stolen.' Now, in *The Comedy of Errors* the resident brother is not stolen, but in the *Menachmi* he is, and is designated as *Surreptus*; and the traveller, who is not called *Erraticus* in Plautus' *Dramatis Personæ*, but *Societas*, is, however, called 'the Traveller' in W. W.'s translation. This translation, although not published until 1595, had then been made and handed about for some time, as we know by the address of "The Printer to the Readers" which introduces it. In this he says, or, without doubt, the author for him, — "The writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad," &c.

In the absence of evidence which amounts to proof, we may yet form an opinion; and my own, based upon a consideration of the facts just stated and of the play itself, is, that Shakespeare, at the very beginning of his dramatic career, wishing to supply his theatre with an amusing comedy to take the place of a rude imitation of the *Menachmi*, already somewhat known to the public, read that play in the original as thoroughly as his "small Latin" (small in the estimation of so complete a scholar as Jonson) enabled him to read it; that he also read W. W.'s translation in manuscript; and that then, using for the more comic parts the doggerel verse in which the elder play was written, for the passages of sentiment the alternate rhymes of which *Venus and Adonis* and *Romeo and Juliet* show his early preference and his mastery, and for the serious Scenes the blank verse which he was the first to bring to perfection, and which appears in great though not yet matured beauty in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he wrote *The Comedy of Errors*: that, in the extravagant Scenes, he deliberately imitated, *populo ut placeret*, the versification of the old play, and perhaps adopted some of it with improvement; that this was done about 1589-90; and that

the play thus produced may have been somewhat rewritten by him in its first and last Scenes in the long period during which it remained unprinted in the possession of the theatre.

It is to be observed that although the poetical value of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is much greater than that of *The Comedy of Errors*, the dramatic arrangement of the latter is much more skilful, and indicates longer theatrical experience on the part of the author.

The difference between the comedy of the Latin and that of the English dramatist is very wide, both in the way of addition and alteration; the most important addition being that of another pair of twins as attendants upon those who figure in the Latin play. The introduction of these tends greatly to complicate the confusion out of which the fun of this extravaganza arises. Whether the thought was original with Shakespeare or was taken from the old play, we have no means of ascertaining; but in the use made of the bondsmen we recognize the younger hand of him in whose maturer works his perception of the ridiculous and enjoyment of the broadest humor are no less apparent than his delight in all that is grand and beautiful in Man and Nature. Yet the very passages in which the *Dromios* are most prominent are those which seem most unmistakably the production of an inferior and more ancient writer. How difficult is it to believe that the rhyming part of Act III. Sc. 1, for instance, was written, at any time or for any purpose, by the author of the fine blank verse which precedes and follows it! It is more than possible that the two slaves were added in the older play to doubly supply the clown or buffoon, without which, on our ancient stage, a comedy was not a comedy. In the substitution of *Luciana*, the sister of *Adriana*, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife. The introduction of *Luciana* also enabled the author to establish, in the relations between her and *Antipholus* of Syracuse, a new interest entirely wanting to the Latin play. The Parasite, who figures so largely in the *Menachmi*, as in all Latin comedies, is omitted, as a character altogether foreign to the taste of an English audience, and needless to the production of that confusion which is the only motive

of Shakespeare's play; in which, too, the action is more intricate than in its model, the movement more rapid, and the spirit much more lively, light, and humorous.

Concerning the place and the period of the action of this play, it seems that Shakespeare did not trouble himself to form a very accurate idea. The Ephesus of *The Comedy of Errors* is much like the Bohemia of *The Winter's Tale* — a remote, unknown place, yet with a familiar and imposing name, and therefore well suited to the purposes of one who as poet and dramatist cared much for men and little for things, and to whose perception the accidental was entirely eclipsed by the essential. Anachronisms are scattered through it with a profusion which could only be the result of entire indifference — in fact, of an absolute want of thought upon the subject. The existence of an abbey in Ephesus, however, is not to be considered as among them. For Christianity was established there about the middle of the fourth century; and Ephesus remained a Greek and Christian city till about A. D. 1313. The action of the play may, perhaps, be referred to about the middle of this period.

The choice of costume is in a great measure arbitrary. The twins must of course be attired in pairs alike, else they could not be mistaken for each other; and the improbability, extending to impossibility, that one master and servant should arrive in Ephesus dressed just as their doubles were on the day of their arrival, is a postulate permitted in the construction of a farce like this. Any ancient Natolian costume is admissible for the principal characters; and dramatic propriety will not be violated by giving to *Balthasar* and the friend of *Antipholus* of Syracuse the dress of Italian merchants, and to *Pinch* that of an English schoolmaster, or leech, or conjurer of Shakespeare's day. But an entirely conventional costume may be adopted; the only object being to remove the action out of the present and the actual.

The text, the only source of which is the first folio, exists there in a state approaching purity, the errors being altogether due to the accidents of the printing office, and, generally, easy of correction. Some were, however, left to be for the first time rectified in this edition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, Sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, Attendants on*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

A Merchant, *Creditor of Angelo.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Goaler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Ephesus.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — A Hall in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter DUKE of Ephesus, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers,
and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

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 guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous 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 Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,

Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs,—
 Again, if any Syracusian born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies ;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 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.

Ege. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian ; say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home,
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. 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 offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracusa 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 the 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, arrived where I was.
 There had she 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 distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner 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 latter-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 towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships, from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus 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.

Ege. 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 healthful welcome to their shipwrack'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 favour 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 (so his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours 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 honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy [life] by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaoler. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and
a Merchant.*

Merchant. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusian 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away.

Dromio of Syracuse. Many a man would take you
at your word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Erit.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour 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 my-
self,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own con-
tent,

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?

Dromio of Ephesus. Return'd so soon! rather ap-
proach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath 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 humour 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. S. 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 Phoenix, 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 hadst 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.

[*Strikes him.*]

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*]

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,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
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.*]

www.libtocr.com.cn
ACT II.

SCENE I. — Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

ADRIANA.

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.

Luciana. 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' subjects, and at their controls.
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 practise 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 would'st 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 husband 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 understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st 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 understand 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 horn-
mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;

But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd 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 God'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 foot-ball 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. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age th' 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-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other where,
 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: yet though gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, an often touching will
 Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shamé.
 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.

www.libtool.com.cn

A public Place.

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 humour 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 displeas'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.

[*Beats him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God'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 insconce 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 before 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 himself.

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 periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

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 falling.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, is no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown: Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st 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, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
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,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st 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?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true
bed;
I live distain'd, thou one dishonoured.

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. Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with
you!

When weré you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return 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 gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

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 communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
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 forced 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, owles, [elves,] and 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 transformed, master, am I not?

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 shrieve 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 persever 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.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
 ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

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 carcanet,
 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 hand-writing 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 beware of an
ass.

Ant. E. Y' are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God
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 mer-
ry 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, Cicely, Gillian,
Gin'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the
door.

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-dāy.

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 a face.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio:
who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my 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 called 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 ache.

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. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

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 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
Th' unviolated honour 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 of 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 housed, where it 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 Porpentine;
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 ex-
pense. [Exit

SCENE II.

www.libtutor.com.cn

Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
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 attainment?

'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 women! 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 conquers strife.

- Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less in your knowledge, and your grace you shew not,
Than our Earth's wonder; more than Earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create 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 thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
- 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;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole Earth's-heaven, and my Heaven's claim.

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.*]

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily.

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; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead ; arm'd and revolted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them : but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. O ! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ?

Dro. S. O ! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me ; call'd me Dromio ; swore I was assur'd to her : told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch : and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtall-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour 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 knows 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 discourse,
 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 Porpentine;
 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 bespoke 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.*]

www.libtext.com.cn
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A public Place.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

MERCHANT.

YOU know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And, since, I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders 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, from the Courtezan's.*

Officer. That labour 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.]

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 humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost caract,
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 your-
self?

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 ex-
cuse

Your breach of promise to th^e Porpentine.

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, dispatch.

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. Fie! now you run this humour 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 whe'r 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, she 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 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 list me 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 we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deni'd 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 counter-
 mands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands :
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
 well ;
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to
 Hell.

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 is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can
I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money
in his 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 serjeant, a'
turns back for very 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 season.

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 serjeant 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 immediately. —

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

www.libtool.com.cn

A public Place.

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 kindnesses;
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 apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake 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 gentlemen are tired, gives them a stop, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed

men, and gives 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 Serjeant 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 Serjeant 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 Courtezan.

Courtezan. 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. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the Devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse; she is the Devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry,
sir.

Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, and bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

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 parings 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: an 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. and DRO.*]

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 doors against his way.
 My way is now, to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
 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.
[Beats him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, '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 whoreson, 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 is 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 wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd 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 lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, PINCH, and others.

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 Finch, 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, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you; are these your customers?

Did this companion with the 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. 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. Perdy, 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 vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'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. God 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 damned pack
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind ANTIPHOLUS
and DROMIO.*

Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company! — the fiend is strong with-
in him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he
looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaol-
er, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind 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 requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith 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 enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore 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 ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO.*]

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 bespeak 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. God, 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 ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and Officer.*]

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. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

ANGELO.

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 yourself,
 With circumstance and oaths so to deny
 This chain which now you wear so openly:
 Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 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 forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie 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 honour 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 God'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 God's sake take a house!

This is some priory: -- in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO to the Abbey.]

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abbess. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband 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 hath been heavy, sour, sad :
And 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 wrack of 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 reprehended 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 conference.

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 glanc'd [at] it :
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad :
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'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 hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious 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 scar'd 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 this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour 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'm 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 Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded 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,

Who 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 desp'rately 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 pursu'd 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 sing'd off with brands of
 fire;

And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
 My master preaches patience to him; and, the while
 His man with scissors 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 halberds!

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 o' human rea-
 son.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke! O! 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.

Æge. 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 dishonour'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 burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Ang. O, perjur'd woman! They are both for-
sworn:

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 Porpentine,
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 perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he 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.
B' th' 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, altogether
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 beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
him,

That he din'd 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 burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk 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 din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her, there, at the Por-
pentine.

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, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd 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, unbound.

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. O! 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 be-
lieve 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 lamps 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 Syracuse, boy,
 Thou know'st 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, Syracusian, 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 Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and*
 DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
 wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*]

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 call'd 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 Epidamnum.
 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 Antipholus', these two so like,
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
 Besides her urging of her wrack 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 by that most fa-
 mous 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. E. 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 receiv'd 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 all arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It 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 fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen here delivered. —
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy 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* ANT. 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-fac'd 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'll 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.*

www.libtool.com.cn

NOTES ON THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 141. " — wanting *guilders* " :— The guilder is both a Flemish and a German coin; the former being about thirty-eight cents in value, the latter about eighty-seven.
- " " Both by the *Syracusians* " :— This is the uniform orthography of the folio, showing plainly that the presence of the *i* is not accidental, and indicating the pronunciation of the word. Therefore, and not because Bentley approved of it, it is retained. Bentley was at the needless trouble of deriving *Syracusians* from *Συρακυσιοί*; but a similar introduction of *i* is a very common error in classic neology.
- p. 142. " And by me [*too*] " :— 'Too,' omitted in the first, was added in the second folio.
- " " — voyages I often *made* " :— A merchant was said to make a voyage when he sent a ship on one. It is evident, from the context, that *Ægeon* did not go to *Epidamnium* until after the death of his factor there.
- " " To *Epidamnium* " :— This word is uniformly spelled " *Epidamium* " in the first folio; but being a proper name, it is corrected, although an English adjective formed from it, like " *Syracusan*," above, should not be. The case differs, too, from that of ' *Argier* ' in *The Tempest*; that being a different word from ' *Algiers*,' not an improper spelling of it. *Epidamnium* is the town at which the travelling brother in the *Monachmi* arrives.
- " " A *meaner* woman," &c. :— The folio has " A *mean* woman," — the *r* having dropped out. This slight error not having been perceived, the interpolation of ' *poor*,' — " A *poor* mean woman," — made in the second folio, has,

of necessity, been hitherto retained, in spite of the disagreeable repetition of the word in the next line but one. That the use of the comparative implied no positive meaning of condition in *Ægeon's* wife, the whole literature of Shakespeare's day, and these two instances out of several in his own plays, may be brought to prove.

"*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service Did worthily perform." *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

"*Qu. Eliz.* And meaner than myself have had like fortune." 3 *Henry VI.*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

- p. 144. "*Were* carried towards Corinth":—The original has "*Was* carried," a disagreement which is of very frequent occurrence in the original text of this comedy. It may possibly be the result of carelessness, but seems rather to be indicative of the early period at which parts of the play were written. See the *Preface*, Vol. I. Perhaps this antique rudeness should not be polished away; but the text has been for so many years regulated according to established usage, and an adherence to the original would so deform the language and annoy the general reader, that previous custom has been conformed to. In all editions hitherto the change has been made silently.

"— violently borne *upon*":—The original has "*up*," the second folio "*up upon*." The correction required is obvious.

" "Gave *healthful* welcome":—The second folio needlessly substituted "*helpful*," which many editors adopted.

- p. 145. "What *hath* befall'n of them, and *thee*":—The original has "*have*" and "*they*." The correction was made in the second folio.

" "Roaming *clean* through," &c.:—This word, in its sense of 'entirely,' 'perfectly,' is so commonly used in America, that Steevens' remark, made seventy-five years ago, that it is "still used in the northern parts of England," is valuable on this side the water only because it is one of the many evidences that the English of the Bible and of Shakespeare exists in greater purity here than there.

" "To seek thy [*life*]" :—The original has, "To seek thy *help* by beneficial help." This part of the play was surely written by Shakespeare, and although Mr. Dyce says, in the words of Malone, that the jingle is quite in Shakespeare's manner, let who will believe that he wrote, at any time, such tautological nonsense. Shakespeare often repeats a word, or uses one which sounds much like another which has just preceded it, in a manner seeming to indicate that he sought the 'jingle,' or, rather, I think,

that the similarity of sound suggested the second word; but he never sacrifices sense to sound, as he would have done by saying that a man sought help by help. Mr. Singer proposed to read 'fine;' Mr. Collier suggested 'hope,' which was afterward found in his folio of 1632; but it was Ægeon's *life* that he was to seek by beneficial help. The Duke says, "though thou art adjudged to the death, yet will I favour thee; . . . therefore I'll limit thee this day to seek thy" — what? With what other word than 'life' could he fitly close his sentence? The error did not result from a mistake of one word for the other, but almost surely from a confusion of memory in the mind of the compositor, who set the whole line at once. Pope read 'life.'

p. 146. " — doth Ægeon *wend*": — Steevens and others, writing for our great grandfathers, and Halliwell, writing for us, call this word obsolete. In America it is not as commonly used as 'come' or 'go,' only because there is less frequent occasion for it.

" — his *leeless* end": — So the first folio: not by a typographical error or careless writing, or from unsettled orthography, but because that was a form of the word in use when the line was written.

SCENE II.

" *Enter ANTIPHOLUS*": — The old stage direction here is, "*Enter ANTIPHOLUS Erotos*," afterward ANTIPHOLUS *Errotis*, — corruptions of *Erraticus*. See *Introduction*.

' "A trusty *villain*": — a faithful bondsman: the original signification of the word. So *Iago* speaks of "honest knaves," — 'knave' meaning 'servant.' See Notes on *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 147. "And afterwards consort you," &c.: — It is more than probable that 'with' has dropped, or was omitted, between "consort" and "you;" but 'consort' was used without the preposition; and the rhythm of the line may be preserved by making "bed time" a spondee.

p. 148. "I shall be *post* indeed": — Scores were kept on *posta*.
"Kate she keeps the schore, syr,
And schores yt on the *post*."

See the third of *Three Curious Ballads*, published by the Shakespeare Society. But the *post* thus scored was probably the door-post.

" — should be your *clock*": — The folio has "*cook*:" — a manifest error, corrected by Pope.

p. 149. "The villain is *o'er-raught*": — over-reached.

ACT SECOND.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE I.

- p. 150. "Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS":—The original is without stage directions, or division into Scenes. Modern editors, from and including Malone, have most unaccountably made the interviews between *Adriana* and her sister and *Dromio* and others, occur in "A public Place." Setting aside the absurdity of making two women walk out into a street or square on either of the occasions in question, on this, *Adriana* says that neither husband nor slave has returned; and when *Dromio* appears, she tells him twice to go back to his master and fetch him home, and he replies, "Go back again, and be new beaten home!" It is almost needless to say that the place of the Scene is the house of *Antipholus*. I have placed it in the court; because in Eastern houses, and those of all tropical countries, there is an inner court open to the street, in which the females of the household pass much time: into this court the *Dromios* would run with their messages, and in a part of such a court, covered with an arched roof, *Adriana* would most probably sit at dinner in the first Scene of the next Act.
- " "— he takes it [ill]":—The folio has "he takes it thus." That the text, which is that of the second folio, is correct, appears not only from the rhyme, but the sense. 'Thus' refers to nothing.
- p. 151. "Spake he so doubtfully":—Both here and in *Dromio's* reply, Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "doubly."
- p. 152. "He ask'd me for a thousand marks":—The original has "a hundred;" an error which was corrected in the second folio.
- " "Will you come [home], quoth I":—Theobald supplied the word in brackets, which is not in the folio, but which the rhythm requires, and which was probably passed over in MS. on account of its similarity to the word immediately before it.
- p. 153. "— his stale":—Stevens takes this to mean 'his pretended wife,' the sportsman's stalking horse having been called a stale; but is not the more obvious signification of the word the more appropriate?
- " "Would that alone, alone," &c.:—The original has 'a love' for the second 'alone:' an obvious error, corrected in the second folio.

p. 153. "I see the jewel," &c.: — This passage stands thus corrupted in the folio: —

"I see the Jewell best enameled
Will loose his beautie: yet *the* gold bides still
That others touch, *and* often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame."

The restoration is the resultant of the labors of Theobald, (or Warburton,) Steevens, and Collier. The corruption was produced by mistaking 'tho' for 'the,' 'an' for 'and,' and 'wear' (by the ear) for 'where.' Theobald read,

"and so no man that hath a name
But falsehood," &c.:

Heath, more plausibly,

"and so a man that hath a name
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

SCENE II.

p. 155. "Hold, *sir* — Pray, *sir* — Ay, *sir* — Nothing, *sir*" : — This use of 'sir,' — a word which is scattered in just this way through the dramatic literature of the golden age of English letters and of the English language "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," — the Great Britons of to-day sneer at as an Americanism! It occurs here, in a short dialogue, at least twenty times, and in Act V. Sc. 1, p. 202, five times in five consecutive lines.

p. 156. " — *fine* and *recovery*" : — This is a law term for a now obsolete mode of transferring a title to real estate. The frequent occurrence of such phrases in Shakespeare's works and his very accurate use of them, have been justly considered as evidence that he had studied law before he went to London. See *Life*, Vol. I.

" — what he hath scanted *men* in hair" : — The original has "*them*." Theobald made the necessary correction.

p. 157. " — in a thing *falling*" : — The folio has "*falsing*," with a long *s*, of course, — a very easy mistake for the word in the text, which was suggested by Heath, though on very insufficient ground. That it is the word, however, is shown by *Antipholus*' expression, "not *sure*," (for 'sure' was of old opposed not to 'false,' but to 'uncertain,' 'insecure,') and *Dromio*'s, "they should not *drop*;" and besides, in what possible sense is the hair *falsing*? Yet that word has hitherto been retained.

" — to save the money that he spends in *trimming*" : — The folio has "*trying*," quite plainly an error for
VOL. III. N

'tryming,' — the loss of a man's hair saving him, of course, all expense in getting it cut. Pope read "tiring," which is less conformable to the sense and the old word. The proper word appears in both Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's corrected copies of the folio of 1632.

- p. 157. " — namely, *is* no time to recover hair " : — An elision for 'there is, 'quite suitable to *Dromio*. We have had the same just before in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 5, twice.

"The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
— Bore many gentlemen," &c.,

for 'He bore,' &c. :

"Doth he so seek his life?

Has censur'd him," &c.,

for 'He has censured,' &c. ; and we have the same just after in this play, Act IV. Sc. 2, "But is in a suit of buff," &c., for "But *he* is in," &c. The first folio has "in no time," — easily misprinted for "*is*," &c. But the error has hitherto remained undetected ; Malone and all his successors reading "*e'en*," a forced correction and a strange expression in this place, and the second folio, which Mr. Dyce would follow, cutting the knot by dropping the word altogether.

- p. 158. "I live distain'd, thou *one* dishonoured" : — The folio has "*undishonoured*," a very easy typographical error for 'one dishonoured,' — 'one' being spelled 'o n' : see Notes on this word, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1, and *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 1. The error, however, has hitherto remained uncorrected, and has caused much trouble, and a perversion of the author's meaning. It has been even attempted to make "distain'd" mean 'unstained,' that is, exactly the reverse of what it does and ever did mean ; which is absurd, as Mr. Dyce perceived ; and he, therefore, (Theobald having made the suggestion,) would have it a *misprint* for 'unstained,' which is not probable, especially if it were succeeded by 'un-dishonoured.' Besides, this gives a meaning directly opposed to the tenor of *Adriana's* speech. She believes *Antipholus* guilty ; and says to him, "I *am* possessed with an adulterate blot," "I *do* digest the poison of thy flesh," &c., "Keep, then, fair league," &c., for now "I live distain'd, thou *one* dishonoured."

- " "Want wit in all, one word," &c. : — Never was point more needed, even in the prologue to *Pyramus and Thisbe*, to prevent plain sense from becoming absolute nonsense ; and yet this comma, which appears in the original folio, has, strangely enough, been omitted in every modern edition until the present.

- p. 160. "— the *forced fallacy*":— The original has "*free'd*," which, being manifestly an error, Pope read '*favoured*,' Steevens '*offered*,' and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 '*prof-fered*.' The second word has been hitherto justly preferred to a place in the text, as it conforms most nearly both to the sense of the passage and to the trace of the word in the original, although remote enough from the latter. *Adriana's* persistence, and *Antipholus'* phrase, "*sure uncertainty*," in the previous line, show that there was an easily made misprint of '*free'd*' for '*forced*.'
- " "*— goblins, owles, [slees,] and sprites*":— The original has "*goblins, owles, and sprights*," thus leaving the line imperfect. The second folio has "*goblins, owles, and slees sprights*," upon which the hitherto accepted reading, "*goblins, owls, and elvish sprites*," is founded. But as Shakespeare never elsewhere designates sprites or fairies as elvish, although he had so often occasion for doing so, had he deemed the epithet a fit or a proper one, and as elves always figure in his fairy land, we are warranted in believing that he did not make this one instance doubly exceptional. "*Owles*" is retained because its old dissyllabic pronunciation of the plural seems evidently intended here. For these reasons the editor had thus regulated the line before the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in which the same reading was found.
- " "*Dromio, thou drons*":— The original has "*Dromio, thou Dromio*," which, if it stood alone, and *Luciana* were calling out to *Dromio* at a distance, to attract his attention, would be correct, as such repetition was the habit of the time: but she is evidently relieving her vexation by heaping abusive epithets upon him, and he stands close by, attending to her. The second '*Dromio*,' too, crushes a line already overloaded by the first. The habit alluded to probably produced the misprint, which Theobald pointed out.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 161. "*Before the house of Antipholus*":— Since Malone's time the locality of this Scene has been, in all editions hitherto, A Public Place. But it plainly passes before the house of *Antipholus*; and though that was a public place, so was any other part of the city. See the corresponding Note, Act II. Sc. 1.
- p. 162. "*Mome . . . idiot, patch*":— '*Mome*,' a word of uncertain etymology, meant '*a stupid fool*': '*patch*,'

exist, and destroy one of the best and most accessible proofs that there is but one word, i. e., 'beside;' — the *s* having been indifferently used or omitted in the orthography of the day when Shakespeare's plays were written, and of that when the Bible was translated. So, "he . . . is horne-mad, and talketh like a man besides himself." Holland's *Translation of Livy*. "Paul, thou art besides thyself." *Acts* xxvi. 24, editions of 1535, 1599, and 1607.

- p. 170. " — without he say *sir reverence*": — Malone first quoted Blount's *Glossography*, 1682, to show that 'sir reverence' was a vulgar corruption of '*salva reverentia*.' It was; but that sense is not to the purpose, except in the way of pun. *Dromio* alludes to the filthy condition of the "beastly creature," and makes use of the dirtiest possible comparison: "for he hath wares that are not worth a save reverence — *nam merces habet quæ non merdâ valent*." *Janua Linguarum*. 1640. Sig. B 3. And see Grose's *Vulgar Tongue*.

" " — for why? she sweats, a man may go," &c. : — That is, 'she sweats *so* that a man may go,' &c. Mr. Dyce would remove the interrogation mark and take "for why she sweats" to mean 'because she sweats.' But this is entirely unnecessary.

" " — her name *and* three quarters": — The folio has "*is*," — a palpable misprint.

- p. 171. " — arm'd and *revolted*, making war against her *heir*": — An allusion to the war of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the throne of France in 1589. See *Introduction*. In the Variorum edition are two pages of annotation upon the last word of the passage, by Theobald, Johnson, and Malone. Johnson contends that *Dromio* alludes only to a certain stage of that French disease, ("*nomenque a gente recepti*,") gibes upon which seem to have been the standing joke of the stage in Shakespeare's day. The folio has "arm'd and *reverted*;" but although the latter word has been silently retained in the text hitherto, it is plainly a misprint, and the easiest possible, for 'revolted.' The former word was very rarely used in Shakespeare's day, and then exclusively in its radical sense, 'to return.' *Minshew* does not even define it; but merely refers to 'return.' It could not be intended as a synonyme for 'revolt;' and any other sense is inadmissible, whether we read 'heir' or 'hair.' *Cotgrave*, *Florio*, *Cooper*, *Phillips*, and *Littleton*, as well as *Minshew*, all completely sustain this emendation by their definitions.

ACT FOURTH.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE I.

- p. 173. "— and *her* confederates":—The folio has "*their*."
 p. 174. "— to the utmost *carat*":— now spelled 'carat:' a weight of twelve grains.

" "Perchance I *will* be there":— 'I will,' instead of 'I shall,' is a Scotticism, says English Douce: it is an Irishism, says Scotch Reed: and an ancient Anglicism, says Irish Malone.

- p. 175. "— or send *me* by some token":— This is the original text, and means 'send some word by me which will be a token to your wife that I come from you:' as, for instance, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, Act III. Sc. 1.:—

"*Mrs. Mulligrub*. By what token are you sent?— by no token? Nay, I have wit.

"*Cocledemoy*. He sent me by the same token that he was dry shaved this morning."

Yet I cannot but think that there has been a transposition, and that we should read, 'send *by me* some token.' A moment before *Antipholus* had said to *Angelo*,—

"— with you *take the chain*, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum *on the receipt* thereof."

It is natural that the goldsmith should want the chain or a voucher for it.

" "— say *wher* you'll answer":— for 'whether you'll answer.'

- p. 176. "*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse*":— "*from the bay*," adds the first folio.

" "— thou *peevish* sheep":— thou silly sheep.

" "— to *hire* waftage":— Here 'hire' is a dissyllable: it is spelled "hier" in the folio.

SCENE II.

- p. 177. "*Of his heart's meteors*":— The original has "*Oh*."
 " "— he *deni'd* you had in him *no* right":— This is a pure Greek construction. See Note on "nor Nature never lends," *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 1.
 p. 178. "— *sweet*, now make haste":— Mr. Collier's folio has "*swift*."
 " "— in an *everlasting garment*":— That is, as *Dromio* says soon after, "all in buff," the uniform of serjeants, which was very durable.

- p. 178. "A fiend, a *fairy*":—So the original, which was changed by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 to '*fury*.' It is not improbable that '*fury*' was the author's word; but in Shakespeare's early days all fairies were not necessarily supposed to be like *Oberon* and *Titania* or their attendants; there were fairies pitiless and rough; and therefore the text must stand.
- " "— *runs counter* and yet *draws dry foot*":—Hunting cant. 'To '*run counter*' is to run the wrong way; to '*draw dry foot*,' to hunt by the scent of the foot.
- ' "— carries poor souls to *Hell*":—'*Hell*' was a cant word for '*prison*.'
- ' "— he's '*rested on the case*":—The '*action on the case*' was so called because it was brought upon the case as described, for a wrong done without force, for the redress of which there was no particular form of procedure provided by law. It is now, *ipso nomine*, obsolete.
- p. 179. "But *is* in a suit of buff":—For '*he is*':—an elliptical mode of expression not uncommon of old. See Note on "*namely, is no time*," Act II. Sc. 2.
- " "*That he, unknown*," &c.:—The folio has "*Thus*," which the second folio corrected.
- " "— if any *hour* meet a sergeant":—To understand *Dromio's* joke, it is necessary to remember that '*hour*' and '*whore*' were both of old pronounced *hoor*,—the word originally having been *hure*, Anglo-Saxon.
- " "If *he* be in debt":—The folio has "*If I*," which Malone corrected. Rowe read, '*If Time*,' and is followed by Mr. Dyce, who supposes '*I*' to be a misprint for '*T.*,' used as an abbreviation for '*Time*.'

SCENE III.

- p. 180. "Some *other* give me thanks":—This is not a misprint for '*Some others*.' The plural form '*others*' is of comparatively recent introduction. The more common expression in Shakespeare's day was '*other some*.'
- " "What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd":—The old Adam new apparelled was the sergeant in buff leather, whom *Dromio* compares to Adam in his dress of skins, or, perhaps, in his own buff; and Mr. Collier says that '*what have you got*' is still a vulgar phrase for '*what have you done with*.' The passage, however, still seems awkward, and is perhaps corrupt. Theobald read, '*What, have you got rid of*,' &c.
- " "— gives them a *stop*":—The original has "*soð*,"

a manifest misprint for the word in the text. In all modern editions hitherto, except Mr. Collier's, who retains 'sob,' it has been changed to 'fob'! a word equally devoid of any shade of meaning here. For how does an officer give men a *fob*? and could giving a man a *fob* rest or arrest him? giving him a *stop* would do both.

p. 181. " — a morris-pike" : — a Moorish pike; an ancient weapon.

p. 182. " — expect spoonmeat and bespeak a long spoon" : — The folio misprints "or bespeak."

"Avoid, thou fiend" : — The folio has "Avoid then," the easiest of all misprints from the similarity of *o* and *e* in old MS., and of *n* and *u* in all MS. 'Then' has no relation. The correction was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Dyce proposes 'Avoid thee;' but while *e* and *o* were almost identical in appearance, *e* and *u* were very unlike. Just below *Antiphokus* says, "Avaunt, thou witch."

SCENE IV.

p. 184. " — like the parrot," &c. : — It was the custom to teach parrots to prophesy ill luck. Warburton makes the following apt quotation from *Hudibras*, which refers to *Ralpho's* skill in augury : —

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.*"

p. 185. " — your customers" : — those to whose company you are accustomed : of old, a common use of the word.

" "Perdy" : — a corruption of '*par Dieu.*'

p. 186. " — my bones bear witness" : — The folio has "bears." See Note on "Were carried towards Corinth," Act I. Sc. 1. These disagreements are so common in the old text of this play that further notice of them is needless.

p. 187. "Enter three or four," &c. : — This is the stage direction of the folio. The attempt is successful, as we see by the text.

p. 188. "Exeunt ADRIANA," &c. : — The folio has, "Run all out," after *Adriana's* speech, and after the Officer's, "Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened."

p. 189. " — fetch our stuff" : — luggage, baggage. "In that day, he which shall be upon the house top, and his stuff in the house, let him not come down to take it away." *Luke* xvii. 31.

ACT FIFTH.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE I.

p. 190. "— thou know'st did hear thee": — Capell read, to complete the rhythm, 'did hear thee, *sir*;' but if a word be lost, which is not improbable, we should rather read, "These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee *swear*." Editors generally make the line lamely out by reading, "thou knowest."

" "Some get within *him*": — his guard.

" "[*Exeunt . . . to the Abbey*": — The folio has "*Priory*."

p. 191. "— heavy, *sour*, sad": — Here and elsewhere 'sour' is a dissyllable. This use of it is a remnant of the more ancient spelling and pronunciation *sower*, that being the orthography in the original text.

" "— the *copy* of our conference": — that which was constantly before us, the subject of our conference. Some editors would have the word to be 'co-pie,' from the Latin *copia*, and used as Cooper uses it in his translation of Cicero's phrase "*copiose et abundanter loqui*," — 'to use his words with great copie and abundance of eloquence.' But this is needlessly going very far for very little.

' "I often glanced [at] it" — 'At,' wanting in the original, is supplied in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

n. 192. "And at *her* heels": — Thus the folio. Heath suggested and Malone read "*their* heels," because of the disagreement in gender between "her" and "kinsman;" but this is entirely inadmissible; for it is melancholy alone at whose heels follows the infectious troop. Ritson justly remarked that "*kinsman* means no more than *near relation*;" and Mr. Verplanck clearly solves whatever difficulty there may be in the passage, by quoting the following lines from *The Merchant of Venice*, (Act III. Sc. 2,) in which *Portia* calls herself —

" — the *lord*

Of this fair manor, *master* o'er my servants,
Queen o'er myself."

Heath reads "moody *moping* and dull," &c.: Singer, "moody *sadness* and dull," &c.

p. 193. "— a *formal* man": — a reasonable man. See Note on "these poor, informal women," *Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. 1.

" "The place of *death*": — The folio has "*depth*," which Rowe corrected. Mr. Hunter would retain the original

word as meaning "the *Barathrum*, or deep pit into which offenders were cast"!

- p. 194. "*Who made lord of me*":— Thus the original, in opposition, as Shakespeare and his contemporaries constantly were, to modern usage.

" " — your *important* letters": — for 'importunate letters.' The word is so used elsewhere in these plays.

- p. 195. " — nicks him like a fool": — Malone quotes the following illustrative passage from Gent's *Choice of Change*, 1598. "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: They are shaven and notched on the head, like foolcs," &c.

- p. 196. "While she with *harlots* feasted": — 'Harlot' at first meant only a person hired. Thus Chaucer uses it in the *Sompnours Tale*, 7336: —

"A stourdy harlot ay went hem byhynde
That was hir hostis man," &c.

But, like 'villain,' which originally meant 'a bondsman,' it came to be used as a term of reproach, and, at first, to men as well as women. Its peculiar reproach, when applied to women, is strictly derived from the venality which its radical sense implies. Every wanton is not necessarily a harlot in the original signification of the word. See Note on 'villain,' Act I. Sc. 2, and on 'knave,' *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 1.

- p. 198. "And this is false," &c.: — Mr. Dyce would read, quite needlessly,

"I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,
As this is false," &c.

- p. 201. "If I dream not," &c.: — In the original this speech, and the next by the *Abbess*, are preceded by the first six lines of the *Duke's* next speech: an error strangely left to be corrected by Capell.

" "These are the parents," &c.: — Malone supposed that the preceding line had been lost. But *Egeon's* morning story and the consequent conviction flash on the *Duke's* mind at once.

" " — to these *children*": — 'Children' is here in effect a trisyllable. The plural form was of old, and still is in some places and among certain classes, 'childer': — who has not heard it in the mouths of Irish emigrants? See, also, in an account dated 1664, published in Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 47. — "Item, payd to Alen for techyng the chylder, iiii li." To this succeeded 'childeren,' *en* being the fine old Saxon plural form which we are continually hissing ourselves for having laid

aside, except in a few honest, homely words like 'oxen,' 'brethren,' &c. The trisyllabic use of the word is a relic of this old plural.

p. 202. "— these errors *all* arose": — The folio has "*ars* arose;" but can there be a doubt that the reading of the text, which, being of the obvious kind, occurred to several editors and was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is correct?

" "Twenty-five years," &c. : — The original has "*Thirty-three*," which, as *Ægeon* says that he had parted from his boy seven years before, when the latter was eighteen, must be wrong.

" "My heavy burthen *hers* delivered": — That is, 'I have gone in travail until this present hour delivered me here of my heavy burthen.' The folio has "*ars* delivered," with manifest error. Theobald and Mr. Knight read,

"nor till this present hour

My heavy burthens are delivered:"

Mr. Collier,

"My heavy burden *undelivered*:"

Mr. Singer and Mr. Dyce,

"My heavy burden *no'er* delivered:"

a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, August, 1853,

"My heavy burden *has* delivered:"

but the reading of the text does less violence to the original than either of these, and gives what appears to me a better, more natural expression of *Emilia's* idea.

p. 203.

"and joy with me:

After so long grief such *nativity*."

The original has "and go with me," which Heath happily corrected by the substitution of the word in the text. Mr. Singer reads "such festivity," which is a plausible suggestion on account of the occurrence of 'nativity' just before. But a long travail and a happy birth is plainly the dominant thought of *Emilia's* speech, and "a gossip's feast" was a feast of those who assisted at a birth or came in immediately after it.

" "[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and E.," &c. : — The old stage direction is "*Exeunt omnes. Mane[n]t the two Dromios and two brothers.*" But from the last speech of *Antipholus* of Syracuse, it is plain that he and his brother go out with the other gentlefolk, and that the two bondsmen remain behind.

www.libtool.com.cn

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(211)

"Much adoe about Nothing. *As it hath been sundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespears.* — LONDON Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 36 leaves.

Much Ado about Nothing occupies twenty-one pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 101 to p. 121 inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. In the quarto there is no division into Acts.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

INTRODUCTION.

BANDELLO, an Italian novelist who died three years before Shakespeare was born, furnished him with the incident upon which this play hinges — the trick by which *Borachio* slanders *Hero* to her lover. It is found also in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Book V., and in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book II. Can. 4, an English translation of the former of which, by Sir John Harrington, was published in 1591. No translation of Bandello's novel is known; but if any reader of Shakespeare finds it difficult to believe that such a man, at the age of thirty-five years, — fifteen of which he had passed in literary pursuits, at a time when Italian was more commonly known to educated Englishmen than French is now, — had mastered enough of that language to be able to read a short tale in it, I must confess myself but ill disposed to help him out of the further perplexity in which he will be involved by the knowledge, that, while in neither Ariosto's nor Spenser's version of the story is there the slightest coincidence with *Much Ado about Nothing* in name of person or place, in Bandello's, the friend and patron of the lover is *Don Pedro of Arragon*, the father of the lady, *Lionato*, and the scene, Messina, and that in Bandello alone are found the incidents of the entrance of the repudiated lady's window by a servant of her calumniator, her swooning and pretended death, the promise to her father to marry at his bidding, and her subsequent restoration to her repentant lover. The Italian's contribution to the play is limited to these few bare names and almost barren incidents; for *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, *Dogberry* and *Verges*, *John the Bastard*, and even *Conrade*, *Borachio* and *Margaret*, and all that they do and say else, are Shakespeare's own. Not only so, but the four first-named characters, being

purely English, and giving the tone to the composition, make *Much Ado about Nothing* a comedy of contemporary English manners. www.libtool.com.cn

We are able to determine the date of the production of this play with accuracy quite sufficient to all the purposes for which exactness in such matters is valuable. It was published in 1600; *England's Parnassus*, which appeared also in that year, contains no quotation from it; and Meres, who could not have passed it unnoticed, when he did notice *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, does not mention it in his citation, so often referred to, which was published in 1598. We may therefore conclude that *Much Ado about Nothing* was written in 1598 or 1599. There is no internal evidence upon this point; for Chalmers' conjecture, that when *Beatrice* says, "you had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it," an allusion is meant to an infirmity in the English commissariat of that day, which, from recent Crimean experience, seems chronic, rests on a foundation entirely too slender and fanciful.

The text of the folio is printed with comparatively few and trifling errors, most of which are easy of correction, either by conjecture or by the aid of the quarto, which is also remarkably well printed for a dramatic publication of the period. Each copy contains a few words and brief sentences omitted from the other. It is plain from the repetition of certain somewhat striking errors of the press, which are particularly indicated in the Notes, that the folio was printed from a copy of the quarto edition; and this fact has caused most editors to adhere to the text of the latter, as "the more ancient authority," Mr. Collier giving, as an additional reason, his opinion that "the changes from the 4to in the folio are nearly all for the worse." As to its being the earlier printed edition, this fact has, evidently, no weight in deciding between the authority of an edition which is authenticated and that of one which is not; and not only is this truth applicable in the present instance, but we know that the copy of the quarto from which the authenticated folio was printed had been used in Shakespeare's theatre as the prompter's book, and there subjected to several alterations and corrections; and thus its essential differences from the quarto have a special and peculiar demand upon our deference. The important errors (to a reader) of the quarto which the folio leaves uncorrected are of such a nature that they might remain without inconvenience

upon a prompter's book;—such are the printing of verse as prose and the use of the names of actors, instead of those of characters, as *prefaces*. The various differences of text bearing upon this point are all considered in the Notes.

As to preference between the readings of the two editions, that is mere matter of opinion; and fortunately the cases in which such preference may be exercised—not by any means admitting that it should be—are of comparatively little moment. But I am surprised that any reader of Shakespeare should consider, for instance, the change of “any man that knows the *statutes*,” in the quarto, to “any man that knows the *statute*,” in the folio, for the worse, or think the same of the change from “*best*” in the quarto to “*beast*,” in the lines,

“— a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,”

in the folio:—the difference between a vision of angelic white-winged innocence bearing away, all shameful, the blushes of the shrinking girl, and a vision of the same impersonated virtue violently beating them off, being one about the propriety or the beauty of which there would seem to be no room for discussion. The significant change in *Dogberry's* speech, Act III. Sc. 5, from “*examination*,” in the quarto, to “*examine*,” in the folio, is remarked upon at length in the Notes: its character admits no doubt that it was made ‘by authority.’

The readings of the folio, in all important variations, seem to me much preferable to those of the quarto; but the former is followed in this edition, with assistance from the latter in cases of apparent misprint only, not for that reason, but because the folio was printed, — and carefully printed for the day, even as to punctuation, contracted syllables, and capital letters, — from a copy which had evidently had the benefit of at least a partial correction, and because it has the authority of Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors.

As to the period of the action and the costume of *Much Ado about Nothing*, the former is not determinable within narrow bounds; and it is of no consequence that it should be; for the list of dramatis personæ is of the composite sort, and the exteriors which the characters present must of necessity be those of different times and nations. A Sicilian costume of any period anterior to the writing of the comedy, and during which the island was under the dominion of Spain and involved in war.

is appropriate to the personages of higher rank; and we must look to the England of Shakespeare's day to furnish dresses for *Dogberry* the Constable, *Verges* the Headborough, the Sexton, and the Watch. Vecelli is authority for the former, and a wood-cut on the title page of Dekker's *O per se O*, 1612, for the Watch among the latter.

We call this play *Much Ado about Nothing*; but it seems clear to me that Shakespeare and his contemporaries called it *Much Ado about Noting*; a pun being intended between 'nothing' and 'noting,' which were then pronounced alike, and upon which pun depends by far the more important significance of the title. This is not the place for minute orthoepical discussion; but that accented vowels had their pure and simple sound in a very much greater degree in Shakespeare's time than now, and that this was preserved in compound words, no sufficiently observant person, familiar with the literature of that time, can have failed to notice. Upon this fact depends, for instance, the *Host's* joke in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. 1, "he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs;" — and I remark here that the pronunciation 'pro-verb' still lingers in New England. Shakespeare's contemporary John Florio tells us, in his Rules for the Italian Tongue appended to his Dictionary, that the "round or firm" Italian *o* "is ever pronounced as our *o* in these wordes: Bone, Dog, Flow, God, Rod, Stone, Tone;" by which we see that three words of the seven have lost the pure sound of *o*. This is rather less than the proportion of those which have undergone a similar change throughout the language. But a joke of *Touchstone's* is quite decisive upon the point that the combination *o t h* was sometimes, at least, pronounced *ote*. He says, (*As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 3,) "I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the *Goths*;" and if the pronunciation of '*Goths*' was not '*gotes*,' he might as well have said 'among the Vandals.' To this add another example, even more conclusive — the spelling, in the original, of 'mote' in the following line, (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 3,) and in every other instance in which the word is used in that volume, although it was pronounced *mote*, and had been so spelled in earlier days: —

"You found his *Moth*, the King your *Moth* did see."

In this very play, too, is another passage especially in point, — that in which (Act II. Sc. 3) *Balthazar* uses the words 'note.'

'notes, and 'noting,' and *Don Pedro* replies, "Note, notes, forsooth, and *nothing*." Here, if 'nothing' were pronounced *nothing*, the Prince might as well have said 'any thing;' but both quarto and folio give him his pun as well as his jeer. Theobald, failing to perceive this, changed 'nothing' to 'noting;' and so the passage remained until the present day. In the great Roman tragedy, too, of the Triumvir and the Egyptian Queen, the original has either *Anthonis*, *Anthony*, or even *Anthonius*, although the man was called then, as now, *Mark Antony*. So *Antonio* of *The Tempest* is *Anthonis* in the original, and *Armado* in *Love's Labour's Lost* is generally *Armatho*; and a common word which occurs in this play, 'lantern,' (so written originally and always so pronounced,) was in Shakespeare's day, and until recently, spelled *lanthorn*; and the last syllable of 'murder,' then written *murther*, seems to have been pronounced somewhat like the same syllable of the French *meurtre*.

But as to the significance of the title. The play is *Much Ado about Nothing* only in a very vague and general sense, but *Much Ado about Noting* in one especially apt and descriptive; for the much ado is produced entirely by noting. It begins with the noting of the Prince and *Claudio*, first by *Antonio's* man, and then by *Borachio*, who reveals their conference to *John*; it goes on with *Benedick* noting the Prince, *Leonato*, and *Claudio* in the garden, and again with *Beatrice* noting *Margaret* and *Ursula* in the same place; the incident upon which its action turns is the noting of *Borachio's* interview with *Margaret* by the Prince and *Claudio*; and finally, the incident which unravels the plot is the noting of *Borachio* and *Conrade* by the Watch. That this sense, 'to observe,' 'to watch,' was one in which 'note' was commonly used, it is quite needless to show by reference to the literature and the lexicographers of Shakespeare's day; it is hardly obsolete; and even of the many instances in Shakespeare's works, I will quote only one, from *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2, which happens to be in all points correspondent. "*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*] *Celia*. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here? *Ros.* 'Tis he! Slink by and note him." Upon the other point let these lines of Shakespeare's speak:—

"Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose *nothing*."

Sonnet XX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*

BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

BORACHIO, } *followers of John.*

CONRADE, }

DOGBERY, } *two Officers.*

VERGES, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero*

URSULA, }

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants

SCENE: Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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.

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

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

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

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

Mess. Much deserv'd 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, bet-

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

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

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that 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 wash'd: how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping?

Beatrice. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd 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's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's Fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd 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 help

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; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man; but for the stuffing, — 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's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself 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't 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. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

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

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter DON PEDRO, JOHN the Bastard, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and others.*

Don 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.

Benedick. Were you in doubt, that you ask'd 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 honourable father.

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

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

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

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? 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 women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: be-

ing reconciled to the Prince, your brother, I owe you all duty.

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

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

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

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

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

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

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's 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 think'st I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st 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 possess'd 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't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; 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.

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 utter'd.

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

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

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 speak 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, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the 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 at the door of a brothel-house 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 clapp'd on the shoulder and call'd 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 would'st 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 embassy ; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God : 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 farther, 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. Hath 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 lovest;
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?

Antonio. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt 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 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; go you with me, and I will use your skill. — Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

www.libtool.com.cn

Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter JOHN the Bastard and CONRADE.

Conrade. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

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

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

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 root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied

but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd 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 mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

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

Enter BORACHIO.

Borachio. 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.

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

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

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, [and who]? which way looks he?

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

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

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

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all

the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

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.

LEONATO.

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-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

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

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

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

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

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the be'r-'ard, and lead his apes into Hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into Hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the Devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to Heaven, Beatrice, get you to Heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so, deliver I up my apes, and away to St. Peter for the Heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit; and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to HERO,*] I trust, you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, 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 God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'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 cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure full of state and 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; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and Maskers.

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 favour; for God defend, the lute should be 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.*]

Balthazar. Well, I would you did like me.

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

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

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

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

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

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

[*They part.*]

Ursula. 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. [*They pass on.*]

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

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

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

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. — Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

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 pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

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

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing 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 JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*

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

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

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

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

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

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt JOHN and 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, therefore, Hero!

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

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

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 that title, because I am merry.— Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter DON PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

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 whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who, being overjoy'd 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 danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ! she misus'd 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, and 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 poiniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible

as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the North Star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire, too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in Hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

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 embassage 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 God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure this 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 gave 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.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, Count? wherefore art 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 a 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-burn'd: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

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

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

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 cried; but then there was a star danc'd, 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 dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

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

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

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

Leon. O Lord! 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' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, th' one with th' 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 unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his 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.

www.libtool.com.cn

Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter JOHN the Bastard, and BORACHIO.

John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

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

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

John. Show me, briefly, how.

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

John. I remember.

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

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

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince, your brother: spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

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

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

Bora. 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 honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus. They will 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 Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of her disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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

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

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK, *a Boy following.*

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; [*Exit Boy.*] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd 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 the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot to see a good armour; 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 me; noble, or not I, for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

*Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and BAL-
THAZAR.*

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.

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 nothing! [*Music.*]

Bene. [*In the arbour.*] 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'S Song.

*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.*

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

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

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; 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. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of o-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aloud.*] 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 behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

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

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

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

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. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en th' infection: hold it up.

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 in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper. — My daughter tells us all.

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

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

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to 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, prays; — cries, “O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!”

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes 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[-deed] 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 every thing, but in loving Benedick.

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

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 make 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 contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

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

Claud. 'Fore God, 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 see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: 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, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

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

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

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

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

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

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] 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 in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the harbour.*

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 censur'd. 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 rail'd 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 humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, 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 took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and 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 in to dinner" — there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me" — that's as much as to say, any pains that 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.*

www.libtr.com
ACT III.

SCENE I. — LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HERO.

GOOD Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio :
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her : say, that thou overheard'st us :
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
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.

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

www.libtool.com.cn

Now begin;

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 couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —
No, truly, Ursula, she 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 intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd 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 affection,
 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-fac'd,
 She would 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 winds:
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

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 would 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 bitter death to die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion :
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.

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

Herq. 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 valour,
 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. [*Aside.*] She's ta'en, I warrant you : we
 have caught her, Madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes
 by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exit HERO and URSULA ; BEATRICE
 comes forward.*]

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
Relieve 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 go I 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-string, and the little hangman dare 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 touch'd 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 humour, or a worm?

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

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

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; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it 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 stuff'd 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 wont 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 govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. 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.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried — with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. — 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 JOHN the Bastard.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

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

D. Pedro. In private?

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

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

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

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

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

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

Claud. Who? Hero?

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

Claud. Disloyal?

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

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will 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.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

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.

Dogberry. Are you good men and true?

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

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

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

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be Constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

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

2 Watch. Both which, Master Constable,—

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is 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 lanthorn. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if 'a will not stand?

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

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

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the Watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be 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 stol'n. 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 defil'd. 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 call'd a merciful man, partner.

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

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

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

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

Verg. 'Tis very true.

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

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

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

Verg. 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, neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, Masters, we hear our chargo: let

us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

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

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BOBACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not!

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

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

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

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 should'st 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 unconfirm'd. 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. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year: 'a 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 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I 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 thy Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret;

and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd 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 o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

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

2 *Watch*. Call up the right Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a 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. libtool.com.cn [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, 's not so good; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

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

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

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne 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!

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

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, 'a husband: ' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the Star.

Beat. What means the fool, 'trow?

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

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

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

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

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

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

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

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

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

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

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, 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.

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. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Room in LEONATO'S HOUSE.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

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

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, 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 honestier than I.

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

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

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

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dogb. Yea, an '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. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man: 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, God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

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

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, 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 may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exit 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 examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a 'non-come': only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exit.]*

www.libtool.com.cn
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, JOHN the Bastard, LEONATO
Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE,
Guests, and Attendants.

LEONATO.

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

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

Claud. No.

Leon. To be 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 inward impedi-
ment, 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, ás, 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 thank-
fulness. —

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

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to 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, shewed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

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

Claud. Out on thee! 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 dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

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

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

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True? O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

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

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

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

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

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

What kind of 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 honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been 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 eye-lids 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?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus
to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, 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 would'st 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 smeared 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,
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is 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 silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
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 to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

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 honour:
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John the Bastard,
 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 hon-
 our,
 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 havoc 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 throughly.

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 be-
 half

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,
 Th' 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,
 (If ever love had interest in his liver,)
 And wish he had not so accused 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 injuries.

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

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

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away,
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the
 cure. —

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and
 endure.

[*Exeunt* 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 so well as
 you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It

were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.— I am sorry for my cousin.

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

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

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 devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed 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 any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, 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, dishonoured my kinswoman?— 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 rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice —

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

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice —

Beat. Sweet Hero! — she is wrong'd, 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 court'sies, valour into compliment, 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 cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

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

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

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

Bene. Enough! I am engag'd, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I 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.

www.libtool.com.cn

A PRISON.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

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, do you serve God?

[*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

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

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. — 'Fore God, 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 eftsoest 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 th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

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

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

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, Masters, 'han you can

deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Con. Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb.

Dogb. God's my life! 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 ass; 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 prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a household-er; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

www.libtool.com.cn
ACT V.

SCENE I. — Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

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

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do 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;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, sorrow's wag, cry 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, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
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 patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

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

For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

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

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will
 do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
 And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour 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, Leonato.

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 quarrelling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou. —

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

Claud. Marry, 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 fleer 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 lustihood.

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, sir boy, come, 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 anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous 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 mine honour, she was charg'd with noth-
ing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord!—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Enter BENEDICK.

Leon. www.libtool.com.cn No!
Come, brother, away. — I will be heard. —

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

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

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 snapp'd 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 valour. I came to seek you both.

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

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

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 kill'd 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. God 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 kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

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

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 prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said 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, transhape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the prop'rest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd 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; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

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 humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, 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, kill'd 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 challeng'd 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 me 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 look'd to.

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

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have 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 offence? 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 offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther 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 garments; how you disgrac'd 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 lov'd 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.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and 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 beliest thyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it.— I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death:

Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
 Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
 Impose me to what penance your invention
 Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd 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 labour aught in sad invention,
 Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
 And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night. —
 To-morrow morning come you to my house,
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
 And she alone is heir to both of us:
 Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,
 And so dies my revenge.

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

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

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not:

Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to
me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

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

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

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

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. 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. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt 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 BENEDICK 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. To have no man come over me ? why, shall I always keep below stairs ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bene. And therefore will come.

*The god of love, [Singing.]
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 panders, 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, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

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

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

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came [for]; which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted 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 maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. "Suffer love"! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed; for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it 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.

www.libtool.com.cn

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 accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads.*]

Epitaph.

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,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

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,

Heavenly, heavenly.

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 gray.

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,
MARGARET, 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 state of honourable 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 Ethiop.

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,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies, *masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. — Sweet, let me
see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her
hand

Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar:
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died [deff'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
liv'd.

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. Why, 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 not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ur-
sula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost 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 recompense.

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, stol'n 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 persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince ; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for [what] I have said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out

of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. — Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of 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 tipp'd 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-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. — Excunt.*

www.libtool.com.cn

NOTES ON MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 229. "*Enter LEONATO*": — Here the stage direction in folio and quarto is, "*Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Imogen his wife,*" &c.; and at the commencement of the next Act, "*Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife,*" &c.; but as *Imogen* neither speaks nor is spoken to, and, (as Mr. Dyce has well observed,) could not remain upon the stage dumb at the interrupted nuptial of her daughter, and as she is not in any way alluded to, it is plain that she has no place among the *Dramatis Personæ*. The name is probably a transcript from the first draft of the play, in making which the author had a plan which he afterward abandoned.
- " " — *Don Pedro of Arragon*": — "*Don Peter*" in both folio and quarto, here and immediately after; but in the next stage direction, and afterward, "*Don Pedro.*"
- p. 230. " — *Signior Montanto*": — *Beatrice* speaks of the soldier who dwells so much in her thoughts, by a term of the fencing school.
- " " — of any *sort*": — Plainly, none 'of any kind;' but Warburton and Mr. Dyce would have it, 'of any quality,' 'of any rank' — meaning 'high quality,' 'high rank.' But 'sort,' unless used absolutely, without qualification of degree or merit, as we sometimes use 'character' to mean 'good character,' cannot be thus arbitrarily raised from its inferior and general sense to one higher and particular; and no instance of such a use has been quoted. Throughout Shakespeare's works and those of his contemporaries it is used to mean class and condition, of all sorts; for instance, "The other sorte be even

Seruingmen." *A briefe Concepts of English Pollicy.* 4to. 1698. fol. 336. See *Shakespeare's Scholar*, p. 166.

- p. 230. "He set up his bills here": — Posting small placards, was, in Shakespeare's day, the only mode of making matters public, except proclaiming them by a crier.
- " — at the *flight* . . . at the *bird-bolt*": — The flight arrow was long, and was used for long shots: the bolt was short and thick, and suited only to short distances.
- " — he hath help to eat it": — The folio has "ease," with a long *s*, the quarto "eats," — a difference hardly worth notice.
- p. 231. "Is there no young squarer": — So long as quarrelsome boys 'square off' at each other, explanation of this word is superfluous.
- p. 232. "Enter DON PEDRO, JOHN the Bastard," &c.: — Thus the direction of the folio, in which *John* is generally so styled; but sometimes *John* and *Sir John*.
- " — Leonato, you are come": — The quarto reads, "are you come."
- " Were you in doubt": — The quarto adds "Sir."
- p. 233. "This is the sum," &c.: — The quarto has "That is," &c.
- p. 234. " — to tell us Cupid is a good *hars-finder*," &c.: — So much confusing comment has been made on this plain passage, that it is pardonable to point out that *Benedick* asks 'do you mean to tell us that the blind boy has the eyes of a greyhound, and that Vulcan's forge and anvil are used to work wood?'
- p. 235. "Enter DON PEDRO": — Both folio and quarto add, "JOHN the Bastard;" but with evident error; for *John* afterward learns from *Borachio* what passes at this interview.
- " — it is not so, nor 'twas not so," &c. — This is the burden of a fearful old story, as bloody as *Blue Beard*, without its whimsicality, which will be found in the *Variorum* Edition, related upon the authority of *Blakeway*. In the story is a motto, "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold," found also in *The Faerie Queene*, B. III. C. xi. 64.
- p. 236. "I speak mine": — The quarto, "spoke."
- " — in the force of his will": — Warburton's professional eye first detected the allusion here to heresy, as defined in scholastic divinity; according to which it was not merely heterodox opinion, but a wilful adherence to

such opinion. The subject was a familiar one in Shakespeare's day.

- p. 236. " — a *recheat* winded in my forehead": — The recall which the hunter blew upon his horn was called the 'recheat.' *Benedick's* meaning is sufficiently obvious.
- " " — hang me *in a bottle, like a cat*": — It was a cruel sport of the day to shoot at a cat in a bottle.
- " " — and called *Adam*": — An allusion to one of the three celebrated archers, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudealey. See the *Outlaw's Ballad* in *Percy's Reliques of English Poetry*.
- p. 237. " In time the savage bull," &c. : — This line is quoted, with a slight error, from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, Act II.
- " " — if Cupid have not spent all his quiver *in Venice*": — The courtezans and intriguing ladies of Venice were famous, the world over.
- " " — ere you flout *old ends*," &c. : — alluding to the old formal phrases for closing letters, such as *Don Pedro* and *Claudio* have just been quoting.
- p. 238. " — [and with her father," &c.] : — These words are not in the folio: making just one line, and in the multiplicity of 'ands,' they were evidently skipped.

SCENE II.

- p. 239. " *Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO*": — In the stage direction here, both in folio and quarto, *Antonio* is called "an old man, brother to Leonato;" and in succeeding directions and prefixes, "Old man," or "Brother."
- " " — I can tell you news": — The quarto has "strange news;" and in *Antonio's* next speech, "thus much overheard."
- " " — thick-pleached": — thickly interwoven.

SCENE III.

- p. 240. " — in the occasion that breeds [it]": — Both folio and quarto lack 'it,' which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. In *Conrade's* next speech but one the quarto has, "at least a patient sufferance;" and in his next after, "you should take *true* root."
- " " — a *canker* in a hedge": — a dog-rose.
- p. 241. " I *will* make all use," &c. : — The quarto reads, 'I make.'
- " " And who, [and *who*]": — This iteration, tame in

itself, and out of place after the Bastard has, with deliberation, called *Claudio* "a proper squire," is entirely unsuited to the taciturn phlegm of *John*; and I have not a doubt that the second "and who" is an accidental repetition, and that we should read, "And who? which way looks he?"

- p. 241. "I whipp'd behind":—The quarto has, "I whipp'd me behind," &c.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

- p. 243. "— if *he* could get her good will":—The quarto and folio have here, "if *a* could," &c.—'a' being, in Shakespeare's day, and still, in some parts of England, a vulgar colloquialism for 'he.' Throughout the quarto impression of this play 'a' is constantly put for the pronoun; but in the folio, with comparative rarity. That this is the result of the corrections made at the theatre in the quarto copy from which the folio was printed, (See *Introduction*,) is plain, from the appearance of this change only in speeches of those of the higher ranks among the dramatis personæ. In a few instances, however, the change is not made in those; and that this is the result of inadvertence is shown by the appearance in the original of 'I' and 'a' in the same speech. In such cases the evident design of the authentic text is perfected in the present edition; while the characteristic vulgarism is allowed, as in that text, to remain in the mouths which it becomes:—a course which has not hitherto been taken.

" "— earnest of the *be'r-ard*":—i. e., the bear-ward, — spelled, in both folio and quarto, "*berrord*," which shows the pronunciation of the term, and indicates the proper manner of printing it.

" "— and away to St. Peter for the Heavens":—Gifford shows that "for the Heavens" was a pretty oath in Shakespeare's day, and Mr. Dyce would place the colon after 'Peter,' and read, "for the Heavens, he shows," &c. But from the context it appears that here the obvious meaning of the phrase is the proper one.

- p. 244. "*Father*, as it please you":—'Father' is omitted in the folio; evidently by accident. It appears in the quarto.

" "— too *important*":—i. e., importunate. See Note on "important letters," *Com. of Err.*, Act V. Sc. 1.

- p. 244. "—— modest, as a *measure*":— a stately dance. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, a line or two below, "till he sink *apace* into his grave." The pun is a tolerable one for the old dabbler, but out of place; and Shakespeare would not write "till he sink *apace*." It occurs in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, Act II., where Mr. Collier's corrector may have found it; and it was suggested by Capell.
- p. 245. "Enter DON PEDRO . . . BALTHAZAR; JOHN":— The folio and quarto have "Balthazar or dumb John"— evidently a misprint for 'and don John.' That *Balthazar* was in no sense dumb, we have already had ample evidence. The old copies have "*Maskers with a drum*."
- " "—— within the house is *Jove*":— The folio has "*love*," which, of course, is a misprint for 'Jove,' the word in the quarto. The story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* is related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 8.
- " "Well, I would you did like me":— This and the two following speeches are assigned in both folio and quarto to *Benedick*. Theobald first saw that the whole of the dialogue with *Margaret* belongs to *Balthazar*; which is so plain when attention is directed to the matter, that it seems strange it had not been discovered before. *Benedick* is at this time engaged with *Beatrice*; as we see by their entrance, almost immediately after, in the midst of a conversation, of which we hear only the close. The mistake is one of a kind which is common, for the reason assigned by Mr. Dyce, that "two prefixes, each beginning with the same letter, are frequently confounded by transcribers and printers." See Note on "Let them be in the hands," &c. Act IV. Sc. 2.
- p. 246. "—— the *Hundred Merry Tales*":— "A C Mery Tales" is the title of an old jest book printed first by Rastell, and therefore between 1517 and 1533. Only one copy is known to exist; and that is imperfect. It was discovered in 1815 by the Rev. Professor Conybeare, of Oxford. A few copies were reprinted by that prince of modern printers, Whittingham, under the superintendence of Mr. Singer:— and a very pretty sort of book it was for a young lady to have her good wit out of.
- "—— *only his gift is in devising*," &c.:— i. e., *his only gift*, &c., for which it is more than possible that the text is an accidental transposition.
- p. 248. "—— 'twas the boy that stole your meat":— The story to which this speech refers appears to be entirely lost on both sides of the water. I have never heard of or met with any other allusion to it.

p. 248. "Enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO":—The direction in the folio is, "Enter the Prince," and afterward, "Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero;" but in the quarto we have, "Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, John and Borachio, and Conrade," and afterward, "Enter Claudio and Beatrice." In both we have specimens of the carelessness with which entries were marked in early impressions of old plays. But although *John* and *Borachio* do not appear until the next Scene, and *Conrade* not at all, the quarto is plainly correct in making *Hero* and *Leonato* enter with *Don Pedro*, leaving *Beatrice* and *Claudio* to follow some time after. For not only does *Benedick* say, "I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of *this young lady*,"—i. e., *Hero*; but *Beatrice*, soon after she comes in, says to the Prince, "I have brought Count Claudio, *whom you sent me to seek*." These two speeches seem to group the characters as they appear in the text.

p. 249. "— the [good] will of this young lady":—The folio has "the will," and just before, "I think told him true," the words in brackets, in the text, which are found in the quarto, having, quite surely, been omitted by accident.

"— terrible as *her* terminations":—The folio omits 'her,' accidentally without a doubt.

p. 250. "— the *infernal Até* in good apparel":—Although *Até* was not a Fury, but the Goddess of Discord, Warburton's opinion that this is "a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in raggs," is most probably correct.

"— Prester John's foot":—Prester John was the fabulous ruler of an unknown country supposed to be in the far East. No one of course knew any thing of him, yet almost every one believed in his existence, and believed with wonder. See Sir John Mandeville's account of his travels, written in the fourteenth century.

"— a hair *off* the great Cham's beard":—The first folio and the quarto have "off;" and so have all the ancient copies. Therefore, and because the word has a very appropriate signification, it should stand; although all modern editions, hitherto, have 'of,' because old printers and old writers did not always distinguish between 'off' and 'of.' When in doubt, take the authentic text.

"— *this* Lady Tongue"—Thus the folio. The second folio has "this lady's Tongue," which, on account of the allusion to 'a dish,' is possibly the correct reading. The quarto has "my lady Tongue."

- p. 251. "— something of a jealous complexion":— The quarto has "*that* jealous complexion." The Spanish orange was called the Civil orange — the name being so spelled and pronounced.
- " "— that he is in *her* heart":— So the quarto: the folio has "*my* heart" — a manifest error.
- " "— thus goes every one to *the* world but I":— For a woman to 'go to the world' was for her to be married; the phrase signifying either to go the way of the world, or to take a place in the world.
- p. 252. "— never *sad*, but when she sleeps"— never serious.
- " "— to *hear* tell of a husband":— This form of speech, which Shakespeare constantly puts into the mouth of personages of the highest rank, but which is now never heard in Old England, except, perhaps, in the remotest rural districts, is in common use in New England. The idiom is pure English. "And yet I sawe in that little time, in one Citie, more libertie to sinne, then euer I heard tell of in our noble Citie of London in ix yeare." Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, 4to., 1589, fol. 27 a.
- p. 253. "— answer [my] mind":— The folio omits "*my*," which is found in the quarto.
- " "— *th'* one with *th'* other":— Thus both folio and quarto, and yet all modern editions have '*the*' in both instances. The pronunciation, as could be shown by numberless instances, was *t' one* and *t' other* — the latter of which survives to us. The number of similar cases in which the text of Shakespeare is faithfully given in this alone of all modern editions — that is, since 1635 — is countless: they have been necessarily passed without notice, with very rare exceptions. Editors will misrepresent the text in a characteristic though trivial point, like this, and yet affront the common sense of mankind by a labored explanation of what Shakespeare meant by "a mountain of affection."
- " "— of a noble *strain*":— descent, line-age, — from the Anglo-Saxon *strynd*; the common word 'strain' having a different root.

SCENE II.

- p. 255. "— hear Margaret term me *Claudio*":— Thus both folio and quarto. Theobald read, "term me *Borachio*;" — plausibly; as to those who were deceived, *Hero's* error would have seemed of a very different kind if they had had reason to suppose she thought her visitant really *Claudio*, and as *Claudio* himself was to be a spectator of the scene He has

been generally followed till of recent years: and Mr. Collier agrees with him, although he gives the old text! That text is right; for, plainly, *Borachio* wheedled *Margaret* into playing with him at a scene between the other lovers. He himself declares, Act V. Sc. 1, that she was innocent of any attempt to injure her mistress; and as for *Claudio*, it was enough for him to know (as he thought) that he heard *Hero* "term" another than he *Claudio*.

- p. 255. " — such seeming truth of *her* disloyalty": — The old copies have for 'her' the very needless and unpleasant repetition, "*Heroes*;" which, there can hardly be a doubt, was the result of a mistaking of 'her,' in the MS., for a customary abbreviation of the proper name. Thus, in the quarto, 'Margaret' is printed "*Marg.*" just before.

SCENE III.

- " "*Enter* BENEDICK," &c.: — Folio and quarto have "*Enter* Benedick *alone*," the Boy's entrance not being noticed.
- " " — in the *orchard*": — 'Orchard' (originally 'hort-yard') and 'garden' were synonymous in Shakespeare's day.
- p. 256. " — now is he turn'd *orthographer*": — Folio and quarto have orthography.
- " " — her hair shall be of *what colour it please God*" — See Act III. Sc. 4. "I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner." Mr. Verplanck reasonably supposes that Shakespeare "had an especial and somewhat whimsical [though, why whimsical?] dialike to all disguises of the head by art." They were but too common in his day.
- " "*Enter* Don PEDRO . . . and BALTHAZAR": — The quarto has, "*Enter* Prince, Leonato, Claudio, *musicke*," and afterward, "*Enter* Balthaser with *musicke*;" but the folio has only, and in the first place, "*Enter* Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson," giving us plainly in this Scene, as in another of this play, a transcript from the very prompt book used at Shakespeare's theatre. Jack Wilson not being "nominated" in the quarto, it is plain that the copy from which the folio was printed has other authority than that which pertains to the older edition; and besides, if he were the distinguished Dr. John Wilson, of Oxford, which is more than probable, (See Rimbault's *Who was Jack Wilson?* and *Shakespeare's Scholar*, p. 166) he was not the "music" which entered when that edition was printed; for he was then only about six years old, but about twenty-nine, of course, when

the folio was published. The context shows plainly that *Balthazar* enters in company with the Prince and the others, after having sung a solo to them just before.

p. 257. "We'll fit the *kid-fox*":—'Kid,' as meaning 'young,' is still in use among the lower classes in England. It is more than probable, however, that we should read '*hid-fox*.'

" "Note notes, forsooth, and *nothing*":— This is one of many evidences that *th* used to be pronounced as *t*, and 'nothing' as 'no-ting.' But the orthoepical point not having been noticed hitherto, Theobald read '*noting*,' and was invariably followed, until Mr. Collier restored the original word, merely, however, on the principle of adherence to "the oldest authority." See *Introduction*.

p. 258. "*Then sigh not so*," &c. :— In most modern editions, and in all of the present century, this line has hitherto been improperly printed as two. The occurrence of a rhyme in the middle of an octosyllabic line which itself is rhymed with by another only at the close, is common in our early ballad poetry.

" "*The frauds of men* were ever so":— Thus the folio; the quarto has "*The fraud of men was*," &c.

" "*— stalk on, the fowl sits*":— An allusion to the use of the stalking horse behind which the ancient fowler hid himself from the birds.

p. 260. "*— prays*;— *cries*, 'O sweet Benedick!'" &c. :— Folio and quarto have "*prays, curses*, O sweet Benedick," &c. In Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 '*curses*' was changed to '*cries*,' for which it might easily be misprinted, and which, there can be no doubt, is the correct word; for why should *Beatrice* curse? Mr. Singer adopts the change. But the needful correction was thus but partly made; for *Claudio* having already said that *Beatrice* "*weeps, sobs*," it is plain that "*cries*" means that she *cries out*, "*O sweet Benedick!*" Hitherto the text has predicated nothing of her exclamation.

" "*— an alms* [*-deed*] to hang him":— Folio and quarto have "*an alms* to hang him;" but there can scarcely be a doubt that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is correct in reading '*alms-deed*.' '*An alms*' meant only a charitable gift; but '*an alms-deed*' was a recognized phrase, almost a word, signifying not only such an act, but any equally worthy. Thus *Queen Margaret* says to *Gloster* in *Henry VI., Part 3, Act V. Sc. 5*, "*murther is thy alms-deed*."

p. 261. "*— I would have daff'd*," &c. :— i. e., doffed.

- p. 261. " — a *contemptible* spirit " : — i. e., contemptuous — a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's day.
- " " — you may *see* he is wise " : — The quarto has " *say* " and afterward, " *most christian-like.* "
- " " Shall we go *seek* Benedick " : — The folio has " *see,* " which, from the situation of the parties, seems to be a misprint for 'seek,' which is found in the quarto.
- p. 262. " — unworthy to *have* so good a lady " : — The quarto omits 'to have.'
- " " — and her *gentlewoman* carry " : — The quarto has " *gentlewomen.* "

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 264. " *Proposing* with the Prince " : — conversing — from the French *propos*, 'discourse.'
- " " To listen our *propose* " : — The folio has " *purpose* ; ' but although instances of the use of that word in the sense of ' conversation ' occur, there can be no doubt that it is in this case a misprint for the word found in the quarto. See the previous Note.
- p. 265. " — *haggards* of the rock " : — wild hawks of the mountains.
- p. 266. " If *black* " : — Dark-complexioned men were called black. " Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. Sc. 2.
- " " — an *agate* very vilely cut " : — This comparison to the diminutive figures sculptured upon agate seal rings, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's day.
- " " — *press me to death* with wit " : — The *peine forte et dure*, used of old as the last resort to compel accused persons to plead, was inflicted by stretching them on their backs upon their dungeon floor, and gradually heaping heavy weights upon the chest and abdomen until a plea was extorted or death ensued. During the process, the sufferer was allowed only water from the pool nearest the prison.
- " " It were a *bitter* death to die with mocks." The original has " *better,* " an obvious and easy misprint for the word in the text, to which it is corrected in the second folio. The quarto has the same error and another, " a *better* death *than* die, ' &c., which reading has

most strangely been given in all modern editions hitherto, to the entire disregard of the context as well as of the authentic copy. For, "It were a *better* death *than* die with mocks" can only refer to *Benedick's* consuming away in sighs; whereas it is herself that *Hero* represents as being in danger of being pressed to death with wit, if she reveal *Benedick's* passion, and "therefore," she says, "let *Benedick* consume." *He* is threatened with no other danger from *Beatrice* than that in which he is already represented to be from her charms. Mr. Collier incorrectly quotes the text of the folio as "a better death *than* to die," &c. 'Tickling' is here a trisyllable.

- p. 267. "Why, *every day*; — to-morrow": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*in a day*" — a plausible emendation; but the original text is correct. *Hero* uses a form of expression which has survived in America, although it is not in common use. It appears, for instance, in business announcements, sometimes seen in the newspapers, that certain goods will be ready 'in all next month.'

" "She's *ta'en*" : — The quarto has, "She's *lim'd*."

SCENE II.

- p. 269. " — or a *worm*" : — the tooth-ache was formerly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.

" " — every one *can* master a grief," &c. : — The original has "cannot" — an obvious error.

" " — all *slops*" : — loose trousers or breeches. We still have 'slop-shops.' That part of the allusion to the sping of foreign fashions that time out of mind has been characteristic of the English race, which is enclosed in brackets, is found only in the quarto. It seems not to have been stricken out by the author; for without it, *Benedick's* "foolery" would be somewhat incomplete.

" "And when was he wont to *wash his face*?" — That the benign effect of the tender passion upon *Benedick* in this regard should be so particularly noticed, requires, perhaps, the remark, that in Shakespeare's time our race had not abandoned itself to that reckless use of water, either for ablution or potation, which has more recently become one of its characteristic traits.

- p. 270. " — with her *face upwards*" : — Theobald read, "with her *heels* upwards" — a needless change, which Heath well opposed by pointing out that the author "prepares the reader to expect somewhat uncommon or extraordinary; and the humor consists in the disappointment of that expectation." It is plain, too, that

the Prince alludes to that burial mentioned by *Perdita* in the *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3 : —

"Not like a corse; but if— not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms."

- p. 270. "Good *den*, brother" : — 'Good den' was a colloquial abbreviation of 'Good even.'
- p. 272. "— till *night*" : — The quarto has "till *midnight*"

SCENE III.

- " "Enter *DOGBERY and VERGES*," &c. : — In the original stage-direction *Verges* is simply designated as the "partner" of *Dogberry*.
- p. 273. "— that your *bills* be not stol'n" : — The 'bill' was a long-handled weapon like a halberd, uniting the spear and the axe. The entire costume of these watchman Scenes is that of Shakespeare's own time and country. In the original stage-direction for Sc. 3 of this Act, "Goodman *Verges*" is called the "*Headborough*." The Watch was chosen and regulated much after *Dogberry's* fashion in *Stratford on Avon*. Among the papers published by Mr. Halliwell in his *Life of Shakespeare* is an Inventory of the goods of Henry Field, a townsman of Shakespeare's, dated 1692. In it we find, "In the *yard these* : — One bucket with cocke. lyncka, cord and wyandlese, one old heare, fowr half quarters bagges good and badde, one watching byll." Watchmen carried the bill in Litchfield, England, till Dr. Johnson's time, as he assures us.
- p. 274. "If you hear a child cry," &c. : — This is not much of a caricature; for in the *Statutes of the Streets*, printed in 1598, it is ordered that "no man . . . shall whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night," or "keep any rule whereby any such suddaine outcrye be made in the still of the night, as making an affray or beating his wife or servant," &c.
- " "— that knows the *statutes*" : — So the original. The quarto has "*statutes*;" the change from which, in the folio, will hardly be admitted to be among those which, according to Mr. Collier, are for the worse. See *Introduction*.
- ' "Keep your fellows' counsels and your own" : — This is a part of the oath of a grand jury man, and is reasonably considered by Malone as among the indications that Shakespeare was at some period of his life very familiar with legal forms.

- p. 274. " — and I will, *like a true drunkard*, utter all to thee" : — *Borachio* was not drunk, nor did he mean to represent himself as drunk at that time. This part of his reply is an allusion to his name, which was the Italian term for a gross, gluttonous, bibulous liver. "*Boraccia*, a boracho or bottle made of goats skin, such as they use in Spaine. *Boracchiars*, to gluttonize." Florio's *Ital. Dic.* The unlettered, uncultured Shakespeare must surely have acquired such knowledge as this by witchcraft.
- p. 275. " — thou art *unconfirm'd*" : — Though 'unconfirmed' may mean 'not fixed in the ways of the world,' it seems to me more than probable that Shakespeare wrote 'unconformed' — to the world, of course.
- p. 276. " — in the *reechy* painting" : — 'Reechy' is discolored by smoke. It is the adjective of 'reek,' from the A. S. *recan*.

" "And thought *they* Margaret was Hero?"

This reading of the authentic copy has been hitherto most strangely set aside in favor of the less appropriate and significant text of the quarto : — "And thought *they* Margaret," &c.

- p. 277. " — 'a wears a *look*'" : — Love locks were very commonly worn by the young men of Shakespeare's day.
- " "Never speak" : — In both folio and quarto these words are given to *Conrade*, by an evident error which Theobald corrected.

SCENE IV.

- p. 278. " — your other *rabato*" : — a kind of ruff, called by Dekker, "your stiff-necked rebatoes."
- " " — down sleeves, side sleeves" : — The dress was made after a fashion which is illustrated in many old portraits. Beside a sleeve which fitted more or less closely to the arm and extended to the wrist, there was another, for ornament, which hung from the shoulder, wide and open. 'Side' was used of old to mean 'long,' from the A. S. *sid*, 'ample.' Occleve thus ridicules the sumptuous and senseless side sleeve : —
- "Now hath this land little neede of broomes
To sweepe away the filth out of the street,
Sen side-sleeves of pennilesse groomes
Will it up-licke, be it drie or weete."
— A function now transferred to ladies' skirts.
- p. 279. "*Light o' Love*" : — This was a dance tune, popular of

old. It is mentioned in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2. The notes of the air are printed in the *Variorum Shakespeare* and in Chappel's *Ancient English Airs*.

- p. 279. "— you'll *look* he shall lack no *barns*":—The quarto has, "you'll *see*." They will lose the point of *Beatrice's* retort who do not know that the Scottish 'bairns' was 'barns' in English, and was very commonly used of old.

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

The word 'ache' used to be pronounced like the letter H. See "Fill all thy bones with aches." *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

- p. 280. "— *carduus benedictus*":—The *carduus benedictus*, or blessed thistle, was thought of old to possess sovereign healing virtues, and to be particularly efficacious in affections of the heart. It is the *Atractylis Hirsuta* of Botany.

SCENE V.

" "Enter . . . VERGES":—It has before been stated in these notes that the folio in this Scene designates *Dogberry's* partner as the *Headborough*, both in the stage-directions and in most of the prefixes.

- p. 281. "— *palabras*":—Spanish for 'words.' It was in quite common use, even among the *Dogberrys* and the *Slys* of Shakespeare's day: 'palaver' is a corruption of it.

" "All thy tediousness on me, *ah!*"—Thus folio and quarto. It is a small matter, but all modern editions before this have "All thy tediousness on me? *ha!*"—a different sentence and another word.

" "— an 'twere a thousand *times* more":—The quarto has "*pounds*."

" "— God's a good man":—This is a very ancient saying, and is found in various old authors.

- p. 282 "It shall be suffigance":—Here both folio and quarto have "*Exit*,"—the only direction of the sort in those copies for this part of the Scene. The error is patent.

" "— we are now to *examine* those men":—Thus the folio: the quarto, which is followed for the blunder's sake, in almost all modern editions, has "*examination* these men." That the former words are found in the authentic copy, and, being there, have a clear and appropriate sense is sufficient reason for giving them in the text; but there

is another for believing them to be the correct reading. — The blunder in the quarto is entirely out of place in *Dogberry's* mouth; it is not of the sort which Shakespeare has made characteristic of his mind. *Dogberry* mistakes the significance of words, but never errs in the forms of speech: he is not able to discriminate between sounds that are like without being the same; but he is never at fault in grammar: and this putting of a substantive into his mouth for a verb is entirely at variance with his habit of thought, and confounds his cacology with that which is of quite another sort. Shakespeare made him blunder in almost every speech he utters; but his blunders are those of pretending ignorance and conceited folly. If he would but use a vocabulary suited to his capacity, and talk only about what he understands, his speech might be without ideas, but it would also be without faults. Often as there was occasion for him to utter a falsely constructed sentence or misuse the parts of speech, Shakespeare never makes him do so; unless we are to believe the evidence of the unauthentic against that of the authentic copy, that this is a solitary instance of such incongruity.

- p. 282. " — to a *non come* " : — Thus both folio and quarto. By printing it *non com.*, more like the abbreviation of the Latin *non compos*, modern editors have lost a part of *Dogberry's* mystification.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 283. " — [not knowing what they do !] " : — These words are found only in the quarto. The sentence is so filled with repetitions that this clause might easily escape the eye or the memory of a compositor; and therefore to exclude it entirely would hardly be justifiable. This consideration rather than its intrinsic value, or the certainty that it was not struck out, or that it was ever written by Shakespeare, secures it a place in the present text.

" " — 'some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!'" — *Benedick* quotes from the old accidents.

- p. 285. " Out on thee! Seeming!" — The punctuation of the folio is, "Out on thee, seeming, I will write against it," &c. Pope read, "Out on *thy* seeming," and has been followed by all editors, except Mr. Collier, (who retains the original punctuation and supposes *Claudio* to call

Hero 'seeming,') and Mr. Knight and Mr. Verplanck, who read, "Out on the seeming!"

p. 286. "I charge thee do [so]":—The folio omits 'so,' which is found in the quarto.

" "Hero *itself*":—Some read, "Hero *herself*," which is plausible; but *Claudio*, in reply to *Hero's* question, speaks of the name, not directly of her who bears it.

p. 286. "Fie, fie!" &c.:—This is the arrangement of the original, which Capell, who has been generally followed, did not mend by reading,

"Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord; not to be spoke of."
The folio has 'spoken;' the quarto, 'spoke.'

p. 287. "— on the *rearward* of reproaches":—The folio has "*reward*," evidently a typographical error for "rere-ward" of the quarto.

" "— frugal Nature's *frams*":—i. e., at the disposition, the design of Providence. It is, however, not impossible that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is correct in reading "Nature's *frown*." The misprint would be very easy, and the word is highly appropriate.

' "Who *smear'd* thus":—The quarto has "*smirched*."

p. 288. "For I have only *silent been*," &c.:—All editions hitherto have this line,

"For I have only *been silent* so long;"
which is just such sort of verse as,

"Lay your knife and your fork across your plate."

The reason of the corruption is that in quarto and folio the first four lines of this speech are printed as prose, thus:—

"Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so long, and giuen way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions," &c.

Can there be a doubt, that after the passage was put in type in the quarto it broke down? and that, not being easily divided, on account of the hemistich, it was arranged as well as possible in the form of prose, the transposition in question being then accidentally made? The quarto having been used as a stage copy (See *Historical Sketch of the Text*, Vol. I.,) and the folio printed from it, (See *Introduction*,) this arrangement of the passage was perpetuated; for the error was not of a sort which demanded correction in a prompter's book.

p. 288. " — bear away those blushes " : — The quarto has " beat," which Mr. Collier gives. See *Introduction*.

" " My reverence, calling," &c. : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has " My reverend calling," &c., the correctness of which is so probable, and the misprint which it involves, so easy, that, were it not for the great danger it would involve to the whole text, thus to set aside an intelligible authentic reading, there could be no hesitation in accepting it; and this is almost equally true with regard to the substitution, in the same volume, of ' blighting' (i. e., blighting) for " biting" in the last line of the same speech. But as to ' reverence,' see Act V. Sc. 1.

" 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," &c.

p. 289. " — the Princess left for dead " : — Folio and quarto have,

" Your daughter, here the Princess (left for dead.)"
But *Hero* was not a Princess; nor is it intimated that she was of a rank even approaching the princely. The Princess had just left her for dead. The same error occurred and has been corrected in *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 290. " — we rack the value " : — i. e., ' we violently increase the value.' The use of ' rack' in this sense — preserved in ' rack-rent' — is certainly three hundred years old, if not more. It frequently occurs in the *Concept of English Pollicie*, published in 1589, which is referred to on several occasions in these Notes.

" " — in his liver " : — The liver was supposed to be the seat of amorous passion.

" *Ford.* Love my wife?
" *Pistol.* With liver burning hot."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 1.

" " — and doubt not but success " : — i. e., what follows, what succeeds. A signification similar to that which ' succeed' has in "Owe and succeed thy weakness." See Note on *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 292. " You kill me to deny " : — The quarto has, " deny it," which Mr. Collier gives, although, as he well remarks, "Shakespeare and other writers of his time, and afterwards, not unfrequently employ ' deny' in the sense of refuse; and so it may be taken in the folio."

p. 293. " Princes and Counties ! " — " County' was the orthography of Shakespeare's day for *Comte*, the French title corresponding to 'Earl' in English. It occurs several

times in Shakespeare's works, though much less frequently than 'Count.' This is the only instance of the plural. In the quarto of this play the orthography is always *county* or *counte*, which is in the folio altered to *Count* in every instance but this. See the next Note.

- p. 203 "— a goodly *count*— *confect*; a sweet gallant surely": — Thus the folio, with a comma, of course, instead of our dash, between 'count' and 'confect.' *Beatrice* here is "huddling jest upon jest with impossible conveyance." Her wit and her anger working together, she at once calls *Claudio's* accusation "a goodly *conte* confect," i. e., a story made up, and him a "*count* confect," i. e., a nobleman of sugar candy; for he was plainly a pretty fellow and a dandy; and then she clenches the nail that she has driven home, by adding "a sweet gallant, surely!" This sense of the passage (which seems to have escaped all apprehension hitherto, the consequence being an almost universal corruption of the text) is further evident from the inter-dependence of the whole exclamation, "Surely a princely *testimony*, a goodly *count*," — the first part of which would be strangely out of place, if there were no pun in the second. In Shakespeare's time the French title 'Count' was pronounced like 'conte' or 'compte,' meaning 'a fictitious story,' a word which was then in common use. For instance: "to let you hear Prouerbes which very Artificers haue in their mouth, and comptes which are used to be told by the fireside." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 4to. 1586. fol. 6 b. "— pleasant Jests, Fables, Allegories, Similitudes, Prouerbes, Comptes, and other delightfull speach." *Ib.*, fol. 62 b. 'Conteur,' another word then in vogue, meant, as Shakespeare's contemporary, Cotgrave, tells us, "an idle talker, vaine speaker, ordinarie teller of old wives tales." Comfacts, confects, confets, or comfits (for the four orthographies were indifferently used) were so called because they were made up, as the etymology shows; and see Cotgrave, in *v. confection*. 'Conte' suggested not only 'count' but 'confect,' the first vowel sound being the same in all. The quarto has "a goodly *counte*, *counte* confect," which has been generally adopted with the explanation that "*Beatrice* first calls *Claudio* 'count,' and then gives him his title, 'count confect!'" But surely this acceptance, which has been hitherto universal, loses the point of *Beatrice's* innuendo, deprives what is left of its proper connection, and is inconsistent with the quickness and concentration of her wit and the state of mind in which she is. We can easily imagine the bitter sneer with which *Beatrice* flings out 'Count — confect,' lingering a

perceptible moment on the first syllable of the latter word; but that her stopping, "in the tempest and whirlwind of her passion," to repeat "a goodly Count, Count confect," would be unnatural in any one, and particularly unlike her, we do not need the evidence of the authentic edition to tell us. It has taken many lines, as it almost always must, to describe and explain what would flash instantaneously upon the mind of an auditor in Shakespeare's day, or of a reader prepared to receive it in this. The text should be 'a goodly *conte* — confect,' were it not that 'conte,' 'compte,' and 'count' were used interchangeably when this play was written.

- p. 293. " — manhood is melted into *court'sies* " : — Both folio and quarto (though they differ much in mere orthography) have "*cursies*." It is possible that we should read 'curses,' — *Beatrice* meaning that there was nothing left of men but words — curses and compliments.

SCENE II.

- p. 294. "Enter . . . Sexton" : — In the stage-direction of the folio he is called "the *Town Clerk*." There is great confusion in the prefixes of this Scene. Those to *Dogberry's* speeches have generally *Kempe*, (once misprinted *Keeper*,) — the name of the actor who performed the part, — sometimes *Const[able]*, and once *Andrew*; though *Kempe's* name was *William*, and no actor named *Andrew* is known to have been in Shakespeare's company. The speeches of *Verges* are prefixed, *Cowley*, the name of the actor who bore that part; and the *Towne Clerke* of the stage-direction becomes *Sexton* in the prefixes. The folio follows the quarto, though with the variations of orthography common at the time, some abbreviations, and one substitution in an important passage noticed below.

" "Marry, that am I," &c. : — This is the speech assigned to *Andrew* in the old copies.

" "Yea, sir, we hope" : — The words of this speech and the next between brackets are found only in the quarto; — perhaps, as *Blackstone* suggested, in consequence of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21, against the profane employment of the name of the Creator. *Mr. Collier* suggests that the passage might have been omitted because it was "an interpolation of the actors." It probably *was* inserted by an actor of the company — one *William Shakespeare*: there were hardly two in one theatre who could do that. He did it that *Dogberry* might have an answer to the question he asks.

- p. 295. " — and brought to *Leonato* " :— The quarto has "*Leonatoes*."
- p. 296. "Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb" :— Thus both folio and quarto — the speech, however, being erroneously assigned in the quarto to "*Couley*," (i. e., *Verges*), and in the folio to the "*Sez*" [ton]. The error in the first case was caused by a manifest and very natural mistake of the printer, and in the second by an unavailing attempt to rectify that mistake. The prefixes in this case are important; for it is only to a neglect to examine them with the care which becomes an editor of these works, that Theobald's ingenious disturbance of the text, (by breaking this speech in two to give part of it to *Verges* and part to *Conrade*,) and the hitherto universal acquiescence in this violence for a century and a quarter, can be attributed. The folio is plainly incorrect in attributing the speech to the *Sexton*; for it is one that he would not make; and *Dogberry's* exclamation at it shows that the *Sexton* leaves immediately after his preceding speech. It is equally plain that it does not belong to *Verges*; for he would not wish to make it, and would not dare, if he wished. But must it therefore be given in fragments to *Verges* and *Conrade*? No: because, as a whole, it is entirely suited to the jeering *Conrade*; and in the MS. from which the quarto was printed, it was, without a doubt, assigned to him by the abbreviated prefix *Con.*, which being mistaken for *Cou.*, the name was printed *Couley*. Mr. Dyce's observation that "two prefixes, each beginning with the same letter, are frequently confounded by transcribers and printers" is particularly in point here. The great probability thus shown is made certainty by the facts, that the names of characters were abbreviated or printed at length indifferently, even in the text, as we have already seen, Act II. Sc. 2, — that *Conrade's* name is generally, if not always, abbreviated *Con.*, — that *Cowley's* is, in every other case but the present, except one, printed, both in quarto and folio, *Cowley*, — and that the one other exceptional case is in the very next speech but one, "Away! you're an ass," &c., which, — too plainly *Conrade's* to need a word in support of the assignment of it to him that has been made silently, or with mere mention, by all editors, — has yet, in both quarto and folio, the prefix *Couley*. It is strange, that, as in the latter instance every one who has thought of the matter has been certain, and justly certain, that *Couley* had been printed for *Conrade*, in the former no one has hitherto suspected the same mistake; which, except for the unaccountable and bewildering attempt in the folio to help the matter

by assigning the speech to the *Sexton*, is just as patent. Theobald read, —

Verg. Let them be in the hands —
Con. Off. Coxcomb!"

Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, —

Sez. Let them be bound.
Borach. Off coxcomb!"

Capell, —

Verg. Let them be in bands.
Con. Off. Coxcomb!"

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 297. "Nor let no comforter" :— Thus the quarto : the folio misprints, "comfort."

" "And, sorrow's wag" :— Folio and quarto have, "And sorrow, wagger," from which sense cannot be extracted, and for which the text is an easy misprint. Mr. Collier would have "sorrow, wag!" mean 'sorrow, away!' which it might; but what a line of disconnected thoughts does it give us! —

"And, sorrow, away! cry hem, when he should groan."
Mr. Knight reads, —

"And, sorrow wag, cry, — hem when he should groan."
But beside the awkwardness of the first part of the sentence, 'cry hem' was a phrase of itself, and the words must not be separated. Dr. Johnson, by a bold transposition, obtained a good sense and the reading which has been current hitherto :—

"Cry sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan."

But although articles, prepositions, and pronouns may be supposed to have been accidentally transposed, it will not do thus to shift the important words of a sentence from beginning to middle; or we could make any passage mean any thing. Heath proposed, "And sorrowing." Capell read, "Bid sorrow wag," &c. All the attempts at emendation have rested on the assumption that 'wag' is a verb, or represents one, except Steevens', who read, "And, sorry wag;" but is it not plain that *Leonato* calls the man who in his affliction smiles and strokes his beard, hems, patches grief with proverbs, and drowns it in midnight revelry, 'sorrow's wag'?

p. 298. "And made a push" :— an old form of 'pish.'

- p. 298. " — drunk with *candle-wasters* " : — A term applied to those who sat up late at night; and here plainly meaning midnight roisterers.
- p. 299. " — than *advertisement* " : — instruction.
- p. 300. " — fashion-mong'ring boys " : — Folio and 4to. have "*monging*," which may be an old form of the word.
- p. 301. " *Enter BENEDICK* " : — *Benedick* enters here in the old copies, and not just after the brothers go out, as he is usually made to do. It is the more natural and unconstrained arrangement.
- " " — *draw*, as we do the minstrels " : — i. e., draw their bows " to pleasure us."
- p. 302. " — this last was *broke cross* " : — Shakespeare himself has furnished the best explanation of this tilting phrase in *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 4: " — 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."
- " " — how to *turn his girdle* " : — i. e., how get at his sword-hilt.
- p. 303. " *Enter DOGBERRY*," &c. : — Here, as on the previous entrance of *Benedick*, the more natural arrangement of the folio has been set aside: in this case, to make *Dogberry* enter and speak at once.
- p. 304. " — ne'er weigh more *reasons*," &c. : — It must be remembered, as in reading *Falstaff's* "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries," that 'raisin' used to be pronounced as we now pronounce 'reason.' The custom has not entirely passed away.
- " " — your brother *incensed* me," &c. : — inflamed, instigated — so used in *Richard III.*, Act III. Sc. 1, and in *Henry VIII.*, Act I. Sc. 2.
- p. 305. " Art thou the slave " : — The folio repeats 'thou' — obviously by accident.
- p. 306. " — was *pack'd* " : — i. e., compact, combined in all this wrong. So in *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1: —
" The goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then."
- p. 307. " God save the foundation ! " — This phrase was used by those who received assistance from benevolent institutions or foundations.
- p. 308. " — with this *lewd* fellow " : — As there is some disagreement with regard to the meaning of 'lewd' here, it is proper to remark that the word first appears in our lan-

guage meaning merely 'ignorant,' of which numberless instances might be given from Robert of Gloucester, Piers Ploughman, Wiclif, and Chaucer. It then became, very naturally, a synonyme for the lay people as opposed to the clergy — clerks; and of course the sense of 'wicked,' 'depraved,' as opposed to 'holy,' was inevitably soon attached to it. This appears to be its signification here, and also in the passage (*Acts xvii. 5*), "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort." The limitation of the word to the sense of 'lascivious' is arbitrary, unwarranted, and quite modern.

- p. 308. " — shall I always keep below stairs?" — Mr. Singer plausibly suggests that we should read, "keep *them* below stairs." Under the circumstances, however, *Margaret's* wit may limit the purposes for which she would go above stairs.

" "I give thee *the bucklers*": — i. e., I give thee the victory, — my shield as well as yours.

- p. 309. "*The god of love*": — Steevens says that this is the beginning of an old ballad by William Elderton. It is printed as prose in folio and quarto.

" " — for I cannot woo," &c.: — The quarto has "*nor*."

" " — with that I came [for]": — Both the old editions omit 'for,' which was supplied by Rowe.

- p. 311. "*Yonder's old coil at home*": — We have seen before (*Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 4) that 'old' was an augmentative: 'coil' meant 'confusion.'

SCENE III.

" "It is, my lord": — This reply is assigned to an attendant "*Lord*" in folio and quarto. The heading, "*Epitaph*," is upon the same line; but there can be no doubt that *Claudio* reads the verses which he has brought to hang upon the tomb of his mistress. The lines, "Now unto thy bones," &c., which can belong to none but him, have the prefix "*Lo*."

- p. 312. "*Heavenly, heavenly*."

The quarto has, by a misprint which may almost be called obvious, "*heavily, heavily*;" the mistake being caused by a supposition that this line was meant for a repetition of the third above. This reading, however, although destructive of the fine sense that death is to be uttered (i. e., expelled, outer-ed) by the power of Heaven, and indeed of all sense whatever, has yet been

adopted by most modern editors; and it is advocated by Mr. Dyce, because "it goes so *heavily* with my disposition," (*Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.) is misprinted, "it goes so *heavenly*," &c., in the folio.

SCENE IV.

- p. 313. "[Here comes," &c.]: — The folio omits this line.
- p. 314. "This same is she," &c.: — Theobald, who has been followed by almost all editors, gave this speech to *Antonio*. Folio and quarto assign it to *Leonato*; and as he had already, in the first Scene of this Act, offered and promised the hand of his pretended niece to *Claudio*, there can be surely nothing more improper in his giving it to her.
- p. 315. "One Hero died [defil'd]": — The folio omits 'defil'd.' Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads '*belied*,' — a specious suggestion; but the correctness of the old word is established by the remainder of *Hero's* speech:
- "but I do live,
And surely as I live, *I am a maid.*"
- " " — [for] they swore you did": — The old copies omit 'for.' Hammer inserted it, and it was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. There can hardly be a doubt that this was proper, especially as 'deceived,' which is contracted in the corresponding line below, is not contracted in this, thereby rendering one syllable necessary to the rhythm. In the folio this speech is printed as prose.
- " "They swore *that* you," &c.: — The folio omits '*that*' in this and in the next line, and '*such*' in the third.
- p. 316. "Peace! I will stop your mouth": — In folio and quarto this speech has the prefix *Leon.*; but the error is too plain to permit us to defer, with Mr. Collier, to their authority. How was *Leonato* to stop *Beatrice's* mouth? and why, if *Leonato* stopped it, does the Prince immediately cry, "How dost thou, *Benedick, the married man!*"
- " — for [what] I have said against it": — The folio omits 'what.'

www.libtool.com.cn

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

(313)

“A PLEASANT Conceited Comedie CALLED, *Loves labors lost*. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented *By W. Shakespears*. Imprinted at London by *W. W. for Cutbert Burby*.” 1598. 4to. 38 leaves

Loves Labour's Lost occupies twenty-three pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 122 to p. 144, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personae, which was first supplied by Rowe.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

INTRODUCTION.

COLERIDGE'S opinion in favor of the very early production of *Love's Labour's Lost* has been quoted by most recent editors; but surely no intelligent and observant reader can need the aid of so eminent a critic to establish in him the belief that this play is among the first that Shakespeare wrote. No other seems to present so many claims to be considered the very first that he composed entirely. The earliest known edition is the quarto of 1598; but as the copy from which this professes to be printed was "newly corrected and augmented," in order to its presentation at Court, that date is but the limit before which it must have been originally written, successfully performed, and partly rewritten; so that the mention of it by Meres, in the same year, is of no consequence. This correction and augmentation, too, diminished the amount of internal evidence as to the early writing of the play in its original form; for it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare applied the knife to those parts which bore most unmistakable marks of youth and inexperience, and that what he added was, in style at least, worthy of him in his thirty-fifth year. These latter passages hardly any intelligent reader can fail to detect when told that they exist. The end of the fifth Act, after the announcement of the death of the King of France, is one of them; and there accident left trace of the alteration to which the play had been subjected, in the printing of a passage which was, or which should have been erased, because it was superseded by an augmentation of the identical thought in another and a more appropriate place. But had there been an edition previous to the correction, its date would hardly reach back to that of the production of the comedy, which was probably not later than 1588.

The reasons for believing it to be the earliest of its author's

entirely original plays are, — the unfitness of the subject for dramatic treatment, and the want of experience shown in the conduct of the plot and the arrangement of stage effect; in both which points it is much inferior to either *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* or *The Comedy of Errors*, one of which must be its rival for the honor of being Shakespeare's maiden effort as a dramatic author: — the purely external and verbal character of the faults and foibles at which its satire is aimed, even in its very title; which are just such as would excite the spleen of a very young man who to genius added common sense, and who had just commenced a literary career: — the fact that when Shakespeare was from twenty to twenty-five years old, the affectation in speech known as Euphuism was at its height; *Euphuus his England* having been published in 1580: — the inferiority of all the characters in strong original traits, even to those of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* or *The Comedy of Errors*; *Armado* alone having a clear and well defined individuality, and his figure, though deftly drawn, being somewhat common-place in kind for Shakespeare, while *Biron*, *Rosaline*, and *Dull* are rather germs of character than characters: — the use of couplets, alternate rhymes, and even doggerel in the more dignified parts of the work: — the fact that *Monarcho*, who is alluded to in Act IV. Sc. 1, died before 1580; as we know by Churchyard's epitaph upon him, bearing that date: — and, last not least, as it appears to me, in the innovating omission of a professed Fool's or Jester's part from the list of dramatis personæ; for it is ever the ambitious way of youthful genius to aim at novelty of form in its first essays, while yet in treatment it falls unconsciously into a vein of reminiscence; afterward it is apt to return to established forms, and to show originality in treatment. So Shakespeare, on the rebound, (for *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is safe to say, was never popular,) put two Fools into both *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors*; and afterward, in nearly all his comedies, and even in some of his grandest tragedies, he introduced this character, so essential to the enjoyment of a large part of the audience for which he wrote; asserting his plastic power over his own genius by moulding his wit, his humor, his pathos, and his wisdom into forms which find fit utterance beneath the Jester's cap and chime with the tinkle of his bells.

No source of the plot of *Love's Labour's Lost* has been discovered; but that the play is founded upon some older work, its undramatic character, its needless fulness of detail, its air of

artificial romance, and the attribution of particular personal traits — such as black eyes and a dark complexion to one, great size to another, and a face pitted with the small-pox to another of the ladies, and the merely incidental hints that one of the king's friends is an officer in the army and extremely youthful — seem unmistakable evidence; and that the story is of French origin, is as clearly shown by the nationality of the titles, the Gallicism of calling a love-letter a *capon*, the appearance of the strong French negative, *point*, twice, and the use of *seigneur* instead of 'signior.' Mr. Collier supposes, with some reason, that the appearance of *Armado* and *Holofernes* in the dramatis personæ is indicative of an acquaintance with the early Italian drama, in which the Spanish braggart and the pedant were stereotyped characters; but Warburton's declaration, that the latter was a satire on John Florio, rests upon assumptions not worthy of serious attention.

As there never was a Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and history records no mortgage of any part of France to Navarre for war expenses, the period of the action is quite indeterminable.* The costumes may therefore be the French dress of any period before the end of the sixteenth century, for all the characters except *Armado* (whose plumage should show some Spanish feathers) and *Sir Nathaniel*, *Holofernes*, and *Dull*, who are plainly an English curate, an English schoolmaster, and an English third-borough of Shakespeare's time.

The text of this play is but slightly corrupted, and that in unimportant passages, in either the folio or the quarto edition. A repetition of certain errors shows that the former was printed from a copy of the latter. Mr. Collier remarks truly that the folio adds some errors of its own; but he does not remark — perhaps because he failed to observe — that it corrects a great many more than it makes. There are also variations which came from another source than the quarto; and thus it is plain that although the folio itself was not exempt from accidents, these do not invalidate its authenticity, or exempt us from the obligation to accept its deliberate changes as authoritative, and to regard the quarto only as auxiliary to the formation of the text.

* The Rev. Joseph Hunter has, however, pointed out a passage in Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, which mentions a negotiation between the King of France and a Charles of Navarre, that resulted in the obligation of the former to pay the latter two hundred thousand crowns. *New Illustrations, &c.*, Vol. I. p. 256.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRONE,

LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

DUMAINE,

BOYET,

MERCADE, } *Lords, attending on the Princesses of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a Spaniard.*

SIE NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, [*or* MOTB,] *Page to Armado.*

A Forester.

PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,

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

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE: Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, near a Palace.

*Enter the KING, BIRONE, LONGAVILLE, and
DUMAINE.*

KING.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!— for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our Court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birone, Dumaine, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here:
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,
 That his own hand may strike his honour down
 That violates the smallest branch herein.
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Longaville. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years'
 fast:

The mi d shall banquet, though the body pine.
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

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

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

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

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

Long. You swore to that, Birone, and to the rest.

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

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

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from com-
mon sense?

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

Bir. Come on, then: I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As thus, — to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

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

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

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

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

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; and that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth, the while,
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know is to know naught but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

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

Bir. The Spring is near when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Birone is like an envious sneaping frost,
 That bites the first-born infants of the Spring.

Bir. Well, say I am: why should proud Summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

'Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shews,

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you to study now; — it is too late:

That were to climb the house o'er to unlock the gate

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Birone:
adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Bir. [Reads.] "*Item: That no woman shall come
within a mile of my Court.*" Hath this been pro-
claimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] "*On pain
of losing her tongue.*" — Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread pen-
alty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility! [Reads.]
"*Item: If any man be seen to talk with a woman with-
in the term of three years, he shall endure such public
shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly de-
vise.*"

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French King's daughter with yourself to speak, —

A maid of grace, and complete majesty, —
About surrender up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot:
 'While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should;
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
 She must lie here, on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space:
 For every man with his affects is born;
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
 I am forsworn on mere necessity. —

So to the laws at large I write my name; [*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;
 But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.
 But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our Court, you know,
 is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
 One, who the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies shall relate
 In high-born words the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our
sport;
And so to study; — three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow. What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own
person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you
more.

Costard. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touch-
ing me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God
for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant
us patience!

Bir. To hear, or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moder-
ately, or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with
the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner, — it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, — in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] "*Great Deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron, —*"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "*So it is, —*"

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "*So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped thy Park. Then for the*"

place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the soon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where:—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—”

Cost. Me.

King. “—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,—”

Cost. Me.

King. “—that shallow vassal,—”

Cost. Still me.

King. “—which, as I remember, hight Costard,—”

Cost. O! me.

King. “—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—”

Cost. With a wench.

King. “—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.”

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. “For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called,) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.”

Bir. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. — But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a moneth with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. — My lord Birone, see him deliver'd o'er: And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. — Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of pros-

perity! Affliction may one day smile again; and until then, Sit down, Sorrow! [Exit.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE II.

The Park, near ARMADO'S House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Armado. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough seigneur.

Arm. Why tough seigneur? why tough seigneur?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough seigneur, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him?

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reck'ning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar [do] call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prison-

er, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love, too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the Park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a week.

For this damsel, I must keep her at the Park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid.

Jaquenetta. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be [too] silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I

thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, (which is base,) where her shoe, (which is baser,) guided by her foot, (which is basest,) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love; and how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme! for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnets. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. *[Exit.]*

www.libtool.com.cn
ACT II.

SCENE I. — Another Part of the Park. A Pavilion
and Tents at a distance.

*Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA,
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and Attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
Consider whom the King your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Princess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though
but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker. — Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

No woman may approach his silent Court:
 Therefore 's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Maria. I know him, Madam: at a marriage
 feast,

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
 wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours
 know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
grow.
Who are the rest?

Katharine. The young Dumaine, a well-accom-
plish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Birone they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learn'd,
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 Like one that comes here, to besiege his Court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRONE, and
 Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me; I am too sudden-bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then,
To ask the question!

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such
questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast; 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I begone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitain;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
 Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles, his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not
 come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound:
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
 All liberal reason would I yield unto.
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !
[*Exeunt KING and his train.*]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would
b: glad to see it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack ! let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Bir. Will you prick't with your eye ?

Ros. No *point*, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*They retire.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that
same ?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the
white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the
light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire
that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir: that may be. [*Exit LONG.*

Bir. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRONE. — Ladies unmask.*

Mar. That last is Birone, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that fin-
ish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed.
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they
were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him, for my sake, but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye
hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her
father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar.

No.

Boyet. www.libtool.com What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet.

You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH sings. — Concolinel.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with the feet; humour it with turning up your eye; sigh a note, and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your

thin belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. — the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master,
no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Enter MOTH with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
l'envoy;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*! no salve
in them all, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain!
no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*: no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my
stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,
and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'en-
voy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse,
to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral
again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by [mak]ing four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with
my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by [mak]ing four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would
you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat. —

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be
fat. —

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as 'fast and
loose':

Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did th's
argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a
shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your
argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard
broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*: I will
speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was a fely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert im-
mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my pur-
gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee [free] from
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee noth-
ing but this: bear this significant to the country maid
Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward
of mine honour is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*,
follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Seigneur Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony
Jew!— [Exit *MOTH*.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings, remuneration.—'What's the price of
this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remu-
neration:' why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why,
it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never
buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O! why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Bir. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Bir. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave!
It is but this:—

The Princess comes to hunt here in the Park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon: go.

Cost. Gardon. — O! sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon! — I will do it, sir, in print. — Gardon — remuneration!
[Exit

Bir. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have
been Love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors, (O, my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours, like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A witty wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit*

www.libgen.org
ACT IV.

SCENE I.— Another Part of the Same.

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a FORESTER.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that spurr'd his horse so
hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and then again
say, no?

O, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
 O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
 But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart;
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is
 the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
 that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth
 is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
 be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
 here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter, from Monseer Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve. — This letter is mistook; it importeth none here: It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] “ *By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annotanize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the King's: the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles:*

for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

*" Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."*

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in Court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Birone, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords, away. —

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. "Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man."

Boyet. "An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can."

[Exeunt Ros. and KATH.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit [it].

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark,
says my lady.

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow hand: i'faith your hand
is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your
hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips
grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: chal-
lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my
good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! 'a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar
wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armado o' the to side, — O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a
will swear! —

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

[*Noise of shooting within.*]

Sola, sola!

[*Exit COSTARD.*]

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nathaniel. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, — in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, — the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication, *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*: 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! — O, thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he:

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him
in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
'Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.'

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not
five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man Dull; Dictynna, good-
man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was
no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-
score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allu-
sion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
change; for the moon is never but a month old; and
I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess
kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour
the ignorant, call the deer the Princess kill'd, a
pricket?

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful Princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple; simply a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, *vir sapit. qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

Hol. Master Person, — *quasi pers-on*. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. "*Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat," — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

— "*Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede, non te pregia.*"

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. — *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*. — Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine*.

Nath. [Reads.] "*If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*

*Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.*

*Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:*

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend ;

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, O ! pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings Heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. But, damosella, virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Mounsier Birone, one of the strange Queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "*To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.*" I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : "*Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Birone.*" Sir Nathaniel, this Birone is one of the votaries with the King ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. — Trip and go, my sweet : deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King ; it may

concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. — Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain Father saith —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the Father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well, for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; "for society," saith the text, "is the happiness of life."

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. — Sir, [*to DULL,*] I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter BIRONE, with a paper.

Bir. The King he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in

a pitch — pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said; and so say I, and ay the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, ay, a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye! — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Bir. [Aside.] Shot, by Heaven! — Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. — In faith, secrets!

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.*

*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper.
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

[*Aside.*] What, Longaville ! and reading ? listen, ear.
 [*Steps aside.*]

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

Long. Ay me ! I am forsworn.

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing
 papers.

King. In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in
 shame !

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

Bir. I could put thee in comfort : not by two
 that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
 The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simpli-
 city.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to
 move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O ! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
 hose :

Disfigure not his slop.

Long.

This same shall go. —

[*He reads the sonnet*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth do'st
shine,*

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Bir. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes
flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' th'
way.

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this? — Company!
stay. [*Steps aside.*]

Bir. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

'More sacks to the mill'! O Heavens! I have my
wish:

Dumaine transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Bir. By Earth, she is not: Corporal, there you lie

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say :

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine.

King. And I mine too, good Lord !

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word ?

Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood ? why, then incision Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision !

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day !)*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alack ! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

*Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou, for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Birone, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. [*Advancing.*] Dumaine, thy love is far from
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush ; as
his your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, notod well your passion :
Ay me! says one ; O Jove! the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To LONGAVILLE*

And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAINE.*

What will Birone say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. —

[*Descends.*]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
 Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing:
 Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the King your mote did
 see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O! what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast: —
 A caudle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men, of [strange] inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb? —

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Bir. I post from Love: good lover, let me go

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be
 read:

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Birone, read it over.

[*BIRONE reads the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
 tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs
 not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Birone's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picking up the pieces.*]

Bir. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [To COSTARD.] you were born to do me shame. — Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four. — Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs: away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [Exit COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Bir. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
 now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birone
 O! but for my love, day would turn to night.
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
 Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
 Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O! 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:
 No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of Hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night,
 And, beauty's crest, becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
 light.

O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, [and] usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. . To look like her are chimney-sweepers
black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
. light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see.

Bir. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward
lies

The street should see, as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all for-
sworn.

King. Then leave this chat: and, good Birone,
 now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O! some authority how to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the Devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O! 'tis more than need. —

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

Consider what you first did swear unto; —

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book,

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the Academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,

And study, too, the causer of your vow;

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is:

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx? as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair?
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn ;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords !

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing : lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the Park let us conduct them
thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons ! allons !* — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
 And justice always whirls in equal measure :
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn :
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Another Part of the Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

HOLOFERNES.

*S*ATIS quod sufficit.
Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quon-dam* day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te* : his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity

finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, *dout*, fine, when he should say, *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce, *debt* — *d e b t*, not *d e t*: he clepeth a 'calf,' *cauf*; 'half,' *hauf*; 'neighbour' *vocatur*, *nebour*; *neigh* abbreviated *ne*. This is ab-hominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis, domine?* — to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* — *bone*, for *bene*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah! [To MOTH.]

Hol. *Quare* 'chirrah,' not 'sirrah'?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to HOL.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. — What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn. — You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i, —

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an ol man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father would'st thou make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; 'dunghill' for *un-guem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure

and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend. — For what is inward between us, let it pass. — [*To Cost.*] I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; [*to Hol.*] — I beseech thee, apparel thy head: — and among other importunate and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too, — but let that pass; — for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. — Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, — the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate,

and learned gentleman, — before the Princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* — Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.
www.libtoor.com.cn

Another Part of the Same. Before the PRINCESS'S Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th'
dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? — O! that's you care
not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, 'past cure is still past
care.'

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birone.
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all
shrews!

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Du-
maine?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longa-
ville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in
heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never
part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birone I'll torture ere I go.

O! that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So persaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool. folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such
excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter? Where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd, Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd. Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. St. Dennis to St. Cupid! What are they, That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour, When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, Toward that shade I might behold address The King and his companions: warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And overheard what you shall overhear; That by and by disguis'd they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy: Action, and accent, did they teach him there; "Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:" And ever and anon they made a doubt Presence majestic would put him out; "For," quoth the King, "an angel shalt thou see; Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously." The boy replied, "An angel is not evil; I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil." With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder, Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fier'd and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd "*Via!* we will do't, come what will come :"
 The third he caper'd and cried, "All goes well :"
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what? come they to visit
 us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
 Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
 And every one his love-suit will advance
 Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
 By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be
 task'd;

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
 Hold, Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his dear:
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Birone take me for Rosaline.—
 And change your favours, too; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in
 sight.

Kath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
 They do it but in mocking merriment;
 And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
 heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the mask-
 ers come. [The Ladies mask.]

*Enter the KING, BIRONE, LONGAVILLE, and DU-
 MAINE, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH,
 Musicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the
 earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

"That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views!—

Bir. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
 views!

"Out—

Boyet. True; "out," indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
vouchsafe

"Not to behold — www.libtool.com.cn

Bir. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed
eyes,

" — with your sun-beamed eyes —"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their
minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be
gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be
gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many
a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd
miles,

And many miles, the Princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for
you :

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do !

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one
change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet; — no dance: — thus change I like the
moon.

King. Will you not dance? How came you thus
estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's
changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

- Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
 We'll not be nice. Take hands: — we will not dance.
- King.* Why take you hands then?
- Ros.* Only to part friends. —
 Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
- King.* More measure of this measure: be not nice.
- Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
- King.* Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
- Ros.* Your absence only.
- King.* That can never be.
- Ros.* Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
 Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
- King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
- Ros.* In private then.
- King.* I am best pleas'd with that.
 [*They converse apart.*]
- Bir.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
- Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
- Bir.* Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
 Metheglin, wort, and malmsey. — Well run, dice!
 There's half a dozen sweets.
- Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu.
 Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
- Bir.* One word in secret.
- Prin.* Let it not be sweet.
- Bir.* Thou griev'st my gall.
- Prin.* Gall? bitter.
- Bir.* Therefore meet.
 [*They converse apart.*]
- Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady, —

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord. —

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. — Is not veal
a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No; I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks.

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you
cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off,
break off.

Bir. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple
wits. [*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Music,*
and Attendants.]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. —
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Birone was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. They were all in lamentable cases!

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birone did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I: my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.

But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birone hath plighted faith to
me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree

Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shews, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

Enter the KING, BIRONE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: please it your Majesty,
command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bir. This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
 And utters it again when Jove doth please.
 He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
 At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such shew.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 He can carve, too, and lisp: why, this is he
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whales-bone;
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of 'honey-tongued Boyet.'

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
 heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE,
 MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

Bir. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert
 thou,
 Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of
 day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you
 leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court: vouchsafe it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, Madam! Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord;

My lady (to the manner of the days)

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me.—[My] gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
 With eyes best seeing, Heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light: your capacity
 Is of that nature, that to your huge store
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
 eye, —

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what visor? why demand
 you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. [*Aside.*] We are descried: they'll mock
 us now downright.

Dum. [*Aside.*] Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your High-
 ness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why
 look you pale? —

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-
 jury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? —

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
 Nor never come in visor to my friend;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,
 Figures pedantical: these summer flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them; and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
 knows,) Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet 'yeas,' and honest kersey 'noes':
 And, to begin, — wench, so God help me, la!
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans 'sans,' I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage: — bear with me, I am sick;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see: —
 Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens
 to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Bir. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude trans-
 gression

Some fair excuse

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. — Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my
troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the Princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birone, I thank him, is my dear. —
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain. —

I see the trick on't: — here was a consent,
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn — in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is: — and might not you

[To BOYET.

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squire,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have
 done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope,
it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

Bir. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil
it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get
your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the act-
ors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for
mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one
man, — e'en one poor man — Pompion the Great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not
the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for
him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

King. Birone, they will shame us; let them not
approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some
policy

To have one shew worse than the King's and his
company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you
now.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
 Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
 When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy
 royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and
 delivers a paper to him.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the School-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[*Exit ARMADO.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the Parish Curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the Pedant, Judas Maccabeus.

And if these four Worthies in their first shew thrive,
 These four will change habits, and present the other
 five.

Bir. There is five in the first shew.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Bir. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-priest,
 the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at Novem, and the whole world again,
 Cannot pick out five such, take each one in 's vein,

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
 amain.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am, —

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am, —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Bir. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big, —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is great, sir; — "Pompey surnam'd the Great;

"That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

"And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance,

"And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'great.'

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

"By East, West, North, and South, I spread my conquering might:

"My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander." —

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;" —

Boyet. Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O! sir, [*to NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his pole-axe sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 'tis; — a little o'erparted. — But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Exit COSTARD*

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTM armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

"Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis*;

"And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

"Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*.

"*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority,

"*Ergo*, I come with this apology." —

[To MOTH.] Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [Exit MOTH.]

“Judas I am, —

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir. —

“Judas I am, ycleped Maccabeus. —

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipp'd is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor. — How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. “Judas I am, —

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude? give it him: —
 Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark;
 he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been
 baited!

Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector
 in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I
 will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-
 mighty,

Gave Hector a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. [Peace!]

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower, —

Dum. That mint.

Long That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: [when he breathed, he was a man.]—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. [*BIRON* goes out.]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Enter COSTARD, *hastily and unarmed, and BIRON* after him.

Cost. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick: the child brags in her belly already, 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great;—great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved. — More Ates, more Ates !
stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the North Pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword. — I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies !

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it : Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome, for want of linen ; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur MERCADE.

Mercade. God save you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, Madam, for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion; and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt* Worthies.]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious
lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme haste of Time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesies of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —
As love is full of unbecoming strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjurd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this. —
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me: challenge me by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine, and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.

Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. [And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd:

I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our shew.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Song.

I.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,— O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he.
Cuckoo;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

www.libtool.com.cn

III.

*Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
*Tu-whit, to-who, — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.**

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
*Tu-whit, to-who, — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.**

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*

www.libtool.com.cn

NOTES ON LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 349. "— a little *Academe*":— This is the old and the more correct form of the word derived from the Greek *Ἀκαδημία*. The modern word 'academy' was, however, in use in Shakespeare's day.
- " "You three, *Birons*":— The original spells this French name, in all cases, "*Berowns*," which expressed, at the time, its proper pronunciation very exactly— both the *e* and the *o* having the long pure sound. (See the last paragraph of the *Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing*.) It was not necessary to make any remark upon this name, or its orthography, until late in the last century; the English title, which in this century became so illustrious, having until that time been pronounced as it is in this play. It has of late been the practice to print it *Biron*, sometimes with an accent on the *o*; but the combination *on* does not at the present time express the proper sound.
- p. 350. "— but *bankerout* the wits":— an old form of 'bankrupt.' The quarto has "but *bankrupt quite*," &c. I have no doubt that 'bankerout' and 'bankrupt' were pronounced exactly alike; the *p* being silent in the latter, (as in 'accomp't,' 'contempt,' 'solempnity,' &c.,) and both the *ou* and the *u* having the second sound of *u*, like *oo* in 'shoot.' The *e* in 'banke-rout' is a superfluous terminal of the first word of the compound; and as such it was sometimes a syllable, sometimes silent, and sometimes omitted in the spelling of the word. 'Banke-rout' should be retained only when the trisyllabic form is required by the rhythm.

p. 351. " — from *common sense* " : — i. e., from common knowledge; as we have, just below, "When mistresses from common sense are hid." As in general speech 'common sense' means a faculty of the mind instead of what it is, — '*the common sense*,' i. e., 'the sense common to mankind,' — this note is not without excuse.

"When I to *feast*": — The original has "fast" — a manifest misprint, left to be corrected by Theobald. It was also corrected in Mr. Collier's folio of 1682.

" — and that most vain " : — The quarto has "*but.*"

p. 352. " — an envious, *sneaping* frost " : — Sneaping = snipping = nipping.

" "That were to climb the *house o'er* to unlock the gate": — So the folio, except a transposition — "*ore the house*" — which destroys the rhythm of the line. The quarto has, —

"Climb o'er the house to unlock the *little* gate."

The alteration in the folio — the addition of three words and the striking out of one — is plainly the result of no chance of any kind. More important differences between the authentic text and some earlier one — such as the omission of several essential lines — can be justly attributed to the errors or the forgetfulness of transcribers, or the accidents of the printing office: this cannot: it is clearly the result of design. Why was the change made? As clearly, because the text of the quarto, which may or may not have been originally written by the author, did not express his thought. *Birons*, in justification of his ridicule of these literary pursuits, says, (according to the folio,) that they are untimely, that he likes not roses at Christmas or snow in May, and adds, 'so it is too late for you to study now: that were to climb over a house to unlock a gate,' or, in other words, 'you are beginning at the wrong end — doing boys' work at men's years.' But, according to the quarto, he says, 'I like of each thing that in season grows; so you, now it is too late to study, climb over the house to unlock the little gate': whereas it was not *so*, (that is, like *Birons*,) at all, but exactly *not so*. Therefore the construction of the sentence was changed by the addition of the first three words of this line, as in the text, and its numbers were brought within the alexandrine limits so frequent in these plays, by the erasure of the not very happy word 'little' in the quarto. The neglect to make the needful transposition of 'house' and 'o'er' is an easy oversight. Editors having failed to look for a reason for the difference between the two texts,

and merely choosing between the two, have all hitherto given, and very naturally under those circumstances, that of the older copy; but Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Climb ore the house-top to unlock *the gates*." The importance of the *character* of this change of the text of the quarto, from a copy of which the folio was printed, is the chief reason for the particularity of this note. Like similar changes in the text of *Much Ado about Nothing*, it shows that though the quarto is the older edition, the folio is the higher authority. The line "So you to study," &c., is without punctuation of any kind in the original.

It is hardly necessary to notice the folio's misprint of "*fit* you out" for "*fit* you out," in the King's next speech.

- p. 353. "— against *gentility*" :— The law excluding women from the Court was dangerous, if not fatal, to gentle breeding, *gentilness*. The correctors of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and of Mr. Singer's, not seeing this, read 'garrulity;' against which, beside, the law was not directed, although the penalty was fatal to it.
- " "— *shall* possibly devise" :— The quarto has "*can*."
- p. 354. "She must *lie* here" :— Sir Henry Wotton unconsciously wrote the best comment on this phrase in a passage in one of his letters, first quoted by Reed: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country" — a joke which has doubtless converted many a diplomatist to the faith of Dr. Johnson in the matter of puns.
- " "— this word shall *speak* for me" :— The folio has "*break*" — a palpable misprint.
- " "— no *quick* recreation" :— 'Quick' has here the sense of 'lively.' 'Quick' was synonymous with 'alive' in Shakespeare's time; and we still speak of the quickening of a child in the womb.
- " "— a man of *complements*" :— 'Complement' and 'compliment' were in Shakespeare's time spelled alike; and the former word was applied to an individual in a sense much akin to that radical one to which it is now restricted — completeness, or entire accomplishment: 'a man of complement,' was 'a complete man.'
- " "— the world's *debate*" :— 'Debate' — from the French '*debattre*' — had, until Shakespeare's day, and after, its radical meaning, 'to quarrel,' or 'to fight.'
- p. 355. "— *fire*-new" :— brand or bran new.
- " "*Enter DULL*" :— In the folio, "*Enter a Constable*," &c.

- p. 355. " — his Grace's *tharborough*": — The thirdborough was a minor parish officer in Old England.
- " ~~www~~ the ~~contempts~~ thereof": — 'Contempts' and 'contents' used to be pronounced alike. See Note on "familiarity will breed content." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1.
- " " — a low *having*": — The folio has "heaven." The correction was made by Theobald.
- " " — or forbear *laughing*": — Folio and quarto have "hearing." Malone merely says, "One of the modern editors plausibly enough reads *laughing*," and Mr. Dyce, approving the change, attributes it to Steevens, although 'laughing' is in Capell's text, 1768. But the change is not plausible: it is necessary. *Armado's* pomposity is known; and when *Longaville* exclaims "God grant us patience!" *Biron* asks, "[For what] to hear or forbear laughing [at what we hear?]" *Longaville's* reply, "To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both," compels the change; and beside, it required no patience to forbear *hearing*.
- " " — as the *style* shall give us cause to climb": — The pun, intended, like all Shakespeare's, for the ear only, was more obvious to the eye in his day, when 'style' and 'stile' were spelled alike.
- " " — taken with the *manner*": — A thief taken with his booty in his hand was said 'to be taken with the mainour' — from the French *main*, 'the hand.'
- p. 356. " — in telling true, but *so*": — So folio and quarto. Hanmer needlessly read 'so, so,' and has been very generally followed.
- " " — *ycloped*": — called.
- p. 357. " — thy *curious-knotted* garden": — The garden was so called from the curious knots into which the walks were twisted by the fantastically-shaped beds.
- " " — that shallow *vassal*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has 'vassel.' It is not improbable that this was the author's word.
- p. 358. " — taken with a *damosel*": — This is the old form of 'damsel' — from the French '*damoiselle*.' The word 'damsel,' which appears in all current editions, except Mr. Knight's, was not introduced into the text until late in the last century.
- p. 359. " — *until* then, Sit down, Sorrow": — The quarto has "till then set thee down sorrow."

SCENE II.

p. 359. "The Park near Armado's House":— There are no directions as to the Scenes in the original; and this was placed in *Armado's* house by Pope, who has hitherto been invariably followed. But *Moth's* speech, "Forbear till *this company be past*," shows that they stood in the park, not in the house. Throughout this Scene, with two exceptions, *Armado* is styled *Braggart* in folio and quarto.

"Enter . . . *MOTH*":— I have not the least doubt that the name of *Armado's* page is not *Moth*, but *Mote*— a "congruent epitheton" to one whose extremely diminutive person is frequently alluded to in the play by phrases which seem applicable only to Tom Thumb. That 'mote' was spelled *moth* we have evidence twice in one line of this play, (Act IV. Sc. 3,) which stands in the original, —

"You found his *Moth*, the King your *Moth* did see," — also in the following from *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 1, —

"O heaven, that there were but a *moth* in yours," — and, in fact, in every case in which the word appears in the first folio, as well as in all the quartos. *Wicliff* wrote in *Matthew vi.*, "were rust and *mought* distryeth." Indeed, it seems far from improbable that the two words were originally one, and that 'mote' is not, as *Richardson* supposes, from 'mite.' For both 'mite' and 'mot[e]' are found in the Anglo-Saxon, in which language 'moth' is *moghte*; and the idea of smallness would naturally come to be expressed by a word which is the name of so well-known and so diminutive an insect. "*Moth*" is allowed to remain in the text, because the name of the insect having been sometimes so spelled in Shakespeare's day, (though generally *moathe* or *mothe*,) that may possibly have been the word intended, in spite of the spelling of 'mote' in this very play, — because it is sufficiently expressive of the Lilliputian dimensions of the page, — and because, to displace what has remained so long in the text, when there is no absolute necessity for doing so, would be doing almost wanton violence. But whether the name is *Moth* or *Mote*, it is plain that the pronunciation was *mote*. See *Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing*, and the Note on "Peasblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed." *M. N. Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

p. 359. "— dear *imp*":— This word really means 'scion,' and of old was applied to any child, though chiefly to boys.

" — my tough *seigneur*":— So the original, uniformly, when the word occurs in this play, excepting an

omission of the first *e*, due to ignorance or carelessness. The French title is evidently intended. Malone changed it to 'senior,' thus destroying, at once, *Moth's* pun on that word, and an important textual trait of the play. He also erroneously stated that the original word is 'signior.' He has hitherto been followed in both respects without a question.

- p. 360. " — that an eel is *ingenious* " : — The folio has "*ingenuous*." The words were not distinguished by orthography in Shakespeare's time.
- " " — *crosses* love not him " : — Pieces of money were called 'crosses,' from the cross-like division by which the arms on one side were quartered.
- " " — the base vulgar [do] call three " : — 'Do' is from the quarto.
- " " — the *dancing horse* " : — This horse was famous over Europe for the strange feats that he had been taught to perform by Banks, his owner, whom his intelligence and un-horse-ly accomplishments brought under suspicion of witchcraft. Allusions to him are frequent in the literature of the time. His name was *Morocco*.
- p. 361. " Most *maculate* thoughts " : — The folio has "*immaculate*," which *Moth's* rhymes below show to be wrong. The quarto is correct.
- p. 362. " — a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar " : — For this ballad, of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, see *Percy's Reliques*, First Series, Book II.
- " " *Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA* " : — The original direction is, "*Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench*." It is hardly necessary to say that nothing derogatory was intended to *Jaquenetta* by this designation. *Piers Ploughman* says of the Incarnation, —
- " And in the wombe of that *wenche* he was fourty weeks
And man by-came of that mayde, to save man kynde."
- Long past Shakespeare's time any young woman, even of princely rank, was called a 'wench.'
- p. 363. " — for the *day-woman* " : — i. e., the dairy-woman. The etymology is considered uncertain; but only, it would seem, because there are so many similar words in the northern languages from which it might be derived — all of which are connected with the idea of a mother's suckling her babe. The word is still in use in Scotland.
- " " With *that face* " : — The folio has "*what*;" but this is a typographical error for the word in the text, (which is found in the quarto,) as we may fairly presume from the

existence of the phrase to a late date in England as a common repartee.

- p. 363. "Come, Jaquenetta, away":— In folio and quarto this speech is assigned, erroneously, to *Costard*, with the prefix "*Clo* [wn]" — the mistake being caused by the identity of the initial letters of 'Clown' and 'Constable.'

" — more bound to you than your followers " : — The original has " fellowes " — an easy typographical error for the word in the text, which is found in Capell's edition. The Braggart's *fellows* were not " rewarded " by him, " lightly " or otherwise: hardly, his followers; although, on giving *Costard* the " remuneration," (Act III.,) he says, " the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependants." This confirms the reading here adopted; for it shows both how lightly rewarded his followers were, and that he was somewhat sensitive upon the point.

" " — to be [too] silent " : — ' Too ' is found only in the quarto.

- p. 364. " Yet was Samson so tempted " : — Thus the quarto. In the folio the words " was Sampson " are transposed, by accident, evidently, as we see by the next clause of the sentence, in which the characteristic precession of the nominative by the verb, appears in both copies.

" " The first and second cause " : — See Touchstone's exposition of the Code of Quarrel. *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4.

" " I shall turn sonnets " : — The original has " sonnet," — an easy misprint. We still speak of turning tunes or turning sentences. Hanmer read ' sonneteer,' and has hitherto been universally followed. But that form was not known in Shakespeare's day. If so great and unnecessary a change in the original word were to be made, we should read ' sonnetist ; ' as in Bishop Hall's *Satire*, quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* : —

" And is become a new found sonnetist."

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

- p. 365. " Good Lord Boyet " : — In the folio this speech has two prefixes, " Queen " and " Prin. " : the former at the commencement, the latter at the line " You are not ignorant," &c. *Margaret* and *Katharine* are called 1st and 2d Lady

- p. 366 "Therefore to 's seemeth it," &c. : — Thus the original. It has been hitherto changed to "Therefore to us seem'th," &c. www.libtool.com.cn
- " "Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized."
The pronunciation *solemni-sed* obtained until after Milton's day. See the last Note but one on *The Tempest*.
- " "Well fitted in arts" : — The second folio attempts to make this line rhythmical by reading "in *the* arts;" but this huddles "glorious" into two syllables. If there is an error in the text, it is probably a transposition, and we should read,
"In arts well fitted, glorious in arms."
- p. 367. "Here comes Boyet" : — The quarto, followed by Mr. Collier, (of course,) and by Mr. Hudson, gives these words to a *Lord*; the folio assigns them to *Margaret*, who is in haste to change the subject upon which the *Princess* has begun to rally her ladies. Plainly an intentional and authoritative change this, and not a misprint.
- p. 368. "Why, *will* shall break it; *will*, and nothing else" :
It seems quite probable that Shakespeare, whose person and manner fitted him for the part, played the *King*, and, knowing that he would do so, made here a play upon his name similar to that in his 135th Sonnet: else the asseveration and reply seem somewhat forced. There is a tradition that he played royal characters. See *Life*, Vol. I.
- p. 369. "'Tis 'long of you" : — English editors think it necessary to explain "this ancient idiom," as they call it; but 'it's all along of you,' in the sense of 'it's because of you,' is common enough in America; although among cultivated persons it is generally, if not always, used in the way of badinage.
- p. 370. "— *would I* yield unto" : — The quarto has, "I *will* yield unto."
" "— in my gates" : — The quarto, "*within* my gates."
" "— *fair* harbour in my house" : — The folio misprints, "*farther* harbour," &c.
- p. 371. "*Birons*. Lady," &c. : — This and the five following speeches are assigned to *Boy[et]* in the folio; but plainly through a mistake caused by the identity of initial letters; for the sixth speech has the prefix *Ber[ovns.]*
' "Is the *fool* sick" : — The folio misprints "*foul*," or "*foul*."
" "No, *point*" : — A pun is intended upon the strong

French negative, *non, point*. It is noteworthy that it occurs twice in this play. See Act V. Sc. 2, p. 421.

- p. 371. "Sir, I pray you," &c.:— Here the original has a stage direction, "*Enter Dumaine*," and below, at "what's her name," "*Enter Beroune*." This is owing to the very small stage on which the comedy was played. Neither is supposed to have left the company.

' "The heir of Alençon, *Katharine*," &c.:— Here the original has "*Rosaline*," who is *Birone's* mistress, and afterward, when he makes inquiry, "*Katharine*," who is *Dumaine's*. In the first part of this Scene, we see that *Maria* is presented as in some way connected with the house of Falconbridge, and *Katharine* with that of Alençon. '*Rosaline*' and '*Katharine*' might be easily mistaken in old MS.; but the error is one which we naturally expect to find rectified in the folio. I learn from Mr. Singer's new edition, that this correction has been previously suggested in *Notes and Queries*. The difficulty occurred to Steevens; and Malone thought he settled it by showing that all the ladies wore masks; but he forgot that their lovers recognized them in spite of their masks. See the first three speeches of *Birone* and *Rosaline* at this interview.

" "I have heard — on your beard": — 'Heard' and 'beard' are now no more rhymes than 'heard' and 'board;' but at the time when this comedy was written they were pronounced alike. The same is true of 'jest' and 'beast,' some lines below, and of numberless other rhymes in this, and of some in every play of Shakespeare.

- p. 372. "My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be": — *Maria's* meaning and her first pun are plain enough: the second has been hitherto explained by the statement that the several or severell in England was a part of the common, set apart for some particular person or purpose, and that the town bull had equal right of pasture in common, and severell. It seems to me, however, that we have here another exhibition of Shakespeare's familiarity with the Law; and that the allusion is to tenancy in common by several (i. e., divided, distinct) title. Thus, — "Tenants in Common are they which have lands or Tenements in Fee-simple, fee taile, or for terme of life, &c., and they have such Lands or Tenements by severall Titles, and not by a joynt Title, and none of them know by this his severall, but they ought by the Law to occupie these Lands or Tenements in common and *pro indiviso*, to take the profits in Common." *Coke upon Littleton*. Lib. III. Cap. 4, Sect. 292. "Also if lands be given to two to have and

to hold s.[everally] the one moiety to the one and to his heires, and the other moiety to the other and to his heires, they are Tenants in Common." *Ibid.*, Sec. 298; and see this Chapter *passim*. *Maria's* lips were several as being two, and (as she says in the next line) as belonging in common to her fortunes and to herself; but yet they were no common pasture.

- p. 373. "Boyet is *dispos'd*" : — *Boyet* quibbles : the *Princess* meant, 'inclined to wanton merriment.' Mr. Dyce was the first to show, in his Notes on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, and in his first volume of Shakespearean Notes, that 'disposed' had this signification.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 374. Theobald included this Act in the second, and began the third Act where the fourth begins in the original, the fourth at the beginning of the original fifth, and the fifth in the middle of Scene second of that Act, where the *King* and his courtiers return to the *Princess's* pavilion in their proper habits. His reason for so doing was, the disproportionate length of the original Acts, which is manifest to every reader; but so little was gained by the alteration, that, although he was followed for a time, the first arrangement was soon resumed, and has since been preserved.

" " *Concolinel* " : — The original has here simply " *Moth. Concolinel*." The word is incomprehensible; and it has been generally supposed to be the beginning of some Italian song that is lost; though why, it would be difficult to say. The corruption is probably irremediable; but it has occurred to me that 'concolinel' might be a distorted direction for musical expression (as almost all such begin with 'con') which had been ignorantly foisted into the text instead of the first words of the song. These, according to Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, were *Amato bene*; but Dr. Rimbault, whose opinion merits high consideration, thinks that Italian solos were unknown in Shakespeare's England.

" " — bring him *festinately* " : — hastily.

" " — a French *brawl* " : — A brawl or *bransle* was a dance, of which Marston gives the following very particular, and, I suppose, lucid, description in his *Malcontent* : — "'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round : do this twice.

three singles side, galliard trickes of twentie, coranto pace : a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come up, meete two doubles, fall backe and then honour." Act IV. Sc. 2. 'Honour' — a common term for 'salute' — here, perhaps, means 'kiss ;' for at this feature of the dance in question was launched much nasal thunder.

p. 374. " — by turning up your eye " : — The quarto has " your eye-lids ; " but it is the eye and not the eye-lid that affected people raise ; and the eye-lid, when raised, is lifted, not turned-up : yet in spite of this and of the authority of the folio, every editor hitherto has silently followed the quarto.

p. 375. " By my penny, " &c. : — Folio and quarto have " *penny*."

" " — the hobby-horse is forgot " : — *Moth* waggishly thrusts upon *Armado* the first line of an old song, frequently alluded to in Shakespeare's day, and which Mr. Collier supposes to have been written on the omission of the hobby-horse in the May games. It is mentioned again in *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 3.

p. 376. " *Most rude melancholy* " : — The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, " *moist eyed melancholy* ; " but had he considered the context, he would have seen that *Armado* calls melancholy rude because ahe, in his person, sighs in the welkin's face.

" " — a *Costard* broken in a shin " : — *Moth* cries " wonder, " because ' *costard* ' means ' head.'

" " — no salve in *them all*, sir " : — Folio and quarto have " no salve in *thee male*, sir." The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. In most MS. it is difficult to tell, except by knowledge of the word, a final *ll* from a final *le*, and the attributing the *m* to the wrong word completed this blunder.

" — is not *l'envoy a salvo* ? " — It was discovered in the last century that there was a " quibble " to be sneered at here ; but how to get at it they hardly knew. Monck Mason says that " it operates upon the eye, not the ear ; " and Farmer, who attempted to prove that Jonson told an untruth, in saying that Shakespeare knew a little Greek and a little more Latin, could " scarcely think that Shakespeare had so far forgotten his little school learning as to suppose the Latin verb *salvo* and the English substantive *salvo*, had the same pronunciation." It were to be wished that Farmer had shown as much knowledge of the pronunciation, or of the meaning of Shakespeare's English, as Shakespeare showed of the pronunciation of Latin. In

Shakespeare's day the *l* was pronounced in 'salve,' as it was in 'calf' and 'half,' and as many other letters were which were silent on English lips when Farmer wrote. He should have looked forward a few pages, and taken a lesson of *Holofernes*, or have come to America; and he would have learned that the English 'salve' and the Latin 'salvo' were enough alike in sound to justify *Moth's* pun.

- p. 377. "I will example it":— These words and the eight following lines are omitted in the folio; the reason being that the preceding line and the fourth following both end in *ain*, and that the line, "The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee," is repeated three times. The printer on looking at his copy took the latter *ain* for the former, which he had put in type, and so went on after the second repetition of "The fox," &c.
- " — by [mak]ing four":— The original has "by adding four;" but to add four to three would not have "stay'd the odds." The correction was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is barely possible that 'adding' was written thoughtlessly.
- p. 378. "And he ended the market":— 'Three women and a goose make a market.' *Old Proverb*.
- " — I will enfranchise thee":— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly reads, "marry, I will enfranchise." The *ch* in 'enfranchise' being soft at the date of this play, there was ground enough for the clown's punning blunder.
- " — set thee [free] from durance":— Folio and quarto omit 'free,' which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- " — mine honour":— The folio misprints "honours."
- " — my *incoy* Jew":— Warburton said "*incoy* or *kony* in the north signifies 'fine,' 'delicate,' as a *kony* thing — a fine thing. It is related to the Scotch 'canny.'" Mr. Dyce confirms this. 'Jew' is used as 'fool,' 'wretch,' and 'dog' sometimes are, in a pleasant signification which is the converse of ironical.
- " — the price of this *inkle*? a penny":— *Inkle* was a kind of tape. For "a penny" the folio has merely "i. d."
- p. 379. "There's thy *guerdon*: go. — Cost. *Gardon*." — In the original *Biron* is represented as giving this French name for remuneration correctly, and the clown as mispronouncing it; — a trifling but characteristic distinction, neglected by all editors hitherto, except Mr. Knight, —

even by the careful Capell. It would not be worthy of particular mention, except to remind the reader that there are many hundreds of like restorations of the original text (aside from those of more importance) which are silently made for the first time in this edition. Farmer pointed out to Steevens this joke about 'guerdon' and remuneration in a tract, called *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men*, by J. M.; but as that book was not published until the year in which this play was printed, and when it had been on the stage at least four or five years, it was J. M. who plagiarized — if there were plagiarism — and Farmer's intended detraction fails of its object.

p. 379. "O! this afternoon:" — *Biron's* constant use of the exclamation 'O!' which is particularly noticeable in this interview, is plainly one of those caricatures of verbal tricks of the time in which this comedy abounds.

" — in print": — Costard means, 'punctually, exactly.'

p. 380. "This *senior-junior*, giant-dwarf": — The original has, "This *Signior Junios* gyant drawfe," 'Junios' being in italic letter, — the invariable mode of printing proper names in the folio, which, save for the lack of proof-reading, was a careful, and, for the day and country, a handsome piece of printers' work. The reading in the text, which is now universally received, was first suggested in Theobald's edition, 1733. It is very ingenious, and is supported by the correspondent contrast, "giant-dwarf," and the fact that in *Dromio of Syracuse's* last speech in the *Comedy of Errors*, 'senior' is misprinted "*signior*" in the original. It is, however, not at all impossible that there is an allusion in the original text which has escaped detection, or is entirely lost. The double misprint and the capital and italic letter of the second word make an accumulation of errors in a brief space which should not be lightly assumed. Theobald supposed an allusion to *Junius*, a distracted lover in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, which, however, was not written until after this play appeared; Warburton thought Signior Junio to be an impersonation of youth in general; and Upton conjectured that Shakespeare "intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf," which conjecture was considered "very ingenious" by Dr. Johnson!

" "Th' anointed *sovereign*": — 'Sovereign' is here a trisyllable.

" "Dread prince of *plackets*": — American women call,

and time out of mind have called, that aperture in their petticoats (upper and under) which extends from the waist about one quarter down the back of the skirt, the placket-hole; and it is not necessary to say here that 'placket' meant a petticoat, at least soon after Shakespeare wrote. But as there has been some disagreement among English commentators and antiquarians upon the point, and as Mr. Singer has been misled by Florio into saying that a placket was a stomacher, which explanation has been adopted without question by Mr. Hudson, it may be well to confirm what should need no confirmation, by one or two decisive quotations which seem hitherto to have escaped attention. In Breton's *Pasquil's Night Cup*, 1612, are these lines:—

" Within this church an image was erected
Which did the Lady Fortune represent,

* * * * *

Within her lap whole bundles did there lie
Of earthly blessings and terrestrial joyes

* * * * *

Then all the blessings which *her placket* fill'd
She seem'd to shake, and on his head distill'd."

See also the following passage in *The Miracle*, a Whig lampoon upon the pregnancy of James II.'s Queen.

" The Message with hearts full of Faith were [*sic*] receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was Q.[ueen] M.[ary] conceiv'd.

* * * * *

Pray Heaven to strengthen *her Majesty's Placket*,
For if this trick fail beware of your Jacket."

Poems on State Affairs, Vol. I. Part II. p. 185.

Here 'placket' evidently means the Royal 'petticoat,' the strength of which was all important in sustaining that which, as the writer insinuated, produced the appearance of pregnancy in the Queen. Mr. Dyce also quotes a passage from Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice*, saying of Eve, that "she cuckolded her husband with the serpent, and then pretended to modesty, and fell a making plackets presently." Here 'placket' means that limited covering which barely complies with the demands of shame in the most primitive state of society. And finally, it seems that in spite of the derivation of the word by the lexicographers from the Dutch *plagghes*—a clout, or small piece of cloth.—'placket' was originally, or at an early period, a name for that which it is the chief office of the petticoat to conceal; and that this meaning was attached

to it, more or less, for a long time. I refer the reader to the second clause of the exclamation, which is the occasion of this note, — to a speech of *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3, in which he talks of pinching a placket, — to a speech of *Edgar's* in *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4, — to a passage in Marston's *What You Will*, Act II. Sc. 1, in which 'apple-squire,' which we know was a cant term for a kept-gallant or pimp, is used as synonymous with 'page of the placket,' — to one in *The Comical History of Francion*, fol. 1655, Lib. I. p. 9, — and to one in Middleton's *Any-thing for a Quiet Life*, Act II. Sc. 2, in which the word is derived "a *placendo*, a thing or place to please." Vol. IV. p. 448. Ed. Dyce.

- p. 380. "A witty wanton": — The original has "a *whitely* wanton." The text is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is plainly correct; for *Rosaline* was in no sense white-ly. We are told again and again that she was the darkest of brunettes, and also that she was witty, — which needs no telling.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 382. "God dig-you-den all": — A rustic corruption of 'God give you good even all.'
- p. 383. "Break up this capon": — To break up a fowl, was to carve it, cut it open; and *capon* is here used as an equivalent to *poulet*, which in French means both a chicken and a love-letter. It was justly considered by Douce as one of the indications of the French origin of this play.
- " — which to *annotanize*": — The original has "*annothanize*," which has been universally and silently taken to be a corruption of 'anatomize.' But considering the form of the word in the original, and that the Latin phrase is explained and commented upon, I am quite sure that 'annothanize' is an *Armado-ism* for 'annotate,' which was in use in Shakespeare's time. Note, in either case, *th* used as *t*.
- p. 384. "Thus dost thou hear," &c. : — These lines seem to be a poetical postscript to *Armado's* letter — one of the sonnets he proposed to turn. They succeed the signature in the original, without a prefix. Warburton thought them "a quotation from some ridiculous poet of the time."

- p. 384. "— a *Monarcho*": — This was a fantastic, half-crazed Italian, well known in London when Shakespeare first arrived there. He is alluded to in the literature of the time almost as often as Banks' horse. He thought himself sovereign of the world, and that all the ships in port belonged to him.
- p. 385. "— she that bears the bow": — *Rosaline* puns upon *Boyet's* question. 'Suitor' was pronounced *shooter* in Shakespeare's day, and here, indeed, is printed so. Just before (Act III. Sc. 1.) 'sue' is printed 'shue.'
- " "— both did hit [it]": — 'It' is omitted in the original, by manifest accident.
- p. 386. "— by cleaving the *pin*": — In place of 'pin,' folio and quarto repeat "is in," of the line above. The correction was made in the folio of 1632. The "clout" was the white object which served as a mark, and which was held by the pin in the middle.
- " "— too much *rubbing*": — a term used by bowlers, Malone tells us, but not what it signifies.
- " "— o' the *to side*": — The original has "*ath to the side,*" which, in all modern editions hitherto, has been changed to "*o' the one side.*" This gives the sense, but by introducing 'one,' which does not exist in the text, and taking out of *Costard's* mouth a phrase which he meant to use, which was 'the to side,' i. e., 'the hither side,' an old, and though now obsolete or vulgar, a correct form of expression. It is of great antiquity, reaching back to the Middle English period, at least. Wycliffe's translation of the New Testament — made about 1380 — has, in Matthew vi. 24, "Noman may serue to two lordis | forsoth outhere he schal hate the toon & loue the tother; outhere he schal susteyne the toon & dispise the tother | yee mowne not serue to god & richefnis." An Englishman and his wife, bred in the rural districts and very intelligent people, who were servants in my father's family, always said 'the to side,' and 't'e other side.'
- " "— how most sweetly 'a will *swoer*": — The missing rhyme to this word seems to indicate the loss of a line which, in Mr. Collier's folio, is thus supplied: —
 "Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare."
 But the rhyme provided here, is, to me, sufficient evidence that it is entirely without authority. I am fully convinced that, at the time when this play was written, 'swear' was pronounced *swoer*, and that all words of similar orthography had the same vowel sound, and that this can be proved, if indeed it has not been. I have yet

to learn, however, that the question has been raised by any writer upon the language.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE II.

- p. 387. " — ripe as a *pomewater* " : — A species of apple, not known in America, I believe.
- " " — a buck of the first head " : — A buck of the first head was a buck five years old, and a 'pricket' was a stag of the second year, as we learn from a passage cited by Malone from *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606.
- p. 388. "(Which we of taste," &c. : — Folio and quarto omit 'of,' the need of which was pointed out by Tyrwhitt.
- " "And *raught* not" : — and reached not.
- " " — to humour the ignorant, *call* the deer," &c. : — Folio and quarto have "*call'd*," and Rowe interpolated two words, and read, "*I have call'd*," in which he has hitherto been followed, except by Mr. Singer, who reads "*I will call*." But the real misprint is trifling. The Pedant asks the Parson to hear the epitaph, and to consent to call the deer a pricket, to humor the ignorant.
- p. 389. " — affect the *letter* " : — i. e., affect alliteration. Shakespeare has another hit at this affectation in the Prologue to *Pyramus and Thisbe*. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. 1.
- "Whereat with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling, bloody breast."
- " "Or pricket *sore*, or *else sore!*" : — A sorrel was a stag of the third year; a 'soare' or 'sore,' one of the fourth year, as we are told in the extract from *The Return from Parnassus*, referred to just above.
- " " — how he *claws* him with a talent " : — 'Talon' was often written 'talent' in Shakespeare's day, and so pronounced. 'Claw' was used in the sense in which we use 'tickle' in the adage, 'Tickle me and I'll tickle you.' As, for instance, "there is nothing maketh the seruant more insolent and glorious than the ouer great gentleness of the master : you know well the prouerbe,
'Claw a clowne, he will thee scratch,
Scratch a clowne, he will thee claw.'"
Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, fol. 171 a.
- " " — if their sons be *ingenuous* " : — So the original, which has hitherto been changed to '*ingenious*,' because the two words used to be spelled alike. But *Holofernes* had not forgotten *Ingenuus puer*.

p. 390. "Master Person, — *quasi* pers-on": — The name for the rector of a parish, now rapidly passing out of use, was originally 'person,' as we see by Chaucer's *Persones Tale*. 'parson' is a comparatively modern corruption; the derivation being from '*persona ecclesie*:' see Butler's *Grammar*, 1630, p. 3. This passage is one of two in this play which are interesting and valuable as contemporary records of pronunciation. It shows that the combination *pers* and the word 'pierce,' as well as the words 'on' and 'one,' were, in Shakespeare's time, pronounced alike. The passage is printed thus in the original, with one of those errors in the prefixes, which are common in this Scene: —

"*Jaq.* God giue you good morrow, M. *Person*.

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Perfon. And if one should be perft, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry, M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of perfling a Hogshead," &c.

Plainly from this, either 'pierce' was then pronounced *perse*, as *pers* would be now, or that combination was pronounced as 'pierce' is now. But to decide with confidence what was the sound of *per* and *pier* when this play was written is very difficult — almost impossible. That simple unaccented vowels had their pure sound two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago in numberless instances in which they have lost it, there seems to be no reason to doubt; but it is equally certain that if this were the result of a general rule, the rule had exceptions; and with regard to the pronunciation of diphthongs, it is very difficult to determine either the rule or the exceptions. In the present instance *Falstaff's* speech, (*Henry IV.* Part I., Act V. Sc. 3,) "if *Percy* be alive, I'll *pierce* him," is in point; for the vowel sounds in the two italicised syllables were evidently alike; but this only shows again that *per* and *pier* were pronounced alike; and the question still remains, — What was their common sound? The following passages, and one quoted in the Note on *Falstaff's* pun, may answer it: —

"Heer with her faire and *pearlesse* eies, which *pearced* have my heart."

Guazzo's Civile Conversation, 1686, fol. 210.

From this it appears that the first syllables of 'peer-less' and 'pier-ced' were pronounced alike. In Butler's *English Grammar*, Oxford, 1633, is an Index of "words of like sound which have different writing," &c., in which are these enumerations: —

- “PEACE, *pax* : PEAS, *pisum*.
 to PEACE, F. *percer*, *penetro* : PIERCE, of *Pierre* [*Peter*]:
 PIERRES, *paris* or *magnates*.
 a PIEL or rine, *cortex* : to PIEL, *decortico*, unde FILLED :
 a PEEL, to set bread into the oven, *pala*, F. *paelle* :
 a PIL, *pillula*.
 a PIECE, *pars*, F. *pièce* : yet where a PIECE dooeth signifie
 a kind [*species*] (whether it be put absolutely, or with
 its *genus*) it is, for difference, written with *ee* vowel ;
 as a PEECE of ordnance, &c., &c.

to PEEP or look out : to PIEP as chicken dooe, *pipio*.”
 There is, therefore, evidence of the best kind, that immediately before the writing of this play, and within ten years after the publication of the folio edition, the diphthongs *ea* and *ie* had the sound of *ee* — that is, the pure, long sound of *e*; and particularly that the vowel sound of ‘pierce,’ or (according to the variable orthography of that day) ‘pearce,’ meaning to penetrate, was like that in ‘peers.’ It, however, is somewhat against this conclusion, that the proper name *Pierce* is sometimes pronounced *Purse* in New England. For instance, the eminent Cambridge astronomer is called by his friends Benjamin *Purse*, although his name is *Peirce*. It is also to be considered that the orthographies *person* and *parson* were both used when this play was written, and that the latter and a pronunciation conforming to the modern force of it have prevailed: ‘clerk,’ too, which was written *clearks* and *clerks*, was also written *clark*; ‘Derby’ was sometimes spelled *Darby*; and both these words, though spelled with *e*, have now in England the broad sound of *a*. Nor can we disregard the large class of words (such as *vermin*, *serpent*, *desert*, *serve*, *sergeant*, *merchant*) in which *e* had also, until a comparatively recent date, the broad sound of *a*. This pronunciation I suppose to be attributable to the fact that these words first came into the language with the Norman French sound of *e*, i. e., our name sound of *a*, which was corrupted to the broad sound of that letter, and has finally passed into the *u* sound of *e*.

- p. 390. “ — good old Mantuan ” : — Not Virgil, but Battista Spagnolus, who wrote toward the end of the fifteenth century, and who was also born near Mantua. His Eclogues were much thought of by the pedants of the day. The lines about Venice are an old proverb, and are to be found in Florio’s *Second Fruits*.
 p. 391. “ — the ‘tired horse’ ” : — Another reference to Banks’ horse, which was attired with ribbons and gay trappings.
 ” “ — the *intellect* of the letter ” — i. e., the address,

that which gives intelligence of its destination. Folio and quarto misprint 'writing,' in the next line, "*written*."

- p. 392. "*— I do fear colourable colours*" :— This common phrase of the time seems to have meant 'specious or plausible appearances.'

" "*— if before reast*" :— The folio has, "*being re-past*."

SCENE III.

- p. 393. "*— and so say I, and ay the fool*" :— i. e., *confirms* the fool in what he said. Here and just after, "it kills me, ay a sheep" the old copies of course print "*I the fool*" and "*I a sheep*;" that being the way in which 'ay' is always spelled in them. The pun is patent, even did *Birons* not pat himself on the back with, "Well proved, wit!" but all editions hitherto have lost it by printing 'I.'

" "*[Gets up into a tree]*" :— The original stage direction is, "*He stands aside*;" but *Birons's* position is evident from the text. See remarks in Vol. I. on the date of the corrections in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*The night of dew*" :— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*The dew of night*," which is plausible only: the King's night of dew is not only opposed to "the fresh morning drops," but expressive of his gloom during the absence or indifference of his mistress.

- p. 394. "*— like a perjurer, wearing papers*" :— The allusion is to part of the punishment of a convicted perjurer, who wore on his breast a paper stating his crime.

" "*The shape of Love's Tyburn*" :— Mr. Singer says that this is an allusion to the sometimes triangular gallows of Shakespeare's day.

" "*Disfigure not his slop*" :— Loose breeches were called 'slops.' Folio and quarto have '*shop*,' which Theobald corrected. A MS. correction in the Earl of Ellesmere's copy of the folio of 1623 gives '*shape*,' which is adopted by Mr. Collier, and approved by Mr. Dyce. But '*slop*' better suits *Birons's* jeering vein.

- p. 395. "*— which on my earth do'st shine*" :— Thus the folio: the quarto has "*doest shine*," and "*exhalst*" at the beginning of the next line. The mark of contraction came into the folio by accident no more in the former case than in the latter; and it should be retained, or the spelling of the quarto adopted, unless we would remove from these works all chronological traces. In Shakespeare's

day 'dost,' (i. e., 'do-est,') and 'didst,' (i. e., 'did-est,') were passing from their dissyllabic to their monosyllabic form. Both appear in the former shape in our translation of the Bible. "Therefore when thou *doest* thine alms," &c. (*Matt.* vi. 2.) "Wilt thou kill me as thou *diddest* the Egyptian yesterday?" (*Acts* viii. 28.) The contracted 'dost' appears to have had the pure sound of *o*, not that of *u* in 'dust.'

- p. 396. "By Earth, she is not : Corporal, there you lie" :— Thus the original, except a comma for the colon. Theobald read, "she is *but* corporal," (i. e., corporeal,) because "Dumaine was a young lord," and "had no sort of post in the army," in which he has been followed by all editors except Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, although the latter accepts this meaning of 'corporal;' the former approves Douce's explanation, that *Birone*, who had before called himself a "corporal of Cupid's field, applied the title to his friend in the same sense." But *Dumaine* quite surely *had* a post in the army. The editors and commentators forgot that when the ladies recount the vows and proffers of their misled lovers, (Act V. Sc. 2,) *Maria* alone says that *Dumaine* "and his sword" were at her service. Besides, *Dumaine* said nothing in the speech on which *Birone* comments to imply that his mistress was more than corporeal. The novel on which this play is founded would doubtless explain why *Dumaine* is called corporal, and why he only is made to talk of his sword.
- p. 396. " — is *ever* May" :— The folio misprints "every."
 " — from thy *thorn*" :— Folio and quarto have "throne"—an easy misprint, as 'thorn' was spelled with a final *e*. It was corrected in *England's Helicon*, 1600.
- p. 397. "Thou, for whom," &c. :— Thus folio and quarto. Pope read "Thou for whom *ev'n* Jove," &c., and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*great* Jove." The quantity and accent proper to 'thou' make any addition to the line superfluous.
- " — my true love's fasting pain" :— Both Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's copies of the folio of 1632 read "fasting pain." This is plausible; but, as Mr. George Hammersley, of Philadelphia, pointed out to me, *Dumaine's* was a *fasting* pain : as he says in his Sonnet, —
 " — my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn."
- p. 398. ["*Descends*":— The original has no stage direction here. It is noteworthy that *Birone* does not say 'Now I descend,' but "Now *step* I forth," which betrays the poet's

consciousness that, although he imagined the character to be in a tree, the actor who played it would be on the same plane with the others. See the examination of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in the *History of the Text*, Vol. I.

p. 398. "You found his *mote*": — It has been before remarked that the original has "*moth*" in both instances, and in all others in which '*mote*' occurs. It cannot be but that the words were pronounced alike. See *Introduction to Much Ado*, &c., and Note on "*Enter ARMADO and MOTH*," Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 399. "With men like men," &c.: — Folio and quarto omit a word in this line — '*strange*' being found first in the second folio. Malone, who has been almost universally followed, read "*moon-like men*" — an ingenious alteration of a text which needs no emendation. *Birone* tells his friends that after all their vows and pretences they are men like other men — no less inconstant. Soon after he says, —

"O! let us embrace.

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be."

" "What *present* hast thou there?" — that is, what '*presentment* — matter to be presented.' People of all ranks brought presents to kings, it is true, but not folded up in letters.

p. 400. " — we deserve to *die*": — It must be remembered that theft, as well as murder, was formerly punished with death.

p. 401. " — nor I *Birone*": — Because this name here rhymes with '*moon*,' and because Mr. Fox said *Touloon* in the House of Commons, it has been concluded, without sufficient reason I think, that *Biroon* was the pronunciation of the name in Shakespeare's time. Infinite and ridiculous were the affectations of the elegant folk of Mr. Fox's day. Perhaps due investigation might have convinced the editors that '*moon*' was pronounced *moon*, and '*month*' or '*moneth*' *mounth* or *moun-eth* when this play was written.

" "O *wood* divine": — The original has "*word*."

" " — and the *shade* of night": — Folio and quarto have "*school* of night." The word in the text, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is the best emendation which has been offered — *a* having probably been mistaken for *o*, and *ol* for *d*. Theobald suggested '*stole*,' Warburton '*scowl*,' — a poor word, which has yet kept a place in the text hitherto, — and Mr. Dyce '*soil*.' As

the passage has been always punctuated — with a semicolon after 'night' — it is almost senseless. The paradox is, that "the badge of hell," being "beauty's crest, becomes the heavens well."

p. 402. " — that painting, [and] usurping hair " : — The conjunction was supplied by the second folio.

" " — of their sweet complexion *crack* " : — 'Crack,' meaning 'talk,' 'gossip,' is still in use in England, though, I believe, entirely unknown here.

p. 403. " — plodding *prisons* up " : — Folio and quarto misprint "*poisons*."

" "Teaches such *learning* " : — The original has "*beauty*" — a word with little or no meaning here. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 furnishes the word in the text, which might be mistaken in MS. for 'beauty,' and which the two following lines show to be correct.

p. 404. " — in the Hesperides " : — that is, in the gardens of the Hesperides. There is no need of supposing that Shakespeare thought the Hesperides themselves to be gardens; although Robert Greene, *Master of Arts in both Universities*, did write in his *Orpheus and Eurydice*, of "the fearful dragon"

"That watched the gardens call'd Hesperides."

"And when Love speaks," &c. : — Mr. Singer well remarks, that few passages have been more discussed than this; and where all editors and commentators have found some difficulty to explain, it would, perhaps, be presuming to deny that any exists. But the sense which the passage directly and clearly conveyed to me before I had been informed that it was considered obscure, or suspected it to be so, — that when Love speaks, a harmonious drowsy hum of approval from the voice of all the gods fills Heaven, — still clings to me in spite of all ingenious glosses and attempts at emendation. Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, read, —

"And when Love speaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark Heaven drowsy with the harmony."

And the change in punctuation by which Love is made to speak the voice of all the gods has been generally received. Steevens suggested, '*its* harmony.' Heath explained the passage as meaning, "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." Tyrwhitt suggested, —

"And when Love speaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make." &c.

Farmer, —

“ And when Love speaks, the voice *makes* all the gods
Of Heaven drowsy,” &c.

Charles Knight gives an explanation much like that of the present editor, and Mr. Collier, as usual, confines himself to recording the difference of a letter between the old copies.

- p. 406. “ — that *loves* all men ” : — an idiom of the time for ‘ that all men love.’

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 406. “ — witty without *affection* ” : — Here ‘ affection ’ is used for ‘ affectation,’ ‘ audacious ’ for ‘ self-possessed,’ and ‘ opinion ’ for ‘ self-conceit’ — as we still say that a man is ‘ opinionated.’ In this speech, as often before and after, *Armado* is spelled *Armatho*.
- p. 407. “ — such rackers of orthography,” &c. : — This passage has especial interest on account of its testimony as to the condition of our language when it was written. In his pedagoguish wrath, the Pedant lets us know that consonants now silent were then heard on the lips of purists, that compound words preserved the forms and sounds of their elements, and that vowels were pronounced more purely and openly than they now are. The change from the ancient to what may be called the modern pronunciation appears to have begun, among the more cultivated classes, just before Shakespeare commenced his career, and to have been completed in the course of about fifty years — i. e., from about 1575 to about 1625. I am fully aware of the difficulty of fixing limits to such changes, and of the show of reason with which it might be maintained that they have no limits; but as there were periods when our language had, from being Anglo-Saxon, become successively Semi-Saxon, Old English, Middle English, and English, so there was a time when the principles upon which rested the pronunciation for which *Holofernes* contends were no longer thought of, among that class of people to whom we look as the best speakers of a language, and when those which yet guide us became in vogue. With regard to the completion of this change, the following passages from Charles Butler’s *English Grammar, or the Institution of Letters, Syllables and Words in the English Tongue*, 4to., Oxford, 1633, are decisive: in them will be found the very words which *Holofernes* cites.

"Another use of the letters is to show the derivation of a word: namely when wee keep a letter in the derivative, &c. . . . Also when a letter not sounded in the English is yet written, because it is in the language from whence the word came: as *b* in *debt, doubt*; *e* in *George*; *g* in *design, flegme, reign, signe*; *h* in *Thomas, authoriti*, [See *Introduction to Muah Adu, &c.*]; *l* in *salve, &c., &c.*" (P. 3.) "*L* after *a* and before *f, v, k* or *m* is vulgarly sounded like *u* (or, with the *a*, like the diphthong *au*); before *f* as in *calf, half*; before *v* as in *salv, calvs, halvs, &c., &c.*" (P. 18.) Butler was a Master of Arts of Magdalen College, and his Grammar is a curious and valuable contribution to the later history of our language.

But the isolation of the Englishmen of New England, and their consequent protection from exterior influences, caused changes in pronunciation, as well as in idiom, to take place much more slowly among them than among their brethren who remained in the mother country; and the orthoepy for which the worthy Pedant contends is not very far removed from that of the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the present generation in the more sequestered parts of the Eastern States. The scholars among these, as well as those who had received only that common-school education which no Yankee is allowed to lack, did not, for instance, in Holofernian phrase, speak *coud* and *woud* fine, but pronounced all the consonants, *could* and *would*; they said *sword*, not *sored*; they pronounced 'have' to rhyme with 'rave,' not *hav*, — 'jest,' which used to be written *jeast, jeest*, to rhyme with 'yeast,' — 'pert,' which of old was spelled *peart, peert*; and in compound words they said, for instance, 'clean-ly,' not *clen-ly*, and, correctly, 'an-gel,' 'cham-ber,' 'dang-er,' not *ane-gel, chame-ber, dane-ger*. Their accents yet linger in the ears of some of us, and make the words of Shakespeare's pedagogue not altogether strange. It is true that this note assists neither to determine Shakespeare's text nor to illustrate his meaning; but, perhaps, for its subject's sake, it will be acceptable to those who love the language in which Shakespeare wrote.

p. 407. " — it insinuateth me of *insanie*": — Folio and quarto have "*infamie*" for '*insanie*,' which Theobald corrected.

" "*Quare chirrah, not sirrah*": — We learn from this passage that at the time when this play was written it was becoming the fashion to pronounce 'sirrah' *shirra*, as it was to pronounce 'suitor' *shooter*. See Note on "She that bears the bow," Act IV. Sc. I. This corruption of *s* to *sh* before *u* or *i*, is like that of *d* to *j* before

- u, or letters which have its sound: as some folk think it elegant to bid one 'a *jeu*,' because 'the *jeus* are falling.'
- p. 408. "The *third* of the five vowels": — Folio and quarto have "The *last*," which is an obvious error.
- " " — a quick *venew* of wit": — This fencing term was in constant use in the metaphorical sense of 'hit': as, for instance, "being driven [i. e., coquettish women] from their warde, they ly so open that they are soone *venued*." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*. 4to. 1586. fol. 135 b.
- " " — at the *Charge-house*": — We shall probably be without an explanation of this phrase until we discover the story on which the play is founded. Steevens supposed it to mean 'free-school,' though it is difficult to conjecture why. Mr. Collier's folio has '*large* house;' but as the original has "*Charge-house*," with a capital C, the misprint is hardly probable.
- p. 409. "I do beseech thee, *remember thy courtesy*; . . . — I do beseech thee, *apparel thy head*": — Difficulty has been found here, which has not been explained, and which Malone proposed to obviate by reading "*remember not thy courtesy*" — an interpolation which Mr. Dyce pronounces "absolutely necessary." But the obscurity has arisen from supposing both sentences to be addressed to the same person. The Clown, who was present as well as the Pedant, probably forgot the courtesy which the other remembered; and *Armado* reminds the peasant of his duty to his betters, and waives the civility on the part of *Holofernes*. We must constantly remember that these plays were written only to be acted.
- In the next line the quarto has "*important*" instead of '*importunate*.'
- p. 410. " — if this *fadge* not": — i. e., suit not.
- " " — dance *the hay*": — The '*hay*' was an old English country dance, which seems to have been a very lively one, from the following allusions to it: "Their violent turning and wild whirling hayes." Davies' *Orchestra*. 1622. "With their winding haies, active, antique dances," &c. Chapman's *Widow's Tears*. 1612.
- SCENE II.
- p. 411. "He made her melancholy," &c. : — Five lines here are accidentally printed as prose in the original.
- p. 412. " — past *cure* is still past *care*": — Folio and quarto transpose '*care*' and '*cure*' in this old adage.
- " "Ware pencils, ho!" — Folio and quarto have "'Ware

pensals. *How?*" The emendation is by Mr. Dyce, who says that "how" is "merely the old spelling of 'ho,'" and cites many instances in support of his opinion, which is much confirmed by the fact that two hundred and fifty years ago *ow* had, much more generally than it now has, the pure sound of *o*. He adds, that "'ho' is, of course, equivalent to *cease, stop* — a meaning which formerly it often bore"! Has it ceased to bear that meaning in England?

- p. 412. " — I beshrew all *shrews*": — 'Shrew' was pronounced *shrow* in Shakespeare's time, of which pronunciation we yet have remnants, for instance, in 'sew' and 'shew.' The quarto has, "I beshrow all *shrows*."
- p. 413. " — in by th' week": — instead of by the day; that is, firmly engaged.
- " " — to my *behests*": — Folio and quarto have "*de-vics*." The text is that of the second folio, and both sense and rhyme justify it, great as the corruption is which it supposes.
- " "So *persaunt*-like": — that is, so sharply, so keenly. The word, from 'pierce,' (formerly written *perse*,) was often so used. The original has "*pertaunt*," with the very easy error of a *t* for a long *f*. Hanmer read '*portent*-like,' and has been generally followed. Capell read '*pageant*-like;' and '*potently*' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The last word affords a good sense, but it differs too widely from the original, and does not suit the caustic *Rosaline* so well as that in the text.
- " " — to *wantonness*": — Folio and quarto have "*wantons be*," which was corrected in the second folio.
- p. 414. " — mirth *is* in his face": — The folio omits '*is*.'
- p. 416. " — as I guess": — This line is without a rhyme. It may be the first of a couplet, the second of which is lost, and which is not absolutely necessary to the sense; otherwise it is the third of a triplet; but the former supposition is the more probable.
- " " — his love-*suit*": — Folio and quarto have "*love-feat*" — an error for which the long *f* is chiefly responsible. The correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- p. 416. " — turn away *her* face": — The original has "*his*," and in the next line "*keepers*" for 'speakers,' which is found in the quarto. In the second line of the *Princess*' next speech '*e'er*' appears for "ne'er," which is found in the second folio.

- p. 416. "Enter the KING," &c. :— The stage direction of the original is, somewhat oddly, "Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised."
- " "Beauties no richer," &c. :— This speech is given in the original to *Birons*; but it was *Boyst* who "put *Ar-mado's* page out of his part," as we learn from the *King* just before the ladies join their lovers on the return of the latter in their own habits. The use of the same initial letter as a prefix caused the mistake, which occurs again in the folio in this Scene, when *Costard* enters for *Pompey*. *Theobald* made the change, and all editors and commentators have acquiesced in it, except Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight. "Taffata" refers to the silk masks of the ladies.
- p. 418. "— vouchsafe but one change" :— The quarto has "do but vouchsafe one change." This is one of many variations between the two editions, which shows that the copy of the quarto from which the folio was printed was corrected by authority.
- " "Why take you hands" :— The quarto has "we."
- " "Prize you yourselves" :— The folio omits 'you'— owing to the repetition of the syllable.
- p. 420. "Take that," &c. :— The folio has "Take you that."
- " "What, was your visor made," &c. :— In the original this and many other speeches are assigned to the wrong characters. The errors of this kind are so numerous in this play, and so easy of correction, that it has been very rarely necessary to point them out particularly.
- " "— kingly poor flout" :— It would have seemed quite unnecessary to point out that this expression refers to the *King's* lame retort at parting, had not "killed by poor flout," which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1832, been received with some favor, and had not Mr. Singer thought it necessary to read "strung by poor flout."
- p. 421. "Qualm, perhaps" :— Plainly 'qualm' was pronounced *calm*, which gave the *Princess* an opportunity for her jest; for *Longaville* would surely not tell his mistress that she "came o'er his heart" like a *qualm*! Thus 'quote' was pronounced *cote*, and so printed, and sometimes *coat*. See also Note on *qui, que, quod*. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 1.
- " "— plain statute-caps" :— An Act of Parliament passed in 1571, for the benefit of cappers, enjoined, that all persons, with the exception of noblemen and a few oth-

ers, should, on Sunday and other feast days, wear wool-
len caps entirely of English make, under a penalty of ten
groats. *Stypps's Annals of Queen Elizabeth.*

- p. 422. " — command me any service to her " : — Thus the folio : the quarto has, lamely enough, " any service to her *thither?* " — which Capell first adopted. He has been universally followed hitherto, the editors also reading, " Where *is* the Princess ? " in the second line above, and thus obtaining three lines of poor blank verse. But they forgot that the speeches here are in couplets or alternate rhymes. If the quarto were ever right, which there is no warrant for believing, the difference from it is evidently the result of design. With the next line begins the verse and the rhyme.
- p. 423. " — when *Jove* doth please " : — The quarto has " *God.* " It is possible that the change was made in accordance with the statute 3 James, touching the use of the name of the Creator ; but the heathen gods are much appealed to in this play.
- " " He can *carve*, too " : — See Note on " She *carves*," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 3.
- " " — as *whales*-bone " : — The teeth of the walrus, which used to be called the whale, furnished an inferior sort of ivory. Previous editors have noticed that *whales* is a dissyllable, though they have strangely failed to see that the same is true with regard to many other similar words in Shakespeare's earlier plays.
- " " Pay him the *due* " : — The folio has " *dutie*," and just below, both folio and quarto have, " this *mad* man," — both evidently errors of the press.
- p. 424. " — [*My*] gentle sweet " : — Folio and quarto have no word in the place of ' *My*,' which was inserted by Malone. The second folio — no better authority as to a lost word — reads, " *Fair*, gentle sweet," which gives a much less musical line, and a collocation of epithets which *Biron* would be less likely to apply to *Rosaline*.
- p. 425. " — thy keen *conceit* " : — The analogically proper pronunciation of this word was in vogue when this play was written, and made it a perfect rhyme to ' wait.' The diphthong *ei* had then almost invariably the sound which it still preserves in ' freight,' ' obeisance,' &c.
- p. 426. " — spruce *affection* " : — Thus folio and quarto ; but all modern editors, Mr. Collier excepted, read ' *affec-tation*,' although ' affection ' was the form most commonly used in Shakespeare's day : — just before, Sir *Nathaniel* says. " witty without affection." Besides, if we read

'affectation,' we must pronounce *hy-pér-bo-lés*; whereas Shakespeare used that word as a trisyllable, *hy-pér-boles*, as we see by this line in *Troilus and Cressida*, —

"Would seem *hy-per-boles*. At this fusty stuff."

It should be remarked also that affection has not our modern trisyllabic pronunciation, but one similar to that which such words have in French verse — *af-fec-ti-on*: thus it rhymes with *os-ten-ta-ti-on*. This pronunciation of words ending in *tion* is not uncommonly found in the literature of Shakespeare's day.

- p. 426. "Sans '*sans*'": — The French word '*sans*' was in common use in the polite society of Shakespeare's time; but, like many others that have enjoyed the same favor, it failed to become domesticated. *Biron*, who had just forsworn "taffata phrases" for "russet yeas and honest kersey noes," has yet, as he says, "a trick of the old rage."

" — Lord, have mercy on us": — This was written on the doors of houses infected with the plague; and the plague spots were called 'the Lord's tokens.'

- p. 427. " — you *force* not to forswear": — 'Force' seems to have been used of old for 'weight,' metaphorically in the sense of 'consequence,' 'consideration'; and thus "you force not," means 'you think it of no consequence.'

- p. 428. " — by th' *squire*": — i. e., square, — from the French '*esquierre*.' *Boyet* knows all his royal mistress' whims and peculiarities; or, in an old English phrase which has died out here, 'he has got the length of her foot.'

" — you are allow'd": — As we say, 'you are privileged.'

- p. 429. "You cannot *beg* us": — The custody of idiots and the management of their estates could be granted by the King to whomever he thought proper; and so persons then were 'begged' for fools with the same intent with which nowadays they are sometimes sent to lunatic asylums.

" — but to *pursent* one man": — The original has "*perfect*," which, though hitherto retained, is plainly a misprint, and an easy one, for '*pursent*,' (spelled with a long *f*;) which the Clown uses just before. '*Present*' was specially applied to the assumption of character on the stage.

" — worthy of *Pompion* the Great": — In the previous speech the original has "*Pompion*," here "*Pompey*,"

which seems manifestly an error. The Clown does not know "the degree of the Worthy," but mistaking his name for 'pompion,' ['pumpkin,'] he supposes him to be a "poor man."

- p. 429. "Where zeal strives to content, and the contents":— These two lines are as in the original. The poet, had he lived now, or at any time when agreement in number was absolutely necessary, and had no rhyme been required for 'presents,' would have written "and the content." Much difficulty has been found in the passage, and it has been subjected to many alterations, in one of which, 'them' for 'that,' in the second line, I was once disposed to concur. But no change is necessary. The *Princess* in the preceding and two succeeding lines, is her own commentator upon this expression of the mischievous pleasure which she has in bathos.
- p. 430. "Abate a throw at *Novem*":— 'Novem,' or 'Novem-quinque,' was a game of dice; so called from the important throws being nine and five.
- p. 431. "You lie," &c.:— This first interruption is given in the original to *Birone*, as the first also is in the masking interview in the early part of this Scene; the mistake being due to the identity of the initial letters in the names *Birone* and *Boyet*.
- " "With *libbard's* head":— This refers to the *masquine*, which Cotgrave defines (1611) "the representation of a Lyon's head, &c., upon the elbow or knee of some old-fashioned garments." The caps for the knees and elbows in a suit of plate armor were also frequently wrought into the shape of a lion's or leopard's ('libbard's') head.
- " "— it stands too right":— It must be remembered that Alexander's head was awry.
- p. 432. "— the painted cloth":— Painted cloth was a cheap sort of hanging, used generally in halls, instead of arras; and, like that, was adorned with representations of classical or scriptural subjects. It is several times mentioned in these plays, and occurs in almost every remaining inventory of household goods made in Shakespeare's day. See some in Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*.
- " — sitting on a close stool":— Tollet pointed out that in the arms assigned to the Nine Worthies in Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1697, Alexander is made to bear, "geules, a lion seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent." By preserving, as *Costard* did, the pure sound of the last *a* in 'Ajax,' the nature of his pun will be

made apparent. The pole axe was so called from its Polish origin: its handle was short.

- p. 433. "A kissing traitor": — One meaning of 'clip' was to embrace, to throw the arms about; and hence Judas Maccabeus clipped is called a kissing traitor. We are told that the old Scotch guillotine, the Maiden, "clipped its victim about the neck;" and, doubtless, it hence received its name.

" "A cittern head": — The heads of stringed instruments were of old generally carved grotesquely into human or bestial forms, as they sometimes now are; and the same fashion prevailed with regard to the other articles mentioned afterwards.

- p. 434. "A gift nutmeg": — This, from frequent allusions in the literature of the time, appears to have been a common gift; why, it is impossible to say.

"[Peace!]" : — This exclamation, and the words "when he breathed," &c., in *Armado's* second speech below, are found only in the quarto.

- p. 435. "[BIRON goes out]": — In the original, "BROWNS steps forth." Since Capell's edition, it has been the universal practice to make *Birone* whisper *Costard*, who is kept on the stage, — a very clumsy arrangement, as well as inconsistent with the original direction. This direction shows, that although no entrance is marked in the original, *Costard* (whose exit is there directed when the *Princess* says, "Stand aside, good Pompey") comes running in, crying, "The party is gone," &c., after *Birone* has put him up to the trick. Mr. Collier's folio has, in the latter place, "Enter *COSTARD* hastily, and unarmed."

' "— she's quick": — See *Costard's* next speech and the Note on "quick *Birone*," in the early part of this Scene.

- p. 436. "I go woolward": — To wear wool next the skin was a milder form of the hair-shirt penance.

- p. 437. "— a nimble tongue": — The original has "Assamble," a word without meaning here. Theobald read 'nimble,' which was found also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and which the context shows to be correct; for the *Princess* adds, "— and so (that is, because a heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue) excuse me for coming so short of thanks."

" "The extreme haste of time," &c.: — The original has, "parts of time," an evident corruption. The correction, which is Mr. Singer's, is justified by the sense of the three

following lines, as well as by the ease with which the old *h*, with a bow below the line, might be mistaken for *p*, and the likeness between *r* and *s* in MS. at any time.

- p. 437. " — my griefs are *dull* " : — The original has " my griefs are *double*." The correction was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 ; and the reply which the line elicits from *Birone* fully justifies the change.
- p. 438. " Full of *strange* shapes " : — The original has " *straying*," — a palpable misprint.
- " " *As bombast, and as lining* " : — ' *Bombast* ' being the material which was used to stuff out dresses, the word was used to signify any filling or puffing out. Thus, " so that they have to bombast their bellies with good store of meate." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1591, fol. 187 b. " Studie should rather make him leane and thinne, and pull out the bumbast of his corpulent doublet." *Ibid.*, fol. 190 a.
- " " — *in our respects* " : — The original has " *are*," which Hanmer corrected.
- p. 439. " And what to me," &c. : — The five succeeding lines in reply to this question are repeated afterward almost in terms, and with amplification, by *Rosaline*. Various editors have suggested that they should be omitted altogether ; and it is evident that they are the first draft of the thought, and by oversight were not struck out when the play was augmented ; the parting tilt between these two wits having then been made the close of the conference.
- p. 440. " — for *thy* love " : — The folio has " for *my* love."
- p. 441. " — their own *dear* groans " : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has " *dire* groans," which is a very specious alteration ; but see the first line of Act II. Sc. 1 of this play : —
" Now, Madam, summon up your *dearest* spirits."
King Henry IV., too, calls his son his " dearest [i. e., his greatest] enemy." The use of the word in this superlative sense was common.
- p. 442. " And lady-smocks " : — This and the next line are transposed in the original. The first ' *Tu-whit* ' is also omitted in *Winter's* stanzas. Theobald made the necessary correction. The structure of the stanzas requires both changes.
- p. 443. " — doth *keel* the pot " : — To ' *keel* a pot ' was to cool it by stirring the boiling contents with a ladle.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

—

COMEDIES.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE WORKS OF

www.libtool.com.cn

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS
READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS,
NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF
THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET,
AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. IV.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1889

www.libtool.com.cn

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by
RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New York.

UNIVERSITY PRESS : JOHN WILSON & SON,
CAMBRIDGE.

www.libtool.com.cn

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(8)

"A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleet-streets, 1600." 32 leaves.

"A Midsommer night's dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. VVritten by VVilliam Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts, 1600." 32 leaves.

A Midsommer Night's Dream occupies eighteen pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 145 to p. 162, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

DR. JOHNSON, doling out scarce half a dozen lines of cold approval to this play, devotes two of them to saying, "Fairies in his [Shakespeare's] time were much in fashion: common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great." But, unfortunately for Shakespeare's reputation, the ignorance and misapprehension displayed in this sentence sadly impair the value of that approbation of which it forms so large a part. An editor of Shakespeare should have known that the fairies of *The Faerie Queen* and those of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* are not the same. A reader capable of appreciating either poem, on reading both, must see, untold, that they have nothing in common. The personages of Spenser's allegory are the supernatural beings of stately romance, endowed with traits typical of the moral virtues: the freakful atomies of Shakespeare's dream are the 'good people' in whose actual existence every rustic in England had full faith—a faith shared by no small proportion of his superiors in rank and education, until the poet's hand transplanted elf and fay from the byways of tradition and the dim retreats of superstition into the bright and open realms of fancy and imagination.

For there seems to be no ground on which to rest a doubt that Shakespeare was the first to give the fairy of the fireside tale either an embodiment upon the stage or a place in literature, however humble. Evidence abounds that the *Oberon*, the *Titania*, and, above all, the *Puck* of this play are ideals, the prototypes of which figured in countless tales familiar as household words to English folk of Shakespeare's day and their immediate progenitors; and yet there is great lack of contemporary illustration of this subject, because, until attention had been directed

to it by the success of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, no collection or examination of popular English fairy lore appears to have been made, except of the briefest and most unpretending character and that quite incidentally. Mr. Halliwell seems to have done all that can be done to throw light upon the origin of this unique comedy; * and it is not his fault that his labors, though evincing great research and judgment, fail of their chief object; but it is too plain to admit of doubt, that, except a few barren allusions, nothing has been discovered upon this subject which does not start from Shakespeare's work instead of leading to it.

The earliest allusion to Robin Goodfellow known hitherto was first quoted by Steevens from Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, published in 1584. There are several brief passages in that curious work which show that in his *Puck* Shakespeare faithfully reproduced the characteristic traits of a supernatural being who was the hero of tales often told, and commonly believed. † Mr. Halliwell has quoted a passage from Whetstone's *Honourable Reputation of a Souldier*, published in 1586, in which Robin Goodfellow is mentioned; ‡ and Mr. Collier notices, in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry, &c.*, the occurrence of the name in Anthony Munday's comedy, *The Two Italian Gentlemen*, printed in 1584; and in his edition of *Robin Goodfellow's Mad Franks, &c.*, published by the Percy Society, he also cites some

* In *An Introduction to Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 8vo., London, 1841, and *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, 8vo., published by the Shakespeare Society. London. 1846.

† "There goe as manie tales upon Hudgin in some parts of Germanie, as there did in England of Robin Goodfellowe." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 621.

"And know you this by the wale, that heretofore Robin Good-fellow and Hobgoblin were as terrible and also as credible to the people as hags and witches be now. . . . And, in truth, they that mainteine walking sprits have no reason to denie Robin Good-fellow, upon whom there have gone as manie, and as credible, tales, as upon witches, saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the bible to call sprits by the name of Robin Good-fellow." *Ibid.*, p. 168.

"Your grandames maids were wont to set a boll of milke before Incubus and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him besides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here!

Hemton hamten

Here will I never more tread nor stampen." *Ibid.*, p. 85.

‡ "The Frenchmen, to scarre their children, as we doe by Robyn Good fellow, have to this day a by-word — *Garde le Tulot.*"

verses from *Skialethia or a Shadow of Truth*, printed in 1598, in which Opinion is called

"The Proteus, Robin-good-fellow of change."

No other allusion of the kind which has been adduced in illustration of the play (except one in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatorie*, which will be particularly noticed hereafter) was made before its publication.* But to these I am able to add another of yet earlier date than either, though its seniority is but little. In Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, a translation from the Italian, first published in 1581, three years before the appearance of Scot's book, there is this sentence: "And thereof wee may gather the great wrong that fathers, mothers, and nurces doe to young children when they will make it a sport to put their children in feare with tales of Robin goodfellow, and such like, whereby they offend God, and make their children feareful and dastardlie." † We see by this passage, not only that the fashions of the nursery have changed but little in three centuries, but that Robin Goodfellow was something more than a mischievous "merry wanderer of the night," stories about whom would rather amuse children than make them fearful and dastardly, and that Shakespeare has shorn him of some horrors which it is safe to say were incongruous with the typical traits of his nature. This use of his name to awaken fear is quite consistent with a wood-cut representation of him which

* Sir Francis Madden has pointed out a story in a Latin MS. of the thirteenth century, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, of which, as some "writers well qualified to judge" have thought that it introduces Robin Goodfellow, Mr. Halliwell has thought it worth while to give the following translation:—

"Once Robinet was in a certain house in which soldiers were resting for the night, and after having made a great clamour during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body; Robin is the devil or sinner."

† As I have not access to the Italian original of this book, I cannot determine how far this passage conforms to that of which it professes to be a translation. Probably, however, it is rather a paraphrase; for it was quite common with our early translators to substitute allusions to their own time and country for the national traits of such foreign books as they undertook to introduce to English readers. This passage will be found on fol. 159 b. of the second edition of Guazzo. 4to. 1586. I do not possess that of 1581.

accompanied the little pamphlet, before alluded to, entitled *Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jestes, &c.*, the earliest known copy of which was printed in 1628. The artist has there represented him with a beard, horns, long ears, the shaggy thighs and the hoofs of a satyr, carrying in one hand a candle, and over his shoulder a broom: in brief, he appears to differ nothing in outward semblance from the popular notions of him whom Burns calls "Horny, Satan, Nick, or Clootie."

This same spirit is described as performing the very tricks which are attributed to him by Scot and Shakespeare, in Nashe's *Terrors of the Night*, published in 1594, the year when this comedy was probably written,* and also in a passage quoted by Warton from Harsnet's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, &c.*† But as Harsnet's book was not published until 1603, three years after Shakespeare's play was printed, and nine after it was written, it is possible, if not probable, that the bishop was indebted to the playwright; while it is certain that the playwright owed nothing to the bishop in this matter, whatever may have been his obligations to his lordship for the goblin nomenclature of another play.‡ There is a fairy scene in *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, an anonymous play attributed to John Lilly; but this was not published until 1600; and whoever chooses can read the scene in Halliwell's *Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, and see how palpably and how weakly it imitates *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the last Scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. These are all the allusions to the domestic fairy and to Robin Goodfellow which have been discovered in literature antecedent to the production of this comedy, or strictly contemporaneous with it. It has been conjectured, however, that *Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes, &c.*, had been published many

* "The Robin Goodfellowes, elves, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former daies, and the phantastical world of Greece, cycloped swanes, satyres, dryades, and hamadryades, did most of their merry prankes in the night. Then ground they malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours, daunst in greene meadows, pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane, and led poor travellers out of their way notoriously."

† "And if that the bowl of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairry-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheesse would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head." Chapter xx. p. 134.

‡ The names of the spirits spoken of by *Edgar* in *King Lear* are found in Harsnet's *Declaration*. See the *Introduction* to that tragedy.

years before the date of the earliest copy now known — 1628 ; and Mr. Collier, who, in his Introduction to this play published in 1843, said, “there is little doubt that it came out forty years earlier,” in an introductory note to *The Devil and the Scold*, one of the ballads in his very interesting Roxburghe Collection, which was published four years afterward, uses more decided language, to wit, that the “ ‘Mad Pranks’ had been published before 1588.” Mr. Collier’s reasons for this decision, which has not been questioned hitherto, are to be found only in the following passage in his Introduction to the edition of the *Mad Pranks*, published by the Percy Society : —

“There is no doubt that ‘Robin Goodfellow his mad Pranks and merry Jest’ was first printed before 1588. Tarlton, the celebrated comic actor, died late in that year, and just after his decease (as is abundantly established by internal evidence, though the work has no date) came out in [*sic*] a tract called ‘Tarltons Newes out of Purgatorie, &c., Published by an old companion of his Robin Goodfellow ;’ and on sign. A 3 we find it asserted that Robin Goodfellow was ‘famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye pranks,’ as if at that time the incidents detailed in the succeeding pages were all known, and had been frequently related. Four years earlier, Robin Goodfellow had been mentioned by Anthony Munday in his comedy of ‘The Two Italian Gentlemen,’ printed in 1584, and there his other familiar name of Hobgoblin is also assigned to him.”

Here is even a greater misapprehension than Mr. Collier has before exhibited, of the significance of the interesting contributions which his industry, his enthusiasm, and his good fortune have enabled him to make to Shakespearian letters. The assertion in the *Newes out of Purgatorie*, that Robin Goodfellow and his tricks were told of in every old wife’s chronicle, certainly does show that the incidents related in the *Merry Pranks* were, at least in a measure, “known, and had been frequently related” previous to the appearance of the former publication ; but it neither establishes any sort of connection between the two works, nor has the slightest bearing upon the question of the order in which they were written. To conclude that the latter preceded the former because they both allude to the mad pranks of Robin Goodfellow is to beg the very point in question ; and to suppose that the old wives derived their stories of Robin from the author of the *Mad Pranks*, is just to reverse that order of events which results from the very nature of things : it is the author who records and puts into shape the old wives’ stories. That

the occurrence of the phrase "*mad merry pranks*" in the *News out of Purgatorie* had any influence in producing the judgment that the *Mad Pranks* had preceded it, it is difficult to believe; for the word 'mad' was of old the accepted and almost stereotyped expression of the idea for which we now use 'wild' — as, for instance, in Shakespeare's own works, "Do you hear, my mad wenches?" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1,) "Farewell, mad wenches," (*Ib.*, Act V. Sc. 2,) "Away, away, mad as!" (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act V. Sc. 1,) "How now, mad wag!" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2;) and 'pranks' was and is used no less generally in the sense which it has in both the cases in question. Beside, if the occurrence of the words in the two publications establish any relation between them, (which it does not,) it can only be that the words were copied from the book of the earlier into that of the later date. Nor is there warrant in Anthony Munday's lines for the assertion that Hobgoblin was Robin Goodfellow's "other familiar name," or even that they assigned it to him. The lines are, as quoted by Mr. Collier, —

"Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke and the great Cham,
Robin-goodfellow, Hobgoblin, the devill and his dam."

Now, we have here but a succession of names of different personages, natural and supernatural; and it might as well be supposed that Munday calls Ottomanus the Sophy of Persia, the Turke the Cham of Tartary, or Robin Goodfellow the Devil and his dam, as that he calls Robin Hobgoblin. The truth is, that Shakespeare was the first to name Robin either Puck or Hobgoblin, as we shall soon see.

There is, then, no reason for believing that the *Merry Pranks* is an older composition than the *News out of Purgatorie*, but there are reasons which lead to the conclusion that it was written after *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. We learn from the testimony of Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, that the comedy was well known before 1598; and certain passages in it were quite surely written in 1594 — the play having most probably been produced some years before, and at that time augmented and partly rewritten. Now, the style of the *Merry Pranks* is not that of a time previous to the latter date. Its simplicity and directness, and its comparative freedom from the multitude of compound prepositions and adverbs which deform the sentences and obscure the thoughts of earlier writers, point to a period not antecedent to that of the translation of our Bible for its production,

and show, indeed, that it was probably written by a man young enough to have escaped almost entirely the influences of an antiquated phraseology, traits of which are not wanting in the work of the mature scholars to whom that task was committed. Let any one familiar with English books published before 1594 say whether a work, the style of which is fairly represented by such sentences as the following, was written then : —

“After Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his master’s house, hee sat downe, and being weary hee fell asleepe. No sooner had slumber taken full possession of him and closed his long opened eye-lids but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall he heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greek fidler (had he beene alive), compared to any one of these had beene as infamous as a Welsh-harper that plays for cheese and onions.”

Save for the occurrence of ‘tooken’ and ‘withall,’ words which continued in use among the best writers during the seventeenth century, this might have been written yesterday by any one who has command of a pure and simple idiomatic English style. Compare it with the following extracts, fair representatives of the style of a translation of *Huon of Bourdeaux*, published in 1601. The translation was first published between 1570 and 1575, it having been in 1601 “the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended” — this edition being the earliest now known.*

“Then the ancient man lifted up his eyes and beheld Huon, and had great marvaile, for of a long season before he had seen no man that spake of God. Then he beheld Huon in the face, and began sore to weep, and stepping unto Huon, tooke him by the leg and kissed it more then twentie times.”

“— and when I was borne, there were with my mother many ladies of the fairye, and by them I had many gifts, and among other there was one that gave mee the gift to be such a one as you see I am; whereof I am sorry, but I cannot be none otherwise, for when I came to the age of three yeeres I grew no more.”

This translation is particularly useful for our present purpose, because it shows that between 1575 and 1600 there was so great a change in style that at the latter date it was thought necessary

* See Halliwell’s *Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, p. 91.

to amend the rude English of a Fairy-tale published at the former, and because, as we have seen, with all the correction, the tale is still rude and antiquated when compared with the earliest known edition of the *Merry Pranks*.

To this evidence, afforded by the style of the narrative, the songs embodied in the book add some of another kind, and perhaps more generally appreciable. One, for instance, beginning, "When Virtue was a country maide," contains these lines:—

"She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,
The pot was nere out of her span,
She married a tobacco man,
A stranger, a stranger."

But tobacco had never been seen in England until 1686, only two years before the publication of the *News out of Purgatorie*; and Aubrey, writing at least after 1650, says in his Ashmolean MSS. that "within a period of thirty-five years it was sold for its weight in silver." But it is not necessary to go to the gossiping antiquary for evidence that before 1694 or 1698 a "country maide" could not command the luxury of a pipe, or that, rapidly as the noxious weed came into use, she could not then marry "a tobacco man."

In the narrative we are told that Robin sung another of the songs "to the tune of *What care I how faire she be?*" But the writer of the song to which this is the burthen, George Wither, was not born until 1688, the very year in which the *News out of Purgatorie* was published; and this song, although written a short time (we know not how long) before, was first published in 1619 in Wither's *Fidelia*. It became very popular, and several imitations of it were written—one of which was attributed, until a few years since, to Sir Walter Raleigh.* As bearing upon the question of date, the following lines, in one of the songs, are also important:—

"O give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,
Bacon, hempe, or flaxe.
Some pudding bring, or other thing:
My need doth make me *axe*."

Here the last word should plainly be, and originally was, 'axe.'

* See Brydges' *British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 185, and Wotton and Raleigh's *Poems*, Ed. John Haanay.

(the early form of 'ask,') which is demanded by the rhymé, and which would have been given had the edition of 1628 been printed from one much earlier; for 'axe' was in common use in the first years of the seventeenth century. The song, which is clearly many years older than the volume in which it appears, was written out for the press by some one who used the new orthography even at the cost of the old rhyme.

But perhaps the most important passage in the *Mad Pranks*, with regard to its relation to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is the last sentence of the First Part:—"The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Goodfellow, or otherwise called Hob-goblin, and his companions, by turning himself into diverse sundry shapes." For the evidence that Robin Goodfellow was not called Hobgoblin until Shakespeare gave him that name, which before had pertained to another spirit, even if not to one of another sort, is both clear and cogent. Scot, in the passage which has been quoted from his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, says "that heretofore Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin were as terrible," &c.; and in another he enumerates, amid a throng of "other bugs,"—i. e., objects of fear,— "Incubus, Robin-Goodfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell wain, the fier drake, the puckle [perhaps an error for puck] Tom Thombe, Hob goblin, Tom Tumbler and boneles." This was in 1584, only four years before the publication of the *Newes out of Purgatorie*, which Mr. Collier would have refer to the *Mad Pranks*, in which Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin are made one. Again, in the passage already quoted from Nashe's *Terrors of the Night*, published in 1594, the very year in which a part, at least, of the fairy poetry of this play was written, Robin Goodfellows, elves, fairies, hobgoblins, are enumerated as distinct classes of spirits; and Spenser, just before, had thus distinguished the Puck from the Hobgoblin in his *Epithalamion*:—

" Ne let housefires nor lightnings helpless harms,
 Ne let the pouke nor other evil sprites,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
 Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not."

Shakespeare was the first to make Robin a Puck and a Hobgoblin when he wrote the lines in Act I. Sc. 2 of this play,—

"Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck," -

and since that time the merry knave has borne the alias.*

We are thus led to the conclusion not only that this interesting tract, the *Mad Pranks*, was written after the publication of the *News out of Purgatorie* in 1688, and after the performance of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, but that it was in a measure founded upon this very play, — an order which antiquarian zeal would blindly have reversed. It seems that the writer of the *Mad Pranks* was incited to his task by the popularity of this comedy, which is well established by contemporary testimony, and that he did his best to gather all the old wives' tales about Robin Goodfellow into a clumsily-designed story, which he interspersed, to make it more popular, with such songs, old or new, as were in vogue at the time. For it must be noticed that although the author has written some lame rhyming speeches, suited to Robin Goodfellow and his father Oberon, there is not the slightest allusion to him or to the fairies in either of the songs, all of which are evidently favorite ballads of the day, written at various dates, by various authors, and on various subjects. This was probably done about 1625, as the foregoing considerations show; but there may have been an edition a few years earlier in the century. Mr. Collier and, it would seem, other distinguished Shakespearian scholars hold another opinion; but only, I believe, because they have not sufficiently examined the subject. They may be right, and the present editor wrong; but other grounds for their belief than those we have just found untenable do not appear; and *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*.

It has been worth our while to examine with some care the relations between the comedy and the narrative, of both of which Robin Goodfellow is the hero; for a knowledge of the

* Mr. Keightley in his *Fairy Mythology* — a work full of interest and curious information — remarks, after having shown that the Pucks were not originally Hobgoblins, "The truth perhaps is, that the poets, led by the inviting consciousness of the term, applied it to the house-spirit or hob-goblin. Shakespeare appears to have been the original offender." (Vol. II. p. 120.) Is it not probable that 'hob,' about the derivation of which the lexicographers seem at a loss, became a term to express heavy rusticity because it was originally, and, I believe, still is, a diminutive commonly used in the rural districts of England for 'Robin'? This, perhaps, led Shakespeare to give the name Hobgoblin to Robin Goodfellow.

nature of those relations is important to the just appreciation of Shakespeare's labors in the production of this play, and must be welcome to all who would give him the tribute of intelligent admiration. It seems, then, that he was indebted only to popular tradition for the more important part of the rude material which he worked into a structure of such fanciful and surpassing beauty — for the mere existence of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* in Grecian poetry is a fact of no moment; and as to the rest, it is all his own. The plot of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* has no prototype in ancient or modern story.*

The date of the original production of this Comedy is not determinable with accuracy. It was first printed in 1600; but that it was well known three years before, the citation of it by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, is decisive proof. A part of it — *Titania's* description to *Oberon* of the effects of their conjugal disagreement, Act II. Sc. 1, — was quite surely written in 1594. The very singular and disastrous season there described found a chronicler in Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, from whose MS. Diary, under the date 1594, Mr. Halliwell has made the following important quotation in his Introduction to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* : —

"Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit, and many plombs of all sorts this yeare and small nuts, but fewe walnuts: this monethes of June and July wer very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10 dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scant too fair dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse: yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye: mani murders were done this quarter: there were many gret fludes this sommer, and about Michelmas, thorowe the abundaunce of raine that fell sodeinly, the brige of Ware was broken downe, and at Stratford Bowe, the water was never sine so byg as yt was: and in the latter end of October, the waters burst downe the bridg at Cambridge, and in Barkshire were many gret waters, wherewith was moch harm done sodeinly." MS. Ashm. 384, fol. 105.

There is also a similar record in *Stowe's Chronicle*; and other writers of the time have alluded to the untimely severity of the weather in that year; so that, as to the date of the passage in

* But has not the designation of Helena as "Nedar's daughter," and again as "old Nedar's daughter," somewhat the air of a reminiscence?

question there is no room for reasonable doubt.* But the reliance which some editors are inclined to place upon another piece of internal evidence does not seem to be so well founded. *Philostrato's* "abridgment" of the sports which are ripe for *Thousus'* enjoyment has been supposed to contain a contemporary allusion in the lines, —

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary."

It was once thought that Shakespeare had in mind the sad end of Edmund Spenser's life. But Spenser died in 1599, and Meres mentions this play in a book published in the previous year; and, besides, learning was not Spenser's characteristic trait. Malone accepted Warton's suggestion, that the allusion was to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning*, which appeared in 1691. But, as Mr. Knight has pointed out, this, although "a satire keen and critical," does not in any way lament "the death of learning late deceased in beggary." Mr. Knight himself conjectures that the allusion is to Greene, a poet who was remarkable for his learning, who did die in beggary in 1692, and who was satirized after his death by his opponent in life, Gabriel Harvey. The conjecture is of far more value than Mr. Knight seems to think it; for although Greene was the man who had attacked Shakespeare as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," "a Johannes Factotum," the gentle and generous nature of Sweet Will would cause him both to forgive and to forget such a petty wrong when its perpetrator was in the grave, if not long before, and to remember only that he was a fellow laborer in the field of letters, and an unhappy one.

It seems, however, that *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was produced, in part at least, at an earlier period of Shakespeare's life than his twenty-ninth year. Although as a whole it is the most exquisite, the daintiest and most fanciful creation that exists in poetry, and abounds in passages worthy even of Shakespeare in his full maturity, it also contains whole Scenes which are hardly worthy of his 'prentice hand, that wrought *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*,

* It is just worth mentioning that Chetwood — a very unreliable person — cites in *The British Theatre*, Dublin, 1760, an edition of this play with the date of 1696, that no one else ever heard of.

and which yet seem to bear the unmistakable marks of his unmistakable pen. These Scenes are the various interviews between *Demetrius* and *Lysander*, *Hermia* and *Helena*, in Acts II. and III. It is difficult to believe that such lines as,

"Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia ? *Lord what though ?*"

"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," &c. Act II. Sc. 1.

— It is difficult to believe that these, and many others of a like character which accompany them, were written by Shakespeare after he had produced even *Venus and Adonis* and the plays mentioned above, and when he could write the poetry of the other parts of this very comedy. There seems, therefore, warrant for the opinion that this *Dream* was one of the very first conceptions of the young poet ; that, living in a rural district where tales of household fairies were rife among his neighbors, memories of these were blended in his youthful reveries with images of the classic heroes that he found in the books which we know he read so eagerly ; that perhaps on some midsummer's night he, in very deed, did dream a dream and see a vision of this comedy, and went from Stratford up to London with it partly written ; that, when there, he found it necessary at first to forego the completion of it for labor that would find readier acceptance at the theatre ; and that afterward, when he had more freedom of choice, he reverted to his early production, and in 1594 worked it up into the form in which it was produced. It seems to me that, in spite of the silence of the quarto title-pages on the subject, this might have been done, or at least that some additions might have been made to the play, for a performance at Court. The famous allusion to Queen Elizabeth as "a fair vestal throned by the west," tends to confirm me in that opinion. Shakespeare never worked for nothing ; and besides, could he, could any man, have the heart to waste so exquisite a compliment as that is, and to such a woman as Queen Elizabeth, by uttering it behind her back ? Except in the play itself I have no support for this opinion ; but I am willing to be alone in it.

Two quarto editions of this play were printed before the date
VOL. IV. B

of the first folio, and both in the same year, 1600. James Roberts, a printer, issued one; Thomas Fisher, a publisher, the other. Although they both bear the same date, it is safe to presume that Roberts' edition was first in the field, because as late as October 8, 1600, Fisher entered his copy at Stationers' Hall.* The folio was printed from a copy of Roberts' edition, as we know by the exact repetition of certain errors of the press and arrangements of lines; but that this copy had been used at the theatre for stage purposes and corrected with some care, the folio affords internal evidence in many passages and of various nature, all of which is carefully pointed out in the Notes to this edition. Neither quarto, therefore, is to be regarded in any other light than as an assistant in eliminating such corruptions as may have crept into the folio itself; though Fisher's enables us to correct some errors which were passed over in the copy of the quarto furnished to the printers by Heminge and Condell. The quartos sometimes concur in a reading different from that in the folio; but this is of little moment: it merely shows (unless in the case of a palpable corruption of the press) that in the copy from which the folio was printed, an error was corrected which had appeared in both the previous editions. The presumption is especially in favor of the authorized edition, when we know that it was printed from a copy which had been corrected in Shakespeare's theatre, and probably under his own eye, if not by his own hand. Fortunately all of these editions were printed quite carefully for books of their class at that day; and the cases in which there is admissible doubt as to the reading are comparatively few, and with one or two exceptions, unimportant.

The period of the action of this play is exactly that when the slayer of the Minotaur and the Queen of the Amazons narrowly escaped meeting Robin Goodfellow and some other fairies in a wood near Athens; which happened on the night before they saw five Greek clowns play the lamentable comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* in the style of an English Interlude. For the costume that *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* and their attendants wore on that occasion the Elgin Marbles are authority, and the woodcut which accompanies the edition of the *Merry Pranks* already mentioned gives, doubtless, a very accurate representation of

* See Extracts of Entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company. *Variorum Shakespeare*, Vol. II. p. 638.

the dress worn by Robin. It consists chiefly, nay entirely, of a broom.

When the reader has satisfactorily determined this period and the corresponding costume of all the personages, he will be able, without assistance, to account for or to reconcile various anachronisms and discrepancies as to time which close observation may detect in the play; and he will then, too, be in a proper frame of mind to undertake the task.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, *betrothed to Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, *once suitor to Helena, now in love with Hermia.*
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *a Carpenter,*
BOTTOM, *a Weaver,*
FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender,*
SNOUT, *a Tinker,*
SNUG, *a Joiner,*
STARVELING, *a Tailor,*
Presenter of the Interlude.

}	Performing in	{	Prologue,
	the Interlude		Pyramus,
	the parts of		Thisbe,
			Wall,
			Lion,
		Moonshine.	

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *betrothed to Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTZ,
MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.

Other Fairies attending the King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of
THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and
Attendants.*

THESEUS.

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.

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

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:

Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. —
 Hippolyta, I wou'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.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I; with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
 Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her. —
 Stand forth, Lysander: — and, my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, 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.

Hermia. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind — wanting your father's voice —
The other must be held the worthier.

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

The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment
look.

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

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

Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia; — and, Lysan-
der, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

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

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,

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

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

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

Lys. [Hermia,] for 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, —

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; —

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of merit: —

Her. O Hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the 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 crossed,
 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, Her-
 mia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue ; and she hath no child :
 From Athens is her house remov'd 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 for a morn of May,)
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more 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 favour 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. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

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

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

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

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

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.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a Heaven into a Hell!

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

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to 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 playfellow: 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* HERMIA.]

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

[*Exit* LYSANDER.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he doth know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he often is beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjurd every-where ;
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight ;
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear 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 QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
 STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here ?

Bottom. 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 the 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 on 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 humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.”

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

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. 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 small as you will.

Bot. An 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.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

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

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. — Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; — and, I hope, there 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 an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentlemanlike 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-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour'd beard — your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. — But, Masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there we will 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 more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

www.libaol.com.cn
ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy and PUCK from opposite sides.

PUCK.

HOW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moony sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their 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 shrew'd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagery,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour 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 filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum ; down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
 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 !

Enter OBERON, *from one side, with his Train, and*
 TITANIA, *from the other, with hers.*

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, 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
 From Perigouna, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
 With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 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 petty river made so proud,
 That they have overborne 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 Winter here,
 No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd : —
 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 Hyems' thin 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 dissension :
 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 th' embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following her womb, (then rich with my young squire,)
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And for her sake 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 fairy kingdom. — Fairies, away!
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA, with 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 rememb'rest
 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 wherè 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 eyelids 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 stol'n into this wood:

And here am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron; for my heart

Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee 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 do your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the City, and commit yourself

Into the hands of one that loves you not;

To trust the opportunity of night,

And the ill counsel of a desert place,

With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that:

It is not night, when I do see your face;

Therefore I think I am not in the night:

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;

For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

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

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

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and HELENA.*]

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

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 where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopi'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these bowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'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 II.

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 hedgehogs, be not seen,*

*Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

www.libtool.com.cn

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.*

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence -
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof stand sentinel.

[*Excunt* Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. 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.

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

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off: in human modesty,
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 have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his 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 darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond 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. [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for
 thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shews her art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what
 though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia, but Helena now 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'erlook
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

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

O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. ~~She sees not Hermia.~~ Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.

And, all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me!
do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ay me, for pity! — what a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. —

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

www.liberal.com
ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

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

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

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

Bot. Peter Quince, —

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 killing out, when all is done.

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

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 afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

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

figure, 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 chink of a wall.

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

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: and 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 swag-gering 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. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — "odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear. —
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

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

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must un-

derstand, 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 colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. — Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

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 afraid.

Enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art chang'd: what do I see on thee? [*Exit*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head o' your own, do you?

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 oosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

Tita. [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;*

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

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

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

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! Mote! and Mustard-seed!

Enter the four Fairies.

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Cobweb. And I.

Mote. And I.

Mustard-seed. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

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

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Mote. Hail!

Mus. 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 of 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 murmur cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats; — from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and 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 man.

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

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

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have 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 displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murther'd him;
So should a murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

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

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

Dem. I'd 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, e'en 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 there-
 fore?

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 misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then Fate o'errules; that one man hold-
 ing troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And Helena of Athens look thou find:
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood
dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I'll charm his eyes against she doth 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.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky, —
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

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 ?
Lord, 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, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

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

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

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

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
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 spite! O Hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in shew,
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 till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart to 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 bare 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! is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an 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 rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with 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 mouths upon me when I turn my back;
 Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

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

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, 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. —

Helena, I love thee; by my life, I do:
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

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

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

Dem. Quick, come, —

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir;

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!

Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

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

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

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

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

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

Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of 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, gentle-
 men,
 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 is something lower than myself,
 That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
 He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him:
 But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further. Let me go:
 You see how simple and how fond I am.

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

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

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir: she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen when she went to school;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

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

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

Lys. Now she holds me not,

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jowl. [*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.

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

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

[*Exit, followed by* HERMIA.

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

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 enterprise,
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 wonted 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: damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.

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

[*Exit OBEYON.*]

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 bragging to the
stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood
here.

[*Exeunt.*]

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 shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou
not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou [now]?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
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 day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make 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 farther crawl, no farther 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.
 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 shewn :
 'Jack shall have Jill ;
 Naught shall go ill ;
 The man shall have his mare again,
 And all shall be well.'
 [*Exit PUCK.* — *DEM., HEL., &c., sleep*

www.libtronic.com
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; Fairies attending.
OBERON behind, unseen.*

TITANIA.

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
Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb; good Mounsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Moun-
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself
too much in the action, Mounsieur; and, good Moun-
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would
be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag,
signior. — Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Mounsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Mounsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Mounsieur, but to help Cav-
alery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
Mounsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous 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's have the tongs and the bones. [*Rustic music.*]

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, be gone, and be a while away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;

For meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' 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 other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

[*Touching her eyes with an herb*

Be as thou wast wont to be;
 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 this visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while. — Robin, take off his head. —
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five, the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth 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 triumphantly,
 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 : let them go ! —
 Dispatch, I say, and find the Forester. —
 We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top.
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the 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-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
 Judge, when you hear. — But, soft ! 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 shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSAN-
 DER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.
 Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [All kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

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

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear
 I cannot truly say how I came here ;

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
 And now I do bethink me, so it is)
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
 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 consent,
 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 follow'd 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 for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse we shall hear more 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 THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,
EGEUS, and Train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish-
able,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

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

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a 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. Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, “Most fair Pyramus.”—Hey,
ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n
hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man
to say what dream it was; man is but an ass, if he
go about to expound this dream. Methought I was
—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,
and methought I had—but man is but a patch'd fool
if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye
of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive,

nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in QUINCE'S House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, 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 marr'd. 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 handicraft 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 paramour is, God bless us! 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 hang'd: he would have deserved it: sixpence 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 every thing, [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 garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*

www.libtcl.com.cn
ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Same. An Apartment in the Palace
of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords,
and Attendants.

HIPPOLYTA.

THIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak
of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antic 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 to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
[Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!]

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

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
 HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
 Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
 Wait in 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.

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this even-
 ing?

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.*]

Lys. [*Reads.*] "*The Battle with the Centaurs, to
 be sung
 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*"

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*"

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. "*The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death*

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen and 'critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.*"

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

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 labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

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 mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: — trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is
address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter QUINCE as the 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 shew,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

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

Hip. Indeed, he hath play'd on his prologue like
a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd.
Who is next?

*Enter, with a Trumpet and the Presenter before them,
PYRAMUS and THISBY, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion,
as in dumb show.*

Presenter. "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 sun-
der;

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
 This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn
 Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
 By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
 To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo
 This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
 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* Prologue, Presenter, PYRAMUS,

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 this same interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a cranni'd hole, or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.

This lime, this rough-cast, 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 witticest 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! thou sweet and 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 'hus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, 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. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!" www.libtool.com.cn

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 de-
lay."

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 moral down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wil-
ful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

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

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

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

Enter Lion and 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 of my life."

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

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

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

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

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

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

Moonshine. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon present."

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

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

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;

Myself the Man-i'-th'-moon doth seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The

man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the Man-i'-th'-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 lanthorn 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 lanthorn; 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 roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

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

[*The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's 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, you Furies fell!
O Fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

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

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

Pyr. "O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vild 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,¹
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.* — *Exit* Moonshira.

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 yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before This be comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight — 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; [he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.]

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 lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone.

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O! sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word : —
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue ;
 And farewell, friends. —
 Thus Thisby 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 hung himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy ; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone

[A dance by two of the Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. —

Lovers, to bed : 'tis almost fairy-time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night. — Sweet friends, to bed. —

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

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 screech-owl, screeching 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 let's forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; 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 all their Train

Obe. Though the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire,
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this 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.

[*Here a Song and Dance.*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it, blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.

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'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit

NOTES ON A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 21. "Now bent in heaven": — Folio and quartos have "Now bent." An *o* for an *e* was the easiest of all misprints; and it is plain that *Hippolyta* speaks of the moon as it will be, not as it is. Rowe made the correction.
- " "Go, Philostrate": — At the end of *Theseus'* address to *Philostrate*, it has been the practice in modern editions to mark his exit. But such literalism is almost puerile. *Theseus* surely did not mean that *Philostrate* should then rush out incontinent, and begin on the moment to "awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth" in the Athenian youth.
- p. 22. "—— with triumph": — This word, as we learn from many contemporary allusions, and especially from an account of *The Duke of Anjou's Entertainment*, 1581, first pointed out by Steevens, was "applied to all high, great, and statelie dooings." *Falstaff* tells *Bardolph*, *Henry IV.* Part I. Act III. Sc. 3, that his face is "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light."
- " "—— our renowned Duke": — 'Duke' means leader, and so, any chief or ruler. Dante calls *Theseus* "*Duca d'Atene*," *Inf.* C. XII. 17; and Chaucer has "a duk highte *Theseus*," in his *Knights Tale*. See also 1 *Chronicles*, v. 51-54.
- " "Stand forth, Demetrius": — Folio and quartos exhibit this and the corresponding address to *Lysander* as stage directions, — accidentally, as the context and the fact that each completes an otherwise imperfect line, plainly show.
- p. 23. "But earthier happy": — In almost all modern editions this, the text of the folio and both quartos, is altered, on Capell's suggestion, to "earthly happier;" — a change

which substitutes a comparison of degree for one of kind, which impairs the rhythm of the line, which gives a weak thought for a strong one, which is based on a limitation of the flexibility of the language even in the hands of Shakespeare, and which, in short, is little less than barbarous. There is no better adjective than 'earthly,' and none which can be better made comparative or superlative. Even the poor support for the change which has been sought in the orthography of the folio, "earthlier happye," (which, it is urged, might have led to the misplacing of the *r*,) does not exist; for Roberts' quarto, from which the folio was printed, has "earthlier happy."

- p. 25. " *Beteem* them " : — This word seems to mean 'afford,' 'yield,' 'allow;' though the sense in which it was used cannot be very exactly defined.
- " " [*Hermia*,] for aught," &c. : — The folio has no word in the place of '*Hermia*,' where the quartos have "*Figh* [*ay*] *me*," for which '*Hermia*' is substituted in the second folio. The exclamation is unsuited to *Lysander* and to his speech; and I believe that it was an error of the press, or of the transcribers, for the proper name, and that its absence in the folio is the result of its erasure in the quarto stage copy, the interlineation of the correct word having been omitted by accident.
- " " — to be enthralled to *low* " : — Folio and quartos have "*to lous*." Theobald corrected the error, which is of the easiest.
- " " — the choice of *merit* " : — Thus the folio: the quartos have "*friends*," for which no accident could have substituted 'merit,' and which, as it gives a clear meaning, we must accept as an alteration in the copy furnished to the printers by Heminge and Condell. The sense of the line is also made subtler and less common place by the introduction of the new word, while its relation to the next is not changed; for "the choice of *merit*" is, plainly enough, not the spontaneous, and at first unconscious, preference of the lover.
- p. 26. " — *remov'd* seven leagues " : — The quartos, and all modern editions hitherto, have "*remote*."
- " " — observance *for* a morn " : — The quartos, which have thus far been universally followed, have "*to* a morn;" and so also has Chaucer in his *Knights Tale*, in which Shakespeare probably found the expression, — a reason why he would not have repeated it letter for letter.
- p. 27. " Demetrius loves *you*, fair " : — So the folio and Fisher's quarto: Roberts' quarto, which has been hitherto

followed, has "your fair," a reading which is not at variance with a certain phraseology of the time, by which 'fair' was used for 'fairness' but which the line taken together shows to be incorrect:—

"Demetrius loves you, fair : O, happy fair!"

- p. 27. "Yours would I catch":—Folio and quartos have, "Your words I catch," which the context, "O, were favour [i. e., personal appearance] so," shows to be a misprint for the text, which we owe to Hanmer.
- " "— is no fault of mine":—The folio fails here to correct an error of Roberts' quarto, which has, "is none of mine." The text is that of Fisher's quarto.
- " "— like a paradise":—Fisher's quarto has "as a paradise." Just below it has "a Heaven unto a Hell," 'unto' being plainly a misprint for 'into,' which is found in the folio, where, however, the second article is accidentally omitted, the text there being "a Heaven into Hell."
- p. 28. "— of their counsel sweet":—Folio and quartos have "sweld," an easy misprint. Just below, the same copies have "strange companions" for "stranger companies." Both corrections, made by Theobald, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, are justified by sense and rhyme.
- " "— what all but he doth know":—So the original, in conformity with the usage of the time, as could be shown by many instances of unquestionable authority. Here and in similar constructions elsewhere, modern editions have hitherto changed 'doth' to 'do.'
- " "Things base and vile":—The original has "vild," which some editors have retained. But the orthography 'vile' was in use in Shakespeare's day, and had been for hundreds of years. It is found in this very instance, in Fisher's quarto, published twenty-three years before the folio.
- p. 29. "— he often is beguiled":—The folio has "he is often beguil'd." This is plainly an accidental transposition, made in correcting the text of the quartos—"he is so oft beguiled"—by putting the caret for 'often' after 'is,' instead of before it. The change appears to have been made to avoid, for the sake of euphony, the juxtaposition of 'is' and 'so,' 'oft' and 'beguiled;' yet the quarto text has hitherto been followed.

SCENE II.

- "— the Duke and the Duchess":—So the folio and both quartos; and yet all modern editions hitherto, except Capell's, omit the last article.

p. 29. " — and so grow on to a point " : — The quartos omit 'on.' Warner suggested, "and so go on to appoint," which plausible reading was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But the speech as it stands is good colloquial Bottom-ese.

" " *The most lamentable Comedy* " : — Both title and piece are burlesques of some of the dramatic productions of the age preceding Shakespeare's ; such, for instance, as the following, pointed out by Steevens : *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasaunt Mirth, containing The Life of Cambises, King of Persia*. B. L. (no date). Some of these lingered probably upon the stage, and certainly in the memories of the majority of his audience, in Shakespeare's earlier days.

p. 30. " — most gallantly for love " : — The quartos have "most gallant," which some editors have adopted, because it makes the expression "more characteristic." But on the contrary it makes the speech quite unsuited to good *Peter Quince*, who always speaks correctly ; for "the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding day," just above, is in conformity to the usage of educated persons in Shakespeare's day. Indeed, it should be observed that purely grammatical blunders are rarely or never put into the mouths of Shakespeare's characters ; probably because grammatical forms, in minute points, at least, were not so fixed and so universally observed in his day as to make violations of them very ridiculous to a general audience. He depends for burlesque effect upon errors more radically nonsensical and ludicrous.

" " — to tear a cat in " : — Steevens first quoted from *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, the speech of a character called *Tear-Cat*, "I am called by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-Cat* : " also one from *Histrionastix*, in which a soldier says to a player, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon the stage ;" and again from *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606, "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." The expression is so strange that it needs all this support. Its origin has never been remarked upon. May it not be a whimsical stage corruption of 'tear-coat' ? We still call a blustering, roaring fellow, who makes all split (including his garments) 'a tear-coat.'

" " The raging rocks " : — These lines appear as prose in folio and quartos. It has been conjectured that they are a quotation ; but does not *Bottom's* expression, "This was lofty," make it certain that they are ?

" " Francis Flute, the bellows-mender " : — *Flute* did not

devote himself to the mending of ordinary bellows, which could hardly be a trade by itself; but, as his name hints, he was a repairer of the bellows and pipes of organs, and other like wind instruments.

- p. 31. " — let me not play a woman " : — Until the Restoration, women's parts were always played by young men or boys. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the conquered Queen says,

" the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels : Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth ; and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore." Act V. Sc. 2.

If there were no fit actor without a beard, a mask was so commonly worn by ladies that the manly honors of the face could be hidden behind it without any appearance of singularity.

- p. 32. " I will roar an 'twere any nightingale " : — The quartos have " I will roar *you*," &c. This form of the expression having occurred immediately before, its modification gives a colloquial ease to the dialogue which could hardly be the result of accident.

" " — a *proper* man " : — The English editors think it necessary to define 'proper' as an obsolete word. It is in common use in New England in the same sense that it has here, which is clearly enough indicated by the context.

" " — hold, or *cut bow-strings* " : — At a time when, even after the introduction of fire-arms, the famous English long-bow was yet in use among the people, the phrases which archery had furnished to the language were still preserved in ordinary conversation. *Bottom* means that they were to meet except in case of some accident as disabling as the cutting of his bow-string would be to an archer. The phrase was, doubtless, a popular one.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

- p. 33. " *Thorough* bush, *thorough* brier " : — The folio and Roberts' quarto have '*through*' in both cases. In Shakespeare's time, and before and after, the two orthographies were used without discrimination; both being frequently found on the same page, and even in the same line. This being the case, and the rhythm of the longer form being

more musical, that is given in the text, from Fisher's quarto. In the folio the first eight lines are printed as four.

- p. 33. "Swifter than the *moony* sphere": — From the time of Steevens to that of Collier this passage was printed "the *moones* sphere." Folio and quartos have "the *moons* sphere." Whether Steevens was justifiable in giving the old genitive form, for the sake of a syllable otherwise wanting, I will not undertake to say; but I am sure, that in this line Shakespeare did not write, could not have written, 'moons sphere;' and I will do no reader, with other ears than those of Midas, the wrong to doubt what his opinion will be, after he has pronounced 'moons sphere,' having had his attention directed to this point. It is, beside, almost as improbable that after changing the measure, Shakespeare, in so exquisitely musical a passage as this, would write a defective, or irregular line, as the second of the new measure, before the ear could become clearly impressed with the new rhythm. This consideration tends to justify the disyllable possessive introduced into the current text by Steevens; but the euphonical objection against 'moones sphere' is hardly less than that against 'moons sphere.' This being the case, I cannot but believe that "moons" is a misprint for 'moony;' because in most MS. of the date of this play it is nearly impossible to tell whether a final *s* is an *s*, a *g*, a *y*, an *h*, or a *d*, — in fact, I have seen numberless examples in which it might represent any one character, or any one thing, as well as another; and also because 'moony sphere' was a poetical phrase, known in Shakespeare's day. This Steevens himself has pointed out, in the following lines, from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III.

" what mov'd me to invite
Your presence, (sister deare,) first to my moony sphere."
'Where' and 'sphere' are not rhymes now; but in Shakespeare's time the vowel in the former seems to have had its pure sound, as now it has in the latter.

- " "To dew her *orbs*": — 'Orbs' is here used for 'circles,' — meaning those circles in the grass which, in England (I believe they are thus unknown here), are called 'fairy rings.' They are thus alluded to in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Sc. 5: —

" And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expresseure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see."

Their origin is yet unknown to science. Steevens remarked, that as from a passage in Olaus Magnus *De Gen-*

tibus Septentrionalibus, it appears that these dancers [the fairies] were supposed always to parch up the grass, it was properly made the office of *Titania's* attendant to refresh the circle with dew. The pensioners to which the fairy likens the gay cowlips are Queen Elizabeth's sumptuously arrayed band of Gentlemen Pensioners, of which Mrs. *Quickly* speaks in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 33. " — thou *lob* of spirits " : — ' *Lob* ' is identical in origin with ' *lubber* . ' It is here used by the fairy as descriptive of the contrast between *Puck's* squat figure and the airy shapes of the other fays.

" " — so sweet a *changeling* " : — ' *Changeling* ' is here a trisyllable — the second requiring to be touched as delicately as a French *s*, final or in a similar position.

p. 34. " Call'd *Robin Good-fellow* " : — Tradition had made this mischievous but good-natured sprite well known to the people of Shakespeare's day and their ancestors as the perpetrator of the deeds here attributed to him. See *Introduction*.

" — and sweet *Puck* " : — Until after Shakespeare wrote this play, ' *puck* ' was the generic name for a minor order of evil spirits. The name exists in all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects; and in New York the Dutch have left it in a form — ' *spook* , ' meaning a ghost or spirit — known to all who are Knickerbockers by blood or birth. The name was not pronounced in Shakespeare's time with the *u* short. Indeed, he seems to have been the first to spell it *puck*, all other previous or contemporary English writers in whose works it has been discovered spelling it either *powks*, *pooks*, or *pouks*. There seems to be no reason to doubt that Shakespeare and his contemporaneous readers pronounced it *pook*. The fact that it is made a rhyme to ' *luck* ' is not at all at variance with this opinion, because it appears equally certain that the *u* in that word, and in all of similar orthography, had the sound of *oo*. My own observation had convinced me of this long before I met with the following passages in *Butler's English Grammar*, 1633 : " . . . for as *i* short hath the sound of *ee* short, so hath *u* short of *oo* short." P. 8. " The Saxon *u* wee have in sundry words turned into *oo*, and not onely *u* short into *oo* short (which sound is all one,) " &c. P. 9.

" " That *fright* the maidens " : — Folio and quartos have " That *frights* ; " but as in such sentences colloquial custom gave and gives a sanction to the agreement of the verb with the first pronoun ; and as in folio and quartos

'skim,' 'labour,' and, in both cases, 'make' conform to this custom, the presence of the final *s* in this instance appears to be due to accident, — it may be a mere meaningless slip of the pen, which half the final *s*'s of the day seem to have been.

In neither "sometimes labour" nor "sometimes make" (in which folio and quartos agree) is there evidence of carelessness, or typographical error. Both forms of the word were used indifferently; and in the present case the instinctive perception of euphony, which was so constant a guide of Shakespeare's pen, and in this play, perhaps, more so than in any other, seems to have determined the choice.

A quern was a hand-mill; and barm, yeast.

- p. 34. "Thou speak'st aright": — This line lacks two syllables; and it is quite probable that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is correct in reading "*Fairy*, thou speak'st aright." But as the pause naturally made before the reply to the fairy's question may have been intended to take the place of the missing foot, no addition is here made to the text as found in folio and quartos.

" — a *filly* foal": — The folio has "a *filly* foal" — a variation hardly worth notice.

" — the wisest *aunt*": — In New England villages good-natured old people are still called 'aunt' and 'uncle' by the whole community; and at the South old slaves are uncl'd and aunty'd by all the 'white-folks,' except, perhaps, the 'pore white-trash.'

" And 'tailor' cries": — The origin and meaning of this exclamation are unknown; but Dr. Johnson says, "The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board." This is not very satisfactory. Hanmer and Warburton read, "And *raile* or cries."

" And *waxen* in their mirth": — 'Waxen' is the old plural of 'wax' — to increase. Farmer proposed 'yexen' — to hicough; which was in use in Shakespeare's time, and more than a century after.

- p. 35. "Enter OBERON . . . and TITANIA": — Oberon and Titania were almost as well known as *Robin Goodfellow* to Shakespeare's contemporaries, although he seems to have been the first to make *Robin* an attendant upon Oberon. Oberon's name is of continental origin. He is the mighty Elfin Dwarf Elberich, whose name became Auberich in French, and then — the French *on* taking the place of

the German *ich*, as the *u* had that of the *I* — Auberon or Oberon. *Titania* received her name from the supposition that the Fairies were modern representatives of the classic nymphs attendant upon Diana, whom Ovid calls Titania. These derivations are pointed out in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, which is mentioned in a Note to the *Introduction* to this play.

p. 35. "Fairies skip hence": — Folio and quartos have "fairy," which is plainly a misprint for 'fairies,' and one easily made when the singular was written *fairie*. *Titania* is evidently about to retire with her whole train.

" "When thou *hast* stolen": — The folio has "*wast*" — a misprint, doubtless, for 'hast,' which appears in both quartos. Just below, Fisher's quarto has "the farthest *steppe* of India," which is but a strange accident; for the word was not known in Shakespeare's day.

"From *Perigouna*, whom he ravished": — The original has "*Perigenia*," and, in the next line, "*fair Eagles*;" but although the latter has been properly changed to '*Ægle*,' the former, although as plainly a misprint, and an easy one, for '*Perigouna*,' has hitherto been retained in the text. Shakespeare found both names in North's *Phutarch*, where they are respectively *Perigouna* and *Ægles*. With regard to the latter it may be remarked that in the loose orthography of Shakespeare's day an *s* was frequently added to proper names ending in a vowel. The spelling of the former (as in the text) represented quite accurately, to English eyes and ears in Shakespeare's time, the proper pronunciation of *Περὶγονη*, the daughter of the robber Sinnis, who was one of the many female prizes of the fabulous hero- duke of this play. As to the pronunciation of the final *a* in proper names, see the Note on "what news from *Genoa*?" *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" " — the *middle Summer's spring*": — that is, the beginning, or spring, of midsummer; but Henley says, "the season when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their midsummer shoots."

p. 36. " — every *petty river*": — The quartos have "pelt-ing," and have hitherto been followed. The words have the same meaning.

" " — their *continents*": — that is, 'their containing banks.'

" "The *Nine Men's Morris* is fill'd up with mud": — It appears that the game of 'nine men morris,' which we play upon a board with counters, used to be played on

the turf. The lines were made by little trenches cut into the surface, and stones were used for counters.

- p. 36. "The human mortals want;" &c. : — This line, unless it is greatly corrupted, is one of the most obscure and unsatisfactory in all Shakespeare's works. In the original the passage stands, —

"The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest."

As the rest of the speech shows that Winter is effectually present, 'want' cannot, with this reading, be used in the sense of 'desire;' unless we suppose the desire to be for Winter actually, with all its seasonable enjoyments accompanying its discomforts and deprivations. It is plain also that 'want' cannot have the sense of 'lack' or 'need;' unless we adopt the plausible emendation of Theobald, who read, —

"The human mortals want their winter *cheer*," &c. — 'cheer' referring to the hymns, carols, and other festive enjoyments of Winter, which did not accompany the unseasonable severity of the time referred to. The author of an anonymous pamphlet published in Edinburgh in 1814, proposed to remove the obscurity by the following punctuation of the passage — taking 'want' in the sense of 'are in need': —

"The humane mortals want; their winter here
No night is now with hymn or carol blest."

Mr. Knight was the first to adopt this reading, with the following comment in support of it: "The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the fold stands empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want*. This is the climax. Their winter is *here* — is come — although the season is the latter Summer, or Autumn; and, in consequence, the hymns which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one." This is also plausible; and, in spite of the un-Shakespearian style of its thought and rhythm, it has been accepted by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson. It is barely possible that 'want' is a misprint for 'chant,' and that *Titania*, wishing to contrast the gloom of the spurious with the merriment of the real Winter, says, 'when their Winter is here, the human mortals chant; but *now* no night is blessed with hymn or carol;' and that we should read, —

"The human mortals *chant*, — their Winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest."

Of these emendations, that of Theobald most nearly conforms to the sense of the passage and the style of the

author; but as even that is unsatisfactory, the line is given as it stands in the original, with only a modernization of the spelling.

- p. 36. "And on old Hyems' *thin* and icy crown": — Folio and quartos have "*chin*," and, strangely enough, it was left for Tyrwhitt to point out that this is a misprint for '*thin*.' What was a chaplet doing on old Hyems' '*chin*'? How did it get there? and when it got there, how did it stay? Mr. Stephen Weston thought that "this peculiar image of Hyems' *chin*" came from the following passage in the *Æneid*: —

" — tum flumina mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba."

IV. 250.

And Malone thought that it was suggested by these lines from Golding's translation of Ovid: —

"And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood Winter all
forlorne,
With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all
to-torne,
Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
Upon his gray and hoarie beard, and snowie frozen
crown."

What shadow of similarity is there between the two pictures? Both Virgil and Ovid mention Winter's chin, or beard, it is true; but they show us icicles hanging from it: neither says any thing of a chaplet; and it is solely in the juxtaposition of a chin and a chaplet that the absurdity of the corrupted reading consists. A commentator might as well attempt to support that reading by a passage in which Winter is represented as shaving his chin, if one could be found. Controversy is eschewed in these Notes; and this attempt to defend the old misprint would not be noticed, had not Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson given it countenance, and were it not an exemplary instance of an utterly futile mode of illustration, too common among the editors. This is the quoting, as illustrative of one passage, another in which the word or phrase under examination occurs, but connected with an idea totally unlike that in the text, and which is in all essential respects entirely from the purpose. Thus Monck Mason finds confirmation of Theobald's reading, '*winter cheer*,' in the passage last noticed, in these lines from Fletcher's *Prophetess*, —

"Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
Our *holiday good cheer*,"

where the time is reasonable Summer instead of unsea-

sonable Winter, and where the only similarity to the passage to be illustrated is the occurrence of the word 'cheer' in the sense of 'festivity,' which is as common as 'bread' in the sense of 'food.' Readers of Shakespeare should scrutinize carefully these passages quoted in illustration by editors and commentators.

- p. 36. "The *childing* Autumn": — There is no doubt that 'child' was used as a verb, meaning 'produce,' and that therefore this passage, as it stands, means 'the fruitful Autumn.' But I am so sure that 'childing' is a misprint for 'chiding,' (in allusion to the lowering skies and harsh winds of Autumn, as the next epithet figures the increased inclemency of Winter,) and that Shakespeare wrote, —

"The Spring, the Summer,
The *chiding* Autumn, *angry* Winter, change
Their wonted liveries,"

that I wonder that the suggestion has not been made before. 'Childing,' too, as it is synonymous with 'fruitful,' is directly at variance with the intent of the passage; whereas 'chiding' is as directly in accordance with it.

- p. 37. "And heard a *mermaid*, on a *dolphin's* back": — One of the commentators of the last century sneered at this as not a very happy image. It is charitable to believe that he had forgotten, if he ever knew, that 'mermaid' in Shakespeare's time meant 'siren.' Thus Florio: "Sirena, a *Syren*, a *Mermaide*;" and also, "A marmayden, *Syren*." Withal's *Shorte Dictionarie*. 4to. 1568. fol. 9 a.
- p. 38. " — love in idleness": — This flower is the tricolored violet. It is called, also, pansies, heart's-ease, Johnny-jump-up, cuddle-me-to-you, two-faces-under-a-hood, herb trinity, kiss-at-the-garden-gate, and, of old, wall gilliflower.
- " " — a girdle [*round*] about the Earth": — 'Round,' omitted in the folio and in Roberts' quarto, is found in Fisher's.
- p. 39. "The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me": — Folio and quartos have "*slay*" and "*slayeth*." Dr. Thurlby first thought that these were errors for 'alay' and 'slayeth;' and Theobald, who read in accordance with his suggestion, has been followed by all subsequent editors, with a very few exceptions. Mr. Knight says, in support of the old text, which he gives, "He is pursuing her [Hermia] when he exclaims, —

'The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me.'
He will *slay* — stop — Hermia; Lysander *slayeth* — hin-

dereth — him." His example is followed and his explanation adopted by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson. But, setting aside the tameness of such a declaration from a high-spirited lover, who is "wood [i. e., mad — beside himself] within this wood," the exegesis cannot be received; for in such a sentence 'the one' must refer to the person or thing first named, — *Lysander*, here, — and 'the other' to the last named — *Hermia*. Heath saw this, and, attempting to defend the old reading in his *Revisal*, paraphrased it thus: "I will arrest *Lysander*, and disappoint his scheme of carrying off *Hermia*; for 'tis upon the account of this latter that I am wasting away the night in this wood." This is the best that can be done for the old text; but is there any risk in denying that Shakespeare made *Lysander* talk thus under the circumstances? In the old fonts of type, *st* and *sl* were cast together, thus — *sl*, *ft*; and the ease with which 'stay' might have been printed for 'slay,' even were the MS. read correctly by the printer, is a further justification for the placing the latter word in the text. The advocates for the old reading, in beginning their plea, by the postulate that it is quite unnecessary to attribute murderous or blood-thirsty designs to *Demetrius*, (as they all do, with noteworthy identity of thought and language,) forget that, in Act III. Sc. 2. he expresses a wish to give *Lysander's* carcase to his hounds, and that when *Lysander* wakes and loves *Helena*, almost his first words are,

"Where is *Demetrius*? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!"

- p. 39. " — as you *do* your dog": — The quartos have "use;" and, a few lines above, "do I love you the more," is found in Fisher's.
- p. 40. " — in the town *and* field": — Thus the folio and Roberts' quarto: Fisher's quarto, "the town, *the* field." Five lines below, the folio, by a mere typographical error, has "I follow thee."
- " "I know a bank *where* the wild thyme blows": — Malone reasonably supposed 'where' to be used as a dissyllable here. It may, at least, very properly have a dissyllabic quantity. Steevens needlessly introduced the reading 'whereon.' 'Oxlip' is the name whimsically enough given to the greater cowslip.
- p. 41. "Lull'd in these *bowers*": — The old copies have "*flowers*," a probable misprint for the word in the text, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; and that it is a misprint, the context plainly shows. "A bank" "*overcanopied*" with woodbine, musk-roses and eglar-

tine is certainly a bower; and, says *Oberon*, "*there sleeps Titania,*" and "*there the snake throws her enamell'd skin.*" Finally, *Puck* says, Act III. Sc. 2,

"My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated *bower*,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour," &c.

SCENE II.

- 1 41. "Some war with *rear-mice*": — Bats were called *rear-mice*. In Anglo-Saxon, *Hrere-mus*; from *hreran*, to flutter.
- p. 42. "Sing in *our* sweet lullaby": — The folio has "*your*," by a palpable error.
- " "1 *Fai*. Hence, away!" — These lines are printed in the old copies in italic letter as part of the Song; but plainly they are a speech, and the Song closes with the chorus.
- p. 43. "So that but one heart can *you* make of it": — Both quartos have "*we*." The reading of the folio is not only authoritative in this essential change, but far more significant than that of the quartos. *Lysander*, in his attempt to meet the objections which *Hermia* makes to his proposition, may, with much more propriety and effect, attribute to his mistress alone the desire of separating him from her, than to make himself a party to such an endeavor. So in the next line, "*interchanged*" appears in the folio, instead of the weaker "*inter-chainod*," of the quartos; — the latter conveying the comparatively common place thought, that the lovers' hearts were bound together; the former representing them as having been given each to the other as the most solemn instruments are made, interchangeably. But hitherto all modern editions, to the disregard of the authority of the folio and of these considerations, have followed what is queerly enough called '*the older authority*.'
- " — Athenian *And I none*": — Fisher's quarto has "*found*."
- p. 45. " — Nature *shows her art*": — The folio has "*Nature her shows art*," which is plainly but an accidental transposition. The second folio changes '*her*' to '*here*,' and thus furnishes the poorer reading found in all editions until Mr. Knight's appeared.
- " " — lord of more true *gentleness*": — '*Gentleness*' here means '*graciousness*,' '*courtesy*.' *Helena*, in a common modern phrase, means to say, that she thought *Lysander* '*more of a gentleman*' than to believe as he

had behaved to her. The very general misapprehension of the meaning of the first element of 'gentle-man' — the thing, perhaps, no less than the word — is the excuse for comment upon a plain passage.

- p. 46. " — those *they* did deceive " : — The folio misprints " *that*."
- " " *Ay* me, for pity " : — Modern editions hitherto have given " *Ah* me ; " but the old copies have ' *Kigh*,' or ' *Aye* ; ' — a different exclamation.
- " " — a serpent *eat* my heart," &c. : — The original has " *eate* my heart," and gives the same form of the verb and the same orthography elsewhere, which not only forbids us to read 'ate,' but accords with the supposition that the present and preterite tenses were not distinguished even in pronunciation, but both had the pure sound of *e*. And yet the strong preterite, 'ate,' is, of course, the older form.
- " " *And you sat* smiling " : — The folio misprints " *And yet*."
- " " *Speak, of all loves* " : — A pretty adjuration common on feminine lips in Shakespeare's day. See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 47. " *By'r lakin, a parlous* fear " : — ' *By'r lakin* ' is a corruption of ' *by our ladykin*,' or little lady, as ' *parlous* ' is of ' *perilous*.'
- " " — in *eight and six* " : — In lines alternately of eight and six syllables.
- p. 49. " — a play *toward* " : — That is, a play in progress.
- " " *A stranger Pyramus* " : — This is given to *Quince*, in both quartos : the correction of the error in the folio is noteworthy.
- p. 51. " *The ouzel-cock* " : — It is plain that the English black-bird — which differs from its American namesake — is meant here. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 13, has " *The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;* " and, in a note, remarks, " *Of all birds the black-bird only whisleth.* " The true ouzel has not an orange-tawny bill. See also Withal's *Shorte Dictionary*, 1568. " *An owail, called a blackbirde, merula.* " The folio misprints " *The wren and little quill.* "

p. 51. "The *plain-song* cuckoo": — The cuckoo has this designation on account of the simple and unvarying character of its note, which is likened to the plain song upon which a descant was written. See Note on "too harsh a descant," *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "I pray thee, gentle mortal," &c. : — The last line of this speech is misplaced in the folio and Roberts' quarto, in both of which it is printed as the third. This accident — of a kind by no means uncommon even now-a-days — is much exaggerated by those editors who wish to free themselves from the authority of the folio.

" — I can *gleek* " : — 'Gleek' is the old English for 'jeer.'

p. 52. "Peas-blossom! Cobweb! *Mote!* and Mustard-seed!" — The old copies spell the name of the third fairy, *Moth*, which, as we have seen before, is their invariable spelling of 'mote;' as, for instance, in this play, Act V. Sc. 1, "A *Moth* [mote] wil turne the ballance," &c. The editors not having noticed this orthography, or that 'moth' was pronounced *mote* in Shakespeare's day, Fairy *Mote* has been hitherto presented as Fairy *Moth*. The point is more fully discussed in the *Introduction to Much Ado About Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 226, and in the Note on "Enter ARMADO and MOTR," in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2. In addition, however, to the remarks and citations to be found there, note the following from Withal's *Shorte* [Latin] *Dictionarie for Young Beginners*. London. 4to. 1568. "A moth or motte that eateth clothes, *tinea*." fol. 7 a. — "A barell or greate bolle, *Tina*, *næ*. *Sed tinea, cum e, vermiculus est, anglicè, A mought.*" fol. 43 a; and this from Lodge's *Wits Miserie or the World's Madnesse*, "They are in the aire like *atomi* in sole, mothes in the sun;" also this passage from Randolph's *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry*, Oxford, 1640; which shows, too, the application of the word to a fairy: —

"*Jocastus*. . . Go, love some fairy lady! Prince-ly Oberon shall stand thy friend, and beauteous Mab, his queen, give thee a Maid of Honour.

Mopus. How, *Jocastus*? Marry a puppet? Wed a *mote* i' th' sun?"

The orthography of the page's name in *Love's Labour's Lost* is left undisturbed, for reasons given in the Note referred to; but as in this case there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the more diminutive appellation is the correct one, and as, from the occurrence of the name but once in the text, the restoration of Shakespeare's word will cause none of that disturbance of old associations

which is to be avoided upon points so comparatively unimportant, the moth o' the candle gives place to the mote i' th' sun www.libtool.com.cn

- p. 52. "*Mustard-seed*. And I" :— The replies of the fairies are printed thus in the old copies: "*Fai*. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?" But it is plain that the replies in the singular are to be distributed among the four, and that the question is put by all. Some editors have unwarrantably struck out the last "and I," and have given the question to the fourth Fairy. In Roberts' quarto *Titania's* summons is separated from the foregoing part of her speech, and placed just above the stage direction, *Enter four fairies*. This misled the printer of the folio, and he printed the whole as a stage direction: "*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and four Fairies*." It has been the practice hitherto to prefix these replies and the subsequent salutations to *Bottom*, *1st Fai.*, *2d Fai.*, &c., although immediately afterward the speeches of the same fairies are prefixed with their names, — a strange inconsistency. It is common enough in the old copies, as we have already seen, for the speeches of characters not very prominent to have sometimes numerical or generic prefixes, and at others their proper names.
- p. 53. "*Mistress Squash, your mother*" :— So *Malvolio* says, *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5, "as a squash is before 'tis a peascod." How and when the name of an immature peascod came to be applied to the vegetable now called squash, does not appear.
- ' "Tie up my *love's* tongue" :— Folio and quartos have "*lousers*;" but the relative position of *Titania* and *Bottom*, the usages of Shakespeare's time, and the rhythm of the line combine to assure us that there was an easy misprint of '*lovers*' for '*love's*.'

SCENE II.

- p. 54. "*A crew of patches*" :— Here '*patch*' is a term of contempt.
- " "— that barren *sort*" :— i. e., that barren company. So, a few lines below, "many in *sort*."
- " "An *ass's* *noel*" :— i. e., head. The word is the same as '*knoll*,' a rounded elevation; and the pronunciation of both is *nole*, which is the spelling of the word in the old copies.
- p. 55. "— *latch'd* the Athenian's eyes" :— To *latch* was to smear, to anoint, from the French '*lecher*,' '*to lick*.'

- p. 55. " — so *dead*, so grim": — It seems more than possible that 'dead' is a misprint for '*dread*,' which Dr. Johnson found written on the margin of his Shakespeare. Steevens justified 'dead,' because "our author uses it again in *King Henry IV.* : —

' Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone.' "

The principle of this style of illustration seems to be that the two passages compared shall be as remote in sense as possible. So Shakespeare uses 'dead' in hundreds of other instances: but what of that? Does *Hermit* mean to say that murderers look "dull" and "woe-begone"? She has only in mind the terror which they inspire, their grimness. Malone quotes a passage from Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, in which "*dead* thoughts" occurs; but this is doubtless a misprint for "*dread* thoughts." 'Dead,' in the text, must be taken in the sense of 'pallid.'

In the next line the folio misprints 'murtherer' for 'murdered.'

- p. 56. " O! once tell true; *tell true*," &c. : — The second 'tell true' is omitted in the folio by accident, as the rhythm of the line, and, in a measure, the construction of the sentence show.

" O, brave *touch*": — 'Touch' is used here in the sense of 'act,' 'deed.' The phrase is something akin to the French '*coup de maître*.'

" — part I [*so*]" : — Folio and quartos have no word in the place of 'so,' which was interpolated by Pope for the sake of rhythm and rhyme, and has been universally accepted. The passage is printed in the old copies,

" A priuiledge, neuer to see me more ;

And from thy hated presence part I : see me no more
Whether he be dead or no."

- " " — that bankrupt *sleep*": — Folio and quartos misprint either "*slip*" or "*slippe*."

- " " All *fancy*-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*": — In Shakespeare's time 'love' was called 'fancy;' as in his lines, "Tell me, where is fancy bred," "In maiden meditation fancy free." 'Cheer,' used even now for 'aspect,' though chiefly for that which was an effect upon the aspect, was originally used for the face itself. Wicliff translates the passage in *James* i. 23, about a man's "beholding his natural face in a glass," — "that biholdith the *cheer* of his *byrthe* in a myrroure;" and Milton uses the word much in the same sense, in the lines,

"He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd."

Paradise Lost, VI. 496.

- p. 57. "— against she *doth* appear" :— So folio and quartos, yet modern editors read "she *do*;" although 'doth' conforms to the usage of Shakespeare's time. It has been restored in this edition before, and will be often again without notice.

"— sport *alone*" :— i. e., sheer sport, only [alone] sport; but Mr. Collier interprets it, 'excellent sport.'

- p. 58. "This *princess* of pure white" :— Plainly 'princess' is used here as a term of preëminence; and yet Hanmer read 'pureness,' and Mr. Collier, even in the present day, suggests 'impress.'

" "If you *were* men" :— The folio has "*are*," — a palpable misprint.

- p. 59. "My heart *to* her . . . sojourned" :— So folio and quartos. Malone read "*with* her," which accords with modern usage; but it does not appear sufficiently clear, that 'to' was not the old idiom.

" "[*Helen*,] it is not so" :— 'Helen' is found only in Fisher's quarto. The address seems to be as much demanded by the relations of the parties and the nature of the reply as by the measure.

" "— thou *aby* it dear" :— The folio and Roberts' quarto have "abide;" and that seems to be the real word, of which 'aby' was an old form, that was going out of use when Shakespeare wrote: consequently the printers (who did not then feel bound to follow the orthography of their copy, even when it was printed) gave it sometimes 'aby,' and other times 'abide.' Further on, in this very Scene, Roberts' quarto has, "Thou shalt *aby* it;" while the folio which was printed from a copy of that edition has, "Thou shalt *abide* it." As a slightly different shade of meaning is connected with the form 'aby,' that is given in the text.

- p. 60. "— O! is all forgot?" — The natural pause before 'O!' fills up the time of the missing unaccented syllable.

" "— like two *artifical* gods" :— i. e., two *artifcing* gods, *dis* *artifices*.

" "Two of the first," &c. :— 'First,' 'second,' &c., are used in heraldry either to denote a house, or as referring to tints already mentioned in blazoning a coat. This has caused some editors to find obscurity in these lines. But

here 'first' is used in its ordinary sense, as Douce pointed out. Such a sense well suits the literal and prosaic cast of parts of this Scene. *Helena* says that she and *Hermia* had two bodies, but one heart; and two of the first — that is, two bodies — due but to one — that is, one heart — like coats in heraldry, when the bearings of two families are united in the arms of one person and crowned with his crest.

p. 60. " — at your *passionate* words " : — Both quartos omit 'passionate.' This is one of those corrections which are important as showing the authority of the folio. Such an omission in the folio itself would be justly assignable to accident; but its restoration there when two editions had been printed without it, indicates a correction of the text before it left the hands of Heminge and Condell.

p. 61. " — than her weak *prayers* " : — Folio and quarto have " *praise* " — a palpable misprint, and an easy, when 'praise' was often written *praysse*.

" " — such an *argument* " : — The theme or story of a poem was called its argument; and *Helena* means that unless they were pitiless and graceless they would not make her the theme of such cruel ridicule.

p. 62. "No, no, *sir* " : — It is not easy to understand the force of this exclamation. The quartos do not better the matter by reading, —

"No, no, heels
Seeme to break loose."

Malone read, —

"No, no, he'll — Sir,
Seem to break loose," &c.

' "O hated *poison*, hence " : — Fisher's quarto has " *po-tion*."

" "O me! what *news*, my love!" — Mr. Collier's folio has " what *means* my love?" which, considering the aptness of the substituted word, and that that which it replaces is spelled *newes* in the old copies, is one of the most plausible readings found in that volume. But when we also consider that as this is *Hermia's* first interview with her lover since *Puck's* application of the flower to his eyes, she may well express surprise at the novelty of his declaration that he hates her; and when, besides, we find the same word 'newes' in the two quartos and in the folio, there does not seem to be sufficient warrant for a change in the authentic text.

p. 63. "Therefore, be out of hope, of *question*, of doubt " : — This line is an alexandrine — 'question' being here used

as a trisyllable. See Note on "spruce affection," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 473. The editors not perceiving this, nearly all modern editions deviate from the text of both folio and quartos, and, dropping the second 'of,' read "of question, doubt."

- p. 64. " — *hindring* knot-grass": — Knot-grass, as we learn from contemporary allusions, was supposed to have the power of hindering the growth of children. It is defined in Withal's *Short Dictionarie*, 1568, as "the hearbe that stoppeth bloude. *Sanguinaria*."
- " "Thou shalt *aby* it": — The folio prints "*abide*." See Note on "thou *aby* it dear," in this Scene, p. 113.
- p. 65. " — to try whose right, *of* thine or mine," &c. : — So the folio and quartos. Nearly all modern editions read, "*or* thine or mine;" but needlessly. We have the same construction in *The Tempest*, Act II. Sc. 1: "Which of he or Adrian for a good wager?" &c. See also the following from Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586: "I should be verie glad (if it might *sc* please you) we might enter into argument, which is more available to mannes state, — of solitariness or conversation;" fol. 5 b. 'Conversation,' when this book was written, meant intercourse with the world.
- " "My legs are longer," &c. : — After this line the quartos have a speech by *Hermia*. "I am amaz'd, and know not what to say." The omission by the folio of a line or a passage which is found in a quarto is to be attributed to design in all cases, except those in which a hiatus in the sense shows it to be accidental; but when the extent and the nature of the passage omitted gives reason for belief that it was struck out of the stage copy furnished by the players to the printer, to abbreviate the performance, it may properly be restored to the text as part of the author's work which he did not cancel, but sacrificed to convenience. This omission belongs to neither of these classes. The line is so unsuited to *Hermia's* quickness of temper and tongue, to the state of her mind and to the situation, and so uncalled for by *Helena's* speech which elicits it, that we should gladly accept the testimony of the authentic copy that it is either the interpolation of some player who did not want to leave the stage without a speech, or a piece of the author's work which he cancelled as unsatisfactory or superfluous.
- " " — commit'st thy knaveries *willingly*": — Thus the folio; the quartos have "*wilfully*."
- " " — he *had* on": — The folio reads 'hath': *th* is not uncommonly given for *d*.

- p. 65. " — this *virtuous* property " : — ' Virtue ' was used of old, and is sometimes now used, for ' power,' especially in the sense of healing, or corrective power; as in the gospel account of the woman who had an issue — " for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." *Luke* viii. 46.
- p. 66. " — this *derision* " : — Here ' derision ' is a word of four syllables, and ' vision,' in the next line, one of three.
- " " — do thee *employ* " : — So Fisher's quarto. The folio misprints "*imply*," and Roberts' quarto, "*apply*."
- " " Goblin, lead them up and down " : — Mr. Collier says, " These four lines are possibly a quotation from some lost ballad respecting *Puck* and his pranks. He would otherwise hardly address himself as ' Goblin.' The exit of *Oberon* is not marked in the old copies, and the last line might belong to him." But see what the *Fairy* says, Act II. Sc. 1 : —
- " Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work; and they shall have good luck."
- p. 67. " — but faster did he fly " : — Opposite this line the folio has "*shifting places*," in the form of a stage direction. It is, however, misplaced, as it plainly refers to *Puck*, *Lysander*, and *Demetrius*, and belongs several lines above. The quarto has no directions at all here.
- p. 68. " Where art thou [*now*] " : — The folio and Fisher's quarto omit ' now.'
- " " Thou shalt *buy* this dear " : — Thus the old copies. Modern editors have printed it ' by ' — considering it an abbreviation of ' aby.' But this is quite needless. *Demetrius* means that *Lysander* shall " buy it dear."
- f. 69. " [To] your eye " : — Neither the folio nor the quartos have ' To,' which was supplied as a matter of course by Rowe — it being required both by sense and rhythm. Mr. Halliwell is of opinion that of old ' apply ' did not absolutely require the preposition. But the single case which he cites in his support appears to be itself the result of typographical error.
- " " [DEM., HEL., &c., *sleep* " : — The stage direction in the folio, which does not appear in the quartos, is, " They sleepe all the Act;" meaning that they are to be found asleep at the rising of the curtain for the next Act. Another mark, this, of the use in Shakespeare's theatre of the copy from which the folio was printed.

www.libACTFOURTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 70. "Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM," &c. :— In the folio, "Enter Queene of Fairies and Clowne," &c. :— *Bottom* is generally called the 'Clown' in the stage directions and prefixes of the old editions.
- " "— thy amiable cheeks do coy" :— To 'coy' means to caress. "I have neuer yet found man so fierce and sauage, which hath not suffered himself to be coyed and clawed with the tickling of flatterie." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*. 1586. fol. 33 a. See Note on 'claw.' *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 461.
- " "Mounsieur Cobweb" :— The folio and the quartos always carefully mark this characteristic corruption of the French *monsieur* — often as it occurs in this Scene; but all modern editors, except Capell, have disregarded this trait of the old text, if, indeed, they ever noted it.
- " "— give me your *nief*" :— i. e., your fist.
- " "— help Cavalery *Cobweb* to scratch" :— Dr. Grey pointed out *Bottom's* forgetfulness of his having sent Cavalery *Cobweb* on a perilous expedition, and suggested that we should read "*Peas-blossom*." But, under the embarrassing circumstances in which *Bottom* was placed, it will not do to be exacting in our demands upon his memory.
- p. 71. "— let's have the tongs and the bones. [*Rustic music*]" :— The stage direction in the folio here is "*Musicke, Tongs, Rurall Musicke*;" but the quarto from which the folio was printed has nothing of the kind.
- " "— a bottle of hay" :— i. e., a bundle of hay. "A botell of hey, *fasciculus feni*." Withal's *Short Dictionarie*. 1568. The word was used until a comparatively recent date in England, but has long been forgotten in America, where we read the old adage 'to seek a needle in a bottle of hay,' 'to seek a needle in a *hay-mov*.'
- " "— and be a *while* away" :— Folio and quartos have "*alwaies*," which is not a form in which "*all ways*" — the universal reading hitherto — would probably have been printed; neither does 'always' or 'all ways' afford a sense at all consistent with the purport of the passage. For *Titania* did not wish her fairies to be always away, or care whether they went all ways or one way, so long

as they left her and *Bottom* for a while. Therefore the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, 'a while,' seems to have good claim to a place in the text.

- p. 71. "So doth the *woodbine*, the sweet *honeysuckle*," &c. :— There are few readers of Shakespeare, in America at least, who have not seen the woodbine and the honeysuckle growing together, and twining round each other from their very roots to the top of the veranda on which they are trained; and to such persons this passage is simple and clear. Yet there are two pages of comment upon it in the *Variorum* edition; the occasion of which is, the discovery of various passages in the early poets and lexicographers, some of which imply that the woodbine and the honeysuckle are the same plant, others that the honeysuckle is the flower of the woodbine. The commentators went not to Shakespeare's teacher—Nature, but to books; and hence the mystification about so simple a matter, which, strange to say, has not been explained till now. That others had erred before any of the authors whom they quote, here is evidence: "Woodbine or hony succle. *Pereca cimenon*." Withal's *Short Dictionary*. 1568. fol. 26 b. The confusion was caused to less observant eyes than Shakespeare's, by the very fact that the two plants are frequently trained so closely together as to seem one; especially as they are similar—almost identical—in many points, though no less unlike in others. The latter are found chiefly in the form and color of the flowers; those of the honeysuckle being long unbroken tubes of deep scarlet, somewhat formally grouped; those of the woodbine shorter, deeply indented from the edge, of a pale-buff color, and irregularly disposed. The woodbine, though perhaps not sweeter than "the sweet honeysuckle," diffuses its fragrance farther.

"Seeking sweet *favours*":—This is the reading of Fisher's quarto: the folio has "favours," which is hardly distinguishable from 'favours.' *Bottom* has asked for a honey-bag, which seems to support 'sweet *savours*;' but as *Titania* has stuck musk roses in his head, and *Oberon* now refers to a previous garlanding of his donkeyship, 'favours' is quite surely right.

- p. 72. "— when the *other* do":—See Note on "Some other," &c. *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 216.

"Be as thou wast wont to be":—Thus the quartos; but the folio has "Be *thou*," &c.—a difference hitherto unnoticed. This is one of the few instances in which it seems proper to allow strong probability and the testimony of other editions to outweigh the dictum of the authen-

tic folio. There is a change of rhythm for this little incantation; and that Shakespeare should have vitiated it in the very first line is improbable to the verge of impossibility; whereas the insertion of 'thou' in such a place by a transcriber or printer is an accident of a sort that frequently happens.

- p. 72. " — mine eyes do loath *this* visage": — Fisher's quarto has "*his* visage." Either may be Shakespeare's word. In the next line both quartos have "take off *his* head;" and here the indicative force of the word in the folio makes it preferable.

" "Sound, music! [*Still music*]" : — This stage direction, lacking in the quartos, is placed in the folio immediately after *Titania's* command, in these words, "*Musick still.*" The meaning of the term is obvious enough — soft music, "such as charmeth sleep."

- p. 73. "To all fair *posterity*" : — Fisher's quarto has "*prosperity*" — a tame word here, especially as coming after 'fair;' but it has been universally preferred, hitherto, merely because, at their first meeting, *Oberon* tells *Titania* that she has come to the wedding of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* "to give their bed joy and prosperity." But surely the best way to do that, and the most appropriate on this occasion, was to bless the house to all fair posterity. Warburton announced that "we should read '*far posterity.*'" As a suggestion the reading is plausible.

"With these mortals on the ground" : — Immediately before this line the folio only has the direction, *Sleepers lie still.* This is another of the many prompter's guides which show that the folio edition of this play was printed from the stage copy. The meaning is, that the sleepers are not to awake at that sounding of the horns, but were to sleep until the next.

" — they bay'd the bear" : — Passages in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Pliny, and Plutarch, so justify this text that it must remain undisturbed; but I believe that the easiest of all misprints in Shakespeare's time was made, and that we should read that Hercules and Cadmus "bayed the *boar*" in a wood of Crete. This is also Mr. Dyce's opinion.

"The skies, the *fountains*" : — Warburton and Heath suggested "*mountains,*" which might well have been Shakespeare's word. But Theobald showed, that Virgil and other classic poets have made the waters responsive to sound : —

"Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacusque
Resonat circa, et cælum tonat omne tumultu."

It should, however, be remembered, that mountains are rarely or never mentioned in the landscape poetry of Greece and Rome. Had it been otherwise they doubtless would have taken the place of lakes in such passages.

p. 73. "Seem'd all one mutual cry":—Folio and quartos have "*seeme,*" which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 74. "So flew'd, so sanded":—The hanging chaps of a hound were called 'flews.' Steevens says that "'sanded' means 'of a sandy colour,' which is one of the true denotements of a bloodhound." Tawny sand is meant, 'f course.

" "I wonder of their being here":—"I wonder of' is the old idiom for 'I wonder at.'

p. 75. "Was to be gone from Athens, where we might," &c.:—Thus Fisher's quarto; Roberts', which is followed by the folio, reads "where we might *be,*" and completes the sense at "Athenian law." But this is fatal to the rhythm of the line; and not only so, but to the sense of the passage. For, as others have remarked, it is plain that *Egeus* interrupts *Lysander* with great impetuosity; and, beside, he adds the explanation, "They would have stolen away," &c., which would have been entirely superfluous, had *Lysander* completed the expression of his intent.

" "Fair Helena in fancy follow'd me":—"In fancy" means 'for love.' Fisher's quarto has "*following.*"

" "Melted as [*doth*] the snow":—The folio and Roberts' quarto print this passage thus irregularly:—

"I wot not by what power

(But by some power it is) my loue

To Hermia (melted as the snow) ,

Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaud."'

'Doth' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and had, almost a hundred years before, been given a place in the text by Capell. Without it, the line is prose, and there can hardly be a doubt that the confusion of the lines in the MS., or by the printer, caused it to be omitted.

" "— we shall hear more anon":—Fisher's quarto has "*more will hear,*" and Roberts', "*will hear more.*"

p. 76. "Mine own and not mine own.

Dem.

It seems to me."

The quartos give this passage thus:—

"Mine own and not mine own.

Dem.

Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me," &c.

Every reader, with an ear and common sense, must be

glad that words so superfluous and so fatal to the rhythm of two lines do not appear in the authentic copy. But although there omitted, they have been industriously recovered from the quartos by those who consider that antiquity, not authenticity, gives authority.

- p. 76. "And he *did* bid us follow":—The folio and Roberts' quarto omit 'did.' The accident was doubtless caused by the similarity of 'did' and 'bid.'

SCENE II.

- p. 77. "Yea, and the best person too":—Mr. Halliwell assigns this speech to *Snout*; and, I am inclined to think, with reason. *Snout* otherwise is left without a word to say; and *Petor Quince* is not the man to blunder between 'paramour' and 'paragon.' He is able to correct the cacology of his fellows, as we see in the first rehearsal.

" — *sixpence* a day":—This seems like a jest, but is not one. Sixpence sterling, in Shakespeare's time, was equal to about eighty-seven and a half cents now;—no mean gratuitous addition to the daily wages of a weaver during life. See the following extract, from a very able little tract on political economy, often quoted in these Notes:—

"And ye know xii. d. a day now will not go so far as viii. pence would aforetime. . . . Also where xl. shillings a yere was honest wages for a yeoman afore this time, and xx. pence a week *borde wages* was sufficient, now double as much will skante beare their charge." *A Concept of English Pollicy*. 4to. 1681. fol. 33 b.

- p. 78. " — [right] as it fell out":—'Right' is found only in the quartos. As there seems to be no reason for excluding it, the omission of it in the folio was probably accidental.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 79. "The poet's eye," &c.:—In the folio and the quartos this and the six following lines are printed as six.

" [Or in the night," &c.:—Who can believe that the last two lines of this speech are genuine? Think of the descent from

"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,"

to such smile-provoking common place, such "a lame and impotent conclusion," as,

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

The two preceding lines are doubtless genuine. They close the speech appropriately with a clear and conclusive distinction between the apprehensive and the comprehensive power of the imaginative mind. Where, indeed, in the whole range of metaphysical writing is the difference between the two so accurately stated and so forcibly illustrated? And would Shakespeare, after thus reaching the climax of his thought, fall a twaddling about bushes and bears? Note, too, the loss of dignity in the rhythm. I cannot even bring myself to doubt that these lines are interpolated.

p. 80. "— strange, and *admirable*":— 'Admirable' is here used in its radical sense—to be wondered at—no approbation being implied.

" "Call *Philostrate*":— So the quartos; but the folio, "Call *Egeus*," which is wrong, as the rhythm and the position of the two personages make sure. At the commencement of the Scene, too, the folio marks the entrance of *Egeus* instead of *Philostrate*, and in it the speeches of the latter are assigned to the former. But these facts, instead of invalidating the authority of that edition, confirm it; for they are plainly due to the performance of the two characters by one actor. *Egeus* and *Philostrate* are never on the stage together, neither has much to say, and in a company smaller than those we are now accustomed to, an actor would very probably be required to 'double' in them—as the theatrical phrase is. The marks of the prompter's book thus follow us to the end of the play.

" "— what *abridgment* have you":— Steevens supposed that 'abridgment' meant a dramatic performance which crowds the events of years into a few hours; Henley— whose explanation has been generally accepted, I must think, for want of a better— that it is another term for 'pastime,' something to abridge the hours. But does not *Theseus* merely ask the Master of the Revels for his programme for the evening—the "*brief* how many sports are ripe," which he immediately presents?

" "— how many sports are *ripe*":— The folio copies the misprint "*ripe*," from Roberts' quarto.

- p. 80. "*Lys. The Battle with the Centaurs,*" &c.:— The folio makes *Lysander* read the schedule and *Theosus* comment; and it seems natural that, under the circumstances, a sovereign should hand such a paper to some one else to read aloud. The quartos give the whole to *Theosus*. The change is due to no accident; for in the folio *Lys.* and *The.* are alternately and correctly prefixed to every extract and comment.
- p. 81. "That is, hot ice, and wondrous *strange snow*":— The failure of the latter clause of this line to supply the required antithesis to the corresponding clause of the preceding line was early noticed. Pope omitted the line; Hanmer read "wondrous *scorching snow*;" Warburton announced that "the nonsense should be corrected thus, 'That is, hot ice, a wonderous *strange show*;' " Upton suggested, "wondrous *strange black snow*;" Monck Mason, "wonderous *strong snow*;" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 — the earliest emendation of all — has "wondrous *scething snow*." The last seems preferable to all the others; but there is hardly sufficient ground for making so great a change in a word which is found in the folio and in both quartos.
- p. 82. "— in their *intents*":— 'Intents' here, as the subject of the two verbs, 'stretch'd' and 'conn'd,' is used both for 'endeavor' and for 'the object of endeavor,' by a license, which other writers than Shakespeare have assumed.
- " — takes it in *might*, not merit":— i. e., considers it with regard to the ability, or might, of the performers, not according to the merit of the performance. Two syllables have evidently been lost from the preceding line Theobald supplied them by reading "poor *willing duty*," the only objection to the reception of which is, that 'simple,' 'eager,' 'struggling,' or one of many other dissyllabic words might be inserted with equal propriety.
- " — dumbly *have broke off*":— As 'have' has no nominative except 'I,' three lines above, it may be a misprint for 'th'ave;' but it is far more probable that 'they' is understood; for such license was common in Shakespeare's day, or rather, it was hardly license then.
- " — the Prologue is *address'd*":— i. e., prepared. We still say that a man addresses himself to work, or to sleep.
- p. 83. "*Enter QUINCE as the Prologue*":— Folio and quartos have '*Enter the Prologue*;' but the folio adds *Quince*, there being a considerable space between that and the preceding word. The direction has not been followed, or

even noticed before. *Peter Quince* is plainly the author of this interlude; and as he had no part in the performance, the assignment of the Prologue to him is highly appropriate. As to the origin and nature of the entertainment called by our ancestors an Interlude, see *The Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I.

- p. 83. " — he hath play'd on his prologue " : — The quartos have " *this prologue.* "

" *Enter, with a Trumpet, and the Presenter before them,* " &c. : — The folio alone here has " *Tawyer, with a trumpet before them,* " and then, in common with the quartos, " *Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Mooneshine, and Lyon.* " 'Tawyer' was supposed to be the name of the trumpeter, and hitherto only the latter direction has been given. But Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 discovers to us that Tawyer was the name, not of the trumpeter, but of the Presenter of the interlude, whose office it was to deliver the argument of the work. This has hitherto been assigned to the Prologue, most inconsistently; for the manner in which it is spoken shows a knowledge of "points," and a regard for them, quite beyond that functionary's ken. The error in the prefix arose from the similarity of *Presf.* and *Prok.*, which in old MS. could hardly be distinguished from each other. Here we have in the folio another transcript from the prompter's book.

- p. 84 " — there to woo " : — It may be remarked here upon the rhyme of 'woo' with 'know,' that the former word seems to have had the pure vowel sound of *o*. It was spelled *wooe* or *woe*, and as often in the latter way as the former.

" " — which lion hight by name " : — There is no rhyme to this line, and it is probable that one has been lost after the next. Theobald saw this, and attempted to remedy the defect, by reading " *which by name lion hight,* " making a treble rhyme.

" " *Exeunt PROLOGUE, Presenter, PYRAMUS,* " &c. : — Here the folio has " *Exit all but Wall;* " and yet, excepting Capell's, every edition hitherto, issued within a hundred years, (each copying without examination its predecessor's error,) keeps *Pyramus* on the stage; although they all direct him, as the folio does, to enter, after *Wall* has made his speech. The quartos, which Capell follows, send out only " *Lyon, Thisby, and Moonshine,* " keeping not only *Bottom* on the stage at this time, but poor *Peter Quince* until the end of the interlude: Capell, however, sends him out, too; but, with them also, he consistently does not direct the entrance of *Pyramus*. *Theseus'* speech,

"Pyramus *draws near* the wall," is but an apparent justification of this arrangement.

- p. 84. "This *lime*, this rough-cast":—Folio and quartos have "*lome*," the mere misprint of a letter, as we see by the Presenter's speech, "This man with *lime* and rough-cast."
- p. 85. "— thou sweet and lovely wall":—The quartos have "O sweet, O lovely wall!"
- " "— she is to enter [*now*]" :—The folio omits "now."
- " "— with lime and hair knit *up in thee*":—Both quartos have, in defiance of sense and rhyme, "knit *now* again." A variation of this kind is not worthy of notice save for the evidence it affords that the copy of Roberts' quarto, which Heminge and Condell furnished as copy to the printers of the folio, had been corrected either by Shakespeare or some one else in his theatre.
- p. 86. "Now is the *moral* down," &c. :—This, the text of the folio, Theobald supposed to be a misprint for, "Now is the *mural* down;" and he has hitherto been universally followed. But the use of 'mural' for 'wall' is an anomaly in English, and is too infelicitous to be regarded as one of Shakespeare's daring feats of language. It would seem that a consideration of the reading of the quartos, and of the reply of *Demetrius*, should have prevented a change in the text of the folio. Both quartos have "Now is the *moon used* between the two neighbours." 'Moon used' could not be a misprint for 'moral down;' and especially could it not be a misprint in two rival editions, neither of which was printed from the other. It should be remembered, that the Moon figures in the interlude, as the spectators knew; and as to the use that the two neighbors were to make of the moon, the remark of *Demetrius* indicates it plainly enough, "*No remedy*, my lord, when walls are so wilful to *hear without warning*." But Shakespeare evidently thought that it would be plainer if the wall were represented both as the restraint upon the passions of the lovers, and as a pander to them; and so he changed 'moon used' to 'moral down.' He did this, I believe, with the more surety of attaining his point, because 'moral' was then pronounced *mo-ral* and 'mural,' as I am inclined to think, *moo-ral*. See Note on "sweet Puck," Act II. Sc. 1, p. 101.
- p. 87. "A *lion-fell*":—i. e., a lion's skin. Folio and quartos have "a lion fell," without the hyphen. But it was *Snug's* great desire to assure the ladies that he was not a lion, fell or otherwise. Mr. Barron Field suggested the correction, which was afterwards found in Mr. Collier's

folio of 1632. It is the minutest ever proposed for the solution of a real difficulty. Mr. Halliwell, however, thinks that the original text means "*neither* a lion fell, nor in any respect a lion's dam," which seems to me to be exactly what it does not mean.

- p. 87. "The very *best* at a *beast*": — From the nature of this speech, it is plain that 'best' and 'beast' were pronounced alike.

" " — let us *hearken* to the moon": — Fisher's quarto has "*listen*."

- p. 88. " — for *they* are in the moon": — Fisher's quarto has "*all these* are in," &c.

- p. 89. " — glittering *gleams*": — Folio and quartos repeat "beams" of the line but one above. The emendation is Mr. Knight's; and the alliteration of the line confirms it. Before the issue of Mr. Knight's edition, the correction of the second folio, "*streams*," had been adopted.

" "Since lion *vild*": — This orthography of 'vile' appears frequently in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, but no oftener than 'vile' itself; and therefore its preservation is not generally required. But as it seems to have been the more common, and, so to speak, vulgar form of the word, I have retained it here and in similar instances.

- p. 90. "A *mote* will turn the balance": — In the folio and quartos, "A *moth*." See Note on "Peas-blossom, Cobweb, *Mote*, and Mustard-seed," Act III. Sc. 1.

" " — [he for a man," &c.: — This passage is omitted in the folio, doubtless, as Mr. Collier suggests, on account of the statute of 1 Jac. I., ch. 21, against the use of the Creator's name upon the stage.

" "And thus she *moans*": — Folio and quartos have "*means*," — the easiest of misprints. Pinkerton and Ritson, it is true, showed that "*mene*" meant 'declare' or 'relate,' in very old Scotch; but Shakespeare did not write in that language.

" "These lily *lips*": — Thus folio and quartos. Theobald, for the sake of the missing rhyme to 'nose,' read "These lily *brows*;" but 'brows' is a very improbable misprint for 'lips.' Farmer suggested that a transposition had been made, and that we should read,

"These *lips lilly*
This *nose cherry*,"

which was ingenious, at least. But 'nip,' a term which is yet applied to the nose in the nursery, might be mis-

taken for 'nose,' written with a long *e*; and it seems to me not improbable that it was so mistaken in this instance.

www.libtool.com.cn

- p. 91. "— and *lung* himself":— The quartos have "*lung'd*."

SCENE II.

- p. 92. "And the wolf *behowls* the moon":— Folio and quartos have "*beholds*." The error, which Warburton corrected, is due to the pronunciation of 'behowls' in Shakespeare's time; *ow* then having the pure sound of *o*.

" "To sweep the dust behind the door":— This was one of the offices especially assigned to Robin Goodfellow by popular tradition. In a wood-cut illustration accompanying an old tract about Robin Goodfellow, he is represented in a fairy ring, with his broom on his shoulder. See *Introduction*.

" *Though* the house give glimmering light":— Folio and quartos misprint "*Through* the house," &c.; and every edition hitherto has copied the error. Plainly *Oberon* does not intend to command his sprites to 'give glimmering light through the house *by the dead and drowsy fire*,' but to direct every elf and fairy sprite to hop as light as bird from brier, *though* the house give glimmering light by the dead and drowsy fire.

" "First, rehearse *your* song":— Fisher's quarto has "*this* song."

- p. 93. "[*Here a Song and Dance*]" :— In the folio *Oberon's* speech is printed in Italic letter without a prefix, and over it is "The Song." This is plainly wrong; for it is no song, but an address from *Oberon* to his attendants. In the quartos it is in Roman letter, and has the prefix *Ob.*— there being no stage direction with regard to a song. That there was a song and dance, however, the previous speeches of *Oberon* and *Titania* clearly show; and the observation of this probably led the printer of the folio to suppose that the verses next following were the song. It was quite customary in old plays to write, *Here a song*, and to leave the song to be supplied when occasion required, and, frequently, by another hand.

" "And the owner of it, blest," &c. :— In folio and quartos these two lines are transposed thus :—

"Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest;"

and it was not until May, 1856, that the difficulty received its easy solution at the hands of a correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, who signed his communi-

cation C. R. W. Pope read, "*Er* shall *it* in safety rest;" Warburton, "Ever shall *it safely* rest" — which was a very ingenious and acceptable correction, and it also had the support of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Stanton is the author of a very happy suggestion which was made public through the *Illustrated News*: "*Every hall* in safety rest." But C. R. W.'s correction is at once the simplest and the most consistent with the form and spirit of the context.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

VOL. IV.

I

(129)

"THE EXCELLENT History of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocks* the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of *Portia*, by the choysse of three caskets. Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocks* the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choysse of three chests. As it hath bene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. AT LONDON, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." 4to. 38 leaves.

The Merchant of Venice occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 163 to p. 184, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and has no list of Dramatis Personæ.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

PLAGIARISM is a misdemeanor, of which the smaller order of critics — the detective police of the world of letters — are always ready to accuse an author who is either daring to rise into notice, or who is guilty of that other crime which is in their eyes the blackest of all — success. The charge is very easily made, and often can be as easily sustained to the satisfaction of the many who do not justly apprehend what constitutes originality. For the truth seems to be, that nearly all the stories that take hold on human sympathies are of indefinable antiquity. They come, we know not whence. We trace them back for centuries, and reach some great teller of tales who has had the credit of creating them; but we find that he took them from some one else who lived centuries before him, and that he only gave them another form and made them glow anew in the light of his genius. We go still farther back, and are obliged at last to give up the search as hopeless, and to believe that good stories are born of the great mother, and come up out of the earth; — and so they do, in so far that they are the fruit of our common nature. Thus brought forth, they not only live, but renew their life, by entering again into the womb which brought them forth, to be born again. A story, perhaps the relation of some actual occurrence, is told by friend to friend and passes from lip to lip. It does not follow, because it was in nature, that it was true to nature. An established possibility can do no more to open a way to the human heart than a seeming improbability can do to shut it. But if the story be truthful, as well as actual, it never dies. Generation hands it down to generation, casting into forgetfulness those parts of it the interest of which is temporary or

incidental, and religiously preserving all that is true forever. The germs of stories that are told now-a-days as new, are to be found in the fables of Bidpai, the Brahmin Sage, who is said to have lived two thousand years before Christ. He could have traced them through an antiquity of only a few hundred years before he found them in the Ark, where he might have believed them to be invented to wile away the time, but that he was too wise not to have given its due weight to the fact that the race was preserved, not created, in that structure. There is a serious truth hidden in our jocose habit of saying, when we hear a good jest — a very good one — that it is an old Joe Miller ; although Joseph is rather modern to be an originator, he having been a poor stupid actor, who lived in the early part of the last century, and died never having uttered one witty saying. But stories new and good are even rarer than good new jokes. It is but once in a century that such a one as *The Bride of Lammermoor* is written ; and even then it is sure to be “an ower true tale.”

The story of *The Merchant of Venice* is an example in point of all these axioms of literary criticism. It is in part, at least, of Eastern origin ; and all of it is of great and undeterminable antiquity. It had been told again and again, by various authors and in various tongues, centuries before Shakespeare was born ; and there is some reason to believe that it had even been put into a dramatic shape and played in London long before he left Stratford : yet in no one of his works has he exhibited his creative powers more lavishly, though in some the peculiar traits of his genius are more strikingly apparent. Three tales, one turning upon the giving of the bond, one upon the choice of the caskets, and one recounting the elopement of a daughter from an avaricious father, have been interwoven to form the plot of this play. That of the bond was written in Italian by Giovanni Fiorentino, as early as 1378,* but exists in England in a MS. of a still more ancient date, — 1320, or thereabout,† — and is also found in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, a translation of which version exists in a MS. of the time of Henry VI.‡ But even a mere enumera-

* See Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. II.

† See Mr. Thomas Wright's *Collection of Latin Stories Illustrative of the History of Fiction during the Middle Ages*, published by the Percy Society.

‡ This very interesting translation was printed by Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. I. p. 281.

tion of the various collections of tales, published and unpublished, which contain the one that turns upon this incident of the Bond, would be both tedious and needless; and we come at once to that which bears internal evidence of having been more or less directly the channel through which Shakespeare received it. This is *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan, in 1558, though written, as we have seen, nearly two hundred years before. In the Fourth Day of that work the story of *Giannetto* is told, which is briefly this.*

Giannetto, the son of a wealthy Florentine merchant, is left by his father dependent entirely upon his own exertions and the good offices of *Ansaldo*, "the richest merchant of the day among the Christians" of Venice. Arrived in Venice, *Giannetto* finds his father's friend ready to place himself and his fortune at the disposal of his father's son. In *Ansaldo's* house he is treated like a favored child and heir expectant, and passes the time at tilts and tournaments and in giving entertainments. He is such a charming person and conducts himself so winningly that women and men alike yield to his fascination. *Ansaldo* is entirely devoted to him. A trading venture to Alexandria being proposed by two of his friends, *Giannetto* joins it, more to see the world, "and especially Damascus and those countries there," than from hope of profit. *Ansaldo* provides him with a richly laden argosy, and the little fleet sets sail. After they have been a few days at sea, *Giannetto* observes an inviting port, and learns from the Captain that it belongs to a beautiful widow who has been the ruin of many gentlemen. For she has made it absolute that every gentleman adventurer who arrives at the port shall be her companion through one night, during which if he can obtain from her a husband's privilege, she will on the morrow make him lord of herself and the fair country round; but if he fail he is to forfeit his ship and its cargo to his fair entertainer. *Giannetto* slips away from his companions in the night and makes sail for this port, the name of which is Belmont. He is received by the lady with great honor, informed of the custom of the place in regard to strangers like himself, accepts the conditions, and passes the day and evening in entertainments befitting the rank

* Mr. Collier has reprinted this story in the second volume of his *Shakespeare's Library*, accompanied by a not very faithful translation, originally published in 1756.

and magnificent tastes of his fair hostess. He passes the night by her side, but in heavy slumber, and wakes only to learn from her that his cargo is forfeited. He makes his way back to Venice ashamed, and gives out that he was shipwrecked. He repeats the venture, but fails in the same manner to obtain the lady. Again he returns to Venice with the same story of shipwreck, and again *Ansaldo* wishes to gratify his desire to make another voyage — though with what purpose, the confiding merchant knows not. But *Ansaldo's* present means are nearly all exhausted; and, to provide a ship and cargo for the young friend on whom he dotes, he goes to a Jew at Mestri and borrows ten thousand ducats, on condition that if they are not repaid on St. John's day in next June, the Jew may cut off a pound of flesh from what part of his body pleases him. *Ansaldo* only begs *Giannetto*, who knows the condition of the bond, that if the issue should be untoward, he will return to Venice that he may see him and die content. *Giannetto* arrives at Belmont for the third time, and is received as he had been before. But on this occasion the lady's attendant maid, who confesses to her mistress that she had "never seen a more courteous or graceful man," gives him hasty and secret warning, as he is about to retire for the night, that he must not drink the last cup of wine that will be offered him. He, of course, takes the advice, and pretends to drink, but does not: his former drowsiness does not afflict him, and with the morning sun the lady salutes him as lord of her fair mansion, master of her servants, queen o'er herself. They are wedded, and in the delights of such a honey-moon, *Giannetto* forgets *Ansaldo's* bond to the Jew, until the festivities of St. John's day bring it to his mind. He is panic struck, and tells his wife his story. She dismisses him instantly for Venice, with attendants and gold to pay the debt ten times over. Many merchants, too, stand ready to advance the money to *Ansaldo*. But the bond is forfeit, and the Jew prefers a pound of Christian flesh to a hundred thousand ducats; and as the law is on his side and in Venice justice is rigidly administered, [*ma pure considerato Vinègia essere terra di ragione,*] the offer of ten-fold payment and the entreaties of the merchants are alike unavailing. The lady, however, follows *Giannetto* immediately in the dress of a judge, and arriving in Venice, proclaims that she is there to determine questions of law. *Ansaldo* and the Jew, on the proposal of *Giannetto*, come before her. She declares the bon

forfeit, but offers the creditor the hundred thousand ducats for his ten : he refuses, and she then declares, to *Giannetto's* disgust and horror, that the pound of flesh must be cut off. The Jew prepares, but is told by the Judge that if he cuts more or less than a pound, or sheds one drop of blood, his head will be struck off upon the spot, because the bond makes mention of no drop of blood, and gives him a pound of flesh, no more, no less ; and the axe and the block are brought in. The Jew sees that he is caught in his own toils, and offers to take the hundred thousand crowns, — ninety thousand, eighty, fifty, at last his own ten thousand ; out he gets not a penny, only the offer of the penalty of his bond, which he tears to pieces as he leaves the Court in rage. *Giannetto* offers the Judge the hundred thousand ducats intended for the Jew ; but the Judge refuses them, he needs no money, but he begs the ring on *Giannetto's* finger. It is refused ; but finally, by taunts of base ingratitude, obtained. *Giannetto* sets out for Belmont, accompanied by *Ansaldo*, and on his arrival there is met by his wife, who, observing that he does not wear her ring, inquires for it, affects to disbelieve his story, upbraids him with unfaithfulness, and after teasing him for a while, shows the ring upon her own finger, and tells her adventure. Happiness is restored, and *Giannetto*, calling the damsel who warned him not to drink, gives her to *Ansaldo* for a wife.

These are the main incidents of the story of the Bond, as it is told by Giovanni Fiorentino. In all the other versions, with one exception, widely as they differ in other respects, we have the essential elements of a fatal bond incurred for the sake of obtaining a woman beautiful and wealthy, a forfeiture of the bond, and the salvation of the successful lover, or the friend who incurred the penalty in his behalf, by the special pleading of the lady, who appears at the trial disguised as a man. The exception is the Latin story before alluded to, which was discovered by Mr. Wright. In that, one brother obtains the bond from the necessities of another, and claims the penalty, of which he is defeated by the Prince ; who, having obtained from the second brother a grant of his blood, threatens the creditor with death if in taking the flesh he spill a drop of what now belongs to his sovereign.

The story of the Caskets* exists in as many and as ancient

* It is found in the Greek Romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, written about the year 800. In that, however, the caskets are four in number.

forms; but the tale of Anselme, the Emperor of Rome, who had wedded the King's daughter of Jerusalem, and who was at war with the King of Ampluy, is clearly that which was used by Shakespeare. It is the Thirty Second History of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, translated by Robinson, and published in 1677. The King of Ampluy has a fair daughter whom he proposes that the son of the Emperor of Rome shall marry, so that peace may be between their families and kingdoms. The offer is accepted, and the lady embarks for Rome. She is shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale, which is cast ashore and killed: thus she is rescued and is sent to the Emperor. He receives her graciously, and to test her worthiness of his son sets before her three caskets, one of which she is to choose.

"The first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posey: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth.*

"The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes; and the superscription was thus: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth.*

"The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones; and the superscription: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him.*"

The lady chooses the leaden casket, and is married to the Emperor's son "with great solemnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together."

A similar incident to the elopement of *Jessica* from *Shylock* has been pointed out by Dunlop in the Fourteenth Novel of *Massuccio di Salerno*.* The daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, who is rigidly confined by her father, manages to elope with her lover, and gilds herself for flight with her father's jewels. His grief on the discovery of her elopement is divided between the loss of his daughter and his ducats. *Massuccio* wrote about 1470.

In addition to these, there are two other supposed sources of the plot of this comedy, nearer to Shakespeare's time, and both in the English language. These are the *Ballad of Gernutus*, which is accessible to every body in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and a play called *The Jew*, which is altogether lost, but which we know was performed at the Bull in London

* *History of Fiction*. Second Ed. Vol. II. p. 368.

before 1579. That the ballad is older than *The Merchant of Venice*, has been reasonably supposed, from the reference in the first stanza to the Italian sources of the story, which would probably not have been made, had that story been already familiar to the public through the medium of the stage.

“ In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruell Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie
As Italian writers tell.”

The following stanzas of this ballad are also of interest here two on account of incidents, the other on account of an expression, all of which are common to the ballad and the play : —

“ *No penny for the loans of it*
For one year you shall pay :
You may doe me as good a turne
Before my dying day.”

“ But we will have a *merry jeast*,
For to be talked long :
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong : ”

• • •
“ The bloudie Jew now readie is,
With *whetted blade* in hand
To spoyle the bloud of innocent
By forfeit of his band.”

It is not absolutely impossible that this ballad is of more recent date than the play; but the reference to Italian writers, the omission of many of even the more striking incidents of the play, and the introduction of others not necessary to the story, have been justly considered as arguments quite decisive of its earlier production.

Of the play of *The Jew* we know nothing, except what is told us by Stephen Gosson, a furious Puritan, who published, among other like productions, his *Schoole of Abuse*, in 1579. This contains, in the words of its title-page, “ a plesauant inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonweith.”* But among the few plays which even this

* It has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society

mild and "plesant" gentleman admitted to be "without rebuke," were "The Jew, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and the bloody mindes of usurers; the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friends with their owne swords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares, are overthrowne; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of the chast hearers." It seems quite impossible that there should have been a play which showed the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers, and the principal character in which was a Jew, the plot of which was not that of *The Merchant of Venice*; so that we at last arrive at the union of the two stories of the Bond and the Caskets before the production of Shakespeare's comedy.

It is, indeed, barely possible that the play spoken of by Gosson did not combine those stories; for this power to interweave the threads of narratives before distinct, so as to make of them an independent dramatic whole, was one of the great and peculiar attributes of Shakespeare, — one which was certainly not shared with him by any of the dramatists of his earlier years. And in this comedy it is manifested with surpassing skill, as others have, inevitably, remarked before; so that it is with great reluctance and determined scepticism that we even consider the claims of another and an unknown playwright, to divide the honor. But the way of escape does not seem clearly open. The probabilities against us are almost overwhelming. Yet certain hitherto unobserved or disregarded passages in the tale from *Il Pecorone* seem to me to prove, that, although the incidents of the bond and the caskets might have been embodied in one play before this was written, Shakespeare drew his main plot directly from that tale, and not from *The Jew*.

It is not upon his first venture that the lover succeeds in the Italian tale, and this is also the case in Shakespeare's play, — quite needlessly as far as the plot is concerned: in both the tale and the play the heroine's waiting gentlewoman is much captivated by the hero, and is interested in his success: in both tale and play the friend of the hero is the most eminent and highly honored of all Venetian merchants, and is hated by the Jew on that account: in both the pound of flesh is to be taken from what part of the Merchant's body the Jew pleases: in both the

Merchant entreats his young friend to return to Venice, that he may see him and die content [*si ch'io possa vedere te innanzi ch'io moia, e andrò contento*]: "Pray God Bassanio come to see me pay this debt, and then I care not": in both the Jew is importuned by many merchants to receive his money instead of the penalty of the bond: in both the strict course of law in Venice is particularly alluded to: * in both the Jew is taunted and derided by the bystanders: in both the hero offers, and in like terms, to the pretended Judge the money which was to have been paid to the Jew, which the Judge refuses in almost the same words in both cases, asking and obtaining the betrothal ring instead, the consequences of this success being in both cases exactly the same: in both, too, the heroine's maid is married by a friend of the hero; in the tale, by the Merchant, for the want of a *Gratiano*, — a poor contrivance. Think of *Antonio's* marrying *Nerissa*! Now the improbability that all these minor and unessential points of likeness should exist between the tale and the play, unless the latter were copied directly from the former, amounts in my mind to a moral impossibility.

We find, then, that the story of this comedy, even to its episodic part and its minutest incidents, had been told again and again long before Shakespeare was born, — that even certain expressions in it occur in the works of preceding authors — in Giovanni Fiorentino's version of the story of the Bond, in the story of the Caskets, as told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the Ballad of Gernutus, and in Massuccio di Salerno's novel about the girl who eloped from and robbed her miserly father, — and that it is more than probable that even the combination of the first two of these had been made before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. What then remains to Shakespeare? and what is there to show that he is not a plagiarist? Every thing that makes *The Merchant of Venice* what it is. The people are puppets, and the incidents are all in these old stories. They are mere

* This strictness of Commercial Law is also mentioned in the *Orator* of Alex. Silvayn, Englished by L. P. [Anthony Munday] and published in 1598. In that volume the Ninety Fifth Declamation *Of a Jew, who would for his Debt have a Pound of the Flesh of a Christian*, opens thus: "Impossible is it to break the credits of trafficks amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himself unto such covenants which hee cannot or wil not accomplish," &c. But to this book of course Shakespeare owes nothing.

bundles of barren sticks that the poet's touch causes to bloom like Aaron's rod: they are heaps of dry bones till he clothes them with human flesh and breathes into them the breath of life. *Antonio*, grave, pensive, prudent save in his devotion to his young kinsman, as a Christian hating the Jew, as a royal merchant despising the usurer; *Bassanio*, lavish yet provident, a generous gentleman although a fortune seeker, wise although a gay gallant, and manly though dependent; *Gratiano*, who unites the not too common virtues of thorough good nature and unselfishness with the sometimes not unserviceable fault of talking for talk's sake; *Shylock*, crafty and cruel, whose revenge is as mean as it is fierce and furious, whose abuse never rises to invective, or his anger into wrath, and who has yet some dignity of port as the avenger of a nation's wrongs, some claim upon our sympathy as a father outraged by his only child; and *Portia*, matchless impersonation of that rare woman who is gifted even more in intellect than loveliness, and who yet stops gracefully short of the offence of intellectuality;— these, not to notice minor characters no less perfectly organized or completely developed after their kind, — these, and the poetry which is their atmosphere, and through which they beam upon us, all radiant in its golden light, are Shakespeare's only; and these it is, and not the incidents of old and, but for these, forgotten tales, that make *The Merchant of Venice* a priceless and imperishable dower to the queenly city that sits enthroned upon the sea; — a dower of romance more bewitching than that of her moonlit waters and beauty-laden balconies, of adornment more splendid than that of her pictured palaces, of human interest more enduring than that of her blood-stained annals, more touching even than the sight of her faded grandeur.

The date of the composition of this comedy is not determinable with great exactness. Meres mentions it, and therefore it must have been well known before 1598; so that the entry of it for publication upon the Stationers' Register on the twenty-second of July in that year is of no value in the decision of this question. Not so, however, the entry in Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date of August 26, 1594, that he received 1^l 7^s 4^d "at the Venesyon comodey" which he marked *ne*, as a new play.* For in that year Shakespeare's company was playing at the the-

* See Henslowe's *Diary*, edited by Collier, p. 40, published by the Shakespeare Society. London. 1846.

stre of which the penurious old Henslowe was principal manager, and probably in conjunction with his company. In a note to his edition of the *Diary*, Mr. Collier remarks upon the supposition that this "Veneyson comodey" was Shakespeare's play — "had it been the Merchant of Venice, Henslowe would probably have called it by that name: we have already had [in the *Diary*] the Merchant of Emden." Mr. Halliwell seems to acquiesce in this reasoning; but it can hardly be admitted as conclusive. Henslowe would much more probably have called Shakespeare's comedy the Jew of Venice than the Merchant of Venice; * for the Merchant, except to a keener and more reflective observer than the diarist, is one of the subordinate characters of the play; and having already one *Jew* — Marlowe's — upon his books, he would be very likely to seek some other designation for the new comedy. He could hardly have found one more apt than 'The Venetian Comedy,' which, it is also worthy of remark, is applicable to no other play that has come down to us from that time. There seems to me, therefore, warrant for the decided opinion that the play mentioned by Henslowe was Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and that this, consequently, was a new play in 1594. The play itself bears evidence that it was written at a time when Shakespeare had obtained, by observation and experience, the highest use of his powers as a playwright, and when his faculties as a poet and philosopher were approaching their grand maturity, while it yet betrays in every line the ardor and the hopefulness of youth. Judged, therefore, on its own evidence, *The Merchant of Venice* is one of the earliest productions of Shakespeare's middle period, and this indication agrees well with the external evidence which would assign it to his thirtieth year.

The Merchant of Venice was printed twice, and in the same year, 1600, before it appeared in the folio of 1623. The following entry was first quoted by Malone from the Stationers' Register. Its curious particularity has been remarked before; but its particularity has a far greater value than its curiousness.

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

* See the *allus* in the entry quoted from the Stationers' Register, below

The company of which Shakespeare was a member, and for which he wrote, were 'the Lord Chamberlain's Servants;' and here we have an order that the publication of this play shall be stayed until permission is first obtained from the patron of the company. The interdict was effectual; for the play was not published for two years, when the following entry appears upon the Register: —

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

Heyes, it will be seen, was permitted to enter his book — about the proper designation of which, be it observed, he has no doubt — without a proviso; and it appeared soon after this entry; Roberts' edition being issued in the same year, though, most probably, after its rival. Now, there is unmistakable typographical evidence that the edition of this play in the folio was printed from a copy of Heyes' quarto, which had been used as a prompt book. Many of the misprints in this quarto, the folio copies; but the majority, and the more important of them, it corrects, making also other improvements in the text. To all of these attention is directed in the Notes. Now, as the authority of the Lord Chamberlain was invoked to protect his 'Servants' in the possession of their property against Roberts, as Roberts, though first in the field, was not allowed to issue his book until Heyes issued his, and as the players selected a copy of the edition published by the latter for their prompt book, is it not sufficiently clear that the MS. used by Roberts was surreptitiously procured, and that after the company had had the advantage of the novelty of the play certainly for three, and almost as certainly for six years, they consented to its publication, and preferred a copy of Heyes' edition for their own use, because his MS. was honestly obtained? Mr. Collier, who manifests an unfortunate proclivity to the "oldest authority," or any authority other than the authentic folio, remarks that "the edition of Roberts is, on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes." But Heminge and Condell, and their company, thought otherwise: they took Heyes' edition, in the publication of which it seems more than probable that they had been instrumental. Therefore, in the correction of manifest errors in the folio, the readings of Heyes' quarto are entitled to more deference than those of Roberts; and where all these copies, folio and both quartos, printed under such different circumstances, agree in one reading, — as in the much-

disputed passage "Veiling an Indian beauty," (Act III. Sc. 2.) and that about the effects of the bag-pipe, (Act IV. Sc. 1.)— which has a clear meaning, no opinion from any source should be allowed to change it, unless we are content to have Shakespeare's works rewritten for us according to the taste of his editors. Fortunately, the text of neither quarto differs very materially from that of the folio in passages about the proper reading of which there can be any doubt; and this play has, therefore, suffered little from editorial corruption and mutilation.

The remote and indefinable origin of the story of this comedy of course prevents the indication of any particular period as that of its action; and as it paints the Venice of Shakespeare's own time with such minute faithfulness as to have given ground for the opinion that he must have "swam in a gondola" before he wrote it, to the Venice of that time we must look for its costume. Authorities on this subject are not wanting; and perhaps Cesare Vecelli's *Habiti Antiche e Moderni*, published at Venice in 1698, filled as it is with wood-cut illustrations, full of spirit, admirably drawn, and minutely described, is our best source of information. In that book the proper dress for every personage in the play, even down to *Lancelot Gobbo* and his father, is to be found, with one exception. That exception is an important one — *Shylock*. But no particular description is given of the dress of the Jew of Venice, because, as we are assured by the same authority, it differed from that of Italians in the same rank of life only by the addition of a yellow bonnet in the case of the men, and a yellow veil in that of the women. The color of the bonnet was fixed by public ordinance. Bonnets of this hue seem to have been worn of old by Jews throughout Europe; and that the custom was retained in England in Shakespeare's time appears from a passage in Bacon's *Essay Of Usury*, in which he enumerates among the "Wittie Invectives against Usury," — "That *Usurers* should have Orange-tawny Bonnets, because they doe *Judaize*."

The editor has in his possession a unique volume which is of much interest and value as an authority for the costume of this play and of *Othello*. It was originally an extended series of colored figures and views, illustrative of the costume, the topography, and the customs of the various provinces of Italy, and executed, for the most part, in the most exquisite and elaborate style of

illumination upon vellum. It has, however, suffered much from time: many leaves have been lost, and several greatly injured; but seventy figures and views remain, many of which are quite unharmed. It was rebound in 1644, which date is stamped in antique characters upon its cover; but it is plainly much older — probably twenty-five, perhaps fifty years. Its color makes it more valuable than Vecelli's book with regard to such figures as it represents. Of these figures ten of the most perfect and curious are Venetian. These show, among others, the Doge, the Senator, and the Nobles of various grades, all of whom appear to have worn long loose robes, descending to the very ground, with enormous open sleeves, hanging quite as low. The colors are, for the Senators and Nobles, the most superb scarlet, the robes of the former being lined with amethyst purple, and having over the left shoulder the inexplicable long and narrow flap (mentioned by Coryat in his *Cruities*, but not by Vecelli) of the same color; the Nobles who are also Senators have their robes lined with a rich golden brown, the flap being white, richly embroidered in gold and crimson. The robes of other Nobles are of amethystine purple, lined with brown, the flap being of the same hue, but much darker than the robe, and embroidered with the same color. Other Nobles wore, according to this authority, black robes, lined with amethystine purple, the fashion of the garment being the same in all cases, except in two instances, which will be noticed particularly in the *Introduction to Othello*. All the Nobles wear the "marvellous little black caps of felt without any brims at all" mentioned by Coryat.

The Merchant of Venice has never been put upon the stage in the costume of the time at which it was written; and gorgeous as that costume was, it is by no means certain that much would be gained by absolute correctness in this particular. Should the *Duke* and the *Magnificoes* enter in their cumbersome and all-enveloping mantles, with their queer little bird's nests of caps perched upon gray and bearded heads, the grave *Antonio* with a bonnet like an inverted porringer shadowing his melancholy countenance, *Bassanio* with one half a yard high, taller before than behind, and puffed out like a pillow with bombast, which also swelled his fantastically decorated breeches to an enormous size, *Portia* in the stiff and clumsy skirt and stomacher of a Venetian lady of rank of that day, formidable with bristling

ruffs, and with her hair engineered into two little conical turrets of curls upon her forehead, one over each eye, it is to be feared that the splendor and faithfulness of the scene would be forgotten in its absurdity, and that the audience would explode in fits of uncontrollable laughter as the various personages came upon the stage. Any Italian costume, rich, beautiful, and sufficiently antique to remove the action out of the range of present probabilities, will meet the dramatic requirements of this play; but the orange-tawny bonnet, that mark of an outcast race, ought not to be missed from the brow of *Shylock*.

The time supposed to elapse in the action of this play is of course a few days more than three months, — three months having been the period for which *Antonio's* bond was given. The bond is signed at the end of the first Act, and *Bassanio* arrives at Belmont at the end of the second; and in the second Scene of the third he receives *Antonio's* letter announcing that the bond is forfeit. *Bassanio* could not have lost many days in making his preparations to leave Venice, or, as we see by subsequent events, have passed more than a day or two in his journey; nor can we suppose him to have waited the third of three months before making trial for the mistress of Belmont. Chronological succession halts; but dramatic interest advances with equally swift and steady pace.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Venice.

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

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

GRATIANO, }
SALANTIO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
SALARINO, }

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

SALERIO, *a Messenger.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, }
STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-woman.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailers,
Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

ANTONIO.

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.

Salarino. 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 curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

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

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

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's 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 Jarus,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
 We leave you now with 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 th' occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio. 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.*]

Lorenzo. 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.

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

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play 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, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ; —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be 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 Lorenzo. — Fare ye well, a while :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

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

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are [as] two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

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

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

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honour, be assur'd, 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 adventuring 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 fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently 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. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
 weary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet Madam, if your mis-
 eries were in the same abundance as your good for-
 tunes 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 small happiness, therefore, to be
 seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white
 hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

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 fol-
 lows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty
 what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty
 to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise
 laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
 decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip

o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reason[ing] 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 towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

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

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

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

Ner. Then, is there the County Palatine.

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

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

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

Ner. What say 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 penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb shew? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he 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 seal'd under for another.

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

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. As

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 sponge.

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

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I 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 look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, Madam, to take

their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shylock. 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 squandered abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-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; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the Devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the 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 raise 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.

Well 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. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
—This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

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

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd

That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pierd,
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
 In end of Autumn turned to the rams ;
 And when the work of generation was
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skilful shepherd pile'd me certain wands,
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
 Fall party-colour'd lambs ; and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd :
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
 for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell : I make it breed as fast. —
 But note me, Signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ; — 'tis a good round
 sum.

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

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my moneys, and my usances :
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
 For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
 ‘Shylock, we would have moneys:’ you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 ‘Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
 A cur should lend three thousand ducats?’ or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
 With ’bated breath, and whisp’ring humbleness,
 Say this:—

‘Fair sir, you spet on me 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 moneys?’

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

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 moneys,
 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 it 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 Abram! 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 favour I extend this friendship:
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
 And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

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. An Apartment in PORTIA'S
House.

Enter the PRINCE of Morocco, and his followers; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Train. Flourish of Cornets.

MOROCCO.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' 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 lottry 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 o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
 If Hercules and 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'd, or curs'd 'st among men !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

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

run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter Old GOBBO, with a Basket.

Gobbo. 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 confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman! I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

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

Gob. By God's sonties, '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?—
[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

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

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

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

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

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings,

the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to Heaven.

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

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

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

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

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

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] 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. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my phill horse, has on his tail.

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

Gob. Lord! how art thou chang'd! 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 God has any ground. -- O rare fortune! here comes the man: -- to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and 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 delivered: 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. Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, --

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

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

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

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce 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 lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. — What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

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

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

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. — Go, father, with thy son. —

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
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. — [*Looks on his palm.*] Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book! — I shall have good fortune. — Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives

is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: — here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. — 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.

Leonardo. My best endeavours 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 shew
Something too liberal. — Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well 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.

The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is Hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

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

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

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

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. [*Giving the letter.*]

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

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

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

Lor. 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 SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ;

What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me : peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Same. 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 gormandize,
 As thou hast done with me, — What, Jessica! —
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out. —
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

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

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me 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 loath 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 expect 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' th' morning,

falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year
in th' afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? — Hear you me,
Jessica :

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the 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 Jewes eye. [*Exit LAUN.*]

Shy. What says that 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 cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit*]

SCENE VI.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a 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 times 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 pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

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.

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

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

SCENE VII.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

*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 th' 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 shews 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 strayed no farther, but chose here?—
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
 From the four corners of the Earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing 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 damnation
 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 tri'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. O Hell! 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 inscroll'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold."*

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :

Then farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost. —

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains: go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt. Flourish of cornets*]

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm 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 understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified 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! two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, 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, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

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.
www.libtutor.com.cn

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor.

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.

Enter the PRINCE of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains. Flourish of Cornets.

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.

Arragon. 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 prides not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen Fortune, and be honourable,
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare;
 How many be commanded, that command;
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
 I will assume desert: — Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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

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. www.libtool.com.cn 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 : 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 Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord ?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible re-greets ;

To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,) Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet, To show how costly Summer was at hand, As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

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

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

SALANIO.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'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 neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing

the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

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 daughter's 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; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the Devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

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

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

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 was us'd to come so smug upon the mart. — Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; — let him look to his bond.

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 disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd 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.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd, unless the Devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exit SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL.

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

Tubal. 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 then — 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. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

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

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

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

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never

see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

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

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

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

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilder-ness 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 merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and their Attendants. *The Caskets set out.*

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself Hate 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: so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, —
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours, —
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours! O! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights;
 And so, though yours, not yours. — Prove it so,
 Let Fortune go to Hell for it, — not I.
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
 To eke it, and to 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 th' enjoying of my love.
 There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

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

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

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

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

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them.
 If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

[*BASSANIO approaches the caskets.*

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 watery 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 bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou, I live.— With much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets
 to himself.*

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

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shews 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 shew 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.
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 valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness,—often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the 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 aught,
 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-embrac'd despair,
 And shuddering fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
 O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rain 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 t' 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;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.

[*Kissing her.*

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 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, unpractis'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 in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now converted : but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it 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 gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me ;
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be 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 honour'd in your
 marriage.

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

Ner. What! and stake down?

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

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
 What! and my old Venetian friend, 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 honour. — For my part, my
 lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

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

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter, there,
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her wel-
come.

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. I would you had won the fleece that he hath
lost!

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

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
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?

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

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him
 swear
 To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny not,
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

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

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 honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through 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, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear,—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] “Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is
very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are
clear'd between you and 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! dispatch all business, and begone.

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,
 Nor 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 lends 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'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
 The Duke shall grant me justice. — I do wonder,
 Thou naughty 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 will 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 PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, 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 shew this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work,
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I 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 endeavour of a man,
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
 thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the Tranect, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

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

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

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both 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,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
 I could not do withal:—then, I'll repent,

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

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

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

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

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

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both

by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

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

Enter LORENZO.

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

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

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

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

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason ; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

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

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

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

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

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

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

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

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit 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 tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of Heaven here on Earth;
And, if on Earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to Heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a
stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter 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 loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow 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 pur-
pose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he, a harmless necessary cat,
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
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 offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! would'st thou have a serpent 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 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 fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which, what harder?)
His Jewish heart. — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

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 burthens? — let their beds
Be made as soft as yours; and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my 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 mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets 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 axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

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

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog;
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

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

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court. —
Where is he?

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

Duke. With all my heart: — some three or four
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place. —
Mean time, the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] “*Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*”

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 throughly 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 merciful.

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

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice 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 shews 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,

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Say. 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.

Say. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

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

Say. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.

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

Say. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in Heaven

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

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

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

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

Por. Why then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife; —

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

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

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

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

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

Shy. It is not nominated in the bond.

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twerè 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 shews 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 misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life 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. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands !
I have a daughter ;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !
[*To PORTIA.*] We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue
sentence.

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

Shy. Most rightful judge !

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

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come,
prepare !

Por. Tarry a little : there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
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 shalt see the Act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

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 so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
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 confiscate.

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 principal?

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

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

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize 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 incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang
 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 difference of our
 spirit,

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

Por. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.

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

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

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

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

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more, — that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

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

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

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

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two god-
fathers ;
Had I been judge thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home 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 farther :

'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 against 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.

The Same. 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 o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. —
[*To PORTIA.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's
ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir; will you shew me to this
house? [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S
House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

LORENZO.

THE moon shines bright. — In such a night as
this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise — in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward 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. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. 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?

Stephano. 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 hallooing, 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 moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will 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 mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet 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 perceive 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 inland 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 perfection !—
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
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, Neriss :
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 sounded.]

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 daylight
sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
Followers.*

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

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me :
But God sort all !— You are welcome home, my
lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my
friend :
This is the man ; this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
him ;

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

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

Gra. *[To NERISSA.]* By yonder moon, I swear,
you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the Judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

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

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

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it

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

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

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth.
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than 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 so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left
hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the Judge that 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 naught would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to contain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it; 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 enforc'd to send it after him:
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
 And, by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my
 house.

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

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

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him,
 then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quar-
 rels.

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

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And in the hearing of these many friends

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —

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

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 husband's ring,
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: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

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

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

Por. Speak not so grossly. — You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now return'd: I have not yet
 Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
 And I have better news in store for you,
 Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
 There you shall find, three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

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

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

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

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
 When I am absent, then 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 without a fee.—
 There do I give to you and Jessica,
 From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
 After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

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

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

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

www.libtool.com.cn

NOTES ON THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

p. 147. "*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO*":—The similarity between the names of *Antonio's* companions has caused some confusion in the prefixes, as they appear in the folio. Fortunately, however, Roberts' quarto is clearly correct in this respect. Mr. Knight, following Capell, and Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson, following him, have taken the liberty of changing *Salanio* to *Solanio*,—a liberty, however trifling, without excuse; for the former orthography is plainly given in the folio and in both quartos. Mr. Knight also assumes *Salerio*, the name of the Messenger who arrives from Venice in the third Act, to be a misprint for *Salanio* or *Salarino*—he prints *Solanio*. This is without warrant; for in the text, as well as in the stage directions, this character is plainly called *Salerio*. The style of his speech, too, shows that he is a person of inferior rank to *Salarino* and *Salanio*. The Merchant's name is spelled *Anthonio* throughout the play in the folio and in both quartos.

" "— your *argosies*":—Argosies were merchant vessels of heavy tonnage, for that time. A writer in Knight's *Shakespeare* says that the largest were only of two hundred tons burthen.

p. 148. "— my wealthy *Andrew*":—This name was probably a common one for ships, in compliment to Andrea Doria, the great Genoese Admiral.

' "*Vailing her high top*":—i. e., lowering. See Note on "*angels vailing clouds*." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2.

" "*Why, then you are in love*":—This speech and the next have the prefix *Sola.*, in the folio. But in Roberts' (237)

quarto they are given to *Salarino*, and with evident propriety, as he is the more loquacious of *Antonio's* two friends, and just after the entrance of *Bassanio* declares that he had intended to banter *Antonio* into good spirits. See the first Note on this Scene.

p. 149. "Fare ye well": — This colloquial contraction is found in the folio and in both quartos, but is disregarded by all modern editors, not even excepting Capell. Restorations of such slight textual traits, characteristic though they are, will be silently made during the remainder of the play.

p. 150. " — where every man must play," &c. : — Roberts' quarto has "every one."

"I am Sir Oracle": — In the folio, "I am *sir an Oracle*," in the quartos, "I am *sir oracle*;" and the absence of a capital letter in the title is remarkable in the folio — which, in this respect, is very carefully printed — even if not in the quartos. I believe the 'sir oracle' of the quartos, which has been universally adopted, to be the result of accident, and that the change in the folio is intentional and by authority. 'Sir Oracle' is so awkward an effort in nomenclature, and a specimen of so cheap a sort of wit, that I for one am quite willing to take the testimony of the authorized edition, that it is none of Shakespeare's. But being one of those phrases which save people the trouble of thinking and finding words for themselves, it has become almost a part of the language; and to disturb the text would, under the circumstances, be a thankless work of supererogation. The phrase, "let no dog bark," was proverbial, as Steevens showed.

" — when, I am very sure": — So the folio, the quartos, and the second folio. Rowe read, "*who*, I am very sure;" but, as Mr. Collier remarks, "Shakespeare often left the nominative case of the verb to be understood." There is, however, great plausibility in the slight emendation of the passage found in that gentleman's noted copy of the folio of 1632, — "'twould almost damn those ears."

"*Farewell*: I'll grow a talker for this gear": — Heyes' quarto misprints "Fare you well," which the folio fails to correct. 'Gear' was somewhat loosely used for 'business,' 'matter,' 'affair,' 'subject,' and here refers to the subject of the speech that *Gratiano* has just made.

p. 151. "Is that any thing now": — The folio and both quartos have "*It is that anything now*," which Rowe corrected, — his emendation being fully justified by *Bassanio's*

reply, "*Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing," &c. Mr. Collier retains the old text with an explanation, which, as Mr. Halliwell demurely says, "destroys, I fear, the sense of the conversation."

p. 151. "His reasons are [*as*] two grains of wheat":—The folio omits 'as;' and, there can hardly be a doubt, by an accident which was caused by the similarity of the two little words that come together.

" "Hath left me *gaged*":—The folio has '*gag'd*;' for when it was printed, the participle, of course, was pronounced *ga-ged*. To use that abbreviation now, however, would be to put a '*gag*' in *Bassanio's* mouth too early in the play.

p. 152. "—— you do [*me now*] more wrong":—The words in brackets are found in both the quartos, but not in the folio. They appear to be necessary to the completeness of *Antonio's* friendly reproach.

" "And I am *prest* unto it":—'*Prest*' is here, most probably, the old form of the French *pret*—'*ready*.' Steevens quoted, among other illustrations of this use of the word in English, the following line from *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:—

"What must be, must be: *Cæsar's prest* unto it."

Still *Antonio* might well say that he was pressed by his affection to do any thing in his power to serve *Bassanio*.

SCENE II.

p. 153. "—— it is no *small* happiness":—Both quartos have "*mean* happiness."

p. 154. "But this reason[ing] is not in [the] fashion," &c.:—The syllables in brackets are in the quartos, but not in the folio. Their omission from the latter has been universally attributed to accident; a decision from which I am not prepared positively to dissent; although, had there been no quarto copies, the text of the folio is sufficiently clear and sufficiently in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's day, not to have needed emendation.

" "—— a *colt*, indeed":—This term is applied to the Prince in question, on account of the high repute of Neapolitan horsemanship.

" "How say you *by* the French lord," &c.:—'*By*' was used in Shakespeare's time, and occurs afterward in this play, in the sense of '*for*.'

p. 155. "I *shall* never requite him":—The folio has "*I should*," &c.—an error, caused by the frequent recurrence

of 'should' and 'would' in this and the previous sentence.

p. 155. "~~www~~ the Scottish lord." — Thus the quartos; but the folio, having been printed in the reign of James I., reads "the *other* lord." Not having the fear of gentle Jamie before our eyes, however, we prefer the word that Shakespeare wrote.

p. 156. " — won by some other *sort* " : — Here 'sort' is used in its radical sense; *sorts* = a lot.

" " — I will die *as chaste* as Diana " : — It is to be feared that a vicious and unfounded use of the word 'chaste,' which has long prevailed, has produced in some minds a deplorable confusion of thought. Chastity and continence are far from being identical: the one is a virtue, the other is not. An honorable matron is as chaste as a maid: Diana was no chaster than Penelope, and *Portia* as chaste after she was *Bassanio's* wife as before. It is but due to our own wives and mothers to say at least so much upon this passage.

" " — I *wish* them a fair departure " : — The quartos have " I *pray* God grant them," &c., and it has been supposed that this is the original reading, and that the change was made in the folio in compliance with the Act of 3 Jac. 1, against the use of the sacred name upon the stage. But this name occurs in several other passages in the folio; and the expression, 'I wish them,' suits the occasion and *Portia's* lips the better. A like consideration causes the omission of the cry "How now! what news?" with which, in the quartos, but not in the folio, she is made to greet the entrance of the Servant. It was not *Portia's* way to call out thus to her attendants the moment they showed themselves in her presence.

p. 157. "Come, Nerissa," &c. : — These two lines of doggerel verse are printed as prose in the folio. Mr. Knight first gave them as verse, in which he has the support of Mr Dyce and Mr. Halliwell.

SCENE III.

" "SHYLOCK" : — Mr. Hunter says, "We collect that *Shylock* was a Levantine Jew, from the name: *Scialac*, which is doubtless the same name in a different orthography, being the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614."

p. 158. " — *land-thieves* and *water-thieves* " : — Folio and quartos have "*water-thieves* and *land-thieves*;" but that this is an accidental transposition is shown even less by

the previous mention of "land-rats and water-rats," than by *Shylock's* interjectional explanation, "I mean pirates," which, coming after "land-thieves," is entirely out of place. I find no note of this in any edition; but it would seem that it must have been remarked before.

p. 158. "— on the *Rialto*":— The Rialto, one of the islands upon which Venice is built, gave its name first to the Exchange which was built upon it, and then to the bridge by which it was reached. It may mean here either of the former; but probably the second of them. See *Thomas's History of Italy*, 1661, fol. 74, and *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 79.

"I hate *him* for he is a Christian":— The lack of a point between 'him' and 'for' here, is not accidental. *Shylock* does not say he hates *Antonio* and *add* his reason; but makes a single statement of a single thought (single though composed of two elements)— that he hates the Merchant because he is a Christian. This use of 'for' was common in Shakespeare's day.

"The rate of *usance* here with us in Venice":— Usance is interest, — payment for the *use* of money which, at whatever rate, was considered as usury, till within a comparatively recent period. The money lending Jews of Venice were as famous as her courtezans, as we see by the following passage quoted by Douce. "It is almost incredible what gains the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gages of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yere's end the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least doen away to a great disadvantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts." *Thomas's History of Italy*. 1661. fol. 77. Thus the Jews have ever been the pawn-brokers of the world.

" — upon *the hip*":— A phrase in common use of old, as, on account of its occurrence here, it is now. Some derive it from wrestling; some from hunting.

" — my well-*woon* thrift":— The folio misprints "well-*worne*."

p. 160. " — the *eanlings*":— i. e., the young, — from *caniam*, the Anglo Saxon for 'to bring forth.'

" — *pill'd* me certain wands":— 'Pilled' is the old form of 'peeled,' and was in use much later than the date of the production of this play:— "A *PILL*. or *RIE*,"

cortex, to *PIEL*, *decortico*, *unde* FILLED." Butler's *English Grammar*. 1633. *Index*.

- p. 160. "— the *fulsome* ewes":— 'Fulsome' meant 'rank in smell; and so was used for that word in another sense.
- p. 161. "And *spet*":— This is an old form of 'spit,' in which the present and the preterite were the same. Here the present is intended; below, the preterite.
- " "A cur *should* lend":— The quartos have "*can* lend."
- " "A breed of barren metal":— The quartos have "A breed *for*," &c., the change from which is not only authoritative, but very happy. 'A breed of barren metal' is an increase of barren metal; but, in Lucina's name, what is 'a breed *for* barren metal?' Yet all the editors, except Mr. Knight and Mr. Halliwell, read 'for.'
- p. 162. "Whose own hard dealings *teaches* them suspect":— Had Shakespeare lived now he would have written,— 'Whose own hard dealings *teach* them to suspect.'

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

- p. 163. "Enter the *PAKOR* of Morocco," &c.:— The original stage direction is "Enter *Morochus*, a *taunis* Moore all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerissa*, and their trains."
- " "— the *burnish'd* sun":— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "the *burning* sun;" for which "the *burnisht* sun" of the original text might be, and probably is, a misprint. But still the corruption is not so clear as to justify a change in the authentic text.
- " "To prove whose *blood* is *reddest*":— Red blood was of old considered a mark both of high birth and courage.
- p. 164. "That slew the *Sophy*":— 'Sophy' is strictly neither a title nor a name. The Emperors or Shahs of Persia of one dynasty were called Sophy, or more properly 'Suñ,' as the Emperors of Rome were called 'Cæsar.' At the death of Mohammed his office was assumed by his father-in-law, who was succeeded by a dynasty of caliphs, having no blood relation to the great prophet. As late, however, as the last quarter of the fourteenth century, one Guins Suñ, a lineal descendant of Mohammed's daughter Fatima, revived the claims of his family to the caliphate of Islamism, and, in 1487, Ismael, the grandson of its

founder, elevated himself by force of arms to the throne of Persia, and is known to history as Ismael Shah Sufi, — the last designation being assumed as a surname, or rather a to-name, by all his successors. This derivation of Sophy is, however, not admitted by many Eastern historians and philologists; though they themselves are unable to suggest a better.

p. 164. "I would o'er-stare": — Roberts' quarto has "out-stare."

" "If Hercules and Lichas": — Lichas was the servant of Hercules. This fully justifies Theobald's emendation of "beaten by his page," for "beaten by his rage," which is the original text. This correction was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

SCENE II.

p. 165. "Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO": — It has not hitherto been noticed that the folio and both the quartos and the second folio spell this name, invariably, *Launcelot*, — the English diminutive of *Launce*. This warrants the belief that such was its original form. But as the nomenclature of the dramatis personæ is purely Italian, as the diminutive in that language is formed in *otto*, and as the present name has been in the text for a hundred and fifty years — since Rowe's edition — it is not worth while to make a change in so trivial a matter.

" "—— scorn running with thy heels": — The logical construction is, 'with thy heels scorn running.' The expression seems to have been proverbial.

" "—— for the Heavens, rouse up," &c.: — 'For the Heavens,' was an oath. See Note on "away to St. Peter for the Heavens," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 166. "—— talk you of young Master Launcelot": — This is imperative, not interrogative; and the "little crook-backed thing that asks questions" is a modern addition to the text. The misapprehension of the passage by more than one modern editor justifies an explanation of it. *Launcelot* whimsically takes his father to task for disrespect to himself — *Launcelot*, and says, in reply to old *Gobbo's* statement of their condition in life, "Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot." The father, still unable to dub his son 'Master,' replies deprecatingly, "Your worship's friend, and Launcelot," i. e., 'Aye, we speak of your worship's friend, who is Launcelot.' To this, *Launcelot*, who evidently, like the

Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, understands, after a fashion, the Latin word he uses, rejoins, "But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot," i. e., "And therefore, because I am "your worship" and he is my friend, you should speak of him as Master Launcelot.'

- p. 167. "Do you not know me, father?" — Twice *Launcelot* calls *Gobbo* father, and yet the old man does not even suspect with whom he is talking; the reason of which is the ancient custom, almost universal among the peasantry, of calling all old people father or mother.

" — my *phill-horse*": — This corruption of "*thill-horse*," the synonyme for "*shaft-horse*," is now in common use in the rural districts of New England.

- p. 169. "The *old proverb* is very well parted," &c. : — To the old proverb which *Launces* says is well divided between his old and his new master, I can find no allusion either in the works of Shakespeare's commentators or elsewhere. From the text, the proverb would seem to have been, 'He who hath God's grace hath enough.'

" "Well, if any man in Italy," &c. : — The construction is, 'Well, if any man in Italy which doth offer to swear upon a book have a fairer table,' — the expression being of that pleonastic form (for 'any man') which is common among the uncultivated, as 'any man that breathes,' 'any man that walks on shoe leather,' &c., &c. After having thus admired the fairness of his 'table,' *Launcelot* breaks off to predict his good fortune. This very obvious signification of the passage has not been perceived (except, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson, who remarks justly, that *Launcelot's* examination of his hand reminds him of taking a formal oath,) or it has been universally set aside for Tyrwhitt's 'ingenious' distortion of sense and punctuation. — "Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune." — That is, the table offers to swear to *Launcelot's* prospective *bonnes fortunes* in the way of maids, wives, and widows, &c.!

- p. 170. " — *aleven* widows": — '*Aleven*' was a vulgarism for 'eleven,' to which it has hitherto been improperly changed.

" " — the twinkling [of an eye]": — The words in brackets, which are clearly necessary to the sense, are found only in Roberts' quarto.

" "I be *misconster'd*": — The old form of 'misconstrue.'

- p. 171. " — while grace is saying, *hood mine eyes* " : — Those who are familiar with old prints will remember many in which persons are seated at dinner or supper with their hats on; and will easily understand how *Gratiano* could hood his eyes with his hat when grace was said. A remnant of this custom still exists in the use of the hat as extinguisher for the light of the countenance, by Englishmen of all degrees of piety and impiety, immediately upon entering a church pew.

SCENE III.

- p. 172. " If a Christian *did* not play the knave, and get thee " : — Folio and both quartos have, " If a Christian *do* not," &c. The second folio first gave the reading in the text, and was almost universally followed, until Messrs. Collier and Halliwell restored the old reading, on the ground before taken by Malone, that *Launcelot* may mean that a Christian will get *Jessica* away from her father's house. But *Launcelot's* dominant thought about his young mistress is, that she is too good to be *Shylock's* daughter, that she is better than her race. He alludes to it, Act III. Sc. 5; and that Shakespeare meant him to do so here, is plain, from the train of thought which he causes *Launcelot's* remark to awake immediately in *Jessica* : — " Alack, what heinous sin," &c. Beside this, 'get thee' had a well settled meaning in Shakespeare's day. These considerations justify, if they do not compel, the decision, that 'do' in the folio and quartos is a misprint for 'did.' Mr. Halliwell, premising, what is very true, that Shakespeare frequently uses the present (it would have been better to say the *form* of the present) for the past tense, as in 'waft' for 'wafted,' 'heat' for 'heated,' and 'expiate' for 'expiated,' intimates that here he may have used 'do' for 'did.'

SCENE IV.

- " " — not spoke us yet of torch-bearers " : — That is, 'we have not yet bespoken torch-bearers.' So just below *Lorenzo* says, "I am provided of a torch-bearer." Such a use of this preposition was common of old; and it also supplied the place of others. See in Scene 5 of this Act, "the difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*," for 'the difference *between*,' &c., and "I have no mind of feasting forth," for 'I have no mind *for* feasting forth.

SCENE V.

p. 174. "—— tell me I could do nothing": — Roberts' quarto has "that I could," &c.

" "—— my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last": — Bleeding at the nose was considered ominous of old, and is so, even now, among very superstitious people. Stowe tells us, that Easter Monday was called 'Black Monday,' from a terrible and very fatal storm, which nearly destroyed the English forces under Edward III., before Paris, on the morrow after Easter day, 1360.

p. 175. "—— the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife": — Roberts' quarto has "squeaking," which Mr. Collier gives, of course, remarking that "the difference is immaterial." But it is material, because the fife does not squeak and does squeal. It is uncertain whether 'fife' here means the instrument or the player; for Boswell quoted the following passage from Barnaby Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618. "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument;" and, on the other hand, the old fife itself was wry-necked; it being blown through a crooked mouth piece. This difference is immaterial.

" "Will be worth a Jewess eye": — Thus the folio and both quartos; using, for the rhythm's sake, the old genitive form, and the allusion being to the enormous sums extorted by the *Front-de-bœufs* of old from Jews as ransom for their eyes. But all the editors read, "a Jew-ess' eye," none of them having observed, or all having forgotten, that 'Jewess' is quite a modern word, 'Jew' having been applied of old to Hebrews of both sexes. It is only in the Scene but one previous, that *Launcelot* calls *Jessica* "most sweet Jew."

"—— and he sleeps by day": — The folio has "but he sleeps," &c., 'but' having been caught from the line above.

SCENE VI.

p. 176. "—— bark puts from her," &c.: — Steevens objected, that as the bark is "embraced by the strumpet wind," the bark should be spoken of as masculine; but here there is no poetical personification of the bark; it is only compared to a prodigal.

p. 177. "Ho! who's within?" — Although in previous plays the old spelling of this word 'ho' — *hoo* — has been retained, it will be hereafter abandoned. For although there seems to be no doubt that it sometimes represented a

sound something like *hoah*, it is often certainly used for 'ho,' and discrimination upon the point being often quite impossible, it seems needless to attempt in so unimportant a matter what cannot be thoroughly performed. 'Ho,' 'hoa,' and 'how,' were pronounced alike. See Note on "Ware pencils, ho!" *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. V. Sc. 2.

- p. 177. "— are *too-too* light":— Mr. Halliwell has contended, in an able paper published by the Shakespeare Society, that 'too too' was anciently used, not as a mere repetition, but as an epithet, and should therefore be printed with a hyphen — *too-too*. There can be no doubt that in some cases, of which the present is one, 'too-too' was an epithet; but it seems equally clear in others that 'too' was also repeated of old just as it is now. See Note on "this *too, too* solid flesh." *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "Now, by my hood":— Malone and Steevens suppose *Gratiano* to swear by the hood of his masquing dress — a very strange thing to swear by. They may be right. But I had always understood the ancient oath 'by my hood' here and elsewhere to be 'by my self,' i. e., 'by my estate' — manhood, kinghood, knighthood, or whatever the hood or estate of the protester might be.

178. "I have sent twenty out," &c. :— This line is not in Roberts' quarto, in which, too, *Gratiano's* reply is made a part of *Antonio's* speech.

SCENE VII.

" "— *what* [many] *men desire*":— The folio omits 'many,' which is found in both quartos. That the omission is due to accident, this fact and the occurrence of the omitted word in the inscription (which was of course always the same) when it is read by the *Prince* of Arragon, are sufficient evidence. It is also noteworthy that the other inscriptions are in lines of twelve syllables.

- p. 179. "— then I am yours *withal*":— The old copies print "with all" — a difference not worth notice, had not Mr. Collier destroyed the sense of the line by retaining that reading.
- p. 180. "Gilded *tomb*; do worms infold":— The folio and both quartos have "Gilded *timber*," &c. Dr. Johnson made the happy correction; and it was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1682.

SCENE VIII.

- p. 181. "He *came* too late":— It is hardly worth while to notice the corruption "He *comes*," in the folio.

- p. 182. "— in your mind of love":— Mr. Halliwell says, "‘your mind of love,’ in the phraseology of the time, is equivalent to ‘your loving mind.’ So in *Measure for Measure*,—
 ‘Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.’"
 Langton and others, with less show of reason, would read "your mind, of love"—using ‘of love’ as an adjuration equivalent to ‘for love’s sake.’

SCENE IX.

- p. 183. "To woo a maid," &c.:— The arrangement of this and the following line is that of the folio and both quartos—‘marriage’ being a trisyllable, and the second line an alexandrine. In all recent editions ‘lastly’ is made a part of the first line, to the great detriment of the rhythm.
- p. 184. "By the fool multitude":— Here, ‘by’ has the sense of ‘for,’ or there is a transposition of ‘By that many may be meant,’ &c. Either of these explanations is entirely sufficient; and a page of the literature of Shakespeare’s time can hardly be read without finding ample justifications of both.
- " "How much low *peasantry*":— The folio only has *pleasantry*— a palpable corruption due to accident and unread proofs.
- " "— shall *have* as much," &c.:— The inscription on the caskets, as read by both *Arragon* and *Morocco*, has "shall *got*;" but as this line is read from "a schedule," there is little warrant and less need to change it.
- p. 185. "Patiently to bear my *wroth*":— ‘Wroth’ (in the original ‘*wroath*’) seems here to be used somewhat in its radical sense, which connects with it the idea of suffering. See Richardson’s *Dictionary*, in v. ‘wrath.’ Steevens supposed that ‘wroth’ is here used for ‘ruth;’ but the conjecture lacks support; and, for the reason just mentioned, is unnecessary.
- " "— what would *my lord*!"— This, as Mr. Dyce says, "is nothing more than a sportive rejoinder to the abrupt exclamation of the Messenger." *Prince Henry* in the same way rejoins to Mrs. *Quickly*— "How now, my lady the hostess!" *Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Sc. 4. And *King Richard* says to a groom, "Thanks, noble peer." *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 6.

www.librolibrary.com
ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- p. 186. " — the *Goodwins* " : — ' Goodwin Sands ' are off the coast of Kent, in the English Channel. Ancient tradition says that they occupy the site of an island which belonged to Godwin, Earl of Kent, the father of King Harold ; and it was, and perhaps is, the popular belief that they are so light and mobile that ships which strike them are quickly swallowed up.
- " " — as ever *knapp'd* ginger " : — ' Knap ' is plainly the same word as ' snap ' : " — he hath broken the bowe, he hath knapped the speare in sonder, and brent the charrets in the fyre." *Psalme* xlv. Miles Coverdale's translation, 1535. As ginger itself is a tough root, a ginger cake must be meant, and probably the sort called even now ' ginger snap.'
- p. 188. " — and what's *his* reason " : — the folio has " *the* reason " — an error which might very easily be the result of a slip in a printer's memory ; and so, as both quartos have " his," we need hardly hesitate to adopt it instead of the tamer reading of the folio.
- p. 189. " — what news from *Genoa* ? " — The folio and both quartos spell this name either *Genowa* or *Genoway*, which very clearly indicates the pronunciation *Ge-no'a*, or *Geno'ay*. But in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where this name occurs, and where the rhythm enables us to determine the pronunciation intended, it is plainly *Gen'o-a*. See the *Introduction* to that play. The pronunciation *Geno'ay* is eminently characteristic of the English of Shakespeare's time. I am convinced that the final *a* of proper names had then almost always the pure sound of that vowel ; and the more, because such a pronunciation still pervades New England, where even the best-educated men, who have not had the advantage of early and frequent intercourse with the most polite society of Boston and the other principal cities, say, for instance, Carolina for Carolina, Augustay for Augusta, and even Savannah for Savannah — the last syllable being rather lightly touched, but being still unmistakably *ay* instead of *at*. If told of this, they would probably be surprised, and perhaps deny it ; but it is true ; and the pronunciation, although somewhat homely, is merely a remnant of Shakespearian English.

" Why *then* — loss upon loss " : — The folio and both

quartos have "Why *thou*," &c., which is plainly a misprint, and a very easy one, for the present text. The correction was made in the second folio.

- p. 189. "Where? in Genoa?" — Folio and quartos have "Here, in Genoa?" — a palpable corruption.

SCENE II.

- p. 191. "They have *o'er-looked* me": — i. e., enchanted me. See Note on "thou wast overlook'd." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Sc. 5.

" — but 'tis to *peise* the time": — 'Peize,' from the French *peser*, means primarily to weigh, and figuratively to suspend or delay. It was not in common use even in Shakespeare's day. Rowe read "*piece* the time;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*pass* the time."

- p. 192. " — a *swan-like* end": — It is barely possible that some reader of Shakespeare may not have heard of the old belief that the swan — mute at other times — sang a sweet and mournful song at the approach of death.

" — with *much* more dismay": — Thus the folio and Roberts' quarto; but Heyes' quarto has "much, *much* more," and has been universally followed. The repetition is tame and prosaic, to a degree; and the fact that while it occurs in the edition from a copy of which the folio is printed, it is omitted in the folio itself, instead of justifying the restoration, proves, if it prove any thing, that the omission was intentional. Had the word been found in Roberts' quarto, but not in Heyes', and did it enhance as much as it deforms the beauty of the passage, its absence might be reasonably attributed to a mere perpetuation of an error left uncorrected in the copy furnished to the printer. The pause which a proper reading of the passage requires after "Live thou, I live," entirely perfects the elocutionary rhythm of the line; and Shakespeare, who thought only how his verse would sound in an actor's mouth, not how it would look to a critic's eye, entirely used this freedom.

- p. 193. " — valour's *excrements*": — The hair, nails, corns, &c., are properly excrements, as being separated, thrown off, from the body.

"Veiling an Indian," &c.: — Mr. Harness placed the colon after 'Indian' instead of after 'beauty,' where it appears in the original, and has had some followers. But ornament, not beauty, is here the subject of *Bassanio's* reflection. 'Indian' is used in a derogatory sense; and the

occurrence of 'beauteous' and 'beauty' in the same sentence is not at all unlike Shakespeare's manner.

p. 193. "—*thou gaudy gold*" :— Heyes' quarto has "*then gaudy gold*" — an easy misprint, which the folio repeats.

p. 194. "Thy *plainness* moves me" :— The folio and both quartos have "Thy *paleness*." Warburton suggested 'plainness,' not only because silver casket is called pale three lines before, and Shakespeare would not represent *Bassanio* as "charm'd with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeas'd him in the silver," but because "there is a beauty in the antithesis between plainness and eloquence." It seems to me not only beautiful, but necessary — the thought being akin to that uttered by *Biron* in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, "Honest plain words best move the ear of grief," and the previous line, —

"Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,"

having obvious reference to plainness of speech, but none whatever to paleness of hue. The misprint of 'paleness' for "plainness," when the latter was generally written *plainness*, is of the easiest: it requires but a transposition of two letters. Mr. Singer avoids part of the difficulty caused by the misprint by reading above, "thou *stais* and common drudge" — an alteration neither happy nor warranted.

p. 196. "You see *me*, Lord Bassanio" :— The folio only has the easy misprint "*my* Lord Bassanio."

" "Is sum of *nothing*" :— The quartos have "sum of *something*," which so true an appreciator of Shakespeare as Mr. Hudson most strangely says "would put 'nothing' out of the question; but that the improbability of either word being misprinted for the other, seems to infer an authorized correction in the folio." But there is no seeming in the case; and Mr. Hudson would not have used such a phrase, or have added the still more strange remark that "either word seems to agree well enough with the drift of *Portia's* speech," except for want of a careful consideration of that speech, in which she enumerates, so modestly, and yet with dignity and self-respect, traits and conditions all of which are negative. She is an *unlesson'd* girl, *unschool'd*, *unpractis'd*, *not* yet so old but she *may* learn, *not* bred so dull but she *may* learn, mistress of herself and her belongings before, "but now this house, these servants, and this same myself, are yours, my lord." Here, indeed, is sum of nothing; but how sum of something? But even were not the first expression so appropriate, and the second so inappropriate, were their fitness for the context

equal, the appearance of one in forty quartos would, as against the appearance of the other in the one authentic folio, only show that an error, or a passage in an unrevised form, had been repeated forty times. There must be some other reason for deviating from the authorized text than the mere preference of any editor, or the occurrence of a variation in other editions. By neither of these only can any reading of the folio be "put out of the question."

- p. 195. "Happiest of all *is* that her gentle spirit":—The folio and the quartos have, "Happiest of all *is* that," &c.; but that this is an easy corruption of the text, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, there can be no reasonable doubt. *Portia* first says that she is "happy *is* this, she is not yet so old," &c., which is equivalent to 'happy in that she is not yet so old,' &c. Next, when speaking in the comparative, she uses a similar ellipsis of "she is not bred," for '*is* that she is not bred.' But in the last clause no such ellipsis can be supposed; and yet the conditional form '*is* that' is required by the structure of the sentence and the sequence of the thoughts; and it is restored to the text by the correction of a highly probable typographical mistake of a single letter.
- p. 196. "— I beheld *the* maid":—*Nerissa* was no servant-maid, according to modern notions, but an attendant friend, as well born and bred, perhaps, though not as wealthy, as *Portia* herself. Such a relation was common of old. It existed between *Gratiano* and *Bassanio*, whose intercourse is that of equals, and the former of whom is evidently a gentleman in every sense of the word. *Bassanio* says to him and *Nerissa*, "Our feast shall be *much honour'd* in your marriage."
- p. 197. "Enter . . . *SALERIO*":—The quartos add, "*a messenger from Venice*." Mr. Knight changes this name to *Salanio* or *Solanio*. But, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, in the Scenes just before and just after this, *Salanio* is at Venice. See the first Note on this play.
- p. 198. "— some *shrewd* contents":—'Shrewd' now is used only in the sense of 'keen,' as applied to the mind. But this sense is merely figurative. The radical idea of the word 'shrew' is irritation, sharp annoyance; and with that meaning *Portia* uses it.
- p. 200. "— and *unwearied* spirit":—Mr. Hunter plausibly suggests that the "best condition'd" requires us to read "*unwearied'st*." Strict conformity to the rules of grammar would do so; but Shakespeare sometimes violated these for the sake of euphony; and he did so in

this case. He would not write 'unwearied'st spirit,' any sooner than he would write 'moons sphere.' See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.

- p. 200. "— three thousand *ducats*":— Mr. Hunter first pointed out that a Venetian ducat was so called from its inscription, —

SIT. T. XREDAT. Q. TURGGIS. ISTH. DUCAT.,

which is an abbreviation of the following couplet:—

Sit tibi, Christe, datua,
Quem tu regis, iste Ducatus.

Heylin, 1631, says that the ducat was worth 6s. 8d. sterling; so that *Portia's* offer of thirty-six thousand ducats placed about \$55,000, or, according to the present value of money, \$385,000, at *Bassanio's* disposal.

- " "Shall lose a *hair*":— Here 'hair' is a dis-syllable, as it sometimes is in these plays: or perhaps we should read, "*thorough* *Bassanio's* fault.
- " "— shew a merry *cheer*":— a merry countenance. See Note on "pale of cheer." *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2.

SCENE III.

- p. 201. "— that *lends* out money gratis":— The quartos have "*lent*," for which the more descriptive form of the verb, found in the folio, has been generally rejected, either through deference to "the oldest authority," or for the equally feeble reason that now "*Antonio* has nothing to lend"!
- p. 202. "The Duke cannot deny," &c. :— There is some doubt as to the proper construction and punctuation of this passage. It is not quite certain to what 'it' in the third line refers. "If," says Mr. Halliwell, "'it' refers to 'commodity,' the sense will be as Mr. Collier gives it:— 'if the commodity, or advantage which strangers enjoy in Venice be denied, that denial will much impeach the justice of the state, which derives its profits from all nations.' The repetition, however, of the verb 'deny,' would almost prove that it refers to 'the course of law;' and Capell proposes to read, 'Twill much impeach.'" Capell not only proposed this reading, but adopted it in his edition; but it is more in Shakespeare's free style to repeat 'deny' with reference to another subject, (i. e., "the commodity," &c.,) than to write such a precise passage as
- "The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For [because of] the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice: if it [the course of law] be denied
 'Twill much impeach," &c.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE IV.

p. 203. " — an *equal* yoke of love " : — The folio and Heyes' quarto have "*egal*," the French equivalent for 'equal,' which was in not uncommon use in Shakespeare's day.

" " — the bosom *lover* " : — Near friends of the same sex were called lovers in Shakespeare's time, as lovers were called friends.

" " — the state of hellish *crudity* " : — Roberts' quarto has "*hellish misery*."

p. 204. " In speed to *Padua* " : — The old copies read *Mantua* — a manifest corruption, which Theobald was the first to correct.

" " Unto the *Tranect* " : — Thus the original. 'Tranect' may be from the Italian *tranars* = to draw, — the boat being drawn across the river. Rowe read "*traject*," which also may be correct, as Coryat tells us (1611) that " there are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *traghetti*."

" " — *accoutred* like young men " : — Roberts' quarto has "*apparell'd*."

" I could not *do withal* " : — Gifford, in his notes on a passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. 1, has shown that 'I cannot do withal' was used for 'I cannot help it.' In doing so, however, he takes occasion to censure Steevens for a note, under his pseudonyme Collins, which explains the present passage by a reference to another note on "what has he done," in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 2, where the following lines from Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, are quoted in illustration : —

" The strumpet with the stranger will not *do*,
 Before the room is clear, and door put to."

All previous editors repeat Gifford's strictures, and refer to his note. But they could hardly have read the passage in Jonson's play on which it is written; for there the signification of this phrase is but too plainly that which Steevens attributed to it here. The reader will, I trust, find no squeamishness in these Notes; but the passage is quite unquotable. Even here, although 'I could not help it' is most probably the meaning of *Portia's* phrase, it is not impossible that Steevens was right in his exegesis, and in reading "do with all." Gifford objects, that "*Portia* was a woman of modesty." So she was; but the

learned reviewer and critic probably forgot for the moment the style of conversation permitted to women of modesty in Shakespeare's day, (of which *Portia's* own words in other Scenes would have furnished him instances, had he remembered them,) and also that she was not speaking as a woman, but in the character of a "bragging Jack" of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and to a friend of her own sex in the privacy of her own chamber.

SCENE V.

- p. 206. " — thus, when I shun Scylla," &c. : — This old and much used simile is not found in any classic Latin author, though the contrary is generally supposed. Even so great a scholar as Erasmus was ignorant who was its author ; but Galeothus Martius, who died in 1476, discovered it in the following passage in the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier de Chatillon, Bishop of Megala, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century : —

" — nescis, heu ! perditæ, nescis
Quem fugias : hostis incurris dum fugis hostem :
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim."

Gualtier's *Alexandreis* became a Latin class book ; and thus the simile found its way into the various modern languages. Steevens first directed attention to these facts.

- p. 207. " How *cheer'st* thou, Jessica " : — Roberts' quarto has " How *far'st* thou, Jessica ? "
- " " And, if on Earth," &c. : — Roberts' quarto gives this passage thus : —

" And if on Earth he do not mean it, *then*
In reason he should never come to Heaven."

Heyes' quarto differs from this by having 'it' instead of 'then ;' a partial correction which makes nonsense, until it is completed in the folio by changing 'In' to 'Is.'

- p. 208. " Then, *housos'er* thou speak'st " : — Heyes' quarto misprints " *housomere*," — a common vulgarism in Shakespeare's day, — which the folio fails to correct.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 209. " — *loose* the forfeiture " : — i. e., release the forfeiture. This, though the reading of the folio and both quartos, has been changed to 'lose' by nearly all modern editors. That 'loose' and 'lose' were rarely distin-

guished in old orthography, is no justification of the change.

- p. 209. "— a *royal merchant*":— Warburton's note upon this epithet is both valuable and interesting. "We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the Emperor Henry, endeavored to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty: only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations,) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*; which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was spied by faction,) were called *royal merchants*." In England, those who transacted the King's business were specially honored with this title. Sir Thomas Gresham bore it in Shakespeare's day.

" "And by our holy *Sabbath*":— Heyes' quarto has "*Sabaoth*," which Capell silently adopted. It has no such peculiar fitness, that the word of the authentic edition should be set aside for it; for *sabaoth* is merely the Hebrew for 'hosts,' 'armies.' But it is possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the New Testament, into the supposition that '*sabaoth*' signified something peculiarly high and holy to the Jews.

"Upon your *charter*, and your *city's freedom*":— Here Shakespeare puts a threat into *Shylock's* mouth which would have little terror for the Doge of Venice. But according to his habit, he availed himself of associations which were familiar and significant to his audience.

- p. 210. "To have it *baned*":— In the folio and both quartos this word is contracted thus, 'bain'd;' but a contraction of the modern orthography would confound the verb with 'ban.'

p. 210. "— a gaping pig":— Editors and commentators have thought it necessary to discuss the point, whether *Shylock* means the gaping of a pig brought to table with an apple in its mouth, or the gaping of the living, squealing animal. He may have meant either; and let not the doubt which, disturb our souls. If among the 'some' he included himself, which does not appear, he probably alluded to the gentle *Elia's* weakness — *roast pig*. Many allusions in the literature of Shakespeare's time show that a real or an affected antipathy to this dish was not uncommon then.

" "And others when the bag-pipe sings," &c. :— There has been much comment on this passage; and several changes of more or less importance and plausibility have been made in it by various editors. But change is unnecessary, and comment would seem superfluous. The passage stands in the folio and in both quartos just as it is in the text, except 'swayes' for 'sway' in the third line below, — a false concord which is of such common occurrence in the early editions of these plays, that it must needs be corrected in thousands of instances, and nothing said about it. The folio accidentally omits 'it,' in the same line. The difficulty seems to have arisen entirely from a misapprehension of the meaning of 'masters of passion;' by which *Shylock* does not mean *men* who are able to control the passions of themselves or others, but such *agencies* as those of which he has just been speaking. 'Passion' is used in its more radical sense, and not with reference to one of the passions. Such a use of it was common in Shakespeare's day; as for instance, "it was a passion of earnest," *As You Like It*, Act IV. Sc. 3, "the passion of loud laughter," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1. 'Affection' means, of course, 'the being affected,' in this case, by the sound of the bag-pipe — also, of old, a common use of the word; and thus the masters of passion are those things or occurrences that move either the sympathy or the antipathy of any man, and "sway it to the mood of what it likes or loaths." The following reading, which has been adopted by several editors, is a modification of one given by Steevens on the suggestion of Waldron:—

"And others when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Master of passion, *sways* it to the mood."

Mr. Dyce, supporting this reading, remarks that *Shylock*, after stating three circumstances of a peculiar nature, "accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." This is obvious to all readers; but it by no means

follows that the statement of the principle must begin with "for affection," after which there is a full period in the folio and in both quartos. The principle, if so it may be called, is, that agencies which control the passion of men sway it to the mood of that which awakens sympathy or antipathy. The other readings which have been proposed are not worthy of consideration. The reader who desires it, may find four close octavo pages of comment on the passage in the *Variorum* edition.

- p. 210. " — a *woollen* bag-pipe": — No one who has seen a bagpipe, or who knows that the bag is generally, if not always, covered with baize or some other cloth, will think Steevens' reading "*swollen*," or that of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*bolten*," worth consideration.

" " [You may] as well use question," &c. : — In the folio these two lines appear thus : —

" Or *even* as well use question with the wolf
The ewe bleat for the lamb ; "

but in Roberts' quarto they are given as in the text; and this is the case with some of the copies of Heyes' quarto, but not with all; for Mr. Collier states that the Duke of Devonshire has a copy of that edition, in which both lines are thus imperfect : —

" As well use question with the wolf,
The ewe bleat for the lamb ; " —

the correction having been made as the edition was going through the press. Hence it is plain, that the folio was printed from a copy of Heyes' quarto, in which the correction had not been made, and that some incompetent person, probably in the printing office, undertook to supply the deficiency in part. This consideration, and the use of 'You may as well,' in the comparison both before and after this one, justify a departure from the text of the folio, for that of the quartos.

- p. 211. " When they are *fretten* " : — The quartos have 'fretten,' the old plural form of the participle. It is most probable that Shakespeare wrote 'fretten,' and that 'fretted' in the folio was a printer's conformity to the custom of the day; but this cannot be assumed as absolutely certain.

- p. 212. " — from that *bankrupt* there " : — Mr. Verplanck prints 'bankrout,' because, as he says, "that was the uniform mode of the age, and retains the etymology of a word, the precise meaning of which has long been the subject of legal and constitutional discussion in the United States." This accomplished scholar is rarely in

error, but he is so here. So far is *bankout* from being the uniform orthography of Shakespeare's day for this word, that in the early editions of his very works, it is oftener spelled *bankrupt*. And as to its etymology, it is plainly a compound; and of what other elemental roots than the low Latin *bancus*, a bench, a money bench, or counter, (whence the mercantile word 'bank,') and *ruptum*, broken, it is difficult to conceive. The word, with evidences of the same origin, exists in French, Spanish, and Italian. The orthography *bankout*, or *bankerout*, was phonographic, and represents the manner in which the word was pronounced, whether written in that way or the other. See Note on "bankerout quite the wits." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1.

- p. 212. " — *inezorable dog*": — Folio and quartos have "inexorable." The correction was first made in the folio edition of 1664. It was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Malone made the plausible suggestion that 'inexorable' is right, 'in' being intensive.
- p. 213. "To *endless ruin*": — The quartos have "careless."
- p. 214. " — within his *danger*": — i. e., within danger of process on his part. The word was applied to liability for redress of any kind.
- p. 215. " — this strict *Court of Venice*": — The folio has "course of Venice;" and it is not absolutely impossible that this is the true reading, — the course of Venice being that strict course of Venetian law, which *Antonio* has previously said the *Duke* cannot deny.
- " *Yea, twice the sum*": — It is very probable that 'twice' is here a misprint for 'thrice;' for *Portia* says, just after, "there's thrice thy money offered thee," and *Shylock*, "I take his offer, then: — pay the bond thrice." But *Portia*, when she first hears of the nature of the bond, and that it is for three thousand ducats, says, "pay him six thousand."
- " " — how *do I honour thee*": — It is just worthy of notice that the quartos have "how I do," &c.
- p. 216. "Are there *balances* here?" — The plural form, 'balances,' was rarely used in Shakespeare's day, if at all.
- " " — lest he *should bleed to death*": — The quartos have "lest he do," &c.; — and in the next line, "Is it so nominated?" &c.; — and just below, "You, merchant," &c.
- p. 218. " — the stock of *Barrabas*": — 'Barrabas' and not 'Barabbas' seems to have been the pronunciation as well as the orthography of this name among the Elizabethan dramatists.

- p. 218 "Take then thy bond":—Thus the quartos: the folio has "Then take thy bond." The transposition was doubtless accidental.
- p. 221. "— not the font":—Heyes' quarto has corruptly "not to the font"—a trifling error, which was passed uncorrected in the folio, and which injures the rhythm.
- p. 223. "Be valued against," &c.:—Thus the folio, with the exception of the old orthography *commandement*. The quartos have, —

"Be *valow'd gainst* your wiues *commandement*."

The latter text has been universally adopted by modern editors; but none of them, except the careful and acute Capell, saw that this reading requires the first *e* to be retained and heard in 'commandement,' that it may make four syllables; otherwise the line halts badly. 'Valued' was a word of three syllables in Shakespeare's day; and in the folio both it and 'against' are uncontracted. The quadrisyllabic pronunciation of 'commandement' was obsolete even in Shakespeare's day.

SCENE II.

- p. 224. "We shall have *old* swearing":—"Old' is here an augmentative. See Note on "an old abusing." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 224. "In such a night," &c.:—The second folio has "And in such a night" in the last two instances in which this expression occurs. It must be confessed that the addition helps the metre, and is not out of place in the concluding plea and rejoinder of the 'nighting;' but no addition is necessary, and therefore, except upon authority, which the second folio lacks, none can be admitted.
- p. 226. "Sweet soul":—These words are printed as part of *Launcelot's* speech in the folio and in both quartos. Rowe made the correction, which the metre requires and the sense accords with. It was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- " "My friend *Stephano*":—It is noteworthy that this name, which in this play must be accented on the second syllable, is used correctly in *The Tempest*—a much later play. See *Introduction*.

- p. 226. " — with *patines* of bright gold": — 'Patines' are small round plates. In the old copies the word is spelled *patterns* or *patients*. The second folio has "*patterns*," which Mr. Collier adopts.
- p. 227. " — the young ey'd *cherubins*": — See Note on "O! a cherubin." *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.
- " "Doth grossly close it in": — The folio and Roberts' quarto accidentally transpose the last two words — an error which has given occasion for long comments, equally abstruse and needless.
- p. 228. " — *without respect*": — i. e., except by comparison. We still say that one thing is good or bad in respect to another.
- " "Peace, ho!" — The folio has "Peace! *How* the moon sleeps," &c.; but, as we have seen before, *how* was merely one way of spelling 'ho.' Malone made the change. Mr. Collier reads with the original; and his folio of 1632 has "Peace! *now* the moon sleeps," &c. Mr. Knight objects to the reading in the text, (which is, of course, a command for the music to cease,) that it "would be a singularly unlady-like act on the part of *Portia* in reality as well as in expression." It is well not to be too solicitous about the 'lady-like' behavior of women in great poems or dramas; but yet it is safe to remark upon the perfect propriety with which 'a lady' may command her own minstrels to cease their performances. It is noteworthy, also, that *Portia* calls so loud that *Lorenzo* hears her and recognizes her voice, and that, according to the old stage direction, the "Music ceases" when she calls.
- p. 229. "A *tucket* sounded": — This originally meant a prelude or flourish, from the Italian *toccata*; but there appears to be some reason to believe that it was at last applied to the sort of trumpet used for sounding the flourish.
- " " — the daylight sick": — It has been considered necessary to expatiate in this place upon the brightness of the Italian moonlight; but that was for readers in a country where "in a fine day it is looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Here, where we can read books or manuscript by the light of a full moon in an unclouded sky, such remarks are superfluous.
- p. 230. " — till *the* hour of death": — Thus the folio: both the quartos have "*your* hour." The change was plainly made for the sake both of colloquial ease and euphony; and yet the quartos have been very generally followed as "the oldest authority."

- p. 230. " — a little *scrubbed* boy": — 'Scrubbed' is used to mean dwarfish and unkempt. Mr. Verplanck remarks in a note upon this passage, that 'scrub-oak' is "a name given from the first settlement of the country [America] to the dwarf or bush oak." But is not 'scrub-oak' a corruption of '*shrub*-oak'? and are not 'scrub' and 'shrub' originally the same word?
- p. 231. " — to *contain* the ring": — 'Contain' is here used in its radical sense, 'to hold with' = keep; or as we now say, 'retain.' Malone quoted, in illustration, the following passage from Bacon's *Essay on Anger*: "To *containe Anger* from *Mischiefe*, though it take hold of a Man, there be two Things whereof you must have special caution."
- " " — but a *Civil Doctor*": — A Doctor of the Civil Law.
- p. 232. " *And* by these blessed candles": — The quartos have " *For* by these blessed candles," &c., which is given in all editions hitherto with a comma after 'think,' in the next line. The difference, though slight in itself, is material in point of style; for according to the folio 'think' has for its subject all of the sentence that follows it; but in the text usually given, 'I think' is interjectional, and 'you would have begg'd,' &c., is the predication.
- " "I'll have *the Doctor*": — The quartos have " *that doctor*." But *Portia* has already, at the beginning of this speech, indicated the person to whom she intends to be so liberal, as 'that Doctor;' and the recurrence of the definitive adjective is superfluous, and destructive of colloquial ease. Hence, we are bound to presume, the change which appears in the authentic folio; yet all modern editions, hitherto, follow the quartos.
- p. 233. " — for *this wealk*": — Here 'wealth' is but another form of 'weal' = well-being, happiness. *Bassanio's* happiness would certainly have miscarried had *Antonio* perished in paying the penalty incurred for his sake. The folio has "*thy* wealth," which is plainly a corruption; the text is that of the quartos. It is possible that 'thy' of the folio is a misprint for 'the' or 'that,' which had been interlined, and that Shakespeare meant *Antonio* to say that he lent his body for that happiness, (i. e., of both *Bassanio* and *Portia*,) which else would have miscarried.
- "In lieu of *thee*," &c.: — All editions hitherto perpetuate the easy typographical error of '*this*' for '*thee*,' which was made in the quartos, and which has been re-

tained, doubtless, on the supposition, of which it is the very origin, that *Nerissa* must refer to the ring, and here give it to *Gratiano*. What meaning has 'in lieu of *this*' here? In lieu of the ring? But *Nerissa* was talking of the rights of her husband, not of those of the ring, if it must be supposed to have any. And besides, such an assertion would not have been true; for she had had the ring on her finger ever since she got it from *Gratiano* on the evening of that very 'last night' to which she refers; and this he knew; and although she had not been to bed, she knew that he supposed she had. As to the ring, in no sense would *Gratiano* be annoyed by the admission of the Doctor's clerk to its place or all its privileges; but quite the contrary if that youth had taken his.

- p. 233. "In Summer, *where* the ways," &c. :— Capell suggested, but did not adopt, "*when* the ways," &c.; and the same reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is very plausible, but not necessary.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

AS YOU LIKE IT.

q²

(205)

As You Like It occupies twenty-three pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 186 to p. 207, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which was first given by Rowe.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS LODGE, a scholar, a gentleman, — at least by birth, — a lawyer, a soldier, and a player, published in 1590 a tale, called *Rosalind*.^{*} It would long ago have passed forever into the limbo of forgotten things, had not Shakespeare made it the foundation of *As You Like It* — using the plot as a sculptor uses the straddling wire on which he models an Apollo. Lodge found somewhat more than the germ of his story in the Coker's *Tale of Gamelyn*, which was for a long time attributed to Chaucer, but of which Tyrwhitt says, it "is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and versification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer." † Where the author of the *Tale of Gamelyn* found his part of it, we do not know; nor is knowledge on that point of any moment to the reader of Shakespeare; for the story has its conditions in such a state of society that it cannot be of very great antiquity. Its elemental incidents have not that simple relation to man as man, which indicates, for instance, the primitive origin of the stories of *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*, the main interest of which depends upon events that are possible wherever the human race is found, and that might have happened as well before the Flood as after. Shakespeare's

^{*} *Rosalinda. Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his Death in his Cell at Silesceira. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their Father in England. Fetched from the Cascarites by T. L. Gent.* London. Printed by Abel Jeffer for T. G. and John Bushie. 4to. 1592. Mr. Collier has reprinted this edition in his *Shakespeare's Library*. No copy of the edition of 1590 is known to exist.

† This tale will be found in Wright's excellent edition of Chaucer's Works, published by the Percy Society.

obligations to a predecessor stop with Lodge and his *Rosalind*. To point out the conformity of the play to the novel would be to recount here all the incidents of the former, and nearly all those of the latter. In constructing *As You Like It* from *Rosalind*, Shakespeare condensed and rejected that which in the tale is merely accessory and episodal; but he altered so little in mere structure that it is not worth while to notice the difference between the two. He retained all the characters, and the names of several beside the heroine; and he added *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Audrey*. But although there is this identity in the plots of the tale and the comedy, Shakespeare's creative power appears none the less remarkably in the latter. The personages in the two works have nothing in common but their names and the functions which they perform. In the tale they are without character, and exist but to go through certain motions and utter certain formally constructed Complaints and Passions. The ladies quote Latin in a style and with a copiousness which would delight a Woman's Rights Convention, and quench, in any man of flesh and blood, the ardor of that love which is the right most prized of woman. *Rosalind*, for instance, musing upon her dawning passion for *Rosader* — the *Orlando* of the tale — and his poverty, says, "Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love? '*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*'" There was a model for the traits and the language of Shakespeare's *Rosalind*! In a word, the Act of Parliament which Steevens supposed might compel a perusal of Shakespeare's Sonnets, would surely fail to do the same for that novel which is identical in its plot with Shakespeare's most charming and most frequently read comedy. Such is the worth of a mere story.

As You Like It was first printed in the folio of 1623. But there seems to have been an intention on the part of some person to publish it in 1600; for it is entered under that date in the Stationers' Register, with *Henry V.*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, as "to be staied." As it is not mentioned by Meres, it must have been written in 1598 or 1599. For that this comedy, if it were in existence when he wrote, would be omitted by him from a citation to prove Shakespeare's eminence, in which *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors* are enumerated, is not to be believed. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, from which there is a quotation in the third Act, was not published until 1598; but as it was written long

before, this does not fix the farther limit of the production of *As You Like It* absolutely. It most probably, however, was written in 1599; and the uncertainty of a few months, one way or the other, upon the question is of little real importance: it does not affect our determination of the order in which these works were produced, or appreciably change the period of his life at which this one came from Shakespeare's pen.

The text of *As You Like It* exists in great purity in the original folio. Few of its corruptions are due to any other cause than the lack of proof reading; and those few it is not beyond the power of conjectural criticism to rectify.

The period of the action of this play is quite indefinite, and the costume may be chosen from that of any reign of feudal France before the time of Shakespeare. In Lodge's novel, King Iorismond and his banished brother Gerismond occupy the positions of *Duke Frederick* and his banished brother in the comedy. But Shakespeare, although he took the action out of that remote and fabulous period when France was ruled by kings with names ending in *mond*, gave the vague and comprehensive title of Duke to the great ones of his comedy, and awarded them no principality which can be placed upon the map. They are French princes, but their castles are in Spain. Free of all bonds of time and place, they lived for the poet in the golden world of his imagination; and so they must for us. In truth, every thing about the play is just as you like it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *his Brother, and Usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.*
JAQUES, }

OLIVER, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, }

LE BRAU, *a Courtier.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }

ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }

CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*

WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow in love with Audrey.*

A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the exiled Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHOEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE: *First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — An Orchard near OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; — bequeathed me by will, but poor a 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 with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

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 employed, and be naught a while!

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him 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 on 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 charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd 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. Holla, Dennis!

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. 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.

Ol. 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 honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. 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 laboured 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 practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so 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 God keep your worship. [*Erit.*]

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's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long: this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I shew 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 lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught

my love to take thy father for mine : so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection : by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster ! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports : let me see ; — what think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal ; but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good 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-favouredly.

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? libtool.com.cn

Ros. Indeed, there is a 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 the wits. — How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, Fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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 honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be 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 shew. 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 colour?

Le Beau. What colour, 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.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if

it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

Ros. With bills on their necks, — ‘Be it known unto all men by these presents,’ —

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke’s wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv’d the second, and so the third. Yonder they 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 ever I 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.

www.libtool.com.cn

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke Frederick. 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 Princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with 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. www.libtool.com.cn

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not be therefore misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

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 mock'd 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 man!

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 breath'd.

Duke F. How do'st 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 honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; — and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Fred'rick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition
 Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd ;
 If you do keep your promises in love
 But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
 Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving 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 gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you ? My better parts
 Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up
 Is but a 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 conference.

Enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;
 Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
 To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
 High commendation, true applause, and love,
 Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
 That he misconsters all that you have done.

The Duke is humorous : what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I 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 smaller is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; — whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit* LE 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 lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I 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, dispatch 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 remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke 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 shew 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 outstay the time, upon mine honour,
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 the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face:
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,
And therefore look you call me 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, Senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?
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 counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
 I would not change it.

Amiens. 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 banish'd you.
 To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the 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 leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into th' needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there
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 contem-
plation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Shew me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

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 roinish clown, at whom
so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
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.

www.libtool.com.cn

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 would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come to^g 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 lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have
me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boist'rous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
 And, having that, do 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 fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
 Yet Fortune cannot 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 dressed 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 shew itself courageous to petticoat : therefore, courage, good Aliena !

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot 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 travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone: — Look you, who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. 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 never 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, Wear'ing 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 ! http://www.mhcn.com [Exit SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
take that for coming o'night to Jane Smile : and I
remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's
dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd : and
I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her ;
from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them
again, said, with weeping tears, " Wear these for my
sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange
capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all na-
ture 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 succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not 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 sheepcote 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 any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I like this
place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

www.libtool.com.cn

An open Place in the Forest, near a large Tree.

Enter AMIENS JAQUES, and others.

Song.

*Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn 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.*

Jaques. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is 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 'em 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 th' 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.

[All together here.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes: —

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
As if he will come to me*

Ami. What's that *ducaame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Forest.

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 any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.— Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt*]

www.lilipool.cn
SCENE VII.

The same as Scene V.

A table set out. Enter DUKE, Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere 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' th' forest,
A motley Fool.—A miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a Fool
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley Fool.
“Good morrow, Fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not Fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That Fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool!
 A worthy Fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke 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 biscuit
 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 judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most 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,
 [But 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 th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie 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,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then; How then? what then? Let me see
 wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

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 off?

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 shew
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 answer'd with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be 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 engender'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 you 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 woful 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 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 Schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: And then the Lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a Soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Even in the 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 — every thing.

Enter OLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

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! &c.*

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.*]

www.libtr.com
ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK.

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.

www.libtutor.com.cn

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 vild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants 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, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, Shepherd!

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the Court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the sur-

gery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, Shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' 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 Rosalind.
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,
dinner and suppers and sleeping hours excepted:
it is the right butter-women'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.
Winter'd garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses! Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull Fool; I found them on a tree.

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 i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

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 [a] desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings shew.
 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 shew.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd.
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what a tedious hom-
 ily 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 honour-

able retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

www.lib[.org] [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 berhym'd 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 pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One mch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he 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 good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth [such] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out: — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; 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's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' wi' 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-favouredly.

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 'twas 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 I shall see mine 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.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—
[*CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*] Do you hear, Forester?

Orl. Very well: What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the Forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, 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 solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

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, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, 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 inland man, — one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence 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-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue :) Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd, 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 mad-

men 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 any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd 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 shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind, 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?

Audrey. Your features? Lord warrant us! 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!

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. Is it 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 loveis, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd:

for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

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 hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the Forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

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. [Are] horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, 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 dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. 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. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What ye call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: — Even a toy in hand here, sir: — Nay; pray be 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 desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, 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.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver! Not—

*“ O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee ;”*

but—

*“ Wind away,
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.”*

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, 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.

The Same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to
consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; there-
fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his
kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever
the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:

a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered 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 confirmer 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 ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny 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 inquir'd
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 to 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 th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame !
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it ; lean upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me : and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with my mocks, pity me not,
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you ? Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched ? What though you have no
 beauty,
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of Nature's sale-work. — 'Od's my little life !
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too : —
 No, 'faith, proud Mistress, hope not after it :
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can shew 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.

Phc. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phc. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me; For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:— Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard; Come, sister: 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 Ros., CEL., and Cor*

Phc. Dead Shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

“Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?”

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phc. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phc. 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.

Phc. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phc. 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. Loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phc. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

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.

Phc. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy: — yet he talks well; —

But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth : — not very pretty : —
 But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :
 He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek : 'twas just the differ-
 ence

 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 hath he to do to chide at me ?
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
 I marvel why I answer'd not again :
 But that's all one : 'omittance is no quittance.'
 I'll write him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

www.libt.com
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQUES.

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 in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's: then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a Fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, — and to travel for it too!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit* JAQUES.]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; — a better jointure, I think, than you [can] make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed

in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be deni'd?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are; because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old; and in all this time

there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever! No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — ‘Wit, whither wilt?’

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself; for she will broed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; — I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much; and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: — 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders; and let Time try. Adieu!

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love: — I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters, with a dead deer.

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.

www.libtool.com.cn^{I.}

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ; [They sing him home : the rest shall bear this burthen.]

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

II.

Thy father's father wore it ;

And thy father bore it ;

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[They bear off the deer, singing.]

SCENE III.

Another Part of 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 did 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-colour'd hand: I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
 She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say, she never did invent this letter:
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel 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?*"

www.libtool.com.cn

Did you ever hear such railing?

"*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me. —*"

Meaning me a beast. —

"*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love 'to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.
— Wilt thou love such a woman? — What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee!
— not to be endur'd! — Well, go your way to her,
(for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and
say this to her; — That if she love me, I charge
her to love thee: If she will not, I will never have
her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true
lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both:
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the Forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what 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 wreath'd 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 catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando; — Did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli.

By and by

When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There 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 cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

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, sirrah, a body would
think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest. www.libtool.com.cn

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards: — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: — Will you go?
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDEY.

TOUCHSTONE.

WE shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

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.

William. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age! Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' th' Forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God:'—a good answer. 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 pour'd 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. www.libtool.com.cn

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; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; — I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor [her] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all 's contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they

made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be 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 then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you

in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for 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 obedience;
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. [*To ROSALIND.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. [*To PHEBE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

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 satisfi'd 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.

Another Part of the Forest.

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 I hope

it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages. www.libtool.com.cn

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' th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are your only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith ; 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 ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the Spring.*

II.

Between the acres of the rye,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

This carol they began that hour,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, 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. God b' wi' you, and God mend your voices! 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: —

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To PHEBE.*] You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;— You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:— Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:— Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:— and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here come a

pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd Fools.

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 politic 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. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own: — a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times remov'd; — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well,

he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to 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 measur'd 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 peacemaker; — 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 her proper habit, and CELIA. Still music.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in Heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [To DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for
I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Ros-
alind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love adieu!

Ros. [To DUKE S.] I'll have no father if you
be not he: —

[To ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband if you be not
he: —

[To PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you no cross shall part;

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To PHEBE.

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

You and you are sure together
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 honoured:
Honour, 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 degree.

Phe. [To SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word; now
thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaques de Bois. Let me have audience for a word
or two;

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this Forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise 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' wedding:
 To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this Forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot:
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their 'states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry:—
 Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You [*to DUKE S.*] to your former honour I bequeath;
 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 victuall'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'll begin these rites,
 As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the
 Epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see
 the Lord the Prologue. If it be true that 'good wine
 needs no bush,' 'tis true that a good play needs no
 epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes;
 and good plays prove the better by the help of good
 epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither
 a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in
 the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like
 a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my
 way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women.
 I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men,
 to like as much of this play as please you: and I
 charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,
 (as I perceive by your simp'ring, none of you hates
 them,) that between you and the women, the play may
 please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you
 as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd
 me, and breaths that I defid not: and, I am sure, as
 many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
 breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy,
 bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES ON AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

p. 271. " — but *poor a thousand crowns* " : — Thus the original; but all modern editors, except Mr. Knight, read "*a poor thousand crowns*," and thus destroy a textual trait characteristic of Shakespeare's time — the separation of the adjective from the noun which it qualified, by an article, or a pronoun; as "good my coz," Sc. 2, and "good my liege," Sc. 3, of this very play. It is almost needless to remark that the construction of this speech shows that *Orlando* and *Adam* enter in the midst of a conversation.

" "My brother Jaques he keeps at *school*": — We are to understand 'school' as meaning a university, not a primary school. The schools of Oxford, or of Padua, are frequently mentioned in the literature of Shakespeare's day; and we still speak of all the learning of the schools. This Note would seem almost superfluous, had not serious efforts been made, and at no remote period, to defend Shakespeare from a charge of inconsistency in making an elder brother of his hero a school-boy! In the old tale the second brother is also 'at schoole.'

" " — *stays* me here at home unkept " : — Warburton proposed 'styea,' which is but plausible. The similarity of thought between 'stay' and 'keep' is necessary to the antithetical point of the sentence.

p. 272. " — and *be naught a while* " : — "'Be naught,' or 'go and be naught,' was formerly a petty execration of common usage between anger and contempt, which has been supplied by others that are worse, as 'be hanged,' 'be cursed,' &c.; 'a while,' or 'the while,' was frequently added merely to round the phrase." Nares' *Glossary*.

p. 274. " — the Duke's *wrestler* " : — The uniform spelling

of the word in the original, in this and in other plays, is *wrestle*; but as 'wrestle' and 'wrest' were in common use in Shakespeare's time, and there is no etymological reason for returning to the old orthography, the modern is given.

- p. 276. "—— this *gamester*": — 'Gamester' was used much in the sense which we attach to the cant terms 'sporting-man,' or man 'of the fancy.'

SCENE II.

" "—— and would you yet [*I*] were merrier": — 'I, necessary to the sense, is omitted in the original. It was supplied by Pope.

- p. 277. "*Enter TOUCHSTONE*": — *Touchstone* is called *Clown* here and elsewhere in the original.

- p. 278. "—— who, *perceiving* our natural wits," &c.: — The folio has 'perceiveth' — a manifest error, which was corrected in the second folio.

- p. 279. "*Cel.* My father's love," &c.: — The original incorrectly assigns this speech to *Rosalind*. *Duke Frederick* is *Celia's* father. 'Old' is a mere epithet, which here has no reference to age. 'Taxation,' in *Celia's* reply, means censure, satire. We still say, for instance, 'she taxed him with inconstancy, and he taxed her with folly;' and in Act II. Sc. 7, *Jaques* says of his general censures, —

"Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

"—— you have lost much good *sport*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "good *spo't*," a reading which Mr. Collier himself supposes to be indicative of an affected style of speech on *Le Beau's* part, and to be justified by *Celia's* question, in reply, "Of what colour?"

- p. 280. "With *bills* on their necks," &c.: — Some editors have supposed that there is an allusion here to the weapon called "the bill," which was often spoken of as carried on the neck instead of the shoulder; and it is worthy of note that, 'taking his forest bill on his neck,' is an expression which occurs several times in the tale on which this comedy is founded.

- p. 281. "—— there is such odds in the *men*": — The original has "the *man*," which Mr. Collier and others would retain as meaning 'such a difference in the man as compared with Charles the wrestler.' But this is an unwarrantable stretch of language. There was doubtless a misprint of 'man' for 'men.'

- p. 281. "I attend *them*, with all respect and duty": — *Le Boss* delivers the message as from *the Princess*, because he had received it only from *Celia*; but *Orlando*, who sees two Princesses, naturally replies that he will wait on them.
- ' " — if you saw yourself with *your eyes*," &c. : — It would seem very superfluous to point out that 'eyes' and 'judgment' are the emphatic words here, were it not that Warburton proposed to read '*our eyes*' and '*our judgment*,' and met with some supporters.
- p. 283. "How *do'st* thou, Charles?" — See Note on "which on my earth *do'st* shine." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 464.
- p. 284. " — as you have exceeded all promise": — The second folio has "exceeded all *in* promise," which Mr. Halliwell adopts. But *Orlando* had not exceeded all in promise; he, or his performances, exceeded all promise.
- " Is but a *quintain*," &c. : — A 'quintain' was a machine used in the preparatory sports of the tilt-yard. It was composed of an upright, and a rotatory arm, one end of which was loaded. The unloaded end being struck with sword or spear, the arm revolved quickly and returned the blow with the loaded end, unless the assailant were nimble enough to escape.
- " "That he *misconsters* all": — This is not a mis-spelling or loose spelling of 'misconstrue,' but the old form of the word. It therefore should be retained. A similar reason justifies the retention of "than *I* to speak of," in the last line of this speech. That was the grammatical form in use in Shakespeare's day, which we should not change unless we undertake to have our Shakespeare according to Lindley Murray — that is, to make his works conform to laws which he did not know.
- p. 285. " — the *smaller* is his daughter": — The original has "taller," a manifest corruption, as we learn from *Rosalind* herself, in the very next Scene. Pope read 'shorter;' 'smaller,' which conforms more to the old text, was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1832.

SCENE III.

- p. 286. "No, some of it is for my *child's father*": — Rowe read "my *father's child*," and he is supported by Coleridge and Mr. Knight, on the ground that, by the original text, "a most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of *Rosalind* without reason." To this objection an editor of Shakespeare must find an all-sufficient answer in the facts, that the original edition has "my *childes father*,"

— that this reading has a clear and unmistakable meaning, — and that that meaning is entirely consistent with the notions of propriety in Shakespeare's time, with his treatment of the female character throughout his works, and with the words and thoughts which he assigns to *Rosalind* and *Celia* themselves elsewhere in this very play. There are psychological reasons also which sustain the original text: these the reader will find set forth in *Shakespeare's Scholar*.

p. 286. " — doth he not *deserve well*": — It can hardly be necessary to point out that *Celia* means 'deserve well to be hated,' and that *Rosalind* purposely perverts her cousin's words.

p. 287. " — dispatch you with your *safest* haste": — Mr. Singer proposes "*swiftest* haste;" and "*fastest* haste" was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. These suggestions are plausible, but superfluous: — in 'safest haste' there is an unconscious anticipation by the *Duke* of his subsequent threat. Beside, Shakespeare would not needlessly write '*fastest* haste.'

" — the *likelihoood* depends": — The original has "likelihooods." It is barely possible that this may not be a misprint.

p. 288. " — coupled and *inseparable*": — The second folio has "*inseparate*," — a reading so consonant with Shakespeare's phraseology, and so rhythmically advantageous to the line, that it would be acceptable without question, were not authority against it.

p. 289. "*No hath not?*" — Hitherto these words have been incorrectly printed by modern editors as two questions — 'No? hath not?' But they are an example of a peculiar idiomatic use of the negative, to which attention was first directed by the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith, in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VII. p. 520. 'No did,' 'no will,' 'no had,' &c., were used in the sense of 'did not,' 'will not,' 'had not,' &c.; as, for instance, — there being many such: —

"*Sol.* — and the whole world yelds not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. No does?" *Old Fortunatus*. Dilke's Old Eng. Plays, Vol. III. p. 140.

"*Careless.* No forsooth; I do not knowe any such, nor have I heard of him that I wot of.

Martin. No have, forsooth?" *Fox's Acts and Monuments*.

" "Which teacheth *thee* that thou and I *am* one": — Thus the original. Warburton read "which teacheth

me," &c., and was generally followed. But as Dr. Johnson remarked, "the sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, 'You know not the law which teaches you to do right?'" Still it remains true that *Celia* would naturally reproach her cousin for the lack of that completeness of love which she herself possessed. The phrase "thou and I *am* one" is not at variance with the custom of the time; but as that had begun to conform modern rules of concord, perhaps there is here an easy misprint of 'am' for 'are.'

p. 289. "Shall we be *sunder'd*?" — The original abbreviates by the elision of the first *e* — "*sund'red*;" and it is noteworthy that that is the form of the contracted participle, usually, if not always, found in books of Shakespeare's time; as, for instance, in this play, "a poore sequest'*red* stag," Act II. Sc. 1; "that sacred pity hath engend'*red*," *Ibid.*, Sc. 7; "that to your wanting may be minist'*red*," *Ibid.*; "As freind rememb'*red* not," *Ibid.*; "Win'*red* garments must be lined," Act III. Sc. 2, &c. &c. The apostrophe is often omitted. It seems more than probable that this uniformity is not accidental; and it is quite possible that it represents the colloquial form of the contraction.

" — to take *the charge* upon you": — The original has "*your charge*." The second folio partly rectified the obvious error by reading "*your charge*." The printer mistook 'y' charge' for 'y' change,' — an error easily committed.

" "I am more than common *tall*": — In the old tale *Rosalind* also alludes to her tall stature; and she and her cousin assume the names of Ganimede and Aliena.

" "A gallant *cuttle-axe*": — *Coutelas* was the French name for a short, heavy sword. It was corrupted into 'cuttle-axe,' and is now more correctly represented by 'cutlass.'

" — a *swashing* and a martial outside": — Baret's *Alvearis*, 1580, defines, "To swaah, or to make a noise with swordes against targats." 'Tergats' were shields. Hence we have 'swaah-buckler.'

p. 290. "Now go *we in content*": — The original, by an accidental transposition, has "go *in we*," &c.

ACT SECOND.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE I.

- p. 290. "Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam":—The original has "Here feel we *not*," &c., which is clearly a corruption, as Theobald first suggested, because there was no penalty of Adam from which the speaker and his companions were exempt. Mr. Whiter, whom Mr. Knight follows, suggested that the penalty of Adam was that he should get his bread by the sweat of his brow. So did the banished *Duke*: Adam, after his curse, might as well have lived by hunting as the *Duke*. Plainly, the penalty of Adam is the seasons' difference—eternal Spring being inseparably connected with the idea of Eden—and the common misprint of 'not' for 'but' took place. For what is the culminating thought of the whole passage?—

"these are the counsellors

That feelingly persuade me *what I am*."

The *Duke* finds the icy fang and the churlish chiding of the Winter's wind more truthful counsellors than those which buzzed around his painted pomp. They make him feel that he is a man. But how would they do this if he were exempt from any part of that heritage of all mankind,—the penalty of Adam? It is to be observed, however, that the passage, although its meaning is clear, is written in a very free style, and will defy parsing criticism.

- p. 291. "I would not change it":—The folio misplaces these words at the beginning of *Amiens'* speech. They are not only, as Upton remarked, "more in character for the *Duke*," but the necessary complement of his thought.

- p. 292. "—his weeping *into* th' needless stream":—Thus the original. But most editors read, "weeping *in*," &c. The stag, however, wept *into* the stream, not *in* it. It is almost unnecessary to point out that "the needless stream" is 'the stream without need,' i. e., that needed not the tears.

"To that which *had* too much":—Mr. Singer reads, "*hath* too much," because in *Henry VI.*, Part III. Act V. Sc. 4, Shakespeare wrote,

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much."

But the time of the action referred to is not the same in the two passages. Worldlings, in making their testaments, give to those who *had* too much *before*.

- p. 292. " — kill them up " : — Here ' up ' is mere colloquial surplussage.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE II.

- p. 293. " — the roinish clown " : — ' Roinish ' is from the French *rogneux* = mangy, and was used as we now use ' scurvy,' in the phrase ' a scurvy fellow.'

SCENE III.

- p. 294. " The bonny priser," &c. : — The original has " *bonne priser*," which, on Warburton's suggestion, it was, till recently, the custom to print ' *bonny priser*.' But ' *bonnie*,' in the sense in which the Scotch use ' *braw*,' was a fit epithet for *Adam* to apply to *Charles*. ' *Priser* ' is prize-fighter, — one who wins prizes. " *So fond to overcome*," means, of course, ' *so foolish to overcome*.'

" Why, what's the matter " : — By an obvious error, which was corrected in the second folio, these words are made a part of *Adam's* speech in the original.

- p. 295. " This is no place " : — Here ' for you ' is understood.
- p. 296. " From *seventeen* years " : — The original has " *seauen-tie*," — a palpable error, which Rowe corrected.
- " " — it is too late a *week* " : — Here ' *week* ' is used for ' *term*,' ' *period*.'

SCENE IV.

- " " *Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes*," &c. : — The original stage direction is " *Enter Rosalins for Ganymed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne alias Touchstone*."

- " " — how *weary* are my spirits " : — The original, which is followed by Mr. Knight, has " *how merry* are my spirits." Whiter suggests that *Rosalind's* merriment was assumed; and Malone, that she invokes Jupiter because he was always in good spirits. It seems plain that ' *merry* ' is a misprint for ' *weary*,' as Theobald conjectured. *Rosalind*, worn out by her desponding journey, exclaims, " *how weary* are my spirits!" and the *Clown* replies, " *I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary*;" that is, ' *I would not care how weary my spirits might be, if my legs were not so*.' If *Rosalind* were to say that her spirits were *merry*, *Touchstone's* reply would have no point. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has ' *weary*.'

" *I cannot go no further* " : — Thus the original, in conformity with Shakespeare's frequent habit. The second folio has " *I can go no further*;" but this change is one of

the many in that volume which were modernizations of the original text.

- p. 297. "*Wear*ing thy hearer":—The original has "*Wear*ing;" the second folio, which has generally been followed, "*Weary*ing." That the latter is the word intended there can be no doubt; but it seems that a contracted form was used—the mark of elision being omitted, as in thousands of other instances in the first folio. Both words had the same vowel sounds.
- p. 298. "— searching of *thy wound*":—The original has "*they would*"—a manifest corruption, which was corrected in the second folio.
- " "*— her batler*":—The batler or batlet was a little bat, used for beating clothes in the wash-tub.
- " "*Good even to you, friend*":—The original misprints "*your friend*."

SCENE V.

- p. 301. "*Sirs, cover the while*":—It may possibly be necessary to point out that 'cover' here has reference to the banquet, which the last speech of the Scene announces as prepared.
- " "*And loves to live i' th' sun*":—To live in the sun was to live a profitless life. 'Out of God's blessing into the warm sun,' is an old proverb, used thus, for instance, in Heylin's *Mikrokosmos*, 1631: "But if warmth were all the benefit wee received from the Seas, it might indeed bee said that wee were come from God's blessing, into the warme Sunne," p. 463,—that is, 'that we gained little or nothing by it.'
- " "*Ducdame*":—The original has "*ducdame*;" but that this reading is only the result of an accidental transposition, and that we should read *duc ad me* = bring to me, as Hanmer judged, seems plain from the relation which the line bears to the corresponding one in the previous stanzas. That the cynical *Jagues* should pass off his Latin for Greek upon *Amiens* is but in character. As to the suggestion made by some commentator that *ducdame* is the call of an old crone to her ducks, it would be better worth consideration if he proposed to supply a *y* before the *e*.
- p. 302. "— the first-born of Egypt":—Dr. Johnson says that this is "a proverbial expression for high-born persons."

SCENE VI.

- p. 302. "Dear master," &c. :— In the original the greater part of this Scene is broken into a semblance of verse, which is also the case with many other prose passages in this play.
- " "Well said!" — Mr. Collier remarks that 'well said' was used for 'well done.' But *Orlando* seems to refer to what he himself has said.

SCENE VII.

- p. 303. "*Enter Duke, Senior,*" &c. — The original adds "*like Outlawes.*"
- p. 304. "[But to] seem senseless," &c. :— The original omits the words in brackets, which, or words equivalent, are required by the context and the measure. Theobald read '*Not to,*' and has been universally followed; but the text, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, better suits the style of Shakespeare's time.
- p. 305. "— for a counter" :— According to Farmer, about the time when this play was written, 'counters,' to be used in reckoning, were brought into England from France.
- " "— the *british sting*" :— i. e., gross sexual passion.
- " "— the *wearer's very means*" :— The original has "the *wearis verie means,*" which was, strangely enough, changed to '*very, very means*' by Pope, and which it was quite as strangely left for Mr. Singer to correct to "*wearer's very means.*"
- p. 306. "Of stern *commandment*" :— It is worthy of note that in the original this word is printed as if it were contracted — *commandment*. The terminal *e* of the old orthography — sometimes superfluous, sometimes marking the long sound of a preceding vowel — seems to have been not unfrequently pronounced in compound words, even as late as the time of Shakespeare, and especially when those compounds occurred in verse. See Note on "Be valued against your wife's commandment." *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.
- p. 307. "*Wherein* we play in" :— Pleonasm like this is so common among writers of Shakespeare's day as to make its occurrence hardly worthy of note.
- p. 308. "— and *modern* instances" :— Shakespeare uses '*modern*' both in its present acceptation and for '*trivial,*'

'simple.' It is difficult to determine in which sense he has used it here: either seems equally applicable.

p. 308. "—— the lean and slipper'd *Pantaloon*":— The '*Pantaloon*' was a stereotyped character in the old Italian Comedy. Riccoboni, in his *Histoire du Theatre Italien*, gives a print of him, after Callot's design, in which he appears lean and slippered, and wears a long loose gown. *Gremio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is called a *Pantelown* in the old stage direction.

p. 309. "—— *heigh ho!* the holly!"— The manner in which this is sometimes said and sung by intelligent people makes it worth noticing that this "*heigh ho!*" is '*hey ho!*' and not the '*heigh, ho!*' (pronounced *high, ho!*) of a sigh. It should be pronounced *hay-ho*.

"—— the waters *warp*":— The supposed 'ingenious' discovery of an allusion to weaving in this phrase, (the first net-work of crystals made by the frost having suggested the thought,) makes it pardonable to point out that water, by being frozen, is 'warped' from its level surface, especially in small ponds.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 310. "Make an *extent*," &c. :— "An *Extent* sometimes signifies a writ or commission to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ." Blount's *Law Dictionary*. 1691.

" "Do this *expeditiously*":— We say, now, 'expeditiously.'

SCENE II.

p. 311. "—— *thrice-crowned* Queen of Night":— "alluding," says Dr. Johnson, "to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:—

'Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptra, fulgore, sagittia.'

p. 312. "—— may *complain* of good breeding":— It is hardly necessary to point out that this is an elliptical idiom for 'may complain of *the want* of good breeding.'

" "—— thou never saw'st good *manners*":— '*Manners*' is here used for general conduct: '*morals*' was not used in that sense of old.

- p. 313. "God *make incision* in thee":—The meaning of this phrase, which evidently had a well-known colloquial significance, has not been satisfactorily explained, and the present editor has no new suggestion to make. Steevens thought that it might refer to the proverbial expression of being cut for the simples: Caldecott understood it as 'God enlarge and open thy mind.' Steevens' explanation is the more plausible; but the meaning has probably been lost.
- " "— fairest *lin'd*":—The original misprints "fairest *limm'd*."
- p. 314. "— the right *butter-women's rank* to market":—that is, 'a clumsy, bouncing, jog trot, just as butter-women ride after each other to market.'
- " " *Winter'd* garments":—The original has "*wint' red*." It has hitherto been altered to '*winter*,' or printed *wint'rad*; but see the following instance of the use of the participial adjective in a passage quoted from *A Knack to know a Knave* (about 1588) by Mr. Collier, in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 31:—
- "Now shepherds bear their flocks into the folds,
And wint' red oxen, fodder'd in their stalls,
Now leave to feed," &c.
- As to the form *wint' red*, see Note on "Shall we be *sunder'd*," Act I. Sc. 3.
- " "Why should this [*a*] desert be?"—The original omits the article—plainly by accident. Rowe restored it. Tyrwhitt suggested, "Why should this desert *silent* be?"
- p. 315. "— but not *her* heart":—The original misprints "*his* heart."
- " "Atalanta's *better part*":—There has been much learned and ingenious conjecture as to what was "Atalanta's better part," the obvious meaning of the phrase having been passed by. Whiter is lauded by Mr. Knight for suggesting that, because of Atalanta's successful contests in running with her suitors, it is an allusion to maiden modesty, such as would characterize a woman who was "zealous to preserve her virgin purity even by the death of her lovers," and which is spoken of as her 'better part.' In the first place, this is superfluous, as "*Lucretia's* modesty" is enumerated in the next line; and it is, in the second place, inconsistent with the story of Atalanta, who, when won by Hippomenes by means of the golden apples, impatient to yield what Mr. Whiter represents her as so zealous to preserve, desecrated with her lover the temple of Cybele, who turned the offenders

to lions. Atalanta was a finely-formed woman, and a remarkably swift and graceful runner. Her 'better part' means, evidently, those now-a-days unmentioned beauties which are enumerated by *Mercutio* as belonging to *Rosaline* in his conjuration of *Romeo*, in Act II. Sc. 1 of *Romeo and Juliet*. *Orlando's* verses attribute personal as well as mental charms to their subject; and it is a matter of wonder that the obvious allusion could have escaped any reader, especially as in this very Scene "Atalanta's heels" are mentioned. Mr. Halliwell considers 'better part' to be "an idiomatic expression for the mind or spirit," as in the line of *Macbeth*, —

"For it has cow'd my better part of man."

But Atalanta is noted for no superiority in this respect. She was a model woman in person only.

- p. 316. " — on a *palm-tree* " : — Because palm trees are not found in the Forest of Arden, it has been proposed to read '*plane tree*.' But a '*lioness*' is quite as much out of place there as a '*palm* : ' — both must go or both remain.
- p. 317. " *Wherein* went he ? " — Heath explained this — ' In what manner was he clothed ? '
- " " — *Gargantua's* mouth " : — '*Gargantua*,' as the reader of Rabelais' fantastic satire will remember, swallowed, in a salad, five pilgrims, staves and all.
- p. 318. " — when it drops forth [*such*] fruit " : — The original reads, " when it drops forth *fruit* " — '*such*' being the emendation of the second folio. Mr. Singer supposes '*forth*' to be a misprint for '*such*,' and prints '*drops such fruit*;' but the expression '*drops forth*' is fully justified by another passage in this very play, — Act IV. Sc. 3, —
- " Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention."
- " " *God b' vs* you " : — In the original, " *God buy* you," here and elsewhere.
- p. 319. " — I answer you *right painted cloth* " : — that is just like a painted cloth. See Note on "*painted cloth*.' *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2. The figures on painted cloths had labels above them, on which were sententious mottoes, appropriate to the subject of the painting.
- p. 320. " — he *trots hard* with a young maid," &c. : — The deliberate proposal on the part of two recent commentators to make Time amble with the expectant maiden, and trot hard with the unlearned priest, is the only excuse for reminding the reader, that, of all the means of making a short journey seem long, a hard-trotting horse is the

surest; while an ambling nag, on the contrary, affords so easy and luxurious a mode of travelling that the rider arrives all too soon at his journey's end. That *Rosalind's* comparison is between comfort and discomfort, not speed and slowness, is, beside, conclusively shown by her saying, afterward, that Time gallops with a thief to the gallows, "for though he go *as softly as foot can fall*, he thinks himself too soon there."

p. 321. " — where she is *kindled* ": — This is not the word 'kindled' = inflamed, but another, long obsolete, meaning 'born.' Its root is 'kind' = race, which itself is from the Anglo Saxon *cennan* = to bring forth. It is said to be still in use in Warwickshire.

" " — an *inland* man ": — 'Inlandish' is the converse of 'outlandish.' "Courtship," of course, means 'courtliness.'

There is in this speech one of those many evidences that the English of Shakespeare's time has been remarkably preserved, even in sound, by the inhabitants of New England. 'Lectures' is spelled *lectors* in the original. Throughout the Eastern States, even among a large proportion of those who are "inland-bred and know some nurture," 'lecture' is pronounced *lectur*. See Note on "such rakers of orthography." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1. The folio affords several similar instances.

" " — *deifying* the name of Rosalind ": — The original misprints "*defying*," which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 322. " — a *blue eye*, and sunken ": — *Rosalind* means 'hollow-eyed.' Blue eyes were called grey in Shakespeare's time.

" " — an *unquestionable* spirit ": — A curious misapprehension of *Rosalind's* third mark of a man in love is not uncommon — on the stage almost universal. She is there made to utter "unquestionable spirit," as if she meant by it that a lover must needs be of *undeniable boldness*; and upon her saying to *Orlando* that he has it not, the representative of that character is wont to swagger a little. But she means that a lover is moody, and not willing to be questioned; that is, that he is unquestionable. Shakespeare uses 'questionable' in but one other instance: in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 4, where *Hamlet* says to the *Ghost*, —

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape."

Here the word is used in exactly the same sense; that is, — thou com'st in a shape so proper to be questioned; and yet this line is often quoted as if 'questionable' meant

'suspicious.' — For instance, even by so eminent a Shakespearian scholar as Mr. Halliwell, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 186. But this only shows the force of custom; for Mr. Halliwell himself explains the word correctly in his edition of this play.

- p. 323. " — a *living* humour of madness": — 'Living' has here the sense of 'actual,' 'absolute:' — as in *Othello*, Act III. Sc. 3, "Give me a living reason she's disloyal." Dr. Johnson proposed to read, "from a mad humour of love to a *loving* humour of madness." The suggestion is plausible, and the antithetical conceit quite in the manner of Shakespeare's time.

SCENE III.

- p. 324. "*Enter . . . AUDREY*": — All readers who would like to know it may not know that 'Audrey' is a contraction of the Saxon name Etheldreda.
- " " — among the *Goths*": — See the *Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 226.
- p. 325. "A *material* fool!" — Dr. Johnson explains this as meaning "a fool with matter in him;" but does not the *Clown's* apparent unwillingness to have his wife both honest and beautiful, make it clear that the cynical *Jaques* means to say that he is materially = thoroughly, essentially, a fool?
- " "[Are] horns given to poor men alone?" — This passage is printed thus in the original and in the succeeding folios: — "'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen fo poore men alone: No, no," &c. This Theobald endeavored to reconcile to sense by pointing it thus: 'Horns? Even so. — Poor men alone? No, no,' &c., and this has been the received reading hitherto. Mr. Singer reads, "Horns! *never* for poor men alone?" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 furnishes the emendation which is found in the text, and which is more consistent with the context than either of the others.
- p. 327. "O sweet Oliver": — The hedge-priest's name and the circumstances in which he finds himself remind *Touchstone* of these scraps of a now lost ballad. Steevens says that the ballad of "O sweete Olyver, leave me not behinde thee," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on August 6, 1584, and "O sweete Oliver altered to the Scriptures," (as *Pealms* are now sung to opera tunes in fashionable churches,) in 1586. It is not improbable that the last line of the second scrap is somewhat altered to suit the situation. But Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "I will not to wedding *bind* thee."

SCENE IV.

- p. 327. "— browner than *Judas's*":— In the old pictures and tapestry, *Judas* was represented with red hair and beard.
- p. 328. "— *nor* a horse-stealer":— The original has "*not*," — a palpable misprint.
- " "— like a *puisny* tilter":— So the original, which has hitherto been changed to 'puny.' But *puisny* is the old form.

SCENE V.

- p. 329. "*But first begs pardon*":— i. e., but *that he* first begs pardon.
- " "— that *dies and lives*":— So the folio — for which Tollet proposed, "that *lives and dies*," which is, of course, the meaning of the passage. But the *hysteron proteron* (Greek for 'cart before the horse') was common of old, as the Rev. C. Arrowmuth has shown. So "He is a foole and so shall dye and live." Barclay's *Ship of Fools*. 1670. fol. 67.
- p. 330. "The cicatrice and *capable* impressure":— 'Capable' is used here in a peculiarly and unmistakably Shakespearian manner for 'receivable.' Yet it has been proposed to read 'palpable;' and that word appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1832. The change is one of a kind that commends itself to the approval of those who have not fully apprehended the peculiarities of Shakespeare's diction — peculiarities without affectation — and who seize on an emendation of a supposed corruption to guide them through an obscurity which exists but in their own perception. A complete counterpart to the use of "capable impressure" here is found in the phrase "captious and intenable sieve." *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 3.
- " "— and *all* at once":— Warburton proposed, somewhat plausibly, to read "*rail* at once."
- " "What though you have *no* beauty":— It is almost superfluous even to notice Malone's reading, "*mo*' beauty," which yet kept its place in the text for a long time, or "*some* beauty," which has also been proposed. *Rosalind's* purpose is solely to take the conceit out of *Phoebe*.
- p. 332. "Dead Shepherd":— The "dead shepherd" is Christopher Marlowe, and the lines quoted is from his *Hero and Leander*.

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by Fate.

Where both deliberate, the love is aight :
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?”

- p. 332. “— the old *carlot*” :— A diminutive of ‘carle.’
p. 333. “[I] have more cause,” &c. :— The original omits ‘I,’ accidentally, as the measure shows. It was restored in the second folio.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

- p. 334. “— let me [be] better” :— The original omits ‘be,’ which is restored in the second folio.

“— in which *my* often rumination,” &c. :— The original has “*by* often rumination,” which is clearly a corruption, as it leaves ‘wraps’ without a nominative expressed or understood. Malone placed a semicolon after ‘objects,’ and read, “and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which *my* often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.” According to this reading, *Jaques* says that his melancholy is one of his own, compounded of many simples and extracted from many objects ; and then *adds* that the contemplation of his travels is a most humorous sadness. But the point of the whole speech is, that the satirical *Jaques* finds in the contemplation of his travels his cause for melancholy. He means to sneer, *more suo*, at the whole world ; and this he is made to do by the text of the original, changed only by the substitution of *my* for ‘*by*’ — an admitted typographical error — and of a semicolon for a comma, after ‘travels,’ as in the text. The pleonastic use of ‘in’ in the last clause is quite in conformity to the custom of the time.

- p. 335. “*Exit JAQUES*” :— The original gives no direction for the exit of *Jaques* ; and the question has been raised, whether he should go out when he takes leave, or just before *Rosalind* addresses *Orlando*. It seems plain that in the latter case a charming and characteristic incident would be lost. *Rosalind* is a little vexed with *Orlando* for not keeping tryst. She sees him when he first comes in, but purposely does not look at him, — no woman needs to be told why. He speaks, but she, with her little heart thumping at her breast all the while, refuses to notice her lover, and pretends to be absorbed in *Jaques* ; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still ignores the presence of the poor delinquent, and continues to talk to *Jaques* till a

curve in the path takes him out of sight ; — then turning, she seems to see *Orlando* for the first time, and breaks upon him with, "Why, how now?" &c. Well might the old printer of *Promos and Cassandra* say that there are some speeches "which in reading will seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine."

p. 335. " — you have swam in a *gondola* " : — Ladies say that their shoes are 'as big as a gundalow' (what lady's shoes are ever otherwise?) without any notion that they are comparing them to the coaches of Venice. But it is so.

" " — than you [*can*] make a woman " : — The original omits 'can,' which was supplied by Hammer. Some recent editors have again omitted it; but it is plainly required by the context. *Rosalind* is speaking not of *Orlando's* acts, but of his abilities.

p. 336. " — a better *leer* than you " : — 'a better look.' It is difficult to trace the etymology of this word. It was applied to the general appearance of the face, as well as to a look from the eye.

" "I should *think* my honesty *ranker* than my wit " : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit," — a reading which has found some favor, it is strange to say. For in the alternative supposed by *Rosalind*, she would have no honesty to thank! and therefore it is that she says that in that case she should think her honesty *ranker* than her wit.

p. 337. " — the foolish *chroniclers* of that age " : — Hammer read, "the foolish *coroners*," a very plausible change, and one which the expression, "*found* it was Hero," would suggest to any one. It appears also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But if we can at will reduce a perfectly appropriate and uncorrupted word of ten letters to one of eight, and strike out such marked letters as *h*, *l*, and *e*, we may — write Shakespeare at our pleasure.

p. 338. "Make the doors" : — So in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act III. Sc. 1, "The doors are made against you." The expression is not entirely obsolete in some parts of England.

p. 339. " — her fault *her husband's occasion* " : — That is, occasioned of her husband, or by her husband. Hammer plausibly read, "her husband's *accusation*."

SCENE II.

p. 341. "What shall he have that *kill'd* the deer?" — In the

original this song is printed without division, and the following words appear as the third line, "*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen.*" The last six words are plainly a stage direction which crept into the text by accident, and they have always been so printed in modern editions; but the first four, 'Then sing him home,' have been thought by some editors to be a part of the song. Such editors probably forgot that this song was written to be sung, or were unacquainted with certain essential conditions of song writing, which Shakespeare never violates. The introduction of a short line of four syllables, which has no counterpart, would entirely prevent the construction of a symmetrical melody. The appearance of the song in Playford's *Musical Companion*, published in 1673, set to music without the words, 'Then sing him home,'—though that has its weight,—is quite another matter. For the music there is a round for four voices; and in such a composition the four strains must be of equal length; whereas in songs it is only necessary that the corresponding parts should have the same number of lines, and that the corresponding lines should have the same rhythmical value. The whole line in question is, in my judgment, a stage direction which accidentally found its way into the song, (stage directions and songs being both printed in italics in the original,) and the first part of which has reference to *Jaques*' suggestion to present the successful hunter to the Duke "like a Roman conqueror;" for the song was "for this purpose." That there is an alternation of two lines of solo with two of chorus or burthen,—the latter being in both cases lusty lines about the lusty horn,—no musician or glee singer, and it would seem no reader with an ear for rhythm, can entertain a doubt. 'Then' in the original stage direction seems plainly a misprint for 'they.' It is noteworthy that we can trace even this vigorous hunting song in Lodge's novel. There *Rosalind*, in her disguise meeting *Rosader*, melancholy, addresses him, "What newes, forrester, hast thou wounded some deere and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoullder, and the horns."

SCENE III.

p. 344. "Under an oak":—The original has "an old oak;" but I cannot believe that in an otherwise deftly wrought and perfectly rhythmical passage, Shakespeare would load a line with a heavy monosyllable, entirely superfluous to any purpose other than that of marring the description

and making the verse halt. It seems to me impossible that Shakespeare could have written, —

“Under an *old* oak whose boughs were moss'd with *age*
And high top bald with dry *antiquity*.”

This is not the tautology of his time. The adjective *must*, I think, have been added in one of these ways. The author, having written ‘old,’ changed the form of his sentence and erased the word perhaps imperfectly, or the compositor set up ‘oak’ twice, or the author repeated it in his MS., — such accidents are of frequent occurrence, — and in the latter case the repetition being noticed, the first ‘oak’ was very naturally changed to ‘old.’ No one can be more unwilling than I to deviate from the original text. Yet there are some cases in which it is absolutely necessary to do so. In the second Scene of the first Act of this very play, for instance, the folio has, “the *taller* is his daughter;” yet we are obliged to read, “the *smaller* is his daughter:” — a correction not more imperative than the present, in my estimation.

p. 346. “*As*, how I came,” &c. : — There is here a not ungraceful ellipsis, — the full expression being ‘as, for instance, among our recountments was how I came into this desert place.’ This incident of the lioness, to its minutest particular, is taken from the old novel.

“ ‘Dy’d in *his* blood :’ — The second folio corrects the manifest misprint “*this* blood,” of the first.

“ ‘Ah, *sirrah*’ : — On recovering herself, *Rosalind* immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it. The printing of ‘sir’ for ‘sirrah’ by some editors, and the comments, laboriously from the purpose, of others who give the original word, must serve as the excuse for this note.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 349. “I will o’errun thee with *policy*” : — The original has the misprint “*police*,” which is corrected in the second folio.

SCENE II.

p. 350. “And you, fair *sister*” : — Much wonder is expressed as to how the knowledge of *Rosalind’s* sex, which this reply evinces, was obtained; and forgetfulness is attributed to Shakespeare. But those who wonder must themselves

forget that since the end of the last Act *Oliver* has wooed and won *Celia*; for to suppose that she kept *Rosalind's* secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence, would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable.

- p. 352. "All adoration, duty and obedience": — The original has "observance" here, as also in the next line but one. In most cases mere repetition is, undoubtedly, not a sufficient reason for making a change in the text of the authentic folio. But in this instance there is more than such a repetition as may or may not be offensive to critical taste. *Silvius* is making an enumeration of the outward signs which are the sure exponents of true love; and in such a schedule a repetition of the same thought, in the same word, in the same sentence, is absurd. It must also be remarked, that obedience to the wishes of the beloved is one of the first fruits and surest indices of love, — one which in such an enumeration could not be passed over; and yet according to the text of the folio it is not mentioned, while 'observance' is specified twice in three lines. Such a repetition is not in Shakespeare's manner; for although he had peculiarities, senseless iteration was not one of them. Malone made the necessary change in the third line. It is mere matter of taste; but the substitution of the needful word in the first line, which is made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1832, seems preferable, because obedience may be more properly classed with adoration and duty than with purity and trial.
- p. 353. "Who do you speak to": — The original has "Why do you speak too," which Mr. Collier retains; but although a meaning can be extracted from this by itself, it is not accordant with *Orlando's* reply; and there can be no doubt that the slight typographical error detected by Rowe had occurred. *Rosalind's* comparison in her next speech, "'tis like the howling," &c., is from the old novel; where, however, it appears in another passage and in this form: "thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone."

SCENE III.

- p. 354. " — to be a woman of the world": — See "But if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel, your woman, and I will do as we may," *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 3; and the Note on "thus goes every one to the world," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1.
- ' " — which are *your* only prologues to a bad voice":

— The original has "*the* only prologues." Hawking and spitting are often only the prologues to a bad voice; but no one of any musical experience can consider them the *only* premonitory symptoms of that inflexion, and it does not appear that 'the only' was an old idiom for 'only the.' 'Your only,' meaning the chief, the principal, was, however, an idiom in common use; and it seems plain that it is here intended — the printer having mistaken *y* for *ye*.

p. 354. "the only pretty *ring* time" :— The original misprints "*rang* time," and places the last stanza next the first. Dr. Thirlby detected the latter error, and his conjecture is confirmed by the appearance of the song in contemporary publications arranged as in the text. Ring time is time for marriage.

p. 355. "— yet the note was very *untuneable*" :— The original has "*untuneable*." But Shakespeare was a good musician; and the answer of the *Page* and the reply of *Touchstone* make it plain, that, as Theobald suggested, *Touchstone* says, "yet the note was very *untuneable*;" otherwise the *Page's* answer is no reply at all. In the manuscript of any period it is very difficult to tell 'time' from 'tune,' except by the dot of the *i*—so frequently omitted; and as most people think that to be in tune or out of tune is the principal success or the principal failure of a musical performance, it is by no means strange that the word, written in the old hand, with the *i* undotted, — thus, *Untuneable*, — should be taken for *Untuneable*. I can speak from experience that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which 'time' is written, it will be at first put in type as 'tune.' One curious instance occurs in *King John*, Act III. Sc. 3.

"*K. John.* I had a thing to say, —

But I will fit it with some better time."

The original has "some better *tune*." In the present instance Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "untuneable."

SCENE IV.

"As those that *fear they hope*," &c. :— that is, of course, 'as those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue' — a state of mind in which few readers of Shakespeare can have failed to be at some time. Apology is surely necessary for offering even a paraphrastic explanation of so simple a passage; and it exists in the proposal of eight various conjectural read-

ings, which may be found in the *Variorum* by those curious in absurdity, and of two or three others in subsequent editions. Among the old editors, Malone preserved his common sense with regard to the passage.

p. 357. "— a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called *Fools*":— There were female Jesters as well as male, and it is possible that there may be here an allusion to that custom— *Audrey* being whimsically supposed by *Jaques* to have assumed the profession as well as the station of her husband. Else why does he call them a pair of *Fools*?

"— as marriage binds and *blood breaks*":— Henley remarks upon this passage, "A man, by the marriage ceremony, swears that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn."

p. 358. "— we quarrel in print, *by the book*":— Warburton first pointed out that the particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf. 1694. The first part of this tract is entitled *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat is divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down*. The contents of the several chapters are as follow: I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain. IV. Of conditional Lies. V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie. In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particule *if*, he says, "— Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes, — whereof no sure conclusion can arise."

"— like a *stalking-horse*":— See Note on "Stalk on; the fowl sits." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 359. "*Atone together*":— That is, are *at one* together — the

radical meaning of 'atone.' The Swedenborgians are always particular to speak of the 'at-onement' of Christ, — the act by which he made God and man at one again, — as if that were something other than the atonement. Their cause of quarrel with the ordinary word is, however, purely orthoepical, and results from *one* having retained in this compound its old, and analogically correct, pronunciation. See Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1; also the following passage in *Othello*, Act IV. Sc. 1 (as in the original): —

"Lo. Is there deusion 'twixt my Lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio."

- p. 359. " — join her hand with his " : — In this, and in the next line, the original has "his" for 'her' — an accident, doubtless, due to the spelling *hér*, which was not uncommon of old.
- p. 360. "*Wedding is great Juno's crown*" : — Both the thought and the form of the thought in this Song seem to me as unlike Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of *Hymen's* part is from another pen than his.
- " "*Address'd a mighty power*" : — At this day and in this country it is perhaps necessary to point out that *Jaques de Bois* means that *Duke Frederick* made ready a mighty power, not that he made a speech to them.
- p. 361. " — restor'd to them again " : — The original has "to him again;" but the verb 'were' in the next line, no less than 'restor'd' in this, proves the misprint of 'him' for 'them.' The correction was made by Rowe, and appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.
- " "That have endur'd shrewd days," &c. : — See Note on "some shrewd contents." *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2.
- " " — the measure of their 'states' " : — That is, of course, their 'estates.' Mr. Dyce would read 'states,' i. e., 'conditions.' There is no mark of elision in the original; but such an omission is common; and the allusion to the announcement, just made by *Jaques de Bois*, that all their lands would be restored to them again, seems plain.
- p. 362. "[*A dance*" : — The original has here only *Exit*, as a stage direction. But plainly there was a dance, and there is no reason why the *Duke* should leave the Scene

solus. It appears that this *Exit* is an accidental repetition of that intended for *Jaques* just above.

- p. 362. "—— as much of this play as please you":— Warburton supposed that this passage was much corrupted, and proposed to read, "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please *them*: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, &c.,) to like as much as please *them*, that between you and the women," &c. The suggestion would be plausible, were not the whole speech a bit of badinage.

"If I were a woman":— The absence of female actors from Shakespeare's stage must be here remembered.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(387)

The Taming of the Shrew occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 208 to p. 229, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Actus Primus, Actus Tertia, Actus Quartus, and Actus Quintus. The Acts are not divided into Scenae, and there is no list of Dramatis Personae, which Rowe first supplied.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INTRODUCTION.

THE nature of Shakespeare's relation to this comedy cannot be very exactly defined. That he had some claim to its authorship, the admission of it into the folio of 1623 is sufficient evidence; but were this wanting, it has certain passages which, like *Hero*, father themselves, and show their paternity by marks as unmistakable as *Prince Hal's* villainous trick of the eye and foolish hanging of the nether lip. Still it is extremely difficult, or, it were better at once to admit, quite impossible, to decide where Shakespeare's work begins and ends. Internal evidence is so strong in many parts that we can confidently say, this is Shakespeare's; and evidence both internal and external establishes, beyond a doubt, that certain other parts are not Shakespeare's; but between these two there is a very wide space of debatable ground. The truth is, that the comedy, like others of its time, is compounded of as many elements as *Jaques'* melancholy, and that Shakespeare's hand, while it furnished some of them, touched all to harmonious blending.

In 1594, *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew*, was published, having before that date been *Sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Seruants*.^{*} From this play our *Taming of the Shrew* differs in structure, only by the addition of an underplot which has no influence on the main action, while the thoughts and the language of the two are the same, with slight modifications, for whole Scenes together. No attempt was made to disguise the kind or the degree of obligation which the later play was under to the earlier; while at the same time the utmost freedom was used in altering, adding to, and improving the original work; and the comedy, as

^{*} Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, and by Steevens in 1776.

we have it now, is plainly the result, not of the effort or the purpose of any one man, but of managerial contrivance and combination to supply a theatrical exigency: hence no more labor was expended upon it than was absolutely necessary. A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrews* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colaborer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor Scenes, many of which are particularly referred to in the Notes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between *Bianca* and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humor and the rich verbal coloring of the recast Induction, and all the Scenes in which *Katharina* and *Petruchio* and *Grumio* are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play.

The old play is among the best productions of Shakespeare's elder contemporaries. Though its serious dialogue is formal and heavy, and its comic scenes are made up of grossness and triviality, it contains many passages filled with fine imagery and nervous diction, and its characters and action are imbued with a genuine human interest. It must be confessed, too, that not all of the formality and heaviness was eliminated in the preparation of the new play, and that not a little of the grossness and the triviality seems to have been purposely retained. It has been conjectured that Shakespeare himself was the author of the old play, and there are lines in it which in the degree of their excellence would not be unworthy of his earlier years, although their merit is not of his kind. It is quite uncertain who was the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*. Malone supposed, and Mr. Knight has argued, that it was Robert Greene; but an American correspondent of the latter showed that if Greene were its author, he was not only an open imitator of Marlowe.

but a deliberate plagiarist from him in at least ten passages. In my opinion, it is the joint production of Greene, Marlowe, and, possibly, Shakespeare, who seem to have worked together for the Earl of Pembroke's Servants during the first three years of Shakespeare's London life. Much the greater part of it appears to be the work of Greene: Marlowe probably contrived but little, and Shakespeare, if at all, much less.

The changes made in the structure of the old play by the authors of the new, are the removal of its scene of action from Athens to Padua, the addition of the disguising intrigues of Bianca's lovers, and the substitution of the *Pedant* for *Vincentio*; the latter incident, together with the name of the shrew-tamer, having been derived from Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *Suppositi*, as Farmer pointed out.

The Taming of the Shrew was first published in the folio of 1623: it is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*; and there is neither external nor internal evidence by which to determine the date of its production. Malone decided at first for 1596, afterward for 1606; Mr. Knight looks back to 1594; and Mr. Collier inclines to 1601-3. All this is mere conjecture; but Mr. Collier's opinion seems most consistent with the style of Shakespeare's undoubted work upon the play. It is worthy of remark that 'Genoa,' improperly accented in *The Merchant of Venice*, is properly accented in this play; and Farmer directed attention to the fact that 'Baptista,' used as a woman's name in *Hamlet*, is here correctly used as a man's. But these indications of an advancing knowledge of Italian, as well as the intimate acquaintance with Italian manners shown in the conduct of this comedy, do not aid us in determining the relative period at which it was produced; for they are derived from those parts of it with which Shakespeare had least to do.

The text of the first folio has few corruptions of consequence; but many imperfect and redundant lines are scattered through it, which the old school editors were at the needless pains of eking out or cutting down.

As the England and the Italy of Shakespeare's day are represented, the former in the Induction, the latter in the body of this comedy, authorities for the costume abound. But for similar reasons to those assigned in the *Introduction to The Merchant of Venice*, more would be lost than gained by rigidly conforming to the Paduan fashions of that period.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LORD,
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker,*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants, } *Persons*
} *in the*
} *Induction*

BAPTISTA MINOLA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina*

GREMIO, }
HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*

TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO, }
CUETIS, } *Servants to Petruchio.*

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* } *Daughters to Baptista.*
BIANCA, *her Sister,* }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petru-
chio's House in the Country.*

INDUCTION TO THE TAMING OF
THE SHREW.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

SLY.

I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier! Go by, St. Jeronimy.— Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]

*Horns heard. Enter a LORD from hunting with his
www.libtool.Train.cn*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,

(Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd,)
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunter.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low submissive reverence,
 Say, — What is it your honour will command ?
 Let one attend him with a silver basin,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say, — Will't please your lordship cool your hands ?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease :
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams ;
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs :
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him ;
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Servant. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart, — This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son; —
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well;
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; — thou didst it excellent. —
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,

[*To a Servant.*

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber
And call him Madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, — What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn

A Bed-chamber in the LORD's House.

SLY is discovered richly dressed, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not

fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: Here's —

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for
thee,

Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things : —
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And, once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands ?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ? by my fay, a goodly nap
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 Serv. O yes, my lord ; but very idle words : —
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;

And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
 And say, you would present her at the Leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
 such maid ;

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, —
 As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps o' th' Green,
 And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell ;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with
 her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me hus-
 band ?

My men should call me lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
 husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well : what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call
 ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
 And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh
and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet :
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy ;
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play : Is it not a
comonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, Madam wife, sit
by my side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er
be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

LUCENTIO.

TRANIO, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first, —
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
 HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:

That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio. To cart her rather: She's too rough for
me:

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katharina. I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hortensio. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat; it is best
Put finger in the eye — an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear
Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of Hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I
not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the Devil's dam; your gifts
are so good here's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails
together and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on
both sides. Farewell:— Yet, for the love I bear my
sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit
man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I

pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, — that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, — to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to Hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, an money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, — Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
 I never thought it possible, or likely;
 But see while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness:
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl:
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
 Affection is not rated from the heart:
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
 “*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*”

Luc. Gramercies, lad: go forward; this contents:
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how
 her sister
 Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air:
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
 trance.
 I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
 stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta!* content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
 " Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense,)
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
 And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you
 been ?

Biondello. Where have I been ? Nay, how now,
 where are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
 Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his ;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life ;
 You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
 wish after, —
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your Master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go : —

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me
why, —

'Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak.

1 Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the
play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
surely.

Comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam
lady,

'Would 'twere done ! [*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before HORTENSIO'S HOUSE.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Petruchio. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :

Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebus'd your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ; I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ? — My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio ! — How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato Signior mio Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.

— If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, — Look you, sir, — he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty, — a pip out ?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? — O Heavens! Spake
you not these words plain — “Sirrah, knock me here,
rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”?
And come you now with — knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 'a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, — what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: —
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to
thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous; Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault (and that is fault enough) Is, — that she is intolerable curst, And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worsere than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman:
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceased father well :
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
 And her withholds he from me, [and] other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
 grace ;
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista, as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca :
 That so I may by this device, at least,

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

www.libtool.com.cn

*Enter Gremio ; with him Lucentio disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !
Master, master, look about you. Who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; it is the rival of my love : —
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well : I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love, see that, at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her :
You understand me : — Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. — Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place :
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning ! what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock ! what an ass it is.

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum ! — God save you, Signior
Gremio !

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you

Whither I am going ? — To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
 On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
 Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
 And other books, — good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, — and that my deeds shall
 prove.

Gra. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
 Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,
 Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well: —
 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
 If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No? Say'st me so, friend? What country-
 man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
 My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
 And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
 strange:

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
 You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. [*Aside.*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. [*Aside.*] For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: — is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to —

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. — Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; —

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my Masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right, — hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this seek,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,— whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's
begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *hon venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

www.libtong.com.cn
ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S
House.

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA, the latter with her
hands bound.*

BIANCA.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other gauds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge [thee]
tell

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest! Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside; — poor girl! she weeps: —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after BIANCA.*

Bap. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit BIANCA.*

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in Hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATH.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man, PETRUCHIO with HORTENSIO as a musician, and TRANIO with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio ; give me leave.
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
 That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
 Her affability and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
 Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he for your good
 sake :

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
 She is not for your turn, — the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her ;
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruccio is my name ; Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his
 sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray, let us,
 that are poor petitioners, speak too : Backare ! you
 are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain
 be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
 wooing !

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. — But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO,] methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request, — That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report, I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.] the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holloa, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
both

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,
and BIONDELLO.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome;
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And "every day I cannot come to woo."
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, — If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, — be it that she survive me, —
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, — her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume
with them:"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me, — rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here, —
 [*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,
 and HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
 Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
 As though she bid me stay by her a week;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married: —
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
 of hearing;

They call me — Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith! for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates; and therefore Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; —
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd
 you hither
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such load as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should — buz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
 thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too
 angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his
 sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so, farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
 come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :
 If you strike me you are no gentleman ;
 And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look
 so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not
 sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I a glass I would

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
 you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth you 'scape
 not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
 And now I find report a very liar ;
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers ;
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
 O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
 Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue,
 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
 And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
 Thou must be married to no man but me;
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable, as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father; never make denial,
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio: How speed you
 with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter: now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, — yourself, and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night
our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for
myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear
as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound
this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
 Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs
 To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
 I am my father's heir, and only son;
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
 What! have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
 What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whatever thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as
old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd: —
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee
not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good: —
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd 'suppos'd Vincentio;'

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A ROOM IN BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

LUCENTIO.

FIDDLEL, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong.
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[*To BIANCA.* — *HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never ; — tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, Madam : —

"*Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus :
 Illic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*"

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear ; [*HORTENSIO plays.*

O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ; — *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ; — *regia*, presume not ; — *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love !

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you: —
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*to LUCENTIO,*] and give
me leave a while;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must
wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] “*Gamut I am, — the ground of all
accord,*

A re, — *to plead Hortensio's passion;*

B mi, — *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

C fa ut, — *that loves with all affection:*

D sol re, — *one cliff, two notes have I;*

E la mi, — *shew pity, or I die.”*

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Erit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.
Yet, if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to TRANIO,*] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married.
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns ;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, — 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
 though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIAN. and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of [thy] impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, [old news,] and such
 news as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
 coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
 there.

Tra. But, say, what: — To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old moth-y saddle, and stirrups of no kindred, besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? — that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
 Though in some part enforced to digress ;
 Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
 As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her ;
 The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
 Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done
 with words ;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
 When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BRONDELLO.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit*

Tra. But, [to] her love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,
 As [I] before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
 It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn, —
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say 'no,'
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the Devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask — if Katharine should be his wife,

“Ay, by gogs-wouns,” quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
“Now take them up,” quoth he, “if any list.”

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he, as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the Sexton's face;
 Having no other reason,
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark! hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
 HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train*.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not begone till I please myself:

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!

I see, a woman may be made a fool

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own ;
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man : —
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
 Kate ;
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and GRU.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
 laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
 bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there want no junkets at the feast ;
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen,
 let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

www.libtonl.com.cn
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country House.

[Act III. Sc. III., 1623.]

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters,
and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten?
was ever man so 'ray'd? was ever man so weary?
I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming
after to warm them. Now, were not I a little
pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my
teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart
in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw
me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm my-
self; for, considering the weather, a taller man than
I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a
run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire;
cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but,
thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast:
for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mis-
tress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept? the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha' t, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale : and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress : —

Curt. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : — But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place ; how she was bemoil'd ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ; with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reck'ning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you! how now, you! what, you! fellow, you! and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready! how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not, — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before.

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malthorse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee;

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in, —

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

"Where is the life that late I led?" — [Sings.
Where are those —? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? — Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

"It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:" —

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. —

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate: — Some water here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily: —

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.*

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 *Serv.*

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat: What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c., at the servants.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.*]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :

And rails, and swears, and rates, — that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd ;

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed ;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets : —

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend,

That all is done in reverend care of her ;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

www.libtool.com.cn

SCENE II.

[Act III. Sc. IV., 1623.]

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
 Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, Master, read you? first resolve me
 that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, Master of your Art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
 heart! [*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
 pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion:
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca;
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
 I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
 Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
 Lucentio,
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
 Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
 Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite
 forsworn [her]!
 For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow
 Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
 And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit HORTENSIO.*

[*LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both for-
 sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bian. O Master, Master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bian. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Pedant. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;

But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? — marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an
oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.

Look, that you take upon you as you should ; —
 You understand me, sir : so shall you stay
 Till you have done your business in the city.
 If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
 This, by the way, I let you understand :
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
 Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

[Act IV. Sc. I., 162A.]

A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
 appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amourt?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,
 And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof:
 Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
 Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
 lovest me. —

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart,
 Kate! eat apace: — And now, my honey love,
 Will we return unto thy father's house;
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. — What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did
 bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
 A velvet dish; — fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
 Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one too,
 And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
 speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin, a bawble, a silken pie:
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay. — Come, tailor, let us
 see 't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
 What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
 What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
 Why, what, o' Devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither
 cap nor gown.

Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
 I'll none of it, hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction :
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things ; —

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men ;
 brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I
 say unto thee — I bid thy master cut out the gown ;
 but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : — *ergo*, thou
 liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, "A loose-bodied gown, —"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compass'd cape, —"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve, —"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid: —

Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour '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 ?
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
And therefore frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let 't alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

www.libtool.com.cn
[Act IV. Sc. II., 1023.]

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty throughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice. And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista: — set your countenance, sir

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met: —

Sir, [*to the Pedant,*] this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now ;
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And, — for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and, — if you please to like
No worse than I, — upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ; —
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections.
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
And, happely, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
 There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well:
 Send for your daughter by your servant here:
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
 You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happen'd, —
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
 heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
 Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
 you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here
 behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs
 and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
 the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
 the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to th' church; — take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Erit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Erit.*]

SCENE V.

[Act IV. Sc. III, 1622.]

A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house :

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd : nothing but cross'd !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft ! [What] company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress :

Where away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks ?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio: my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and VIN.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
 Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

[*Act IV. Sc. IV., 1623.*]

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO walking on the other side.

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.
Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to
 need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN., and BION.]
Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I; and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
 I think I shall command your welcome here,
 And by all likelihood some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]
Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and [is] here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCENTIO.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!— But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BION.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BION.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vis. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—
O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet!
a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—
O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the
good husband at home, my son and my servant spend
all at the University.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by
your habit, but your words shew you a madman.
Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and
gold? I thank my good father I am able to main-
tain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sailmaker
in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray,
what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I
have brought him up ever since he was three years
old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lu-
centio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the
lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master!
lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name:
O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where
is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer. [*Enter one with an
Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Fa-
ther Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth-
coming.

Vis. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall
go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coneycatch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd.
O monstrous villain!

Enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoil'd and — yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*]

Bian. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
 And happily I have arriv'd at the last
 Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
 What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
 Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have
 sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To LUCENTIO.*] But do you hear, sir?
 Have you married my daughter without asking my
 good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you:
 go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this vil-
 lainy. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.
 [*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
 frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the
 rest,

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of
 this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home, again:—Come, sir-
 rah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
 thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
 Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cn
[Act V. Sc. 1, 1023.]

A Room in LUCENTIO's House.

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, —
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — how likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round: —

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe; And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a better jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow :
 You are welcome all.

[*Exit* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior
 Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
 Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
 hound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ;
 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho ! Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. 'A' has a little gall'd me, I confess ;
 And, as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say — no : and, therefore, for assur-
 ance,

Let's each one send unto his wife ;
 And he, whose wife is most obedient
 To come at first, when he doth send for her,
 Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content : What's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
 But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match : 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself

Enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO*

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in
hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine; and there an end.

www.libtool.com.cn

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now by my halidom, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

An awful rule and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; — and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee;
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience —
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
But now, I see our lances are but straws :
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands' foot ;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease !

Pet. Why, there's a wench ! — Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt
ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are
toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed :
We three are married, but you two are sped.

Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;

[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt*

NOTES ON THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

p. 393. "I'll *phesse* you": — It is hardly necessary to remark that 'phesse' means 'worry.' The etymology of the word is very doubtful. *Sly* means to tell the Hostess that he will 'pay her off.' He uses the same word in the old play.

"Therefore, *poucas pallabris*": — The Spanish *pocas palabras*, of which *Sly* uses a corruption common in Shakespeare's day, means 'few words.' *Sessa* is the Italian *cessa* = be quiet, pronounced like an English word. Italian, French, and Spanish phrases were affected, and by uneducated people, far more two hundred and fifty years ago than they are now.

" — the glasses you have *burst*": — Of old 'burst' and 'broke' were synonyms. In Act IV. Sc. 1, *Grumio* says, "how her bridle was burst;" and in *Henry IV.* Part II., Act III. Sc. 2, *Falstaff* says of Justice *Shallow*, that *John of Gaunt* "burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men."

" *Go by, St. Jeronimy*": — 'Go by' was a contemptuous phrase; and "go by *Jeronimo*" occurs in Kyd's play, called *Hieronimo, or The Spanish Tragedy*, which was much ridiculed by the author's contemporaries.

" I must go fetch the *thirdborough*": — The original has "headborough." But *Sly's* reply leaves no room for doubt that this is a misprint for 'thirdborough.'

p. 394. "(*Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd*)": — 'Brach' is said in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1716, to be "a mannerly name for all hound hitches," but *Merriman*, the hound in question, was plainly not of that sex which, in the canine species, is, from some unaccountable

prejudice, unnamable to ears polite. Warton pointed out that Sir Thomas More, in his *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. Ch. 24, says, "And I am so cunning that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitche but a brache." Shakespeare uses the word in *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 6, as the name of a peculiar species of dog, "hound, or spaniel, brach or lym;" and so do other writers precedent and contemporary. Thus its meaning is somewhat doubtful, though the evidence preponderates in favor of the propriety of the latter use of the word. Hitherto the interjectional nature of this line has not been made apparent, even if it were appreciated by any editor; and consequently some obscurity has been found in it, to remove which changes in the text have been proposed. Ritson suggested "*Baths Merriman*," &c.; and Mr. Singer reads "*Trash Merriman*," &c., i. e., 'keep back Merriman,' — a reading altogether inadmissible, if for no other reason, because the chase was over, and the directions refer to the then time present. 'Embossed' was a hunting term, applied to any animal worried and panting with the chase. Thus, "The shaft sheath'd in his side — Desire, wave pointed with a flame that heats the blood; at last *imboſt* with rage, the poor o'er hounded wretch (far from the comforts of a cooling stream) with stag-like tears, he falls." Letter from John Harrington to his Sister, dated 1647. *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 93. The word, as Skinner says, is from the Italian *ambastia*, which means a difficulty of breathing arising from excessive fatigue. Ritson understands 'embossed' here as "swelled in the knees," and as being the same word which is used in the expression "embossed sores and headed evils," *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7, and in Prince Hal's phrase, "emboss'd rascal," which he applies to *Falstaff*, *Henry IV.* Part I., Act III. Sc. 3. This word is from 'boss' = a round protuberance.

- p. 395. "And when he says he is, say that he dreams": — That is, plainly, 'and when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he dreams.' This is the punctuation of the original; and yet all modern editions hitherto, for the last hundred and fifty years, have read either 'And when he says he is — say that he dreams,' (the editors supposing an awkward and obscure ellipsis for 'when he says he is *so and so*,') or "when he says *he's poor*," as Pope gave the passage. In the event *Sly* actually is in doubt whether he is crazy or dreaming.
- p. 396. "— players that *offer service*," &c.: — It was the custom of the time just preceding, and even during, that

when Shakespeare wrote, for actors to travel from place to place and offer their services to noblemen or persons in authority.

- p. 396. "1 *Play*. I think 'twas *Soto*," &c.:—In the original this speech has the prefix *Sincklo*. *Sincklo* was an inferior actor in Shakespeare's company:—an evidence this that the folio was printed from a stage copy. *Sincklo*'s name appears again in *Henry IV*. Part II. and *Henry VI*. Part III. It is not certainly known what play is referred to here. Theobald suggested Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*, in which there is a *Soto*; and although, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, he does not woo a gentlewoman, yet as he is a farmer's eldest son, it seems more than probable that Theobald was right.

SCENE II.

- p. 398. "*Sly is discovered*," &c.:—The stage direction in the original is, "*Enter aloft the drunkard*," &c. In our old theatres in England there was a small balcony at the back of the stage, which made shift to represent towers and battlements and all high places upon which the personages of the play were supposed to appear. In it also the characters sat who were the audience of a play within a play.
- " "— a pot of *small ale*":—Small ale was used of old, and is now used by poor people in England, in the place of soda water, as a corrective after over indulgence in alcoholic liquors. *Sly* makes the same demand in the old play.
- " "— the fat alewife of *Wincot*":—"Wincot," after the clipping English fashion, was the common pronunciation of Wilmecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare's grandfather, Robert Arden, lived.
- p. 399. "I am not *bestraught*":—i. e., distracted, crazy.
- " "O, this *it is*":—On the second occurrence of these words in the folio, they are transposed, — accidentally, without a doubt.
- p. 400. "— that one *shall* swear she bleeds":—It has been noticed before in these Notes, but it must constantly be remembered, that the distinction now existing between 'shall' and 'will' was not known in Shakespeare's day.
- " "— by my *fay*":—This is merely a corruption of the oath, common of old, "by my faith." *Hamlet* uses it. Act II. Sc. 2.
- p. 401. "— present her at the *Leet*":—A Court Leet was anciently a petty tribunal which had manorial jurisdic-

tion, and in which the Steward presided. *Sealed quarts* were measures, the correctness of which was attested by an official stamp.

- p. 401. "Old John Naps o' th' Green": — The folio has "of Greece;" but as 'of Greece' seems utterly senseless here, and 'o' th' Green' was of old a common to-name, there seems to be no reason why the latter reading, which is an anonymous conjectural emendation, should not be adopted. Steevens would have justified the old text on the ground that "a hart of Greece was a fat hart"!
- p. 402. "Is it not a comonty?" — This is the Tinker's blunder for 'comedy.' In the old play one of the Servants uses the corruption 'commodotie.'

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

- p. 403. "Padua, *nursery of arts*": — The famous University of Padua was in the height of its glory in Shakespeare's day. It numbered its students almost by tens of thousands; and among its alumni were Petrarch, Galileo, and Christoval Colon, whom we call Columbus. In the next line 'for' is used as 'from.'
- " — learning and *ingenious* studies": — So the original. As 'ingenious' and 'ingenuous' were rarely distinguished in our old orthography, the latter may be the word intended by the author.
- " "*Vincenzio*, come of the Bentivolii": — The original has "Vincentios, come," &c. This is plainly a misprint, the possessive form having been caught from the same word immediately below. But Mr. Collier retains 'Vincenzio's,' which he considers a contraction of 'Vincenzio is,' though he confesses that the reading is "rather obscure."
- p. 404. " — to Aristotle's *checks*": — This is the reading of the original, — 'checks' meaning the restraints of Aristotle's moral precepts. Blackstone suggested 'ethicks,' which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is noteworthy that the old play commences thus: —
- "Welcome to Athens my beloved friend,
To Platoe's schoole and Aristotle's *walks*."
- This has given rise to the not unpalatable conjecture that we should read, "to Aristotle's *walks*."
- " "*Balk* logic," &c.: — 'To balk' is to puzzle, to deal in cross purposes. Boswell quoted in illustration, —

"But to occasion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."

Faerie Queene, Book III. Can. 2. St. xii.

- p. 404. "*Enter BAPTISTA*," &c.:—The old stage direction is, "*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantalone*," &c. The Pantalone was a stereotyped character in old Italian comedy. See Note on "the lean and slipper'd Pantalone." *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7.
- p. 406. "— to *court* her . . . to *cart* her":—A play upon these two words is common in old writers, and very plainly depended upon a pronunciation of the former like the latter. Such a pronunciation lingered in some parts of England till the end of the seventeenth century. Titus Oates affected it. Carting was a punishment akin to the ducking stool, and consisted in driving the offender about the town in a cart. It was almost set apart as the expiation of incontinency.
- " "A pretty *peat*":—i. e., a pretty pet. So in Lodge's *Rosalind*:—
- "And God send every pretie peate
Heigh ho! the pretie peate!
That feares to die of this conceate,
So kind a friend to help at last."
- p. 406. "*Their love is not so great*," &c.:—That is, the love of *Katherine* and her father is not so great but that *Hortensio* and *Gremio* can wait and fast it out. Monck Mason proposed "*Our love*," &c., and Mr. Singer "*Your love*."
- p. 407. "Happy man *be his dole!*" — See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. 4.
- p. 408. "*Redime te captum*," &c.:—This line is from Terence, *Eunuchus*, Act I. Sc. 1; but it was quoted by the author, or one of the authors, of this play, not from Terence, but from Lily's Grammar, as Farmer pointed out. In the Grammar it is given "with a difference," — "*redime te*" for "*te redimas*," which error the dramatist copied; whereof come great rejoicings from Farmer and his followers, which might have been more safely indulged, were it certain that Shakespeare was the culprit.
- ' "— you look'd so *longly*":—Steevens considered this an abbreviation of '*longingly*.'
- ' "Such as the *daughter of Agenor* had":—The daughter of Agenor is Europa, who was carried away from Phœnicia to Crete by Jupiter in the form of a bull. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II. 839.

- p. 409. "Because *she* will not be annoy'd with suitors":— Mr. Singer plausibly reads, "*he* will not be annoyed;" but the reading of the original is not inconsistent with the phraseology in Shakespeare's day, and means, of course, 'in order that she may not be annoyed.'
- " "*Basta!* content thee":— *Basta* is Italian for 'enough.'
- " "— *sith* it your pleasure is":— 'Sith' is a contracted form of 'sithence,' itself the old form of 'since.' 'Sithence' occurs in *All's Well*, &c. Act I. Sc. 3.
- " "Baptista's youngest *daughter*":— Here 'daughter' has its ancient pronunciation, and rhymes with 'after' in the preceding line, as 'laughter' would. This pronunciation survived here long after it had passed away in England. I remember seeing once in my boyhood a very old gentleman, whom I should have quite forgotten ere this, had not my father told me that he always spoke of his daughters as "the *dafters*." See Note on "such rackers of orthography," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1.
- p. 410. "So *would* I":— The original, in which this speech is printed as prose, has "So *could* I." Rowe made the correction. In the last line the first folio has, "*you*, Master *Lucentio*," which is corrected in the second.
- p. 411. "*The Presenters above speak*."— This direction and that at the end of the passage are from the original. As to the meaning of 'presenters,' see Note on "*Enter with a trumpet and the Presenter*," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 124. Pope transferred these speeches to the end of the Act.

SCENE II.

- " "*Enter PETRUCHIO*":— The Italian orthography of this name is *Petrucio*, the *c* before *i* having in that language the sound of *ch* soft in English. But this is no warrant for a change in the uniform orthography of the folio; and were the change made, *Petruchio* would soon sink into *Petrusio*.
- p. 412. "Help, *masters*":— The original has "*Helpe mistress*," a patent corruption, which is doubtless the result of mistaking the meaning of *M* in the MS.,— that letter having been used of old as an abbreviation of both 'master' and 'mistress.'
- " "— *two-and-thirty*, — *a pip out*":— "The allusion," Mr. Singer says, "is to the old game of Bone-ace, or One-and-thirty. A pip is a spot upon a card."
- p. 414. "— as foul as was *Florentius' love*":— Gower, in his First Book, *De Confessio Amantis*, tells the story of a

knight, light Florent, who, to save his life, married a woman, —

“Which was the lothest wighte
That ever man cast on his eye.”

- p. 414. “ — were she as rough ” : — The original has, “ were she is as rough,” which was corrected in the second folio.
- “ — or an *aglet*-baby ” : — The ‘aglet,’ or ‘aiguillette,’ was a pendent ornament which still exists in military costume. The ends were wrought into miniature figures.
- “ — and *shrewd*, and froward ” : — See Note on “ there are some shrewd contents in yonder letter.” *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2.
- p. 415. “ — he’ll rail in his *ropes-tricks* ” : — This is *Grumio*’s blunder for ‘rhetorick.’ He goes on to say, that *Petruccio* “ will throw a *figure* in her face.”
- “ — [and] other more ” : — The folio omits ‘and,’ which was strangely left to be supplied by Theobald, on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby.
- “ — well *seen* in music ” : — i. e., well cultivated, well accomplished, one who has well comprehended, perceived, or seen.
- p. 417. “ — to *inquire* carefully ” : — Here ‘inquire’ is a trisyllable.
- p. 418. “ — a blow to th’ *ear* ” : — The original has “ to *hear*,” — a manifest corruption, corrected by Hammer.
- “ — fear boys with *bugs* ” : — It is but recently that ‘bug’ was applied to an insect. It meant originally a goblin, or some terror of the night, and in England ‘a bug,’ without an adjective prefixed, still means that insect which is *par excellence* the terror of the night. The word is still used in its primitive sense in the term ‘bug-bear.’
- “ *Enter* *TRANIO* *bravely apparelled* ” : — The original stage direction is “ *Enter* *Tranio* *brave*.”
- “ — Hark you, sir,” &c. : — The dash at the end of this imperfect line appears in the original, where that sign is very rare. ‘Woo’ is plainly the word on *Grumio*’s tongue. Why he is not allowed to utter it, it is difficult to perceive. No part of this Scene was, in my judgment, written by Shakespeare.
- “ — *gratify* this gentleman ” : — That is, spend money freely upon him. Of old a fee was called a gratification.
- p. 420. “ — we may *contrive* this afternoon ” : — “ To con-

trive," says Mr. Singer, "is to wear out, to pass away, from *contrivi*, one of the disused Latinisms. So in *Damon and Pythias*, 1671:—

'In travelling countries, we three have contrived
Full many a year.'

p. 420. "— as *adversaries* do in law":— The counsel of adversaries in law are plainly meant, not the adversaries themselves.

" " *Exeunt*."— Here in the old play the Presenters speak, thus:—

" Then *SLIE* speaks.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns where's
The Tapster, here Sim eate some of these things.

Lord. So I do my Lord.

Slie. Heere Sim, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the Plaiers againe.

Slie. O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen."

ACT SECOND.

p. 421. The original has no indication of the close of the first Act or the beginning of the second. Rowe made the present judicious division.

SCENE I.

" "— But for these other *goude*":— The original has "these other *goods*," which, as Mr. Dyce remarks, is "all but nonsense," and which might be easily misprinted for the word in the text.

' "— here I charge [thee] tell":— The first folio omits 'thee:' it was supplied in the second.

p. 422. "— thou *hilding*":— This word, which means 'a low wretch,' was applied to both sexes. Horne Tooke derives it from the Saxon *hyldan* = to crouch. May it not have some connection with 'vild,' or 'vile,' the etymology of which is not certain?

" "I must dance *barefoot*":— "To dance barefoot," says Mr. Halliwell, "is an old proverbial phrase for being an old maid." Its origin, like that of 'lead apes in Hell,' remains to be discovered.

" "Call'd *Katharina*":— Here and elsewhere the original has *Katerina*, sometimes *Katerine*, at others *Katherine*.

Of old the *th* in this name, as in so many other words remarked upon in these Notes, was hard; hence we have Kate as its abbreviation.

- p. 423. "*Backare!*" — An old cant word, meaning 'go back.'
- p. 424. " — [I] freely give unto [you]": — The original, which is here very carelessly printed, omits 'I' and 'you,' — both necessary to the sense. The third folio has "Free *leave* give," &c., which was accepted until Tyrwhitt's suggestion of the reading in the text.
- " "*Lucentio* is your name?" — Malone asked, "How should *Baptista* know this?" and suggested that perhaps a line was lost, or the author was negligent. The latter was probably the case.
- p. 425. "And 'every day I cannot come to woo'": — There are several old ballads with this burthen.
- " "*Her widowhood* . . . In all my lands," &c.: — *Petruchio* means what ladies are fond of calling their 'thirds.'
- " " — two raging *fires*": — Here 'fire' is a dissyllable.
- p. 426. " — her *frets*": — Guitar players do not need to be told that 'frets' are the ridges on the neck of the instrument upon which the string is stopped.
- p. 427. " — but something *hard* of hearing": — Malone says, "This is a quibble upon *heard*, which was then pronounced *hard*." The quibble is manifest; but I am not so sure that 'heard' was, in Shakespeare's time, pronounced as we pronounce 'hard.' The spirit of this Scene and some of its coarse jests are furnished by the old play; but it is there much shorter.
- p. 428. "No such *load* as you," &c.: — The original has "*jade*," — a manifest misprint for the word in the text, which was strangely left to be restored by Mr. Singer.
- " " — should — *buz*": — 'Buz' was used as an exclamation of great contempt. It occurs again in *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.
- p. 431. " — a second *Grissel*": — It can hardly be necessary to point out that the allusion is to Chaucer's *Griselda*, in the Clerk of Oxenford's Tale. But Chaucer got the story from Boccacio, who himself had it from those who lived long before him. See the *Introduction to The Merchant of Venice*.
- " "*She vi'd* so fast": — See Note, below, on "Gremio is out-vied."
- " "*A meacock* wretch": — i. e., a spiritless wretch. Steevens quoted in illustration, among other passages.

"As stout as a stock-fish, as meck as a meacock."

Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, 1675.

- p. 432. "— we will be married o' Sunday" :— This seems to have been of old a popular song-burden. Mr. Collier quotes, in illustration of the passage, the following lines, which were taken down from the recitation of an old lady, who heard them from her mother more than sixty years ago :—

"To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day
For I'm to be married on Sunday."

"— quiet is the match" :— It is just worth while to notice the misprint of the folio, "quiet me," &c.

- p. 433. "— my arras, counterpoints" :— We call them now *counterpanes*. Mr. Singer says that they were "*anciently* composed of patchwork, and so contrived that every pane or partition of them was contrasted with a different colour!" There are enough of such in New England at this present writing to make a canopy for Old England from John o' Groats to Land's End and from Yarmouth to Holy-head.

"— shall be her *jointure*" :— This word is spelled "*joynter*" in the folio. See Note on the pronunciation *lectures*, "read many lectures." *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2.

"Two thousand *ducats* by the year" :— As to the value of the ducat, see Note on "three thousand ducats." *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2. But Coryat, 1611, says that "the Venetian dukat is about four shillings eight pence." P. 293, Vol. I. ed. 1776. Money is now worth about seven times as much as it was in Shakespeare's day.

"— in *Marselles*' road" — 'Marselles' is here a trisyllable. The folio prints "*Marcellus*."

- p. 434. "Nay, I have *offer'd* all" :— The original prints "*off' red*." See Note on "Shall we be *sunder'd*." *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 3.

- p. 434. "Gremio is out-*vied*" :— 'Vie' was cant of the card-table, which the English commentators explain as equivalent to 'challenge;' but it seems rather to correspond to our Western word 'bluff,' as used in the game of brag.

"Sirrah, young *gamester*" :— No reproach of the sup-

posed *Lucentio* as a gambler is intended. Old *Gremio* means merely to call his young rival gamesome.

- p. 435. " — if I fall not of my *cunning* " : — A rhyme seems to have been hopelessly corrupted here. Steevens suggested, " if I fall not of my *doing* ; " and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 makes a poor change, suggested by Capell, in the first line — " this case of *winning* . "

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

- " " But, wrangling pedant, " &c. : — This imperfect line Theobald amended by reading, " *She is a shrew* ; but, wrangling pedant, " &c. Hanmer read, " But, wrangling pedant, *know this lady is* . " Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has " *Tut*, wrangling pedant, *I avow this is* . "
- p. 436. " *Hæc ibat Simois* " : — These verses are from Ovid ; Epist. Her. *Penelope Ulyssi*, v. 33.
- " " *Conster them* " : — ' Conster ' is the old form of construe.
- " " How fiery and forward, " &c. : — In the original this and the two following lines are erroneously assigned to *Lucentio* ; and there is great confusion in the prefixes throughout the Scene.
- p. 437. " To teach you *gamut* " : — ' Gamut ' occurs here four times in the course of a few lines, and in every case is spelled with *th* instead of *t* — *gamoth* or *gamouth* .
- " " To *change* true rules for *odd* inventions " : — The original has " To *charge* " and " for *old* inventions. " But as *Bianca* has just said that old fashions please her best, it is plain that there were two typographical errors. The first was corrected in the second folio, the second by Theobald.
- p. 438. " *Servant*. Mistress, your father prays, " &c. : — In the original this speech has the prefix *Nicks* — a transfer from the prompter's book. There was a Nicholas Tooley in Shakespeare's company, as we learn by the list published in the first folio, (See the preliminary matter to Vol. II. ;) but he must have been a man of too much consequence to be made a mere messenger. Possibly, however, as Mr. Collier suggests, he doubled his part in order to summon *Bianca* .

SCENE II.

- p. 439. " Unto a mad-brain *rudesby* " : — It can hardly be necessary to point out that this means a rude fellow.

- p. 439. "Make friends *invited*":—that is, 'cause friends to be invited.' The original has "*invite*"—the *d* having dropped out, as I think. The second folio completes the rhythm by reading "Make friends, invite, *yes*, and proclaim," &c. Malone and others insert 'them,' and read "Make friends, invite *them*," &c. But why should *Kate* say that *Petruchio* would *make* friends on the eve of his appointed marriage? She means that he would invite those he had.
- " "— a shrew of [*thy*] impatient humour":—The original omits 'thy,' which is found in the second folio, and which is required both for sense and rhythm.
- " "— news, [*old* news]":—The folio omits 'old news,' which *Baptista's* question requires, and *Tranio's* speech, just below, repeats. 'Old' was commonly used in Shakespeare's day as a hyperbolic epithet. It frequently occurs in these plays.
- p. 440. "— and *chapeless*":—The 'chape' was the catch or hook of the scabbard. The *fashions*, or farcins, and the *foves*, were horse diseases mentioned in many old authors. "*Near-legg'd*," the reading of the original, means, I think, knock-kneed; but other editors read '*ne'er-legg'd*,' in the sense of 'not a leg to stand upon.' What "*like to moss in the chine*" means, I cannot even conjecture; and no editor has undertaken to explain it.
- " "— a linen *stock*":—The 'stock' was the hose, the long close garment which has been replaced by trousers.
- " "*The humour of forty fancies*":—"The *Humour of Forty Fancies*," says Steevens, "was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*:"—"sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights.'" A collection of penny ballads twisted together would make much such a feather as is stuck in many a boy's 'soldier-cap' nowadays.
- p. 441. "Nay, by St. Jany":—Mr. Collier supposes that these lines are part of an old ballad, now lost, and was the first to print them in their present form. In the original the passage is printed as prose.
- p. 442. "But [to] her love," &c.:—The folio has "But *sir* love," &c. The preposition is necessary; and 'sir,' spelled with a long *j*, was probably a misprint of 'her.' Malone read "*sir, to her*," on Tyrwhitt's suggestion; but this needlessly destroys the rhythm. In the second line below the folio omits 'I.'

- p. 444. "And threw the *sops*": — A cup of wine with a sop in it was ceremoniously drunk at marriages of old. Muscadell, or muscadine, was a sweet wine which was brought from the East, as appears by the following rhyme in Heylin's *Little Description of the Great World*.
 "Hence come our Sugars from Canary Isles,
 From *Candie*, Currants, Muskadels and Oyles."
 The whole of this speech is printed as prose in the folio.
- p. 446. " — there want no *junkets*": — Sweetmeats and other confections were called 'junkets.' "For there were many places, whereof each yielded allowance of variety of wine and cakes and some other pretty junkets," &c. *Coryats Crudities*, (1611,) Vol. I. p. 291. Ed. 1776.

ACT FOURTH.

- p. 447. In the original the third Act closes with the scene between *Tranio* and the Pedant, (Sc. II. of this Act;) and the fourth begins with the prayers of the famished *Katharina* for food, and continues until the entire subjugation of the shrew when she kisses her husband in the street; the fifth Act consisting solely of the long banquet Scene in which the results of the previous action are brought out. The present arrangement, which was made by Theobald, — not Malone, as Mr. Collier says, — is more consonant, perhaps, with the probabilities of time and place; but that of the original preserves, what this violates, the unity of dramatic interest. Were it not for disturbing, in a matter not absolutely essential, an order which has obtained for a century and a half, and producing a disagreement with that admirable work which claims grateful consideration from every student of Shakespeare, — Mrs. Clarke's Concordance, — the arrangement of the folio would have been given in this edition, as being both that of the original and the best.

SCENE I.

- p. 447. " — was ever man so *ray'd*": — i. e., so fouled.
- p. 448. "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" — This is the first line of an old round in three parts; the music of which may be found in Sir John Hawkins' *History of Musick* and in the *Variorum* Shakespeare.
- " "Be the *jacks* fair within, the *jills* fair without": — 'Jacks' were leathern drinking vessels. It is hardly necessary to explain *Grumio's* double pun upon Jack and

- Jill. The *carpets* which were to be laid were table covers. Floors were strewed with rushes in Shakespeare's day.
- p. 449. "Both of one horse":— Until Mr. Collier restored the original word, all the editors read "on one horse," thereby destroying a characteristic textual trait. See Note on "not spoke us yet of torch-bearers." *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 4.
- " "— their *blue coats* brushed":— Serving-men wore blue so generally of old that they were called blue-coats.
- p. 451. "— no *link* to colour Peter's hat":— Stevens quoted, in illustration, the following passage from *Mihil Mumchance*, an old tract ascribed to Robert Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke." A link is a torch made of pitch and tow.
- " "Soud, soud," &c.:— This is probably a word coined to express impatience.
- " "Out, you rogue!"— Pope read, for rhythm's sake, "Out, out, you rogue!"
- p. 452. "— will you *let it fall*?"— It seems that the servant here, through awkwardness or agitation, spills some of the water. But possibly he dropped the basin; for *Petruchio's* question does not necessarily mean 'are you about to let it fall?' as Mr. Collier supposes, but may be idiomatic for 'what do you mean by letting it fall?' There is no direction here in the original; but the tradition of the stage is, that the basin falls.
- p. 452. "Be *patient*":— 'Patient' is here a trisyllable.
- p. 453. "— these kites that *bate* and *beat*":— A hawk was said to 'bate' when she fluttered uneasily, and to 'beat' when she struck angrily with her wings.

SONGS II.

- p. 454. "I read that I *profess*":— In the original this speech is assigned to *Hortensio*. The errors in the prefixes here and elsewhere are so many and so patent that it would be alike tedious and needless to notice them in detail.
- " "Quick *proceeders*":— *Hortensio* refers to the rapidity with which *Bianca* would have *Lucentio* proceed Master of Arts.
- " "— such a *cullion*":— i. e., a cully, a gull, a booby.
- " "Lov'd *none* in the world":— The folio misprints "Lou'd me," &c. Rowe made the correction.

p. 455. " — flattered *her* withal " : — The folio has " flattered *them* " — an obvious error, which was corrected in the third folio, of 1664.

" — had quite forsworn [*her*] " : — The original reads " quite forsworn : " 'her' is added in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. There seems to be no doubt that it should be received into the text. *Hortensio*, in his previous speech, vows to " forswear her," and in the next lines of this says, " that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married," &c.

p. 456. " An ancient *angel* " : — There was much doubt about the meaning of this word, and various conjectural emendations of it were suggested, until the question was settled in favor of the original text by the following passage, first quoted from *Cotgrave's French Dictionary*, 1611, by Mr. Singer: "*Angelot à la grosse escaille*. An old Angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." The *Tranio*s of now-a-days would say 'ancient fogy.' In the corresponding passage of *Gascoigne's Supposes* the Pedant's counterpart is called " a man of small sapientia ; " and the servant says " he looks like a good soul ; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a cod's-head."

" " Take *is* your love " : — The folio gives this line with another prefix, thus : " *Par*. Take *me* your love," &c. Theobald made the correction.

SCENE III.

p. 459. " — the mustard is *too hot* " : — This passage and the former in which *Petruchio* objects to over-roasted meat are in accordance with the whim of the time. Reed quoted from *The Glass of Humours*, p. 60, a passage in which a choleric man is warned " to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

" " What, sweeting, all *amort* ? " — This word was in common use in Shakespeare's day, and means dead, dispirited — from the French *mort*.

p. 460. " — are *sorted* to no 'proof' " : — that is, says Douce, " ' all my labour is adapted to no approval,' or ' I have taken all this pains without approbation.' "

" " *Hab*. Here is the cap " : — This speech has the prefix *Fel*. in the original, which is probably the beginning of some actor's name, or possibly, as Mr. Collier suggests, an abbreviation of ' Fellow ' — a term commonly applied to actors of old.

- p. 460. "—— 'tis *lewd* and filthy" :— 'Lewd' here near-
'vulgar.' See Note on "with this lewd fellow." *Much*
Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. 1.
- " "—— 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell" :— Very small
velvet caps, which covered not much more of the top of
the spine than a lady's bonnet now-a-days, were worn by
our fore-mothers about 1600. The Kates of any period
never fail to minister occasion to their Petruchios.
- p. 461. "A *custard-coffin*" :— This was the name given by
cooks to the mould of pastry in which a custard pie was
baked.
- ' "—— *slash*, like to a *censer*," &c. :— A 'censer' here
means what we now call a brazier, the sides of which are
generally cut into ornamental open work.
- p. 464. "So honour '*peereth*'" :— The folio prints, in the loose
orthography of the time, "So honor *peereth*," &c., and,
the editors taking this for the verb 'to peer,' in spite of
the pitiful sense, or rather nonsense, which it gives, and
in spite of what *Petruchio* says about the inability of
clouds to hide the sun, that orthography has been hith-
erto retained. Were the line 'So honor *peereth* from the
meanest habit,' there would be some excuse for the read-
ing; but the idea of 'honor peering in the meanest habit'
is too absurd to merit a moment's attention.
- " "If thou *account'st* it shame" :— The folio misprints
"If thou *accountedst*," &c.
- p. 464. "Exeunt." That the reader may see how much this
comedy is indebted to the old one for the humor, the in-
cidents, and the very language of this Scene, it is here
reproduced, as it stands in the latter :—

"Enter FERANDO and KATE, and SANDER.

Sander. Master, the Haberdasher has brought my
Mistris home hir cap here.

Ferando. Come hither sirha : what have you there ?

Haberdasher. A velvet cap sir, and it please you.

Ferando. Who spoke for it ? didst thou Kate ?

Kate. What if I did ? come hither sirha give me
The cap, ile see if it wil fit me. [*She sets it on her heaa.*]

Ferando. O monstrous : why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate : here sirha take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Ferando. Why true, he meane to make a foole of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtaild cap :
Sirha begone with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

Sander. Here is the Taylor too with my mistris gowne.

Ferando. Let me see it Taylor : what, with cuts and jags?

Sounes thou villaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir, I made it as your man gave me direction.

You may read the note here.

Ferando. Come hither sirha : Taylor read the note.

Taylor. Item a faire round compassd cape.

Sander. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeve.

Sander. Thats a lie master, I said two truncke sleeves.

Ferando. Well sir, go forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

Sander. Maister if ever I said loose bodies gowne,

Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death

With a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bade me.

Sander. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too, And thou saist it.

Taylor. Nay, nay, ne'r be so hot sirha, for I feare you not.

Sander. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braved

Many men : brave not me,

Th' ast fac'd many men.

Taylor. Wel sir.

Sander. Face not me, ile nether be fac'd nor braved At thy hands I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough,

Heere's more adoe than needes, I'll have it, I,

And if you doe not like it hide your eyes,

I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferando. Go I say, and take it up for your maisters use.

Sander. Sounes villaine, not for thy life, touch it not : Soune, take up my mistris gowne to his Maisters use !

Ferando. Well sir, what's your conceit of it ?

Sander. I have a deeper conceit of it than you Think for, take up my mistris gowne To his maisters use.

Ferando. Tailer, come hither, for this time make it : Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailer. I thanke you sir. [Exit Tailer.

Ferando. Come Kate, wee now will goe see thy fathers house

Even in these honest meane habiliments.

Our purses shal be rich, our garments plaine.

To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
 And thats inough, what should we care for more.
 Thy sisters Kate, to morrow must be wed,
 And I have promised them thou should'st be there,
 The morning is well up, lets haste away,
 It will be nine a'clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a'clocke, why tis already past two
 In the afternoone by al the clockes in the towne.

Ferando. I say tis but nine a'clocke in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a'clocke in the afternoone.

Ferando. It shal be nine then ere you go to your
 fathers :

Come backe againe, we will not goe to day :

Nothing but crossing me stil ?

He have you say as I doe ere I goe, [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE IV.

p. 465. "Where we were lodgers," &c. :— In the folio this line erroneously makes part of *Tranio's* speech.

" "Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO" :— The old stage direction adds here "Pedant booted and bare headed." A man who professed to have just arrived from a journey might well be booted, but why bare-headed, it is difficult to perceive.

p. 466. "Me shall you find," &c. :— Hanmer gave the full complement of syllables to this imperfect line, by reading 'out of his own head,' "Me you shal find most ready and most willing;" and at the close of *Baptista's* next speech he read, "The match is fully made and all is done."

" "— where then do you know best" :— The use of 'know' here is obscure and awkward; and there is much plausibility in the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "Where then do you hold best."

" "And happily" :— That is, 'by hap.' The folio has "happily," a manifest and an easy misprint. See Note on "Happely," *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

p. 467. "Luc. I pray the gods," &c. :— In the folio this line is assigned to *Biondello*; but it plainly belongs to *Lucentio*, to whom Rowe gave it.

" "Dally not with the gods" : After this line there is in the folio a stage direction, "Enter PETER;" but, as Mr. Collier says, he comes in only to usher out *Tranio*, *Baptista*, and the supposed *Vincentio*.

p. 468. "I cannot tell; expect they are busied," &c. :— The second folio has "except they are busied," which reading.

inconsequential though it is, has been generally adopted, *Biondello* tells his master to expect (using the word loosely for 'consider') that the old people are busied about a counterfeit assurance, and to take himself assurance of his mistress, &c., &c. Malone read, "I cannot tell; expect; [i. e., wait;] they are busied," &c.

SCENE V.

p. 469. "[What] company is coming here?" — 'What' is not in the folio. It was inserted by Steevens, on Ritson's suggestion; and seems to be required by the sense, to say nothing of the rhythm. The correction is sustained by the corresponding passage in the old play: —

"But soft, who's this thats comming here?"

"Good-morrow, gentle mistress": — The following lines, from the corresponding passage of the old play, are a favorable specimen of that performance, and will give the reader an opportunity to compare the styles of the original and the imitation, in those passages in which they are most unlike: —

Duke. Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens.

[*FERANDO speaks to the old man*

Faire lovely maide, yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes
Of Amethysts, or glistering Hiasinth,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glistering Ceperus in silver boures,
Gaseth upon the Giant Andromede;
Sweet Kate entertaine this lovely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad; he cals me a woman.

Kate. Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleeps upon thy cheekes,
Wrapt up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Duke. What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformed,

That both of them persuade me I am a woman ;
 But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
 And leave their companies for feare of harme,
 And unto Athens haste to seek my son. [*Exit*] UKR.

Fernando. Why, so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,

And kindly too : why thus must we too live,
 One minde, one heart, and one content for both ;
 This good old man doe thinke that we are mad,
 And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone ;
 But come, sweet Kate, for we will after him,
 And now persuade him to his shape againe. [*Ex. omnes.*"]

p. 470. " — to make a woman " : — The original has " to make *the* woman," which was corrected in the second folio.

" " — or *where* is thy abode ? " — The folio has " or *whether* ; " an error which arose from the supposition, that the word in the text was ' whe'r ' — a contraction of ' whether ' which often occurs in the literature of Shakespeare's day.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 472. " Thou liest ; his father is come from *Pisa* " : — The original has " from *Padua*," a manifest error, which was strangely left to be corrected by Tyrwhitt. The folio also omits ' is ' in the latter clause of the Pedant's reply, which still more strangely has not been restored until now.

p. 473. " — thy *master's* father " : — The folio has " thy *mis-
tris* father," owing probably to a misapprehension of the common contraction, M. in the MS.

p. 474. " — and a *copatain* hat " : — It is not surely known what a " copatain hat " was ; but it is supposed to have had a high conical crown. Mr. Halliwell quotes Kennet as saying, that " in his time a hat with a high crown was called a copped crown hat."

" " Why, sir, what *concerns* it you " : — The original has " what *cerns*," which Mr. Knight retains as an intentional abbreviation of ' concerns.' It is merely not impossible that this may be the case.

" " Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison " : — In the old play the characters of the *Induction* — the Presenters — here break in upon the performance in this fashion : —

"Duke. Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

[PHYLOTUS and VALERIA runne away.

Then SLIE speaks.

Slie. I say weele have no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.

Slie. I tel thee Sim weele have no sending,
To prison thats flat: why Sim, am I not Don Christo Vari?
Therefore I say, they shal not goe to prison.

Lord. No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie. Are they run away Sim? thats wel.
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

[SLIE drinks and then falls asleep."

- p. 472. "Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant, as fast as may
be":— This is the old stage direction, which has not been
improved by being changed to 'BION., &c., run out quickly.'

SCENE II.

- p. 477. "My banquet is to close our stomachs up," &c.:— A
banquet of old meant, not a feast, but a slight repast of
sweetmeats, confections, and wine, something like our
dessert, served after the "great good cheer," but in another
room. Sometimes it was served by itself, no dinner or
supper having preceded it. At a 'solemn banquet,' i. e.,
a formal one, set speeches were made; and if any one
doubts that our ancestors could almost equal their poster-
ity in the unutterable borement of these performances, let
him read the Fourth Book of Guazzo's *Civile Conversa-
tion*, "in the which is set downe the fourme of Ciuile
Conversation, by the example of a Banquet made in Cas-
sale, betweene sixe Lords and foure Ladies." The word
was pronounced *banket*, and in the passage which is the
occasion of this note, is so printed.

" — fears his widow":— In this and the two fol-
lowing speeches 'fear' is used in both its transitive and
intransitive sense, the former of which has long been
obsolete.

- u. 478. "Have at you for a better jest":— Many editors, fol-
lowing Capell, unwarrantably and needlessly, though
plausibly, read, "a bitter jest."
- p. 479. "I thank thee for that gird":— i. e., for that gibe.
So *Falstaff* says, "all men take pride to gird at me."
Henry IV. Part II., Act I. Sc. 2.

" — it maimed you too" — The folio prints "too;"
F F 2

and it is barely possible that this reading may have been intended.

- p. 479. " — and therefore, for assurance" : — The folio misprints " *fir* assurance."
- p. 481. " Now by my halidom" : — See Note on the same oath. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 2.
- p. 482. " Hath cost me *as* hundred crowns" : — The folio has " *five* hundred," — a manifest error, which Pope corrected.

" " And, for thy maintenance, commits," &c. : — In the original this passage appears thus, —

" One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body," &c.,
and it has hitherto been punctuated in this or a similar manner. But an examination of the context can hardly fail to convince the intelligent reader, that the author intended *Katharine* to say that the husband commits his body to painful labor for the maintenance of his wife.

- p. 484. " — thou hast tam'd a curst *shrew*" : — Some editors spell this word here ' *shrow*,' because it rhymes with ' *so*' in the next line. But there is no warrant for the change. ' *Shrew*' was pronounced *shrow* in Shakespeare's day, and sometimes even so written. The pronunciation still survives in ' *strew*,' in ' *sew*,' and in ' *shew*,' although the latter is now generally spelled *show*. In the last lines of Act IV. Sc. 2, ' *shrew*' and ' *shew*,' both of course to be pronounced to rhyme with ' *so*,' are spelled by some editors *shrow* and *show*; and certainly if one be so spelled, so must the other. But there is no propriety in the latter case, and if none in that, none in the former. The pronunciation of the present time is not to be considered, unless we wish to do something more than regulate the orthography of these works, and have a Shakespeare according to Noah Webster. But even then the question must needs arise, Shall we conform to the Webster of the first edition, of the second, or of the third; or shall we not wait a little while and conform to that which is about to appear with all the recent improvements?

" *Exeunt*" : — Here in the old play *Sly* finishes as he began the performance, and in the same condition of life, at least, if not of faculty : —

" [*Then enter two bearing of SLIE in his owne apparrell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out : then enters the Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is overpast.
And dawning day appears in cristall skie,

Now must I haste abroade : but soft, who's this ?
 What Slie, o wondrous ! hath he laine heere all night ?
 He wake him, I thinke hee's starved by this,
 But that his belly was so stufft with ale :
 What now Slie, awake for shame.

Slie. Sim, gives some more wine, what all the Players
 gone ? am not I a Lord ?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin : come art thou drunk-
 en still ?

Slie. Who's this ? Tapster, O Lord sirha, I have had
 the bravest dreame to night, that ever thou heardest in
 all thy life.

Tapster. Yea mary, but you had best get you home,
 For your wife will course you for dreaming heere to-night.

Slie. Wil she ? I know now how to tame a shrew,
 I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
 And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
 That ever I had in my life : but He to my wife presently,
 And tame her too if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry Slie, for He goe home with thee,
 And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*"]

END OF VOL. IV.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

www.lib.berkeley.edu

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

12 Nov '51 MP

29 Oct '51 LU

14 Nov '51 BH

7 Nov '51 LU

2 DEC '58 GC

2 DEC '58 GC

**REC'D LD
NOV 18 1958**

LD 21-95m-11,'50(2877s16)476



U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C031095135

www.librari.com.cn

