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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Two GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.



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ERRATA.

Page 222 l. ult. for would catch read would I catch. p. 203. l. 6.
for this read his. p. 265. l. 1. for gords read gord. p. 356. l. 23. for
word read words. p. 442. l. 26. for with read with'd.

17-77
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T O
M^{RS.} *A L L E N*
O F
P R I O R - P A R K
N E A R B A T H.

M A D A M,

 DDRESSES of this Nature
have been long the customary
Tribute of Letters to superior
Merit: And tho' Flattery
may have thrown them into Disrepute,
yet this concludes no more against the
Continuance of honest Praise, than Hy-
V O L. I. A 2 pocrify

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pocrisy does against the Practice of Religion. But Adulation no sooner began to belye its Subject, than it perverted the very Purpose of its Application; while, amongst its many artful traverses, it would now beg Protection for the Book; and, now again, constitute the Patron the sovereign Judge of its Merit.

In this Light, Madam, you might reasonably wonder to see a Collection of Plays dedicated to one who reads few Books besides those of Piety and Moral; and will think, the Address might have been made with somewhat less Impropriety even to a Bishop. This is true: but, as I said, this literary Connexion is not, of right, between the Patron and the Work; but between him and the Author. Who, to carry on his Commerce with a good Conscience, must therefore search narrowly for a Subject which will not dishonour
Letters,

D E D I C A T I O N.

Letters, while he is giving that to Merit, which only Letters can bestow. But I need not be ashamed to say, that the Knowledge of you, has, at the same time, abridged my Labour, and rewarded the Integrity of my Purpose. For if Friendship, Generosity, and the Benevolence of Charity, added to every female Virtue that most adorns your Sex, demand this Acknowledgment, it would be hard to find where it should be earlier paid, or to whom, in fuller Measure, returned.

If any now should affect to ask, What Stranger this is, of whom so much is said? Let him know, that this his Ignorance is your supreme Praise; whose Matron-modesty of Virtue declines all Notice, but where the Influence of your domestic Character extends. If, haply, you have any further Ambition, it is only this, the being known to constitute the domestic Happiness of a Man

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who does Honour to human Nature. The mention of whose Relation to you, reminds me of my own Happiness; who enjoy so equal and so perfect a Share in both your Friendships. This too is my Fame and Reputation, as well as Happiness; for Ambition would lose its Aim, were I to wish that any thing of me, or mine, should last longer than the Memory of that Friendship. I am,

MADAM,

Your most obliged

and most faithful Servant,

W. WARBURTON.



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IT hath been no unusual thing for Writers, when dissatisfied with the Patronage or Judgment of their own Times, to appeal to Posterity for a fair Hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the first Instance; and to decline Acquaintance with the Public till Envy and Prejudice had quite subsided. But, of all the Trusters to Futurity, commend me to the Author of the following Poems, who not only left it to Time to do him Justice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great Attention to his Profit as a Player, and too little to his Reputation as a Poet, his Works, left to the Care of Door-keepers and Prompters, hardly escaped the common Fate of those Writings, how good soever, which are abandoned to their own Fortune, and unprotected by Party or Cabal. At length, indeed, they struggled into Light; but so disguised and travestied, that no classic Author, after having run ten secular Stages thro' the blind Cloisters of Monks and Canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a Condition. But for a full Account of his Disorders, I refer the Reader to the excellent Discourse which follows, and turn myself to consider the Remedies that have been applied to them.

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Shakespear's Works, when they escaped the Players, did not fall into much better Hands when they came amongst Printers and Booksellers: who, to say the Truth, had, at first, but small Encouragement for putting him into a better Condition. The stubborn Nonsense, with which he was incruited, occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common Lumber of the Stage. And when that resistless Splendor, which now shoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke thro' the Shell of those Impurities, his dazzled Admirers became as suddenly insensible to the extraneous Scurf that still stuck upon him, as they had been before to the native Beauties that lay under it. So that, as then, he was thought not to deserve a Cure, he was now supposed not to need any.

His growing Eminence, however, required that he should be used with Ceremony: And he soon had his Appointment, of an *Editor* in form. But the Bookseller, whose dealing was with Wits, having learnt of them, I know not what silly Maxim, that *none but a Poet should presume to meddle with a Poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. *Rowe* to undertake this Employment. A Wit indeed he was; but so utterly unacquainted with the whole Business of Criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first Editions of the Work he undertook to publish; but contented himself with giving us a meagre Account of the Author's Life, interlarded with some common-place Scraps from his Writings. The Truth is, *Shakespear's* Condition was yet but ill understood.

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understood. The Nonsense, now, by consent, received for his own, was held in a kind of Reverence for its Age and Author: and thus it continued, till another great *Poet* broke the Charm; by shewing us, that the higher we went, the less of it was still to be found.

For the Proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful Effort, in due time, made a second; and, tho' they still stuck to their Poets, with infinitely more Success in their Choice of Mr. POPE. Who by the mere force of an uncommon Genius, without any particular Study or Profession of this Art, discharged the great Parts of it so well as to make his Edition the best Foundation for all further Improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious Plays: And, with equal Judgment, tho' not always with the same Success, attempted to clear the genuine Plays from the interpolated Scenes: He then consulted the old Editions; and, by a careful Collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect Reading, in a great number of Places: And lastly, in an admirable Preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively, Sketch of *Shakespear's* poetic Character; and, in the corrected Text, marked out those peculiar Strokes of Genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that Character. Thus far Mr. POPE. And altho' much more was to be done before *Shakespear* could be restored to himself, (such as amending the corrupted Text where the printed Books afford no Assistance; explaining his licentious Phraseology and obscure Allusions; and illustrating the Beauties

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of his Poetry;) yet, with great Modesty and Prudence, our illustrious Editor left this to the Critic by Profession.

But nothing will give the common Reader a better Idea of the Value of Mr. *Pope's* Edition, than the two Attempts which have been since made, by Mr. *Theobald* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in Opposition to it. Who, altho' they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three Parts of Criticism, the *restoring the Text*, (without any Conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their Author in ten times a worse Condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill Fortune to have some accidental Connexions with these two *Gentlemen*, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The One was recommended to me as a poor Man; the Other as a poor Critic: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of Observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the Relief of their several Distresses. As to Mr. *Theobald*, who wanted Money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own Advantage: and he allowed himself in the Liberty of taking one Part for his own, and sequestering another for the Benefit, as I supposed, of some future Edition. But, as to the *Oxford Editor*, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the Reputation of a Critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my Papers without
my

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my Knowledge ; and, when that Project fail'd, for employing a number of my Conjectures in his Edition against my express Desire not to have that Honour done unto me.

Mr. *Theobald* was naturally turned to Industry and Labour. What he read he could transcribe : but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on ; and, by that means got a Character of Learning, without risking, to every Observer, the Imputation of wanting a better Talent. By a punctilious Collation of the old Books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* Editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real Merit ; and the whole of it. For where the Phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* Books, or only slightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted sufficient Knowledge of the Progress and various Stages of the *English* Tongue, as well as Acquaintance with the Peculiarity of *Shakespear's* Language to understand what was right ; nor had he either common Judgment to see, or critical Sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural Talent in the wrong Place : He tampers with what is found in the *common* Books ; and, in the *old* ones, omits all Notice of *Variations* the Sense of which he did not understand.

How the *Oxford Editor* came to think himself qualified for this Office, from which his whole Course of Life had been so remote, is still more difficult to conceive. For whatever Parts he might have either of Genius or Erudition, he

was

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was absolutely ignorant of the Art of Criticism, as well as of the Poetry of that Time, and the Language of his Author. And so far from a Thought of examining the *first* Editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. *Pope's*, from which he printed his own, with Mr. *Theobald's*; whereby he lost the Advantage of many fine Lines which the other had recovered from the old Quartos. Where he trusts to his own Sagacity, in what affects the Sense, his Conjectures are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every Rule of Criticism. Tho', in this Rage of Correcting, he was not absolutely destitute of all *Art*. For, having a number of my Conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to something, he thought, synonymous or similar, he made them his own; and so became a Critic at a cheap Expence. But how well he hath succeeded in this, as likewise in his Conjectures which are properly his own, will be seen in the course of my Remarks: Tho', as he hath declined to give the Reasons for his Interpolations, he hath not afforded me so fair a hold of him as Mr. *Theobald* hath done, who was less cautious. But his principal Object was to reform his Author's Numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every Occasion, by the Insertion or Omission of a set of harmless unconcerning Expletives, makes up the gross Body of his innocent Corrections. And so, in spite of that extreme Negligence in Numbers, which distinguishes the first Dramatic Writers, he hath tricked up the old Bard, from

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from Head to Foot, in all the finical Exactness of a modern Measurer of Syllables.

For the rest, all the Corrections which these two Editors have made on any *reasonable* Foundation, are here admitted into the Text; and carefully assigned to their respective Authors. A piece of Justice which the *Oxford Editor* never did; and which the *Other* was not always scrupulous in observing towards me. To conclude with them in a word, They separately possessed those two Qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the Art of Criticism into disrepute, *Dulness of Apprehension*, and *Extravagance of Conjecture*.

I am now to give some Account of the present Undertaking. For as to all those Things, which have been published under the titles of *Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c.* on *Shakespear*, (if you except some critical Notes on *Macbeth*, given as a Specimen of a projected Edition, and written, as appears, by a Man of Parts and Genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious Notice.

The whole a Critic can do for an Author who deserves his Service, is to correct the faulty Text; to remark the Peculiarities of Language; to illustrate the obscure Allusions; and to explain the Beauties and Defects of Sentiment or Composition. And surely, if ever Author had a Claim to this Service, it was our *Shakespear*: Who, widely excelling in the Knowledge of Human Nature, hath given to his infinitely varied Pictures of it, such Truth of Design, such Force of Drawing, such Beauty of Colouring, as was hardly
ever

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ever equalled by any Writer, whether his Aim was the Use, or only the Entertainment of Mankind. The Notes in this Edition, therefore, take in the whole Compass of Criticism.

I. The first sort is employed in restoring the Poet's genuine Text; but in those Places only where it labours with inextricable Nonsense. In which, how much soever I may have given Scope to critical Conjecture, where the old Copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to Fancy or Imagination; but have religiously observed the severe Canons of literal Criticism; as may be seen from the Reasons accompanying every Alteration of the common Text. Nor would a different Conduct have become a Critic, whose greatest Attention, in this part, was to vindicate the established Reading from Interpolations occasioned by the fanciful Extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the Reader a *body of Canons*, for literal Criticism, drawn out in form; as well such as concern the Art in general, as those that arise from the Nature and Circumstances of our Author's Works in particular. And this for two Reasons. First, To give the *unlearned Reader* a just Idea, and consequently a better Opinion of the Art of Criticism, now sunk very low in the popular Esteem, by the Attempts of some who would needs exercise it without either natural or acquired Talents; and by the ill Success of others, who seemed to have lost both, when they came to try them upon English Authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned Writer* from wantonly trifling with an Art he is a Stranger to, at the Expence of his
own

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own Reputation, and the Integrity of the Text of established Authors. But these Uses may be well supplied by what is occasionally said upon the Subject, in the Course of the following Remarks.

II. The second sort of Notes consists in an Explanation of the Author's Meaning, when, by one, or more of these Causes, it becomes obscure; either from a *licentious Use of Terms*; or a *hard or ungrammatical Construction*; or lastly, from *far-fetch'd or quaint Allusions*.

1. This licentious Use of Words is almost peculiar to the Language of *Shakespeare*. To common Terms he hath affixed Meanings of his own, unauthorised by Use, and not to be justified by Analogy. And this Liberty he hath taken with the noblest Parts of Speech, such as *Mixed-modes*; which, as they are most susceptible of Abuse, so their Abuse most hurts the Clearness of the Discourse. The Critics (to whom *Shakespeare's* Licence was still as much a Secret as his Meaning, which that Licence had obscured) fell into two contrary Mistakes; but equally injurious to his Reputation and his Writings. For some of them observing a Darkness, that pervaded his whole Expression, have censured him for Confusion of Ideas and Inaccuracy of reasoning. *In the Neighing of a Horse, (says Rymer) or in the Growling of a Mastiff there is a Meaning, there is a lively Expression, and, may I say, more Humanity than many times in the tragical Flights of Shakespeare.* The Ignorance of which Censure is of a piece with its Brutality. The Truth is, no one thought clearer,

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clearer, or argued more closely than this immortal Bard. But his Superiority of Genius less needing the Intervention of Words in the Act of Thinking, when he came to draw out his Contemplations into Discourse, he took up (as he was hurried on by the Torrent of his Matter) with the first Words that lay in his way; and if, amongst these, there were two *Mixed-modes* that had but a principal Idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as synonymous, and would use the one for the other without Fear or Scruple.—Again, there have been others, such as the two last Editors, who have fallen into a contrary Extreme; and regarded *Shakespear's* Anomalies (as we may call them) amongst the Corruptions of his Text; which, therefore, they have cashiered in great numbers, to make room for a Jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional Trouble; for I had not only their Interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine Text to replace, and establish in its stead; which, in many Cases, could not be done without shewing the peculiar Sense of the Terms, and explaining the Causes which led the Poet to so perverse an use of them. I had it once, indeed, in my Design, to give a general alphabetic *Glossary* of these Terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper Place, there seemed the less Occasion for such an Index.

2. The Poet's hard and unnatural Construction had a different Original. This was the Effect of mistaken Art and Design. The Public Taste was in its Infancy; and delighted, (as it
always

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always does during that State) in the high and turgid : which leads the Writer to disguise a vulgar expression with hard and forced construction, whereby the sentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here, his Critics shew their modesty, and leave him to himself. For the arbitrary change of a Word doth little towards dispelling an obscurity that ariseth, not from the licentious use of a single Term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole Sentence. And they risked nothing by their silence. For *Shakespear* was too clear in Fame to be suspected of a want of Meaning ; and too high in Fashion for any one to own he needed a Critic to find it out. Not but, in his best works, we must allow, he is often so natural and flowing, so pure and correct, that he is even a model for stile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint Allusions, these are often a cover to common thoughts ; just as his hard construction is to common expression. When they are not so, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the Obscurity, you frequently discover some latent conceit not unworthy of his Genius.

III. The third and last sort of Notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the Author's Beauties and Defects ; but chiefly of his Beauties, whether in Stile, Thought, Sentiment, Character or Composition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongst the Critics ; as if nothing were worth *remarking* that did

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not, at the same time, deserve to be reproved. Whereas the public Judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall reject, than in what it ought to prize; Men being generally more ready at spying Faults than in discovering Beauties. Nor is the value they set upon a Work, a certain proof that they understand it. For 'tis ever seen, that half a dozen Voices of credit give the lead: And if the Publick chance to be in good humour, or the Author much in their favour, the People are sure to follow. Hence it is that the true Critic hath so frequently attached himself to Works of established reputation; not to teach the World to *admire*, which, in those circumstances, to say the truth, they are apt enough to do of themselves; but to teach them how, *with reason to admire*: No easy matter, I will assure you, on the subject in question: For tho' it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath observed, that *Shakespear is the fairest and fullest subject for criticism*, yet it is not such a sort of criticism as may be raised mechanically on the Rules which *Dacier*, *Rapin* and *Bossu* have collected from Antiquity; and of which, such kind of Writers as *Rymer*, *Gildon*, *Dennis* and *Oldmixon*, have only gathered and chewed the Husks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the Plan of those crude and superficial Judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated Paper so much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the Writers last mentioned, but being unluckily mistaken for a *Model*, because it was an *Original*, it hath given
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rife to a deluge of the worst fort of critical Jargon; I mean that which looks most like sense. But the kind of criticism here required is such as judgeth our Author by those only Laws and Principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our Observations, therefore, being thus extensive, will, I presume, enable the Reader to form a right judgment of this favourite Poet, without drawing out his Character, as was once intended, in a continued discourse.

These, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when, many years ago, I used to turn over these sort of Writers to unbend myself from more serious applications: And what, certainly, the Public, at this time of day, had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two last Editors, and the persuasions of dear Mr. POPE; whose memory and name,

————— *semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

He was desirous I should give a new Edition of this Poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the Text of celebrated Authors without Talents or Judgment. And he was willing that *his* Edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his Mistakes*. In memory of our

* See his Letters to me.

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Friendship, I have, therefore, made it our joint Edition. His admirable Preface is here added ; all his Notes are given, with his name annexed ; the Scenes are divided according to his regulation ; and the most beautiful passages distinguished, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the same by as many others as I thought most deserving of the Reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, *Shakespear* or good Letters have received any advantage, and the Public any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *Proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this Edition. And I should be unjust to several deserving Men of a reputable and useful Profession, if I did not, on this occasion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongst them ; and profess my sense of the unjust Prejudice which lies against them ; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that security for their Property, which they see, the rest of their Fellow-Citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part arising from the frequent *Piracies*, (as they are called) committed by Members of their own Body. But such kind of Members no Body is without. And it would be hard that this should be turned to the discredit of the honest part of the Profession, who suffer more from such Injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, arisen from the clamours of profligate Scriblers, ever ready,
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for a piece of Money, to prostitute their bad sense for or against any Cause prophane or sacred; or in any Scandal public or private: These meeting with little encouragement from Men of account in the Trade, (who even in this enlightened Age are not the very worst Judges or Rewarders of merit) apply themselves to People of Condition; and support their importunities by false complaints against *Booksellers*.

But I should now, perhaps, rather think of my own Apology, than busy myself in the defence of others. I shall have some *Tartuffe* ready, on the first appearance of this Edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I suffer myself to be wholly diverted from my purpose by these matters less suitable to my clerical Profession.*

“ Well, but, says a Friend, why not take so candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw yourself, again, as you are bid, into the clerical Pale; examine the Records of sacred and prophane Antiquity; and, on them, erect a Work to the confusion of Infidelity.” Why, I have done all this, and more: And hear now what the same Men have said to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of Religion, and furnished out more handles for Unbelievers.* “ Oh now the secret’s out; and you may have your pardon, I find, upon easier terms. ’Tis only, to write no more.”— Good Gentlemen! and shall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obstruct*

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my way to those things which every Man, who *endeavours well* in his Profession, must needs think he has some claim to, when he sees them given to those who never did *endeavour*; at the same time that they would *deter* me from taking those advantages which Letters enable me to procure for myself. If then I am to write no more; (tho' as much out of my Profession as they may please to represent this Work, I suspect their modesty would not insist on a scrutiny of our several applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I say, I am to write no more, let me at least give the Public, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, some reason for my presenting them with these amusements. Which, if I am not much mistaken, may be excused by the best and fairest *Examples*; and, what is more, may be justified on the surer *reason of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name consecrated to immortality by his Virtue and Eloquence, is known to have been so fond of *Aristophanes* as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his Piety or his Preaching, not even in those times of pure Zeal and primitive Religion. Yet, in respect of *Shakespear's* great sense, *Aristophanes's* best wit is but buffoonry; and, in comparison of *Aristophanes's* Freedoms, *Shakespear*

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ſpear writes with the purity of a *Vestal*. But they will ſay, *St. Chryſoſtom* contracted a fondneſs for the comic Poet for the ſake of his *Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to inſinuate ſo unſcholarlike a thing, as if We had the ſame Uſe for good *Engliſh* that a *Greek* had for his *Attic* elegance. Critic *Kuſter*, in a taſte and language peculiar to Grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the Hiſtory and Chronology of Greek Words is the moſt SOLID entertainment of a Man of Letters*.

I fly, then, to a higher Example, much nearer home, and ſtill more in point, The famous Univerſity of OXFORD. This illuſtrious Body, which hath long ſo juſtly held, and, with ſuch equity, diſpenſed, the chief honours of the learned World, thought good Letters ſo much intereſted in correct Editions of the beſt *Engliſh* Writers, that they, very lately, in their public Capacity, undertook *one*, of this very Author, by ſubſcription. And if the Editor hath not diſcharged his Task with ſuitable abilities for one ſo much honoured by them, this was not their fault but his, who thruſt himſelf into the employment. After ſuch an Example, it would be weakening any defence to ſeek further for Authorities. All that can be now decently urged is the *reaſon of the thing*; and this I ſhall do, more for the ſake of that truly venerable Body than my own.

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Of all the literary exertions of speculative Men, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the World, there are none of so much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than those which let us into the knowledge of our Nature. Others may exercise the Reason or amuse the Imagination; but these only can improve the Heart, and form the human Mind to wisdom. Now, in this Science, our *Shakespear* is confessed to occupy the foremost place; whether we consider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates every hidden spring and wheel of human Action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and living paintings which he has given us of all our Passions, Appetites and Pursuits. These afford a lesson which can never be too often repeated, or too constantly inculcated: And, to engage the Reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this Edition.

As this Science (whatever profound Philosophers may think) is, to the rest, *in Things*; so, *in Words*, (whatever supercilious Pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other Languages. This hath still been the Sentiment of Nature and true Wisdom. Hence, the greatest men of Antiquity never thought themselves better employed than in cultivating their own country idiom. So *Lycurgus* did honour to *Sparta*, in giving the first compleat Edition of *Homer*; and *Cicero*, to *Rome*, in correcting the

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the Works of *Lucretius*. Nor do we want Examples of the same good sense in modern Times, even amidst the cruel inroads that Art and Fashion have made upon Nature and the simplicity of Wisdom. *Menage*, the greatest name in *France* for all kinds of philologic Learning, prided himself in writing critical Notes on their best lyric Poet, *Malberbe*: And our greater *Selden*, when he thought it might reflect credit on his Country, did not disdain even to comment a very ordinary Poet, one *Michael Drayton*. But the *English* tongue, at this Juncture, deserves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent Works of different kinds composed in it, engaged the notice, and become the study, of almost every curious and learned Foreigner, so as to be thought even a part of literary accomplishment. This must needs make it deserving of a critical attention: And its being yet destitute of a Test or Standard to apply to, in cases of doubt or difficulty, shews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither Chart nor Compass, to guide us through this wide sea of Words. And indeed how should we? since both are to be composed and finished on the Authority of our best established Writers. But their Authority can be of little use till the Text hath been correctly settled, and the Phraseology critically examined. As, then, by these aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the best rules of Logic and Philosophy, (and none but such

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such will deserve the name) are to be procured ; the forwarding of this will be a general concern : For, as *Quintilian* observes, “ Verborum proprietates ac differentia omnibus, qui sermonem curæ habent, debet esse communis.” By this way, the *Italians* have brought their tongue to a degree of Purity and Stability which no living Language ever attained unto before. It is with pleasure I observe, that these things now begin to be understood amongst ourselves ; and that I can acquaint the Public, we may soon expect very elegant Editions of *Fletcher* and *Milton's Paradise Lost* from Gentlemen of distinguished Abilities and Learning. But this interval of good sense, as it may be short, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned Man, who, not long since, formed a design of giving a more correct Edition of *Spenser* ; and, without doubt, would have performed it well ; but he was dissuaded from his purpose by his Friends, as beneath the dignity of a Professor of the occult Sciences. Yet these very Friends, I suppose, would have thought it had added lustre to his high Station, to have new-furbished out some dull northern Chronicle, or dark Sibylline Ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here said insinuates any thing to the discredit of *Greek* and *Latin* criticism. If the follies of particular Men were sufficient to bring any branch of Learning into disrepute, I don't know any that would stand in a worse situation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly

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hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* Language, so execrable a heap of nonsense, under the name of Commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain satiric Poet, of the last Age, by his Editor and Coadjutor.

I am sensible how unjustly the very best *classical* Critics have been treated. It is said, that our great Philosopher spoke with much contempt of the two finest Scholars of this Age, Dr. *Bentley* and Bishop *Hare*, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old Play-book ; meaning, I suppose, *Terence's* Comedies. But this Story is unworthy of him ; tho' well enough suiting the fanatic turn of the wild Writer that relates it ; such censures are amongst the follies of men immoderately given over to one Science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the rest. Those learned Critics might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn, (tho' still, sure, with the same indecency and indiscretion) at that incomparable Man, for wearing out a long Life in poring through a Telescope. Indeed, the weaknesses of Such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the fashionable cant of every trifling Writer, whose insipidity passes, with himself, for politeness, for pretending to be shocked, forsooth, with the rude and savage air of *vulgar* Critics ; meaning such as *Muretus*, *Scaliger*, *Casaubon*, *Salmasius*, *Spanheim*, *Bentley*. When, had it not been for the deathless labours of such as these, the

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the western World, at the revival of Letters, had soon fallen back again into a state of ignorance and barbarity as deplorable as that from which Providence had just redeemed it.

To conclude with an observation of a fine Writer and great Philosopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, tho' with all honour, as a Phylactery, on the Brow of every awful Grammarian, to teach him at once, the *Use*, and *Limits* of his art: **WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.**





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IT is not my design to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just Writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all *English* Poets *Shakespeare* must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for Criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of Beauties and Faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his Works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A design, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic Excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated

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vated above all other Dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any Author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakespear*. *Homer* himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded thro' *Aegyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The Poetry of *Shakespear* was Inspiration indeed: he is not so much an Imitator, as an Instrument, of Nature; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as Copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in *Shakespear* is as much an Individual, as those in Life it self; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of Character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his Plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Persons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every speaker.

The *Power* over our *Passions* was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or display'd in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guesst to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: We are surpriz'd the moment we
weep;

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weep ; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we shou'd be surpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the Passions directly opposite to these, Laughter and Spleen, are no less at his command ! that he is not more a master of the *Great* than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature ; of our noblest tenderesses, than of our vainest foibles ; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations !

Nor does he only excel in the Passions : In the coolness of Reflection and Reasoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject ; but by a talent very peculiar, something between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a Man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts : So that he seems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philosopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It must be own'd that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects ; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents ; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these Contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many va-

rious

rious (nay contrary) Talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to please the *Populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakespear*, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only but almost all the old Comedies have their Scene among *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks*: And even their Historical Plays strictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *Surprize* and cause *Admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, Events and Incidents; the most exaggerated Thoughts; the most verbose and bombast Expression; the most pompous Rhymes, and thundering Versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *Pleaze*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his subject: his Genius in those low parts is like some Prince of a Romance in the disguise of a Shepherd or Peasant; a certain Greatness and Spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqu'd themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till *Ben Johnson* getting possession of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not
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without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost Declamations) which was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put in the mouth of his Actors, the *Grege*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients: our Tragedies were only Histories in Dialogue; and our Comedies followed the thread of any Novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been History.

To judge therefore of *Shakespear* by *Aristotle's* rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one Country who acted under those of another. He writ to the *People*; and writ at first without patronage from a better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the Learned, without the advantage of education or acquaintance with them: without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of Reputation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Immortality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the industry, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Let it must be observ'd, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the Court had succeeded that of the Town; the works of his riper years are manifestly rais'd above those of his former. The Dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improv'd, in proportion to the respect he had for his patrons. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but Editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compos'd, and whether it was for the Town, or the Court.

Another Cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of *Aristotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By these Men it was thought a praise to *Shakespear*, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben Johnson* in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the first folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry the 6th*, which was first published under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the 5th*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a Praise by some, and to this his Errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly Defects, but Superfetations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging:

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judging: or rather (to be more just to our Author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forc'd expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascrib'd to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charg'd upon the Poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Disadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest Genius upon earth. Nay the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: There is certainly a vast difference between *Learning and Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at least, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural Philosophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern History, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the *Romans* are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnson's*. The manners of other nations in general,

neral, the *Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c.* are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the Poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than *Shakespear*. We have Translations from *Ovid* published in his name, among those Poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority, (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton*;) He appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern *Italian* writers of *Novels* he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the Ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnson*; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable,

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bable, as that because *Ben Johnson* had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that *Shakespeare* had none at all; and because *Shakespeare* had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnson* wanted both. Because *Shakespeare* borrowed nothing, it was said that *Ben Johnson* borrowed every thing. Because *Johnson* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because *Shakespeare* wrote with ease and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into Praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonists before had made them Objections.

Poets are always afraid of Envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of Admiration. They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimus genus inimicorum Laudantes*, says *Tacitus*: and *Virgil* desires to wear a charm against those who praise a Poet without rule or reason.

—*Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingito, ne Vati noceat*—

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnson* was introduced upon the Stage, and his first works encouraged, by *Shakespeare*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare*, which shows as if the friendship had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in those verses, but wonder *Mr. Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts

him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æschylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies shou'd be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. *Ben Jonson* might indeed be sparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were Friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their Followers and Flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties*, both in Wit and State, as with those Monsters described by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at least may have something human, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of *Shakespear's* want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first Publishers of his works. In these Editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches solus.* Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in construction and spelling; Their very *Welsh* is false.

Nothing

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Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of *Hector's* quoting *Aristotle*, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a School, or the least conversation with such as had. *Ben Johnson* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some Latin*; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be *Shakepear's*.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable Errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the Players, both as his actors, and as his Editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not *Shakepear* only, but *Aristotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appear'd to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in Quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not publish'd by him, is the excessive carelessness of the prefs: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no Corrector to the prefs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry the 4th*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus* and *Cressida* in 1609,

and to that of *Otello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two Players, *Heminges* and *Condell*, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the Quarto's.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those Quarto's, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the Author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns wou'd speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act. 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: And I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin)

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margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: These men (as it was said of *Procrustes*) either lopping, or stretching an Author, to make him just fit for their Stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the Author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter's Book*, or *Piecemeal Parts* written out for the use of the actors: For in some places their very (a) names are thro' carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inserted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguish'd by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of Musick, Masques, or Monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal-written parts.

(a) Much ado about nothing. *Act* 2. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthasar. And in *Act* 4. Cowley, and Kemp, constantly thro' a whole Scene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Many

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Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any Commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some Characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the Quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act 5. *Shakespear* introduces a kind of Master of the Revels called *Philoftrate*: all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: So also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the Prompter's Books were what they call'd the Original Copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the Author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: Or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the Judgment, as well as Condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best Playhouses were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the stage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and consequently were intirely depriv'd of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

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From what has been said, there can be no question but had *Shakespear* published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine; but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasion'd some Plays to be supposed *Shakespear's* was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his administration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor: A mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the House to remove. Yet the Players themselves, *Heminges* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakespear* the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his Name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnson* says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same Author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakespear* was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary Additions, Expunctions, Transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of Characters and Persons, wrong application of Speeches, corruptions of innumerable Passages by the Ignorance, and wrong Corrections of 'em again by the Impertinence, of his first Editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which *Shakespear's* writings lye at present; for since the abovementioned Folio Edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the Injuries already done him; too much time has elaps'd, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharg'd the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this Edition will show itself. The various Readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare 'em; and those I have prefer'd into the Text are constantly *ex fide Codicum*, upon authority. The Alterations or Additions which *Shakespear* himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad, (and which seem Interpolations

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lations by being so inserted that one can intirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an Asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The Scenes are mark'd so distinctly that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this Author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguish'd by comma's in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefix'd to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of Criticism (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general Applauses*, or *empty Exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoin'd a Catalogue of those first Editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized, (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them.) These Editions now hold the place of Originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the Author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of *Shakespear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finish'd and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gotbick Architecture*, compar'd with a neat Modern building: The latter is more elegant

✓ elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and
✓ more solemn. It must be allow'd, that in one of these
✓ there are materials enough to make many of the other.
✓ It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler
✓ apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by
✓ dark, odd, and uncouth Passages. Nor does the
✓ Whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho'
✓ many of the Parts are childish, ill-plac'd, and un-
✓ equal to its grandeur.





S O M E

ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE, &c.

O F

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

Written by Mr. ROWE.



IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to Posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of Antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfy'd with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him describ'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: And tho'

tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespeare* may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. *John Shakespeare*, and was born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickshire*, in *April 1564*. His family, as appears by the Register and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a Free-school, where 'tis probable he acquired what *Latin* he was master of: But the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius*, (equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study 'em with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrain'd some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakespeare*:
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And I believe we are better pleas'd with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supply'd him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the *English* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of settlement he continu'd for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it seem'd at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Genius's* that ever was known in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to *Sir Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too feverely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the Prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the Play-house.

house. He was receiv'd into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have enquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain authority, which was the first Play he wrote (a); it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like *Shakespeare's*. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceiv'd in it self, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But tho' the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the

(a) *The highest date of any I can yet find, is Romeo and Juliet in 1597, when the Author was 33 years old; and Richard the 2d, and 3d, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.*

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end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turn'd to the Earl of *Essex*, shews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her successor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that Play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to see a *Genius* arise amongst 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

— *A fair Vestal, Throned by the West.*
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely apply'd to her. She was so well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falstaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obey'd, the Play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of *Falstaff* is said to

I *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

have been written originally under the name of (a) *Old-castle*; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir *John Falstaff*, who was a Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguish'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the sixth's times. What grace soever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakespear's*, that if I had not been assur'd that the story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventur'd to have insert'd, that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature must certainly have inclin'd all the gentler

(a) See the Epilogue to *Henry IVth*.

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part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnson* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; *Mr. Johnson*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their Company; when *Shakespeare* luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend *Mr. Johnson* and his writings to the publick. *Johnson* was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakespeare*; tho' at the same time I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between *Sir John Suckling*, *Sir William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, *Mr. Hales of Eaton*, and *Ben Johnson*; *Sir John Suckling*, who was a profess'd admirer of *Shakespeare*, had undertaken his defence against *Ben Johnson* with some warmth; *Mr. Hales*, who had sat still for some time, told 'em, *That if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occa-

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sion, and, in that, to his wish ; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleasurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury : It happen'd that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakespear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him ; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desir'd it might be done immediately : Upon which *Shakespear* gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd :
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb ?
Ob! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But the sharpness of the Satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north side of the chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd ; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom she had three Sons, who all died without children ; and *Susannah*, who was his favourite,

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to Dr. *John Hall*, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd first to *Thomas Nash*, Esq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbingdon*, but dy'd likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: The character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since *Ben Johnson* has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the Players have often mention'd it
“ as an honour to *Shakespear*, that in writing (what-
“ soever he penn'd) he never blotted out a line. My
“ answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!*
“ which they thought a malevolent speech. I had
“ not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who
“ chose that circumstance to commend their friend
“ by, wherein he most faulted: and to justifie mine
“ own candour, for I lov'd the man, and do honour
“ his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.
“ He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free
“ nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and
“ gentle expressions; wherein he flow'd with that fa-
“ cility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be
“ stopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Augustus* said of
“ *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power, would
“ the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell
“ into those things which could not escape laughter;
“ as when he said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking
“ to him,

“ *Cæsar thou dost me wrong.*

“ He reply'd:

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
“ deem'd his vices with his virtues: There was ever
“ more in him to be prais'd than to be pardon'd.

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As for the passage which he mentions out of *Shakespeare*, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Caesar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnson*. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnson*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express'd by what *Horace* says of the first *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed translated 'em) in his epistle to *Augustus*.

—— *Naturâ sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.*

As I have not propos'd to myself to enter into a large and compleat collection upon *Shakespeare's* Works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be distinguish'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are call'd Histories, and even some of his Comedies are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* taste, that tho' the severer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the rest, however they are call'd, have something of both kinds.

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to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguish'd variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allow'd by every body to be a master-piece; the Character is always well-sustain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the first act of *Henry V.* tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded 'em, been sorry to see his friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongst other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* prosecutor, under the name of Justice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the *Welsh* parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward *Malvolio*. The parasite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus*

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or *France*. *Parolus*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightfulness all along. His downs, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Thersites* in *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Agamemnon* in *Troilus*, will be allow'd to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical railing. To these I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the Jew, in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*; but tho' we have seen that play receiv'd and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the Author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of Comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of *Shakespeare's*. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by *Anthonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what *Portia* says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

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'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the Thought be old, and common enough.

— *All the world is a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Aëts being seven ages. First the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Mistress' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n 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 shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

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His Images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you,
and

and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

— *She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

What an Image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have express'd the passions design'd by this sketch of Statuary! The style of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggeril rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the Sermons of some of the gravest Divines of those times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatness of this Author's genius do's no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Mackbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be plac'd the first by the Publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing:
tho'

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tho' that was what, I suppose, he valu'd himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observ'd in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His Magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The Observation, which I have been inform'd (a) three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakespear had not only found out a new Character in his Caliban, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Mackbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two last of these Plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakespear*. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are establish'd by *Aristotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian Stage*, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: But as *Shakespear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that liv'd in a state of almost universal license and ignorance; there was no establish'd
judge

(a) *Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.*

judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick Poetry so far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the first, among those that are reckon'd the constituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be consider'd, the fit Disposition, Order and Conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the strength and mastery of *Shakspeare* lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true History, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made use of 'em in that order, with those Incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. Almost all his historical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greatest part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the Poet*, he may be generally justify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For those Plays which he has taken from the *English* or *Roman* history, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis

The

of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR. lxi

The Life of King John, King Richard, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the sixth*, than the picture *Shakespeare* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still describ'd with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resign'd to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short Scene in the second part of *Henry VI.* which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Gloucester*, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII.* that Prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolfey*. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of
general

general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second scene of the fourth act. The distressed likewise of Queen *Catharine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has screen'd King *Henry* from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observ'd, in those characters taken from the *Roman* History; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of *Cornelius*, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatness of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find 'em exactly as they are describ'd by *Pictorius*, from whom certainly *Shakespeare* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the punishment of these two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between 'em, and occasion'd the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are

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equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the *Greek Tragedy*, something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *Dacier* has observ'd, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the Manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: While *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) stands upon the stage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was kill'd by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observ'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakespeare*. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by incest: But 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This

lxiv *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper passion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever succeeded better in raising *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakespear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murder'd, in the second act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this Master-piece of *Shakespear* distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. *Betterton's* fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakespear's* manner of expression, and indeed he has study'd him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakespear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The following Instrument was transmitted to us by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms: It is mark'd, G. 13. P. 349.

[There is also a Manuscript in the Heralds Office, mark'd W. 2. p. 276; where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Person to whom it was granted, had born Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.]

TO all and singular Noble and Gentlemen of all Estates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom these Presents shall come; *William Dethick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieux*, King of Arms for the South, East, and West Parts of this Realm, send Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Dispositions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being sollicitated, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakespere*, now of *Stratford upon Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whose Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late most prudent Prince, King *Henry VII.* of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in those Parts of *Warwickshire*, where they have continued by some Descents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the said *John Shakespere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of

V O L. I. d Wellingcote

Wellingcote in the said County, and also produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's Officer and Bailiff of that Town. In consideration of the Premises, and for the Encouragement of his Posterity, unto whom such Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their said Mother, by the ancient Custom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully descend; We the said Garter and Clarendieux have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these Presents exemplified unto the said *John Shakespere*, and to his Posterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, viz. *In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the first, the Point upward, headed Argent*; and for his Crest or Cognisance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings displayed, standing on a Wreathe of his Colours, supporting a Spear armed headed, or fleeced Silver*, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient Arms of the said *Arden of Wellingcote*; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said *John Shakespere*, Gent. to bear and use the same Shield of Arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural Life; and that it shall be lawful for his Children, Issue, and Posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Use or Exercises, according to the Laws of Arms, and Custom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Person or Persons, for use or bearing the same. In Witness and Testimony whereof we have subscribed our Names, and fastned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the Day of in the Forty second Year of the Reign of our most Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. 1599.

T O T H E

MEMORY of my beloved the AUTHOR,

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (Shakespear) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin, Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespear rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy Peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to bear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or baughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses, still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted by,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespear, must enjoy a part.
For tho' the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the Fashion. And, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses Arvile; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the Father's face
Lives in his Issue, even so the race

*Of Shakespear's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true filed lines :
In each of which he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those sights upon the Banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.*

BEN. JOHNSON.





A

T A B L E

O F T H E

Several Editions of *Shakeſpear's Plays*,
whether ſeparate or together, made
uſe of, and collated for this Edition
by Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Warburton*.

MR. *William Shakeſpear's* Comedies, **H**istories
and Tragedies, publiſh'd according to the
Original Copies. the firſt Edition in Folio, 1623.

The ſecond Impreſſion in Folio, of 1632.

The Third Impreſſion in Folio, of 1664.

A Midſummer Nigh't's dreame. As it hath been
ſundry Times publiſh'd acted, by the Right Honour-
able the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written
by *William Shakeſpeare*. Imprinted at *London* for
Thomas Fiſher, and are to be ſoulde at his Shoppe at
the Signe of the White Hart in *Fleetſtrecte*, 1600.

(*Quarto.*)

The ſame. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600.

(*Quarto.*)

A moſt pleaſaunt and excellent conceited Comedie
of Syr *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of
Windsor. Entermixed with ſundry variable and
pleaſing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight,
Juſtice

T A B L E.

Justice *Sballow*, and his wife Cousin *M. Slender*. With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants : both before her Majesty, and elsewhere. *London*: Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnson*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard at the Signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602. (*Quarto.*)

A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir *John Falstaffe*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with the swaggering Vain of Ancient *Pistoll* and Corporal *Nym*. printed for *Arthur Johnson*, 1619, *Quarto.*

The *Merry Wives of Windsor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*; as also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient *Pistoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakespeare*, newly corrected. *London*: Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be sold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple Gate*, and in *St. Dunstan's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

Much ado about Notbing. As it hath been fundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*: Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent History of the *Merchant of Venice*, with the extream Cruelty of *Sbylock* the Jew toward the said Merchant, in cutting a just Pound of his Flesh, and the obtaining of *Portia* by the choice of three Caskets. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600, *Quarto.*

Another Edition of the same, printed by *J. R.* for *Tho. Heyes*, in the same Year (the 36th of his Age.)

T A B L E.

The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Sbylock* the Jew ; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*: printed by *R. Young* for *John Smetswicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons* Churchyard in *Fleet-street*, under the *Dyall*, 1637. (*Quarto*.)

A pleasant conceited Comedy called *Love's Labour lost*, as it was presented before her Highness this last *Christmas*, newly corrected and augmented by *William Shakespeare*. Imprinted at *London* by *W. W.* for *Cubert Burley*, 1598.

Love's Labour's lost. A wittie and pleasant Comedie ; as it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smetswicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons* Churchyard under the *Diall*, 1631. (*Quarto*.)

A pleasant conceited History called *The Taming of a Shrew*, as it hath been sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. Printed at *London* by *V. S.* for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is scarce a line of this the same with the present Play, yet the Plot and Scenary scarce differ at all from it. I shou'd think it not written by *Shakespeare* ; but there are some Speeches (in one or two Scenes only) the same: And we have there the conclusion of the Play, which is manifestly wanting in all the subsequent Editions, as well as the latter part of the last Act, manifestly better, and clear of that impertinent Prolixity which is in the common Editions.

T A B L E.

A witty and pleasant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *Will. Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstones Churchyard* under the *Diall*, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

Mr. William Shakespear his true Cronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters, with the unfortunate Life of *Edgar* Son and Heir to the Earl of *Gloucester*, and his fullen and assumed humour of *Tom a Bedlam*. As it was play'd before the King's Majesty at *Whitehall* upon *St. Stephens* Night in *Christmas* Holydays. By His Majesty's Servants playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bankside*. Printed for *Nath. Butler*, 1608.

Mr. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters. With the Unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his fullen assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at *Whit-hall* upon *S. Stephens* night, in *Christmas* Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-side*. London, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be sold at the East-end of *Christ-church*, 1655. (*Quarto.*)

The first Part of the troublesome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the Discovery of *Richard Cordelion's* Base Son, vulgarly call'd the Bastard *Fawconbridge*. Also the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*; as it was sundry times publicly acted by the Queen's Majesty's Players in the honourable City of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampson Clarke*, sold at his Shop the Back-side of the *Royal Exchange*, 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The

T A B L E.

The second Part of the troublesome Reign of *John King of England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poysoning of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As it was &c. Imprinted &c. 1591. (*Quarto*.)

The first and second Part of the troublesome Raigne of *John King of England*. With the discoverie of King *Richard Cordelion's* Base Sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*;) also, the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As they were (fundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majesties Players. Written by *W. Sb.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1611. (*Quarto*.)

The Same. As they were (fundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewee*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstones Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1622. (*Quarto*.)

The Tragedy of King *Richard the Second*, as it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By *William Shakespeare*. Printed by *Valentine Simms* for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. (the 34th Year of *Shakespeare's* Age.)

The Same, with new Additions, of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King *Richard*. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the *Globe*. By *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, 1608, and again 1615.

The Life and Death of King *Richard the Second*. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Deposing of King *Richard*. As it hath beene acted by the King's Majesties Servants, at the *Globe*.

By

T A B L E.

By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (Quarto.)

The History of *Henry the 4th*, with the Battle at *Shrewsbury*, between the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, Sirnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the *North*. With the humourous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. newly corrected by *William Shakespear*. Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, 1599, Quarto. his 35th Year.

The Same. Printed in 1604.

The Same. Printed for *Matthew Lawe*, &c. in 1608, Quarto.

The Same. London, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be sold by *Mathew Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the Sign of the *Foxe* neere *S. Austine's Gate*, 1622. (Quarto.)

The Historie of *Henry the Fourth*: With the Battel at *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, furnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shake-speare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to *Ivie-bridge* in the Strand, 1639. (Quarto.)

The *Second Part* of *Henry the 4th*, containing to his Death and Coronation of *Henry the 5th*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe* and swag-gering *Pistol*. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by *William Shakespear*. Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley*, 1600, Quarto, (the 36th Year of his Age.)

The Cronicle History of *Henry the 5th*, with his Battle fought at *Agincourt* in *France*. Together with *Ancient Pistol*. As it hath been sundry times played

T A B L E.

played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by *Tbo. Crede* for *Tbo. Millington*, 1600.

Another, Printed for *T. P.* 1608, Quarto. These Editions are short in many Scenes and Speeches, and want the Chorus's; which (with many other noble Improvements) were since added by the Author, not above 8 Years before his Death. This was one of the last Plays he finish'd, a considerable time after *Henry* the 6th had been written and acted. See the Epilogue of *Henry* 5th.

Henry the 6th, first Printed under this Title. The whole Contention between the two famous Houses, *Lancaster* and *York*: With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humphry*, *Richard* Duke of *York*, and King *Henry* the Sixth: divided into two parts, and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *W. Shakespear*, Gent. Printed at *London* for *T. P.* (without a date) Quarto.

This was the first Sketch only of the present second and third Parts of *Henry* the Sixth; which were since greatly enlarged, and the Poetry improved; the Scenery was much the same as at present.

Since Printed under the same Title by *W. W.* for *Tbo. Millington*, with the true Tragedy of *Richard* D. of *York*, and the Death of good King *Henry* the 6th, acted by the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. 1600.

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: the pittiefull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew*

T A B L E.

Andrew Wise, dwelling in *Paule's Church-yard*, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. By *W. Shakespeare*, Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Thomas Creede, &c.* 1602. (*Quarto.*)

The Same in 1612.

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: The pittifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls Churchyard* at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere *St. Austine's Gate*, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law, &c.* 1629. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The most lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath been sundry times play'd by the King's Majesty's Servants. Printed for *Edw. White*, 1611. It appears from *B. Johnson's Induction to Barthol. Fair*, that this Play was of 25 Years standing, in the Year 1614, so that if it was *Shakespear's*, it must have been writ in the 25th Year of his Age.

The famous History of *Troilus and Cresseida*, excellently expressing the beginning of their Loves, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia*. Written by *Will. Shakespear*. Imprinted by *G. Eld*, for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, 1609, Quarto, with a Preface of the Publisher. (This was 8 Years before his Death.)

The

T A B L E.

The Same, as it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the *Globe*. Printed by the same.

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd publicly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. *London*, Printed by *John Danter*, 1597, Quarto.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cutbert Burby*, 1599, Quarto.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Kings Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, under the *Dyall*, 1637. (Quarto.)

The Tragical History of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*. By *W. Shakespear*. Newly imprinted and enlarg'd to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* 1605. Quarto.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, newly imprinted and enlarg'd according to the true and perfect Copy lately Printed. Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwiche*, 1611.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*. Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637. (Quarto.)

T A B L E.

The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moor of Venice*. As it hath been divers times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black Fryars*, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by *Will. Shakespear*. Published by *Tho. Walkley*, Quarto, (soon after his Death, as appears by the Preface.)

The Tragædy of *Othello, the Moore of Venice*. As it hath beene diversẽ times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burse*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello, the Moore of Venice*. As it hath been diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere Serjeants-Inne, 1630. (*Quarto.*)





It seemed not amiss to introduce the following Observations with one general Criticism on our Author's Dramatick Works, by dividing them into four Classes, and so giving an estimate of each Play reduced to its proper Class.

COMEDIES.

CLASS I.

- 1 *Tempest.* Vol. 1.
- 2 *Merry Wives of Windfor.* Vol. 1.
- 3 *Measure for Measure.* Vol. 1.
- 4 *Merchant of Venice.* Vol. 2.
- 5 *Twelfth-Night.* Vol. 3.

CLASS II.

- 1 *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* Vol. 1.
- 2 *Much Ado about Nothing.* Vol. 2.
- 3 *As you like it.* Vol. 2.
- 4 *All's well that ends well.* Vol. 3.
- 5 *Winter's Tale.* Vol. 3.

CLASS III.

- 1 *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Vol. 1.
- 2 *Love's Labour's Lost.* Vol. 2.

CLASS IV.

- 1 *Taming of the Shrew.* Vol. 2.
- 2 *Comedy of Errors.* Vol. 3.

TRAGE

TRAGEDIES.

CLASS I.

- 1 Henry IV. *Part 1* Vol. 4.
- 2 Henry IV. *Part 2*. Vol. 4.
- 3 *King Lear*. Vol. 6.
- 4 *Macbeth*. Vol. 6.
- 5 *Julius Cæsar*. Vol. 7.
- 6 *Hamlet*. Vol. 8.
- 7 *Othello*. Vol. 8.

CLASS II.

- 1 *King John*. Vol. 3.
- 2 Henry V. Vol. 4.
- 3 Richard III. Vol. 5.
- 4 Henry VIII. Vol. 5.
- 5 *Timon of Athens*. Vol. 6.
- 6 *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Vol. 7.
- 7 *Cymbeline*. Vol. 7.

CLASS III.

- 1 Richard II. Vol. 4.
- 2 *Coriolanus*. Vol. 6.
- 3 *Troilus and Cressida*. Vol. 7.
- 4 *Romeo and Juliet*. Vol. 8.

CLASS IV.

- 1 Henry VI. *Part 1*. Vol. 4.
- 2 Henry VI. *Part 2*. Vol. 5.
- 3 Henry VI. *Part 3*. Vol. 5.
- 4 *Titus Andronicus*. Vol. 6.

The Comedies and Tragedies in the last Class are certainly not of *Shakespear*. The most that can be said of them is, that he has, here and there, corrected the dialogue; and now and then added a Scene. It may be just worth while to observe, in this place, that the whole first Act of *Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen* was wrote by *Shakespear*, but in his worst manner.

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THE
T E M P E S T.



VOL. I.

B



Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
Sebastian, *his Brother.*
Prospero, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
Ferdinand, *Sen to the King of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
Adrian, } *Lords.*
Francisco, }
Caliban, *a Savage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*
Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
Iris,
Ceres,
Juno, } *Spirits, employ'd in the Masque.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

S C E N E, *An uninhabited Island.*

T H E



THE
T E M P E S T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard ;
Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.*

M A S T E R.



Boatswain. ———

Boats. Here, Master : what cheer ?

Maft. Good, speak to th' mariners : fall
to't yarely, or we run our selves a-ground ;
bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Hey, my hearts ; cheerly, my hearts ; yare,
yare ; take in the top-sail ; tend to th' master's whistle ;
blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter

[The *Tempest*.] These two first Plays, the *Tempest* and the
Midsummer-night's Dream, are the noblest Efforts of that sublime
and amazing Imagination, peculiar to *Shakepear*, which soars
above the Bounds of Nature without forsaking Sense: or, more
properly, carries Nature along with him beyond her established
Limits. *Fletcher* seems particularly to have admired these two

The T E M P E S T.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the
master? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour;
keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence— what care these
Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence;
trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than my self. You
are a counsellor; if you can command these elements
to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you
cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make
your self ready in your cabin for the mischance of the
hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our
way, I say. [Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; me-
thinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his com-
plexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to
his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable,
for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born
to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Plays, and hath wrote two in Imitation of them, the *Sea-vojage*
and the *Faithful Shepherdes*. But when he presumes to break a
Lance with *Shakespeare*, and write in emulation of him, as he does
in the *False one*, which is the Rival of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, he
is not so successful. After him, Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton*
caught the brightest Fire of their Imagination from these two
Plays; which shines fantastically indeed, in the *Goblins*, but
much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*.

Re-enter

The T E M P E S T.

5

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast : yare, lower, lower ; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling !——

A cry within. Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whorson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers! to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boatsf. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. [*kards.*

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunken-
This wide-chopt rascal——'Would, thou might'st lye
drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'ft to glut him.

The T E M P E S T .

A confused noise within.] Mercy on us !
We split, we split ! Farewel, my Wife and Children !
Brother, farewel ! we split, we split, we split !

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground, ² long heath, brown
furze, any thing ; the wills above be done, but I
would fain die a dry death ! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Part of the Incanted Island near the
Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. ³ **I**F by your art (my dearest father) you
have

Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them :
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O ! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer : a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart : poor souls, they perish'd !
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth ; or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraighting souls within her.

² — *long heath,*] This is the common name for the *Erica
baccifera* ; which the *Oxford* Editor not understanding, conjectured that *Shakespear* wrote, — *Ling, Heath* : But, unluckily,
Heath and *Ling* are but two words for the same plant.

³ *If by your Art, &c.*] Nothing was ever better contrived to
inform the Audience of the Story than this Scene. It is a con-
versation that could not have happened before, and could not but
happen now.

Pro.

The TEMPEST.

7

Pro. Be collectèd ;
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done,

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me : so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

+ The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no foul lost,

No, not so much perdition as an hair,

Betid to any creature in the vessel down ;

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink : sit

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,

4 *The very Virtue of compassion in thee,*] We must not think that *the very Virtue* was intended to shew the *degree* of her compassion, but the *kind*. Compassion for other's Misfortunes ofteneft arises from a sense or apprehension of the like. And then it is *Sympathy*, not *Virtue*. Tho' the want of it may be esteemed *vicious* as arising from a degeneracy of Nature, which cannot happen but by our own fault. Now the *Compassion* of *Miranda*, who never ventured to Sea, not being of this kind, *Shakespeare* with great propriety calls it the *very Virtue*, i. e. the real pure Virtue of *Compassion*.

The T E M P E S T.

And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay ; not yet.*——

Pro. The hour's now come.

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think, thou canst ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me ?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda* : but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind ? what see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyssine of time ?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here ;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda* ; twelve
years since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princess, no worse itiu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns !

What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't, we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help'd higher.

Mira.

The T E M P E S T.

9

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*—
I pray thee, mark me; — (that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thy self
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study:)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new-created
The creatures, that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And suckt my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother

5 *To trash*] signifies to cut away the trash or superfluities;
as, *to top*, signifies, to cut off the top. The *Oxford Editor* alters
it to *plash*, not considering that *to plash* signifies to bind and com-
plicate branches together, and so is only used to signify the dressing
and pleating of an Hedge.

Awak'd

Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falshood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. — He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact ⁶ ; like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling oft,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was, indeed, the Duke ; from substitution,
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!— my library
 Was Dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*

6 ————— like one

Who having INTO truth by telling of it,
 Made such a Sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie.]

The corrupted reading of the Second line has rendered this beautiful Similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth*]? or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth*], because if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie*. And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus,

————— like one

Who having, UNTO truth, by telling OFT,
 Made such a Sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie.

i. e. by often repeating the same Story, made his memory such a Sinner unto truth as to give credit to his own lie. A miserable delusion to which Story-tellers are frequently subject. The *Oxford Editor* having, by this Correction, been let into the Sense of the Passage, gives us this Sense in his own Words,

*Who loving an untruth, and telling's oft,
 Makes —————*

The T E M P E S T.

11

To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
Subject his coronet to his crown ; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event ; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother ?

Mira. I should sin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother ;
7 Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition :

This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom ; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milan* ; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's ; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

7 *Good wombs have bore bad sons*] Mr. Theobald would give these words to *Prospero*, because *Miranda*, bred up in the desert Island from her infancy, could not be suppos'd to be furnish'd with such an observation from life. An idle reason. *Prospero* tells us, he had educated her more carefully than usual. Would he then suffer her to be ignorant of the most common cases in human life? Yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. Theobald.

Mira.

The T E M P E S T .

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
* (When I have mock'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,

8 *When I have DECK'D the sea*] i. e. honour'd. But this is a poor thought. The *Oxford Editor* reads *brack'd*, which is still poorer. I imagine that *Shakespeare* wrote *mock'd*, i. e. lent the Sea this trifling addition of salt-water: For when any thing is given or added, the effect of which is not felt or perceived, it was in the language of that time properly called *mocking*.

Knowing

The T E M P E S T.

13

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.— Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse—
[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Pro. Now I arise:—] *i. e.* now I come to the principal part of my Story, for the sake of which I told the foregoing; namely this, that I have now my Enemies in my Power; and if I omit this Opportunity, I shall never have another to recover my Dukedom. The word is used to usher in a matter of importance. So *Richard III.* when he comes to the murder of his Nephews, says to *Tirrel*,

———— Rise, and lend an ear.

S C E N E

The T E M P E S T .

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
" And all the devils are here.

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

Ari.

The T E M P E S T :

15

Ari. Close by, my Master.

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

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with figs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest ¹ *Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour;
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again;
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge

1 From the still-vest Bermoothes,] Theobald says Bermoothes is printed by mistake for Bermudas. No. That was the name by which the Islands then went, as we may see by the Voyagers of that time; and by our Author's contemporary Poets. Fletcher, in his *Woman pleased*, says, *The Devil should think of purchasing that Eggshell to visual out a Witch for the Bermoothes.* Smith, in his account of these Islands p. 172. says, that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many call'd them the Isle of Devils. —p. 174.—to all Seamen no less terrible than an enchanted den of Furies. And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to Storms and Hurricanes; and the Islands were surrounded with scattered Rocks lying shallowly hid under the Surface of the Water.

Exactly

Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
 ' What is the time o'th' day ?

Ari. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.

Pro. The time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil ; since thou dost give me
 pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

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

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
 Toid thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings ; thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No. [ooze

Pro. Thou dost ; and think't it much to tread the
 Of the salt deep ;
 To run upon the sharp Wind of the North ;
 To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
 When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing ! hast thou forgot
 The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy

2 *Pro.* — *What is the time o'th' day ?*

Ari. *Past the mid season.*

Pro. *At least two glasses.*

In this reading, both the Question and the Answer are made
 impertinently. *Prospero* asks what time of day it was, when he
 knew it was two glasses past the mid season : And *Ariel* replies
 indefinitely, that it was past the mid season.

The Question and Reply should be divided thus,

Pro. — *What is the time o'th' day ?*

Ari. *Past the mid season, at least, two glasses.*

Was

The T E M P E S T.

17

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir. [tell me.

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

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir. [child,

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The T E M P E S T.

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

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

Ari. That's my noble master :

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no sight but mine : invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it : go hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*

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

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

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

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on ———

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! *Caliban* !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

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

Pro. Come forth, I say ; there's other business
for thee.

Come, thou Tortoise ! when? ———

Enter

The T E M P E S T.

19

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

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

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. "As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
"With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,
"Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
"And blister you all o'er! [cramps,

Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have
Side-fitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

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

With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,

Drop on you both.] *Shakespear* hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholsome*. So *Sir John Maundevill*, in his travels p. 334. Edit. Lond. 1725. ——— at alle tymes brennethe a Vesselle of Cristalle fulle of Barwe for to seven gode smalle and odour to the Emperour, and to voyden away alle W Y K K E D E Eyres and Corruptious. It was a tradition, it seems, that *Lord Falkland*, *Lord C. J. Vaughan*, and *Mr. Selden* concurred in observing, that *Shakespear* had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that *Shakespear* gave his language a certain grotesque air of the Savage and Antique; which it certainly has. But *Dr. Bentley* took this, of a new language, literally; for speaking of a phrase in *Milton*, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakespear, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others* — and again — to practice distances is still a *Caliban* stile. Note on *Milton's paradise lost*, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban* stile in *Shakespear* that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.

C 2

Shall,

The T E M P E S T.

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. " I must eat my dinner.

" This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
" Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
" Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

" Water with berries in't; and teach me how
" To name the bigger light, and how the less,
" That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
" And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
" The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place, and
fertile.

" Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
" Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
" For I am all the subjects that you have,
" Who first was mine own King; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom Stripes may move, not kindness; I have
us'd thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. 4 Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

4 *Abhorred slave*;] In the common Editions this speech was given to *Miranda*. Mr. *Dryden* in his alteration of this play rightly transferred it to *Prospero*.

The T E M P E S T.

21

One thing or other. ⁵ When thou couldst not, savage,
Shew thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

⁵ *When thou DIDST not, Savage,
KNOW thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes*

With words to make them known.] The benefit which *Prospero* here upbraids *Caliban* with having bestowed, was teaching him language. He shews the greatness of this benefit by marking the inconvenience *Caliban* lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But sure a Brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *shew* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what *Prospero* would say,

—— *When thou COULDST not, Savage,
SHEW thy own meaning,*——

The following words makes it evident,

—— *but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish.*——

And when once [*shew*] was corrupted to [*know*] the transcribers would of course change [*couldst*] into [*didst*] to make it agree with the other false reading. There is indeed a Sense in which *Know thy own meaning*—— may be well applied to a brute. For it may signify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind, which; it would seem, a Brute hath not. Tho' this, I say, may be applied to a brute, and consequently to *Caliban*, and tho' to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet such a sense would be impertinent and absurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned Speaker. Besides, *Prospero* expressly says, that *Caliban* had *purposes*; which, in other words, is that he *did know his own meaning*.

The T E M P E S T.

Pro. Hag-feed, hence!
 Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert' best)
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
 I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
 It would controul my dam's god *Setebas*,
 And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [Exit Caliban.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing
 and singing.*

A R I E L's S O N G.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Curt'sied when you have, and kist
 (The wild waves whist;)
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

Burthen, dispersedly.

*Hark, bark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
 Baugh-waugh.*

Ari. *Hark, bark, I bear
 The strain of strutting chanticleere
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this Musick be, i'th' air, or
 earth? —

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
 Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping against the King my father's wreck,

This

The TEMPEST.

23

This musick crept by me upon the waters ;
 Allaying both their fury and my passion,
 With its sweet air ; thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather—— but 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL's S O N G.

6 Full fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made :
 Those are pearls, that were his eyes ;
 Nothing of him that doth fade,

But

6 Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our Author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business *Ariel* is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The Commission *Prospero* had intrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this ; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the sight of *Miranda*, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. *Ariel* sets about his business by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd Apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet as odd as it appears, the Poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. *Prospero* had said,

*I find my Zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star ; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
 Will ever after droop.*——

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the Marriage of his daughter with young *Ferdinand*. But to secure this point it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to *Alonso* the Father's knowledge. For *Prospero* was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon *Alonso's* temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for *Prospero* as the author. On the other hand, to engage *Ferdinand*, without the consent of his Father, was difficult. For not to speak of his Quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the Sovereign, *Ferdinand* is represented (to shew it a Match worth the seeking) of a most

The T E M P E S T.

But doth suffer a sea-change,
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
 [Burthen : ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father ;
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owns : I hear it now above me.

S C E N E VI.

Pro. 7 The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
 And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira.

pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his contracting himself without his Father's knowledge. The Poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made *Ariel* persuade him of his Father's death to remove this Remora, which might otherwise have either stop'd, and retarded beyond the time of action, or quite spoiled the whole Plot.

7 *The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
 And say, what thou seest yond.*]

The Daughters of *Prospero*, as they are drawn by *Dryden*, seem rather to have had their Education in a Court or a Play-house, than under the severe precepts of a Philosopher in a Desert. But the *Miranda* of *Shakespeare* is truly what the Poet gives her out. And his art in preserving the unity of her character is wonderful. We must remember what was said in the foregoing note of *Prospero's* intention to make his Daughter fall in love at sight. And notwithstanding what the *wits* may say, or the *Pretty-fellows* think, on this occasion, it was no such easy matter to bring this naturally about. Those who are the least acquainted with human nature know of what force institution and education are to curb and even deface the very strongest passions and affections. She had been brought up under the rough discipline of stoical Morality, and misfortunes generally harden the morality of virtuous men into Stoicism. Such a one was *Prospero*. And he tells us, that his daughter fully answered the care he bestowed upon her. So that there would be some difficulty for nature to regain its influence so suddenly as the Plot required. The Poet, therefore, with infinite address, causes her to be softened by the tender story her father told her of his misfortunes. For pity preceeds love,
 and

The T E M P E S T,

Mira. What is't, a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

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

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

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

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these eyes attend! * vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island;

and facilitates its entrance into the mind. But this was, evidently, insufficient. Therefore, to make the way the easier, she is supposed to be under the influence of her Father's charm, which was to dissolve, as it were, the rigid chains of virtue and obedience. This is insinuated to the Audience when *Prospero*, before he begins his story, says to her,

— Lend thy hand

And pluck this magick garment from me.

The touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her to sleep. This is the reason that *Prospero* so often questions her, as he proceeds in his story, whether she was attentive: being apprehensive the charm might operate too quick, even before he had ended his relation. Without this interpretation his frequent repetition will appear extremely cold, and absurd. For the same reason, likewise, he says, in conclusion,

Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,

And give it way: I know thou can'st not chuse.

* — vouchsafe my pray'r

May know, —] For, *I may know.* Extremely poetical; and most expressive of the humility of the Speaker.

And

And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder !
If you be made or no ?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But ⁹ certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heav'ns !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken !

Pro. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me ;
And, that he does, I weep : my self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords : the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*, [thee,
And his more braver daughter, could ¹ controul
If now 'twere fit to do't : — At the first sight,
They have chang'd eyes : (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir.
I fear, you've done your self some wrong : a word —

9 — *certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of our selves : And was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing Men to corrupt the other Sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a Goddess or an Immortal.

1 — *controul thee,*] i. e. shew thee thy error.

Mira.

The T E M P E S T.

27

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, Sir: one word more. ———
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I
charge thee,

That thou attend me: — thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'ft not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

[ple.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a tem-
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me——

Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*

* *Mira.* O dear father,

Make

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

This seems to be a very odd way of expressing her sense of her
Lover's good qualities. It is certain the beauty of it is not seen
at first view. *Miranda*, 'till now, had never seen any Mortal
(her

The T E M P E S T.

Make not too rash a tryal of him ; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor ? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'ft a shew, but dar'ft not strike ; thy con-
science

Is so possest with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence : hang not on my garment.

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

Pro. Silence : one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. *What,*
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !
Thou think'ft, there are no more such shapes as *he,*
Having seen but him and *Caliban* ; foolish wench !
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban,*
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble : I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

(her father excepted) but *Caliban*. She had frequently beheld
him under that kind of discipline which her father here threatens
to inflict upon her lover.

*I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled.*

The *perversity* of *Caliban's* nature, and the *Cowardliness* of it,
made punishment necessary, and easy to be inflicted : Finding
therefore *Ferdinand* threatened with the like treatment, out of
tenderness both to her Father and Lover she cries— *He's gentle,*
not like the *savage* *Caliban*, and so deserves not punishment ;
this she gathered from his preceding conversation with her — *and*
not fearful, like that *coward*, and so is not to be easily managed.
This she collected from his drawing his sword, and standing on
his defence.

Pro.

The T E M P E S T.

29

Pro. Come on, obey ;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :

³ My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works : come on.

(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel* :) follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel*.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

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

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

Another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

G O N Z A L O.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ! for our escape

³ *My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to
a common sensation in dreams, when we struggle, but with a total
impuissance in our endeavours, to run, strike, &c.

Is

The T E M P E S T.

Is much beyond our loss ; ⁴ our stint of woe
 Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our team of woe : but for the miracle,
 (I mean our preservation) few in millions
 Can speak like us : then wisely, good Sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. ⁵

[*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The ⁶ 'viser will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,
 by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One : — Tell, —

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd ;
 comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
 truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you
 should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue ?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare. —

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

⁴ — our HINT of woe] *hint of woe*, can signify only prognostic of woe : which is not the sense required. We should read STINT, *i. e.* proportion, allotment.

⁵ All this that follows after the words *Pr'ythee, peace.* — to the words, *You cram these words*, &c. seems to have been interpolated, (perhaps by the *Players*) the verses there beginning again ; and all that is between in prose, not only being very impertinent stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd drollery, in the mouths of unhappy shipwreckt people. There is more of the same sort interspersed in the remaining part of the Scene. *Mr. Pope.*

⁶ *The VISITOR will not give o'er so.*] This *Visitor* is a Comforter or Adviser. We must read then,

'VISER, *i. e.* the Adviser.

The T E M P E S T.

31

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,— So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not misf't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle; tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. ⁷ As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their fresh-

⁷ *As many voucht rarities are.*] A Satire on the extravagant accounts that Voyagers then told of the new discovered World.

The T E M P E S T.

ness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*?

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

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

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

Ant.

The TEMPEST.

33

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

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

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

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

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

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

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,

The T E M P E S T.

Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' los.

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

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

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

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

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

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scapè being drunk, for want of wine.

* *Gon.* " I' th' commonwealth; I would by contraries
" Execute all things : for no kind of traffick
" Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
" Letters should not be known ; wealth, poverty,
" And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
" Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
" No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl ;
" No occupation, all men idle, all,
" And women too ; but innocent and pure :
" No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. * The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

" *Gon.* All things in common, nature should produce,
" Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

8 *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*]
All this Dialogue is a fine Satire on the *Utopean* Treatises of Go-
vernment, and the impracticable inconsistent Schemes therein re-
commended.

" Sword,

The T E M P E S T.

35

“ Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
“ Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
“ Of its own kind, 9 all foyzon, all abundance
“ To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty !

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo* !

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir ?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing
to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness ; and did it
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to
laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
thing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at no-
thing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given ?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick.

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

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

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

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

9 — all foyzon, all abundance.] foyzon signifies the great
plenty of any thing.

The T E M P E S T .

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy —

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

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

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian* — O, what might — no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep; what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*.
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb.

The T E M P E S T.

37

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

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me ; ' which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well ; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O !

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it ; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pry'thee, say on ;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd ;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive :
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

1 — *which to do, Trebles thee o'er.*] i. e. follow my advice,
and it will advance thy fortune to the height. So *Fletcher* in his
noble Gentleman,

*I now see your Father's honours
Trebbling upon you —*

*And again in his Maid of the Mill,
How did you bear her loss ?
Wish thy grief trebled.*

Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to, *Troubles thee not.*

The T E M P E S T.

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

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
* Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

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

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no note³, unless the sun were post,
(The man i'th'moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,

² *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,*

But doubt discovery there.—] The meaning is, that *ambition* would be so affected with the pleasing prospect, that it would doubt whether the discovery, if there made of future greatness, was a real representation, or only, what *Shakepear*, in another place, calls a *Dream of Advantage*. The *Oxford Editor* changes *doubt* to *drop*, and so makes nonsense of the whole Sentence; *to pierce a wink* signifies to see or discern; and *to drop discovery* signifies not to see. So that the Sense here is, If you see further into this matter you will not see at all.

³ *No advices by letter.* Mr; *Pope*.

The TEMPEST.

39

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True;

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
+ Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lyes your brother——

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put

4 Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!] i. e. did ten consciences play all their tricks with me; sometimes proving very stubborn, and sometimes again as supple; now frozen up with cold, now dissolved with heat, yet they should ne'er molest, &c. *Shakespeare* explains this thought, where in his *winter tale* he expresses it thus differently,

—— whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

D 4

This

The T E M P E S T.

This ancient⁵ Moral, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent : as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword ; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
And I the King shall love thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you his friend, are in ; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies)⁶ to keep them living,

[Sings in *Gonzalo's* Ear.

*While you here do swearing bye,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware :
Awake! awake!*

5 *This ancient MORAL, this Sir Prudence, &c.]* But why *project*? How does this characterise the person spoken of? We must read,

This ancient MORAL.

i. e. this man of old fashioned honesty, for such is his Character. — *An ancient moral* is almost proverbial, in the mouths of licentious people, to signify, *moral* too severe, and not fit for the times. This way of speaking is familiar with our Author. *Rom. & Jul. And why my Lady Wisdom? hold your tongue, good Prudence.*

6 — *to keep them living.*] i. e. *Alonso* and *Antonio* ; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters *them*, to *you*, because in the verse before, it is said — *you his friend* ; as if, because *Ariel* was sent forth to save his friend, he could not have another purpose in sending him, viz. to save his project too.

Ant.

The T E M P E S T.

41

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preferve the King!

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn? *[They wake.*

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

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

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

The T E M P E S T.

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

Cal. " ALL the infections, that the sun sucks
" up,
" From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
" him
" By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
" And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
" Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i' th' mire,
" Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
" Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
" For every trifle are they set upon me.
" Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
" And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
" Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
" Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
" All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
" Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, ⁷ looks like a foul bumbard that would shed
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud

⁷ Looks like a foul Bumbard] A large Vessel for holding
Drink, as well as the Piece of Ordnance so call'd. Mr. Theobald.

The T E M P E S T.

43

cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls—What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! “Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had “but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but “would give a piece of silver. There would this “monster make a man; ^s any strange beast there “makes a man; when they will not give a doit to “relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a “dead *Indian*.” Legg’d like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o’my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an *Islander* that hath lately suffer’d by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; “misery acquaints a man with strange “bed-fellows:” I will here shrowd, ’till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man’s funeral;
well, here’s my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov’d Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,*

[*Any strange beast there makes a man;*] I cannot but think this Satire very just upon our Countrymen: who have been always very ready to make *Denisons* of the whole Tribe of the *Pitheci*, and compliment them with the *Donum Civitatis*, as appears by the names in use. Thus *Monkey*, which, the Etymologists tell us, comes from *Monkin*, *Monikin*, homunculus. *Baboon*, from *Babe*, the termination denoting addition and increment, a large *Babe*. *Mantygre* speaks its original. And when they have brought their Surnames with them from their native Country, as *Ape*, the common people have as it were Christen’d them by the addition of *Jack an-Ape*.

But

The T E M P E S T.

But none of us car'd for Kate;
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, go bang:
 She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go bang.
 This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? ^o have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

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

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

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

o Have we devils here? — Salvages and men of *Inde*? — your four legs;] All this is a pleasant ridicule of *Moundevile's* relations in his Voyages. Who pretended to have traveled thro' an enchanted Vale clepen the vale of *Deweles*, which Vale, says he, is alle full of *Deweles*, and bathe ben alle weys. And Men seyn there, that it is on of the entrees of *Helle*. The same Author likewise in his account of the *Salvages and Men of Inde* has transcribed, as of his own knowledge, all the fables of *Pliny* concerning men with long Ears, one Eye, one Foot, without Heads, &c.

I can

The T E M P E S T.

45

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

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

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

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! “his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract.” If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: *Amen!* I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. *Stephano*,——

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

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

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this¹ moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*.

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid

¹ *Moon-calf?*] It was imagined that the Moon had an ill influence on the infant's understanding. Hence Idiots were called *Moon-calves*.

me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* escap'd!

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

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither : I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

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

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

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

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can't swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

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

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

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

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: ² I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the

² *I afraid of him? a very shallow monster, &c.*] It is to be observed that *Trinculo* the speaker is not charged with being afraid: but it was his Consciousness that he was so that drew this bragg from him. This is Nature.

The T E M P E S T.

47

man i' th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster : well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' Isle, and I will kifs thy foot : I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kifs thy foot. I'll swear my self thy subject.

Ste. Come on then ; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kifs.

Trin.——But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

Cal. “ I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck
“ thee berries,

“ I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

“ A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

“ I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

“ Thou wond'rous man.”

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

Cal. “ I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
“ grow ;

“ And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;

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

“ To snare the nimble marmazet ; I'll bring thee

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

“ ' Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go
“ with me ?”

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle ; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

3 *Young SCAMELS from the rock.*] We should read SHAMOIS, *i. e.* young Kids.

Cal.

The T E M P E S T .

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, master ; farewel,
farewel.*

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

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.*

*Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-
day, freedom!*

Ste. *O brave monfter, lead the way.* [*Exeunt.*

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

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D .

T H E R E be some sports are painful, but their
labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most-poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious : but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore Injunction. My sweet Mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executer ; I forget ;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busie-less, when I do it.

Enter

The T E M P E S T.

49

Enter Miranda ; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile :
Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you : my father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest your self ;
He's safe for these three hours.

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

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that ;
I'll carry't to the pile.

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

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

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

Mira. You look wearily.

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

Mira. *Miranda.* O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

V O L. I.

E

Brought

The T E M P E S T.

Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women, never any
 With so full foul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

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

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

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

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

The T E M P E S T.

51

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide it self,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

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

Mira. My husband then?

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

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now
farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up,
and board 'em, servant-monster; drink to me.

E 2

Trin.

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

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

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

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

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

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

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

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

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

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

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

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

Cal.

The T E M P E S T.

53

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the fuit I made to thee?

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

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dares not.—)

Ste. That's most certain.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

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

E 3

Trin.

The T E M P E S T.

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

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she: But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*, As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste.

The T E M P E S T.

55

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy self shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou like the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

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

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I desie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, [not. Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches

Ready

The T E M P E S T.

Ready to drop upon me ; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

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

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

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer. He lays it on.

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

S C E N E III.

Changes to another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.

Gen. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod,
indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders ! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits : sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope,
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

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

Will

The T E M P E S T.

57

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

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

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders:

(For, certes, these are people of the island)

Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro.

The T E M P E S T.

4 Pro. Praise, in departing.——

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

[boys,

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
'em

Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
5 Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

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

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,

4 Pro. Praise in departing.] This is a sarcasm. They were
praising the music and attendance of this visionary Entertainment:
but their commendations were too hasty, for the Banquet was pre-
sently snatched from them: so that the music was only a prelude
to a Mockery. *Prospero* therefore says, *Stay your praises till you
have ended your entertainment.*

Praise in departing.

The phrase alludes to the custom of Guests praising their enter-
tainment when they rise from the Banquet.

5 Each putter out on five for one—] A Satire on the Voyagers
of that time, who had just discovered a new World; and, as was
natural, gave very extravagant accounts of the wonders of it.
Their Ventures in these expeditions are alluded to in the title,
given them, of *putters out on five for one.*

And

The T E M P E S T.

59

And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
 And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
 (Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and
 carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their

The T E M P E S T.

Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Prospero from above.*]

Gon. I th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand
you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

“ Methoughts, the billows spoke, and told me of it;

“ The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

“ That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

“ The Name of *Prosper*: it did bafe my trespass.

Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there lye mudded.

[*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; “ their great
guilt,

“ Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,

“ Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;

And hinder them from what this ecstasie

May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

The T E M P E S T.

61

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

Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

P R O S P E R O.

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

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
“ If thou dost break her ³ virgin-knot, before
“ All sanctimonious ceremonies may
“ With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
“ No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
“ To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
“ Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
“ The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
“ That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

³ — *virgin-knot*, —] Alluding to the *Latin* phrase of *Zenam solvere*.

[(a) — *thread* — *Mr. Theobald*, — *vulg. third*.]

Fer.

The T E M P E S T.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now ; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust ; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or *Phebus'* steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
 service

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
 In such another trick ; go, ⁴ bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
 And breathe twice ; and cry, so, so ;
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel* ; do not approach,
 'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

⁴ — bring the rabble,] i. e. of spirits.

Pro.

The T E M P E S T.

63

Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow! ———

Fer. I warrant you, Sir ;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel* ! ⁵ bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly ———
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [*To Ferdinand.*
[*Soft Musick.*

S C E N E III.

A M A S Q U E. Enter *Iris* :

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy (a) brown
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being las-lorn ; thy ⁶ pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,

Where

⁵ ——— *bring a corollary,*] *Corollarium* signifies what we call supernumerary, or, what is more than just sufficient. The word has here a singular propriety and elegance. For *corollaria* were, amongst the *Romans*, the little gifts given to the people when Plays were exhibited to them at their public festivals ; and *corollæ* crowns given to those Actors who pleased more than ordinary.

⁶ ——— *Thy POLE-CLIPT vineyard,*
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard.] *Gildon* who has made what he calls a *Glossary* on *Shakespeare*, says ——— *Pole-clipt-*
clipt

[(a) — *brown groves,* *Oxford Edit.* — vulg. *broom groves.*]

The TEMPEST.

Where thou thyself do'st air; the Queen o' th' sky,
 Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy *Queen*
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
 Do not attend the *Queen*: since they did plot
 The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid; I met her deity

clipt in the head. What he had in his head is not worth inquiring. *Clipt* here signifies *embraced*: but *pole-clipt* is a corrupt reading. It sounded well, because vines are supported by Poles, to say *pole-clipt vineyard*. And sound was what the Player-Editors only attended to. But a little sense might have taught them that *vines* could not be called *pole-clipt*, tho' *Poles* might be called *wine-clipt*. *Shakespear* wrote

— Thy PALE-CLIPT Vineyard.

i. e. the *vineyard* inclosed or fenced with *Pales*, in opposition to the wide and open *sea-marge* or coast. — *Rocky hard* should be read with an hyphen. It is one of the epithets to *sea-marge*. — as hard as a rock.

Cutting

The T E M P E S T :

65

Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*; and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows;
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno descends, and enters.*

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you:

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

Fer. 7 This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious charming Lays: may I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro:

7 *This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious CHARMINGLY.*] What was intended to
be here commended was, 1. The vision of the Goddesses. 2. Their
Songs. The vision is commended in these Words, *This is a most
majestick vision.* But for the songs, — we are put off with this
V o L. I. F nonsense

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

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

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

Juno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on *employment*.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

nonsense—and *harmonious Charmingly*. To restore Sense, and
the other part of the commendation, we must needs read

————— and
Harmonious charming L A Y S,

And then both the *visions* and the *songs* will have their due praises.
The word *charming* cannot with propriety be applied to any thing
but music and poetry, because these were supposed to operate, as
charms. In our Author's time the word was generally so applied,
tho' it be now used ridiculously on every object of pleasure.

S C E N E

The T E M P E S T.

67

S C E N E IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed' rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

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

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd fort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: ' these our actors,
' As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

• Are

8 ————— *These our Actors,*
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baseless Fabric of THEIR VISION,
The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this unsubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack behind—]

In this reading, all sublunary things, on account of their fleeting existence, are compared to the mask of spirits, which, at the beck of *Prosper*, vanished suddenly away. But then there is a wretched tautology in the lines,

And like the baseless Fabric &c.

And like this unsubstantial Pageant &c.

Not to mention the awkward expression of [*their Vision*], which *Mr. Theobald*, upon what Authority I know not, hath changed into [*this Vision*]. I suppose to make the expression a little more natural. I would read,

And like the baseless Fabric of TH' AIR VISIONS.

The T E M P E S T.

- ' Are melted into air, into thin air;
 ' And, like the baseless fabrick of th' air-visions
 ' The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 ' The solemn temples, the great globe it self,
 ' Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 ' And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

‘ Leave

He had just before said, that the Spirits were melted — *into Air, into thin Air*. This furnishes him with the fine similitude of *Air Visions*, which generally appearing, as *Shakespeare* in another place says, like

*A tower'd Citidel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory,*

he very properly calls *baseless Fabrics*, which doth not so well agree with spirits in a human form. By this emendation the tautology, taken notice of above, is avoided: and the Poet, with great perspicuity, and physical exactness, compares the Globe, and all *inanimate* things upon it, to *Air Visions*; and men and animals in the words — *yea all which it inherit* — to the *visions of Spirits*, which the Speaker had just before presented to them. Further, that the Comparison was indeed to *Air Visions* is still evident from the words,

———— *leave not a Rack behind,*

which can refer only to *Air Visions*. For *Rack* is the vestige of an embodied cloud, which hath been broken and dissipated by the Winds. But lastly, to put the emendation out of all reasonable question, we have this very Similitude of *Air Visions* again in *Antony and Cleopatra*, with this difference only, that it is *there* applied to the transient glory of one man, and *here*, to that of human things in general.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

*Sometimes we see a Cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometimes like a bear or lion,
A tower'd Citidel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain or blue Promontory;*

———— *thou'st seen these signs,*

*They are black Vesper's Pageants —
That which is now a Horse even with a thought,
The Rack dissimms and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water — now thy Captain is
Even such a body; here I'm Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this visible Shape, &c. —*

I will only add, that the thought — *They are black Vesper's Pageants*, is wonderfully beautiful. As it characterizes these *Air Visions*, which appear only in the Evening, when the setting Sun reflects

The T E M P E S T.

69

' Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
 ' As dreams are made on, and our little life
 ' Is rounded with a sleep.'——' Sir, I am vext;
 Bear with my weaknes, my old brain is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*

Pro.

reflects its light upon the opposite Clouds; and as it gives a vast force to the Similitude, which insinuates that human glory is as certainly succeeded by Misery, as these gaudy Appearances by a dark cloudy Night. It is observable, that the time at which *Prospero* uses this Similitude of *Air Visions*, is the Evening.

9 *Leave not a Rack behind!—*] The *Oxford Editor* not knowing what Mariners call the *Rack* of a Cloud, namely the Vestige of it, after it has been broken and driven by the wind, alters it to *Track*.

1 ————— *Sir, I am vext,*

Bear with my weaknes, my old brain is troubled:]

Prospero here discovers a great emotion of anger on his sudden recollection of *Caliban's* plot. This appears from the admirable reflexion he makes on the insignificancy of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner: and yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, as first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in *Prospero's* circumstances. The Plot of a contemptible *Savage* and two drunken Sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger. But if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our Author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is the *Sense of Ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the Obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to use. But these reflexions on *Caliban's* Ingratitude would naturally recal to mind his brother's: And then these two working together were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented.—That these two, who had received, at his hands, the two best Gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *Regal power* and the *Use of reason*; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the Donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing.

The T E M P E S T.

Pros. Come with a thought ;— I thank you :—
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell ; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander ; when I presented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

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

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking ;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick ; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird ;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still ;
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,

² *The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither*

For stale to catch these Thieves—] If it be asked what necessity there was for this apparatus, I answer that it was the superstitious fancy of the people, in our Author's time, that Witches, Conjurors, &c. had no power over those against whom they would employ their Charms, till they had got them at this advantage, committing some sin or other, as here of theft.

Humanely

The TEMPEST.

71

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.
[Prospero remains invisible.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

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

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

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

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly:
All's hush't as midnight yet.

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

Ste. "There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
"that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

Ste. "I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
"ears for my labour."

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

The T E M P E S T.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts. [*phano!*

Trin. ³ O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Ste!*
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery;—O, King *Stephano!*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. [mean,

Cal. The dropie drown this fool! what do you
To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. “ I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment
“ for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
“ King of this country: steal by line and level, is an
“ excellent pass of pate; there's another garment
“ for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

3 *Trin.* O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!*

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The Humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated Ballad, which begins thus, *King Stephen was a worthy Peer*—and celebrates that King's parsimony with regard to his wardrobe.—There are two Stanzas of this ballad in *Othello*.

Ste.

The TEMPEST.

73

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lye at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. ***

Before the Cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick Robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and ⁴time
Goes

⁴ ————— Time
Goes upright with his Carriage—] The thought is pretty.
————— Time

The T E M P E S T .

Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest ; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works
'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part ; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance ; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further ; go, release them, *Ariel* ;

—Time is usually represented as an old man almost worn out, and bending under his load. He is here painted as in great vigour, and walking upright, to denote that things went prosperously on.

My

The T E M P E S T.

75

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Pro. ' Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,

' And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
' Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
' When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
' By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
' Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
' Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
' To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
' (Weak masters tho' ye be) ⁵ I have be-dimm'd
' The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
' And

⁵ ——— *I have be-dimm'd*

*The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted Jove's stout Oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd Promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth*

By my so potent Art.] Here is evidently an absurd transposition of the words in the last line but one. But Mr. *Theobald's* defence of the present reading is still more absurd. He justifies the expression of *Graves waking their Sleepers*, by *Beaumont and Fletcher's* saying—*Fame awakens the ruin'd Monuments*—which is an expression purely metaphorical, to signify that those monuments are brought again into remembrance; and is therefore justifiable. But—*Graves waking their Sleepers* must needs be understood literally. For *Prospero* would insinuate that dead men were actually raised to life by his Art. Therefore the expression is absurd, and consequently none of *Shakespeare's*, who certainly wrote

——— *Graves, at my command,*

Have open'd, and let forth their Sleepers, wak'd

By my so potent Art.

As

The T E M P E S T.

' And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 ' Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
 ' Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout oak
 ' With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 ' Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 ' The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 ' Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd
 ' By my so potent art.' ' But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd

Some

As a further proof that *Shakespeare* wrote it thus, we may observe, that he borrowed this speech from *Medea's* in *Ovid*:

Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello;
Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque:
Vipereasque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces:
Vivaeque saxa sua convulsaque robora terra,
Et filvas moveo: jubeoque tremescere Montes,
Et mugire solum MANESQUE EXIRE SEPULCRIS.

Now *manesque exire sepulcris* is jully expressed as we have reformed the lines,

— Graves, at my command,
 Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd
 By my so potent art —

The third line of his original containing an atchievement little in use amongst modern Inchanters he has with judgment omitted it in his imitation.

6 ——— But this rough magick

I here abjure. And when I have required
 Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,

(To work mine end upon their Senses, that

This airy charm is FOR;) I'll break my staff, &c.—] If

the present reading be genuine, then, by [*airy charm*] is meant the heavenly musick two lines before. But this admitted, the consequence will be, 1. A wretched tautology; He had said — *Some heavenly musick to work mine end*; and then immediately adds this *airy charm* of music is for working mine end. 2. As unpardonable a defect; for, according to this sense and reading, we are not informed what this end was, by not being told the State of their Senses. We must needs then by [*airy charm*] understand the fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring, as it is called in the 3d Scene of Act I. and thunder and lightning in the 4th Scene of Act III. which had in the highest degree terrified the persons concerned. That this was the *airy charm* is farther evident from these words, in the following Scene, *The charm dissolves apace, and as, &c.*

It

The T E M P E S T .

77

Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm has frail'd;) ? I'll break my staff;
 Bury't a certain fadom in the earth;
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn Musick.

S C E N E III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonzo with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopt. —
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

It was dissolved, we see, by the *heavenly musick*, and therefore different from it. But if this be the sense of *airy charm*, then we see the reading [IS FOR] must be corrupt; and that *Shakespear* wrote,

— *heavenly musick* —
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm HAS FRAIL'D.

i. e. which senses the airy charm of *Ariel* above-mentioned has disturbed and shatter'd. For that this was their condition appears from the lines which follow in the next scene.

— *The charm dissolves apace;*
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason —

7 — I'll break my staff;

Bury it certain fadoms in the earth.] *Certain* in its present signification is predicated of a precise determinate number. But this sense would make the thought flat and ridiculous. We must consider the word *certain* therefore as used in its old signification of a many, indefinitely. So *Bale* in his *Acts of English Notaries* says, — *But he took with him A CERTEN of his idle companions.* For a many. So that *Shakespear*, I suppose, wrote the line thus,
 Bury't a CERTAIN Fadom in the Earth.

The T E M P E S T.

Mine eyes, even sociable to th' shew of thine,
 Fall fellow-drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 ' Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 ' Begin to chase the * ign'rant fumes, that mantle
 ' Their clearer reason.' O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonzo*, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood.
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. " Their understanding
 " Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 " Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 " That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will dis-case me, and myself present,
 [Exit *Ariel*, and returns immediately.]
 As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
 Thou shalt e'er long be free:

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

* *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:*

* *ign'rant fumes,*] *Ignorant, for hurtful to reason.*

8 *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*] Mr. Theobald tells us, he has here ventured to vary from the printed Copies, and read *lurk I*: Because a Spirit cannot be intended, as he expresses it, to want food. How *Shakespeare*, or any other good Metaphysician would have intended to support these Spirits, had they been of their own making, I do not know: But the people who gave them birth brought them up to good eating and drinking.

There

The TEMPEST.

79

*There I couch, when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ⁹ Summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so,
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

9 *After Summer, merrily.*] This is the reading of all the Editions. Yet Mr. *Theobald* has substituted *Sun-set*, because *Ariel* talks of riding on the Bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. *Ariel* was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of *Prospero*, to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the Island Winter and Summer. But the roughness of Winter is represented by *Shakespeare* as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who on this account constantly follow *Summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of *Ariel's* new recover'd liberty, that he could now avoid *Winter*, and follow *Summer* quite round the Globe. But to put the matter out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line.

There I couch, when Owls do cry.

Where? in the *Cowslip's* bell, and *where the Bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *Summer*. When? *when Owls cry*, and this is in *Winter*. *When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,*

Then nightly sings the staring owl.

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Lost*. The consequence is, that *Ariel* flies *After-Summer*. Yet the *Oxford* Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. *Theobald*.

Pro.

The TEMPEST.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know ; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me ; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story :
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs ; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain : welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No : ———

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults ; all of them ; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,

How

The T E M P E S T .

81

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreckt upon this shore ; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and *Patience*
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ?

Pro. As great to me, as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan* ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir ;
This cell's my court ; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad ; pray you, look in ;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,

V O L . I .

G

I will

The T E M P E S T.

I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

S C E N E I V.

Opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing
at Chess.*

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. ' Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad Father compass thee about !

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O ! wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here ?
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play ?

Your eld'ft acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

[*Yes, for a Score of Kingdoms*] i. e. If the subject or bet were
Kingdoms: Score here not signifying the number twenty, but
accunt.

And

The TEMPEST.

83

And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, *Gonzalo*!

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

The TEMPEST.

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'ft grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alm. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
² Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

² *Where we in all our Trim. freshly beheld*

Our royal, good and gallant Ship; —] The Trim is to be understood of the Ship, and not of the Crew, so that we should read her trim. *Dr. Thirlby.*

The T E M P E S T .

85

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of ; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business ; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) ³ single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents ; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit ;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free :
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself ; for all is but fortune ; *Coragio*,
bully-monster, *Coragio* !

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha ;
What things are these, my lord *Antonio* !
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

3 — *single I'll resolve you.*] Because the conspiracy, against him, of his Brother *Sebastian* and his own Brother *Antonio*, would make part of the relation.

The T E M P E S T.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. * And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they

Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ft thou in this pickle?

* And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they

Find this grand LIQUOR, that hath gilded 'em.] *Shakespeare*, to be sure, wrote — grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the grand Elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of Gold, they called *Aurum potable*; which *Shakespeare* alluded to in the word gilded; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?

Yet coming from him, that great med'cine bath,

With his Tinct, gilded thee.

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the Chymists, Sack was the only restorer of youth, and bestower of immortality. So *Ben Jonson* in his *Every man out of his humour* — *Canarie the very Elixar and spirit of wine* — This seems to have been the Cant name for Sack, of which the *English* were, at that time, immoderately fond. *Randolf* in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says, — *A Pottle of Elixar at the Pegasus bravely caroused*. So again in *Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas*, Act III.

— Old reverend Sack, which, for ought that I can read yet,

Was that Philosopher's stone the wise King Ptolomeus

Did all his wonders by. —

The phrase too of being gilded was a trite one on this occasion. *Fletcher* in his *Chances* — *Duke. Is she not drunk too? Whore. A little gilded o'er, Sir; Old Sack, Old Sack, Boys!*

Trin.

The TEMPEST.

87

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*? [cramp.

Ste. 'O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a

Pro. You'd be King o' th' isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell, Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a God? And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

5 O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.] In reading this play, I all along suspected that *Shakespeare* had taken it from some *Italian* writer; the *Unities* being all so regularly observed, which no dramatic writers but the *Italian* observed so early as our Author's time; and which *Shakespeare* has observed no where but in this Play. Besides, the Persons of the Drama are all *Italians*. I was much confirmed in my Suspicion when I came to this place. It is plain a joke was intended; but where it lies is hard to say. I suspect there was a quibble in the Original that would not bear to be translated, which ran thus, *I am not Stephano but Staffilato*. *Staffilato* signifying, in *Italian*, a man well lashed or flayed, which was the real case of these varlets.

— *Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns*

Which enter'd their frail Skins. —

And the touching a raw part being very painful, he might well cry out *Touch me not*, &c. In *Riccoboni's* Catalogue of *Italian* plays are these, *Il Negromante di L. Ariosto, prosa e verso*, & *Il Negromante Palliato di Gio: Angelo Petrucci, prosa*. But whether the *Tempest* be borrowed from either of these, not having seen them, I cannot say.

The T E M P E S T .

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell :
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

6 — And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;]

This alludes to the old Stories told of the despair of Necromancers in their last moments ; and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.



Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*

Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-seed,

} *Fairies.*

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonshine,

Lyon.

} *Characters in the Interlude perform'd by the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

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

A M I D-



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S
D R E A M.

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

The Duke's Palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with Attendants.

T H E S E U S.

NO W, fair *Hippolita*, 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,

¹ Long wintering on a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,

¹ Long WITHERING OUT a young Man's revenue] Long
withering out is, certainly, not good *English*. I rather think
Shakespeare wrote, Long WINTERING ON a young man's
revenue.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,

Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter *Egeus*, *Hermia*, *Lyfander*, and *Demetrius*.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth, *Demetrius*.—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, *Lyfander*.—And, my gracious Duke,

This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, *Lyfander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,

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 'stoll'n th' impression of her fantasie,

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't so, she will not here before your Grace

z — *stoll'n th' impression of her fantasie,*] The expression is elegant and pretty. It alludes to the taking the impression of a Key in Wax, in order to have another made to unlock a Cabinet.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

95

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 'leve the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

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

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

3 Or to her death, according to our law.] By a Law of *Solon's*, Parents had the absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough to suppose the *Athenians* had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter.

4 To you your father should be as a God,
One, who 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.] We should read,

To 'LEVE the figure, &c.

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or add to the beauty of the figure, which is said to be imprinted by him. 'Tis from the *French*, *relever*. Thus they say, *Tapisseries relevées d'or*. In the same sense they use *enlever*, which *Maundeville* makes *English* of in this Manner — And all the walls withinne ben covered with gold and sylver, in syn Plates: and in the Plates ben Stories and Batayles of *Knayghtes ENLEVED*. p. 228. *Rablais*, with a strain of buffoon humour, that equals the sober elegance of this passage in our Poet, calls the small gentry of *France*, *Gentilhommes de bas relief*.

Her.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not, by what pow'r 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, to whose unwish'd yolk
My soul consents not to give Sov'reignty.

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;

[*I know not, by what power I am made bold;*] It was the
Opinion of the Ancients, that when a person did or said any thing
that exceeded his common faculties of performance, that he did it
by the Assistance of some God. So here she insinuates, that it was
Love that enabled her to plead his cause.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

97

Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia* ; and, *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

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

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

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd : my love is more than his :
My fortune's 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, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'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 your self
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.

6 Come, my *Hippolita* ; what cheer, my love ?

Demetrius,

6 Come, my *Hippolita* ; what cheer, my love ?] *Hippolita* had
not said one single word all this while. Had a modern poet had

98 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptials, and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent *Lyfander* and *Hermia*.

Lyf. 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.

Lyf. *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! — (*a*)

Lyf. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ———

Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ———

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lyf. 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,

the teaching of her, we should have found her the busiest amongst them; and, without doubt, the Lovers might have expected a more equitable decision. But *Shakespear* knew better what he was about; and observed decorum.

7 *Beteem*, or pour down upon them.

Mr. Pope.

[(*a*) ——— to low, *Mr. Theobald*, ——— *Vulg. to love.*]

“ ” *Brief*

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99

“ ‘ Brief as the lightning in the ‘ collid night,
 “ That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav’n 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 crost,
 It stands as an edict in destiny :
 Then, let us teach our tryal patience :
 Because it is a customary crost,
 As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and fighs,
 Wishees and tears, poor fancy’s followers !

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.
 I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child ;
 From *Athens* is her house 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

8 *Brief as the light’ning in the collid 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.] Tho’ the word *Spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. *Shakespeare* always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his Ideas assumes, every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few ideas of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas — of a sudden, or — in a trice, he uses the word *Spleen* ; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *Spleen* for a sudden hasty fit ; so just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *spleenatic* — *sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversion adds a force to the diction.

9 *Collid or black.* Mr. Pope.

1 *Lys.* — *If thou lov’st me, then
 Steal forth thy father’s house &c.*

Her. My good Lyfander,

H 2

I swear

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Steal forth thy father's house to morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
 To do observance to the morn of *May*,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*, ———

Lys. I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the Simplicity of *Venus's* 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; ———

Her. In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

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

*I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By &c. &c.*

In that same place thou hast appointed me

To morrow truly will I meet with thee.] Lysander does

but just propose her running away from her Father at midnight, and straight she is at her oaths that she will meet him at the place of Rendezvous. Not one doubt or hesitation, not one condition of assurance for *Lysander's* constancy. Either she was nauciously coming; or she had before jilted him; and he could not believe her without a thousand Oaths. But *Shakespeare* observed nature at another Rate. — The speeches are divided wrong, and must be thus rectified; when *Lysander* had proposed her running away with him, she replies,

Her. My good *Lysander* ———

and is going on, to ask security for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interrupts her with the grant of what she demands,

Lys. *I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow &c.*

By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever woman spoke ———

Here she interrupts him in her turn; declares herself satisfied, and consents to meet him, in the following words,

Her. — *In that same place thou hast appointed me,*

To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

This division of the lines, besides preserving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and spirit.

S C E N E

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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S C E N E III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unfay;

Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!

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

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so!

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

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

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,

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

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

You sway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

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

Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs 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 my self 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 unto a hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;

To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold

[(a) *Your's would catch*, Oxf. Ed. — Vulg. *your words I'd catch.*]

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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'* gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
 There, my *Lysander* and my self shall meet;
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
 To seek new Friends and strange Companions.
 Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
 Keep word, *Lysander*; we must starve our sight
 From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*

Lys. I will, my *Hermia.*—*Helena*, adieu;
 As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit Lysand.*

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
 He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
 And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities,
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpore to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight :
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have ~~this~~ ^{his} fight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

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

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

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so go 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 scrowl. 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.

2 GROW on to a point.] read Go on &c.

H 4

Bot.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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; ³ I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cap in: To make all split — “the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates — and *Phibbus*’ carr 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.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand’ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* must love.

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

Quin. That’s all one, you shall play it in a masque; 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 taylor.

³ I could play *Ercles* part rarely, or a part to tear a CAP in.] We should read,

A part to tear a CAP in.

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, [2d part of *Hen. IV.*] so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is, the Poet makes *bully Bottom*, as he is called afterwards, wish for a *part to tear a cap in*. And in the ancient plays, the bombast and the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic: And indeed constituted the very essence of their *tragical Farces*. Thus *Bale* in his *Acts of English votaries*, part 2d, says — *grennyng like Termagauntes in a play*,

Star.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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Star. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part: 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. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess 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 you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

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

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

Quin. Why, what you will.

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

Quin.

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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 intreat 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. ⁴ At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. —————

[*Exeunt.*]

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

A W O O D.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

P U C K.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through briar,

⁴ *At the Duke's Oak we meet* — hold, or cut bowstrings.] This proverbial phrase came originally from the Camp. When a Rendezvous was appointed, the militia Soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word that their *bowstrings were broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially — *hold or cut bow-strings* — i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets* — the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut or fretted*.

Over

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

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 per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, 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. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagere,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless huswife chern:
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?

1 *i. e.* quarrel or jar.

Mr. Pops.

Those

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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 wand'rer 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 sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap 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 (a) rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

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

S C E N E II. ***

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train,
and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met at moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairies, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
When thou hast stoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

[(a) — rails or cries, Oxf. Ed. — Vulg. Taylor cries.]

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To am'rous *Pbillida*. 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.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita* ;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theseus* ? [night
* Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the
From * *Periguné*, whom he ravished ;
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa* ?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
3 And never since 4 that middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,

* *Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night*] We should read,

Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the night
The meaning is, She conducted him in the appearance of fire through the dark night.

2 *Perigenia*, Vid. Plut. vit. Thesei.

Mr. Pope.

3 *And never since that middle summer's spring, &c.*] There are not many passages in *Shakespeare* of which one can be certain he has borrowed from the Ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no dispute. Our Author's admirable description of the miseries of the Country being plainly an imitation of that which *Ovid* draws, as consequent on the grief of *Ceres*, for the loss of her daughter.

Nescit adhuc ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes:

Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.

——— *Ergo illic sæva vertentia glebas*

Fregit aratra manu parilique irata colonos

Ruricolaque boves letbo dedit: arvaque jussit

Fallere depositum vitiatque semina fecit.

Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem

Sparsa jacet. Primis segetes moriuntur in herbis.

Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:

Sideraque ventique nocent.

4 *The middle summer's spring.*] We should read THAT. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began.

VOL. I.

To

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
⁵ The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
⁶ The human mortals want their winter heried,

No

⁵ *The nine-mens morris,*] A kind of rural chess.

⁶ *The human mortals want their winter HERE.*] But sure it was not one of the circumstances of misery, here recapitulated, that the Sufferers wanted their *Winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical descriptions of the golden Age, it was always one circumstance of their happiness that they wanted Winter. This is an idle blunder of the Editor's. *Shakespear* without question wrote,

The human mortals want their winter HERIED,
i. e. praised, celebrated. The word is obsolete: But used both by *Chaucer* and *Spencer* in this signification,

Thou' wouldest thou learne to CAROLL of love,
And HERIE with HYMNES thy Lasse's glove.

Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation,

No night is now with Hymn or Carol blest;

and the propriety of the sentiment is evident. For the winter is the season of rural rejoicing, as the gloominess of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might she say, when she had described the dearths of the seasons and fruitless toil of the husbandmen, that

The human mortals want their winter heried.

But, principally, since the coming of Christianity this season in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly de-
 voted

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
 That rheumatick diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. ⁷ The spring, the summer,
 The ⁸ childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,

voted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *Hymn or Carol blest* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald says, he should undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture unto the text, but that Shakespear seems rather fond of *hallow'd*. Rather than what? *hallow'd* is not synonymous to *berged* but to *blest*. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the English word *blest* confounded him, which signifies either *prais'd* or *sanctified*.

⁷ *The Spring, the Summer,*

The childing Autumn, angry winter change

Their wonted Liveries; and th' amazed World

By their INCREASE now knows not which is which;—] whose increase? or what increase?—Let us attend to the Sentiment—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter change their *Liveries*, i. e. Spring and Summer are unseasonably cold; and Autumn and Winter unseasonably warm. This temperature he calls the *Liveries* or the covering of the Seasons. Which, he says, confounds the amazed world, that, now, knows not which is which. This being owing then to the Seasons changing their garb, the last line was doubtless wrote thus,

By their INCHASE now knows not which is which.

i. e. by the temperature in which they are set. The metaphor before was taken from *Clothing*, here from *Jewels*. *Inchase* coming from the French, *Enchasseure*, a term in use amongst Goldsmiths for the setting a stone in Gold.

⁸ *The CHIDING Autumn.*] The Quarto of 1600, and the Folio of 1623, read *CHILDING*, and this is right. It is an old word which signified teeming, bearing fruit. So *Cbaucer*, in his *Ballade of our Ladie*, says,

Chosin of Joseph, whom he toke to wive,

Unknowynge hym, CHIDING by miracle——

This is the proper epithet of Autumn, and not *chiding*.

By

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

By their inchafe, now knows not which is which ;
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension ;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
 Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my ⁹ henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order,
 And, in the spiced *Indian* air by night,
 Full often she hath gossipt by my side ;
 And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
 When we have laugh't to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind :
 ' Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Follying (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 ;

9 Or usher.

Mr. Pope.

1 Which she with pretty and with swimming gate

FOLLOWING (her womb then rich with my young squire)

Would imitate—] Following what? she did not follow the ship, whose motion she imitated: for that sailed on the water, she on the land. If by following we are to understand imitating, it will be a mere pleonasm—imitating would imitate. From the Poet's description of the actions it plainly appears we should read

FOLLING ———

Would imitate.

i. e. wantoning in Sport and Gaiety. Thus the old *English* writers — and they beleevén FOLYLY and falsly — says Sir *J. Maundeville*, from and in the sense of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action described—full often has she gossipt by my side—and—when we have laugh'd to see.

And

The Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moon-light revels, go with us;

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

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

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:

We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,

'Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle *Puck*, come hither; ² thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And

2 — *Thou remember'st*

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's musick —] The first thing obser-

vable on these words is, that this action of the *Mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with *Cupid's* attack upon the *Vestal*. By the *Vestal* every one knows is meant *Queen Elizabeth*. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the *Mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with *Mary Queen of Scots*, and with no other. *Queen Elizabeth* could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty and intemperate lust,

— *Ut turpiter atrum*

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

for as *Elizabeth* for her chastity is called a *Vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *Mermaid*. 3. An

VOL. I.

I

antient

The Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck.

antient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor *Julian* tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *Mermaids*) contended for precedency with the *Muses*, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between *Mary* and *Elizabeth* had the same cause, and the same issue.

— *On a Dolphin's back.*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of *Mary's* fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of *France*, son of *Henry II.*

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The *French* writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a *Latin* oration in the great hall of the *Louvre*, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song.] By the *rude sea* is meant *Scotland* encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in *France*. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: And had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms,

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To bear the sea maid's musick.] Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the *English* nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of *Norfolk*, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imag'ry. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion *Shakspear* alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*,

*O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.*

On

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Pauc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid alarm'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 Votress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower ;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound ;
And maidens call it Love in idleness.

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the *speaker*. And on these occasions *Shakespeare* always excels himself. He is born away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and carries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

— — — *Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.*

3 *Cupid ALL ARM'D* : —] Surely this presents us with a very unclassical Image. In ancient books and monuments we never see *Cupid* armed with more than his bow and arrows ; and with these we find him furnished in all humours. These too are the only arms he had occasion for in the present action ; a more illustrious one than any his friends, the classic poets, ever employed him in. I would read therefore

Cupid ALARM'D.

The change, I make, is so small, and the beauty it gives the thought, so great, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For how great an addition is it to the compliment on this virgin Queen's celibacy, that it *alarmed* the power of love. As if his empire was in danger, when the *Imperial Votress* had declared herself for a single life : So great an influence would her example have amongst her sex. Queen *Elizabeth* could not but be pleas'd with the delicacy of this compliment.

4 A compliment to Queen *Elizabeth*.

Mr. *Pope*.

5 *And maidens call it Love in idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid* : With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed.

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Fetch me that flow'r ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit.]

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

S C E N E III.

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 (a) 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 pow'r to draw,
 And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

6 Wood, or mad, wild, raving.

Mr. Pope.

[(a) *Slay, slayeth.* Dr. Thirlby.—Vulg. *slay, slayeth.*]

Dem.

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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 ev'n 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 use your dog?

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

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

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your self
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 tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

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

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell ;
To die upon the hand, I love so well, [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph ; ere he doth leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there ? welcome, wanderer,

Enter Puck,

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me ;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs 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.

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Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than she upon her love ;
And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* song :
7 Then, for the third part of the midnight, 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 8 our quaint sports. Sing me now asleep :
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So good night with lullaby.*

7 *Then, for the third part of A MINUTE, hence ;*] We should read *third part of THE MIDNIGHT*. The common reading is nonsense. Possibly *Shakespear* might have used the *French* word *Minuit*.

8 — *our quaint SPIRITS.*—] We should read *SPORTS*.

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2 Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here ;
Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor snail, do no offence,
Philomel with melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand Centinel.*

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,
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 Oberon.*

S C E N E VI.

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 thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lysander* ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

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

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

Lys.

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

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
 Now much behrew my manners, and my pride,
 If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.
 But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie
 Lye further off; in human modesty,
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

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 prest!
 [*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But *Athenian* found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love:

Night

9 O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.] Here, by some mischance or other, *Innocence* and *Conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very sensible reply of all kind of meaning. Restore each to its right place and the sense will be this; — when she had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies,

O take the sense, sweet, of my conference;

i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole speech,
 and

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Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athena* he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the *Athenian* maid,
And here the maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! the durst not lye
Near to this lack-love kill-curtisie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running:

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!

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

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

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

[*Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is *Hermia*, 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 oftner wash'd than hers:

and do not pervert the sense of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the discourse. Besides, says he,

Love takes the meaning in love's innocence.

i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to discover the innocence of mine. These are the sentiments, which were quite lost in this awkward transposition.

No,

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No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;
 For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.
 Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
 Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.
 What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine
 Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphyery eyne ?
 But who is here ? *Lysander* on the ground :
 Dead or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound :
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

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

[*Waking.*

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is *Demetrius* ? Oh, how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so ;
 What tho' he love your *Hermia* ? lord, what tho' ?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia* ? no : I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent ;
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love ;
 Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;
 And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
 Things, growing, are not ripe until their season ;
 So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason ;
 And, touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
 And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry 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

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Good troth, you do me wrong ; good sooth, you do ;
 In such disdainful manner me to wooo :
 But fare you well, — Perforce I must confess,
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness :
 Oh, 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 heresie,
 Of all be hated, but the most of me !
 And all my pow'rs address your love and might
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight ! [Exit.

Her. 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 ;
 Me-thought, 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, and if you hear,
 Speak, of all loves ; (I swoon almost, with fear.)
 No ? — then I well perceive, you are not nigh ;
 Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.



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ACT III. SCENE I.

The WOOD.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

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 hauthorn-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'raken, 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 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.

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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 intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

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

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

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

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

Snug.

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

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the 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.

S C E N E II.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here.

So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?

What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;

An Actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

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

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

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

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*]

Thisby. Must I speak now?

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

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

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,

Most brisky *Juvenile*, 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.

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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*.

Re-enter Bottom, with an Ass-head.

Thisby. 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! [*The Clowns exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through bryer;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes 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?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee; thou art translated.

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

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The Ousef cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed ?
[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-song cuckow 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 lye, tho' he cry
cuckow never so ?

Queen. 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 oc-
casion.

Queen. 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.

Queen. 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 ;

1 Joke or scoff.

Mr. Pepe.

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K

And

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

S C E N E III.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole 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.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail! ———

3 *Fair.* Hail! ———

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

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

Pease. *Peaseblossom.*

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash* your mother, and to master *Peasecod* your father.
Good

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Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

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

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;

And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter King of Fairies.

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

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her clove and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Asbenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Thebesus'* nuptial day.
The shallow st thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyrrius* presented, in their sport

[(a) — parentage. Oxford Edit.— Vulg. patience well.]

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Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake ;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Ass's noie I fixed on his head ;
Anon, his *Thisy* must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes : when they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So at his sight, away his fellows fly ;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves ; some, hats ; from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. 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 wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. 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.

Hier. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse :

If

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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 stoll'n away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displeas'd
Her brother's noon-tide i'th' *Antipodes*.

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring 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, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

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

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

2 Her brother's noon tide WITH th' Antipodes.] She says, she would as soon believe, that the moon, then shining, could creep through the centre, and meet the sun's light on the other side the Globe. It is plain therefore we should read

— I' T H' Antipodes, i. e. in the Antipodes where the sun was then shining.

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Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he's 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.*]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy 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'er-rules, that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And *Helena* of *Athens*, see, thou find.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;

By some illusion, see, thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. [*Exit.*]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with *Cupid's* archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the *Venus* of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand,

And

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And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. 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.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lyfander 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.

Her. 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

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When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
(a) This Pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesie,
You would not do me thus much injury.

³ Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But must join insolents to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of nobler fort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

³ Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join IN SOULS to mock me too?] This
is spoken to *Demetrius*. The last line is nonsense. They should
be read thus,

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

But must join IN SOLENTS to mock me too?

meaning *Lysander*, who, as she thought, mocked her when he
declared his passion for her.

[(a) *This pureness*, Oxford Edit.—Vulg. *This Princess*.]

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My heart to her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd ;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

S. C E N E VII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes :
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.
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 O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not, as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy ;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot ?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?

We,

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We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles 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 molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, (*a*) 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,

[(*a*) — *like. M. Folis, Esquire. — Vulg. life*]

Make

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Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at 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.

Helen. I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

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

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

Dem. Quick, come——

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*!

Dem. No, no, he'll seem

To break away; take on as he 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: 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.

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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 ere-while. [me;
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left
Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you juggler; oh, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

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

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

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have

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I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice :
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again. ———

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me ;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too ;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see, how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : who is't that hinders
you ?

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

Her. What, with *Lysander* ?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

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

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

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

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

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

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,

Take

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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,
Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

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

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistrefs, all this coyl 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.

[*Exeunt: Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'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 enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes;
And so far am I glad it did so fort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, 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

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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 its 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 wandring 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 exile themselves from light;
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
 I with the morning-light have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 * Ev'n 'till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on *Neptune* with far-blessing beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But,

4 *Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with FAIR BLESSED beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.* The *Epi-*
thets fair blessed are an insipid unmeaning expletive. *Shakespeare,*
 without doubt, wrote,

FAIR-BLESSING beams;

i. e.

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Eut, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit Ob.

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 Lyfander.

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

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then.

To plainer ground. [*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyfander,* speak again;
Thou run-away, 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.
[Exit.

Lyfander comes back.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

i. e. whose genial rays have the most extensive influence. A corruption of the same kind we meet with in *Timon,*

Thou BLESSED-BREEDING sun,
which should be read,

Thou BLESSING-BREEDING sun,
i. e. who giveth blessings wherever it shines.

When

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When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd fast; but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[Lyes down.]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

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 runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou 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. [Lyes down.]

S C E N E X.

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 sometimes 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.

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Enter

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Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'n's shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray!

[Lyes down.]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep found,
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[Exit Puck. [They sleep.]



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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The WOOD.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's mon-
sieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-
bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring
me the honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much in
the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a
care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to
have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy 'nease, monsieur *Mustardseed*,
pray you, leave your curtesie, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavalero
Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;
for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face.
And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle
me, I must scratch.

1 Nease (*Yorkshire*) for fist.

L 2

Mr. Pope.

Queen.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Musick, Tongs, &c.

Queen. 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.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

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

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away;

² So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist the Maple; Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.

O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

² *So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist; the FEMALE Ivy so*

Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.] What does the woodbine entwist? The honey-suckle. But the woodbine and honey-suckle were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by woodbinde or bonnie-suckle. We must therefore find a support for the woodbine as well as for the Ivy. Which is done by reading the lines thus,

*So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist the MAPLE; Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.*

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *Ivy*.

Enter

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Enter Puck,

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seest thou this sweet fight?

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 flourish's 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 strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But, first, I will release the Fairy Queen;

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud (a) o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet Queen.

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

[*(a)* — *o'er*, *Dr. Thirlby*, — *Vulg. or.*]

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Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these (a) five the sense.

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

Still Musick.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

3 Dance in Duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all far posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. 4 Then, my Queen, in silence sad;

Trip we after the night's shade;

3 Dance in Duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all FAIR posterity:] We should read,

———— to all FAR posterity.

i. e. to the remotest posterity.

4 Then, my Queen, in silence sad;

Trip we after the night's shade.] Mr. Theobald says, why sad? Fairies are pleased to follow night. He will have it *fade*; and, so, to mend the rhyme, spoils both the sense and grammar. But he mistakes the meaning of *sad*; it signifies only grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. — So *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. *My father and the gentleman are in s A D talk.* For grave or serious.

[(a) — five, Dr. Thirlby, — Vulg. sine.]

We

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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 at their being here together.

Thes. 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.

Thes. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

*Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia,
and Helena, wake and start up.*

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

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

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

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;

You,

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You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me,
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle ⁶ gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;
And will for ever more be true to it.

Thes. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

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

Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exeunt Duke, Hippol. and Train.*]

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

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted Eye;
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So, methinks;

6 Gaude or bawble.

Mr. Pope.

7 And

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7 And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell,
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 *Hippolita*.

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

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus* — hey, ho, — *Peter Quince*, Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! god's my life! stoll'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was:

7 *And I have found Demetrius like a JEWEL,*

Mine own, and not mine own] *Hermia* had observed that things appeared double to her. *Helena* replies, *so methinks*; and then subjoins, that *Demetrius* was like a jewel, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to some thing which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property here of a Jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read,

And I have found Demetrius like a GEMELL,

Mine own, and not my own. — From *Gemellus* a *Twin*. For *Demetrius* had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same *Demetrius*; but that there were twin *Demetrius's* like the two *Socia's* in the *Faree*. — From *Gemellus* comes the *French*, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So in *Mazon's* translation of the *Decameron* of *Bocace* — *Il avoit trois filles plus aage'es que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient*] *U MELLE'S* avoient quinze ans. *Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.*

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man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it (*a*) after Death. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Town.**Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Quin. HAVE you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

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

Flu. If he come not, then the play is 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 handy-craft 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 naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more

[*(a)* — after *Death*, *Mr. Theobald*, — *Vulg. at her Death.*]

married;

married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

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

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

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of me; all 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 preferr'd: in any case, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. [*Exeunt.*



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ACT V. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak of.
Thes. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antick fables, nor these fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

“ The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,

“ Are of imagination all compact:

“ One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

“ The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,

“ Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

“ The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,

“ Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;

“ And, as imagination bodies forth

“ The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

“ Turns them to shape, 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,

1 *That if it would but apprehend—*] The Quarto of 1600 reads, *That if it* — *i. e.* the imagination; and this is right.

And

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

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

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

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

Thef. 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 *Philoftrate*.

Enter Philoftrate.

Philof. Here, mighty *Thefeus*. [ing ?]

Thef. Say, what abridgment have you for this even-
What masque ? what musick ? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Philof. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe :
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

[*Giving a Paper.*

Thef. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

*The riot of the tipsie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device ; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.

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² *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some fatyr, keen and critical ;
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.*

³ Merry and tragical ? tedious and brief ?

That is hot Ice, a wondrous strange Shew.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philosf. 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.

Tbesf. What are they, that do play it ?

Philosf. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now ;

² *The thrice three Muses, &c*] This seems to be intended as
a compliment to *Spencer*, who wrote a poem called *The tears of
the Muses*. He seems to have paid his friend another, in the
second AÆ, where he makes the queen of fairies say to the king,

————— *But I know*

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,

And, in the shape of Corin, sate all day

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To am'rous Phillida, ——— intimating that the pastorals
of that poet were so sweet, that it was a superior being under
the disguise of a mortal who composed them.

³ *Merry and tragical ? tedious and brief ?*

That is hot Ice, AND wondrous strange snow.] The non-
sense of the last line should be corrected thus,

That is, hot Ice, a wondrous strange SNEW !

And

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

Thes. 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.

Thes. 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 Phil.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

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

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

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

“ Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd

“ 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 sawcy and audacious eloquence.

Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter

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Enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the prologue is addrest.

Thes. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trùm.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is.—all for your delight, [you,

We are not here.—that you should here repent
The actors are at hand; — and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. 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 the recorder; a sound, but not in go-
vernment.

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

*Enter Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous lady *Thisbe* is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

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Wall,

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Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
 And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
 To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
 This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
 Presenteth moon-shine: For, if you will know,
 By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
 To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
 This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight,
 The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,
 Did scare away, or rather did affright:
 And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;
 Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.
 Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty *Thisbe's* mantle slain;
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.
 And *Thisbe*, tarrying in the mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Thisbe. 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 crannied hole or chink;
 Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
 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.

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

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

Thisbe.

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Tbes. *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 *Thisbe's* promise is forgot.

And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine ;

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, [*eyne.*

Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine

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

But what see I ? no *Thisbe* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs ;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

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

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,* is *Thisbe's* cue ; she is to enter, 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.

Tbis. 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 *Thisbe's* face.

Thisbe !

Tbis. 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.

Tbis. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Sbafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Tbis. As *Sbafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

M 2

Pyr.

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Py. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thes. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Py. Wilt thou at *Nymy's* tomb meet me straight-way?

Thes. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so: And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [Exit.

Thes. * Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

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

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thes. 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.

Thes. 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

No 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.

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

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

* *Thes.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to REAR without warning.] *Shakespeare* could never write this nonsense; we should read—to REAR without warning. i. e. It is no wonder that walls should be suddenly down, when they were as suddenly up; — rear'd without warning.

Lys.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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

Tbes. 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.

Tbes. 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.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

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

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

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present: My self the man i'th' moon doth seem to be.

Tbes. 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 weary of this moon; 'would, he would change!

Tbes. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesie, 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.*

M 3

Tbes.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Thef. Well run, *Thisbe*.

Hip. Well shone, *Moon*.

Truly, the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Thef. Well mouz'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 streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O deer!

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.

Thef. 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 *Lion's* frame?
Since *Lion* vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky;
Tongue,

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Tongue, lose thy light : moon, take thy flight ;
Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

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.

Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover ?

Enter Thisbe.

Thes. She will find him by star-light.

Here she comes ; and her passion ends the Play.

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

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better. [eyes.

Lys. She hath spy'd him already with those sweet

Dem. And thus she (*a*) moans, *videlicet*.—

Thes. Asleep, my love ?

What dead, my dove ?

O *Pyramus*, arise :

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lilly brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan !

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lave them in gore,

[*a*].—*moans*.— Mr. Theobald.— Vulg. *moans*.]

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Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of filk.
 Tongue, not a word :
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends,
 Thus *Thisbe* ends ;
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.

Thes. *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 ?

Thes. 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 blam'd. 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.

[Here a dance of clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
 Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost *Fairy* time.
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
 This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revel and new jollity.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

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S C E N E III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. 5 “ Now the hungry lion roars,
“ And the wolf behowls the moon :
“ Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,
“ All with weary task fore-done.
“ Now the wasted brands do glow,
“ Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
“ Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
“ In remembrance of a shroud.
“ Now it is the time of night,
“ That the graves, all gaping wide,
“ Every one lets forth his spright,
“ In the church-way paths to glide ;
“ And we *Fairies*, that do run
“ By the triple *Hecate's* team,
“ From the presence of the sun,
“ Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

5 *Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf BEHOLDS the moon :
Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,
All with weary task fore-done.*]

It being the design of these words to characterize the several animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight ; and the wolf not being justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which all other beasts of prey then awake do likewise, I make no question but the poet wrote

And the wolf BEHOWLS the moon.

which is his characteristic property. And further to support this emendation we may observe, that the *sounds* these animals emit, at this season, are plainly intended to be represented.

Enter

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Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

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

Queen. First rehearse this song by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and blefs this place.

The S O N G.

*Now until the break of day,
Througħ 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, hair-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each several chamber blefs,
Througħ this palace, with sweet peace.
Ever shall it safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.*

Puck

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



THE

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THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.



Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Luçetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

The S C E N E, sometimes in Verona ; sometimes in Milan ; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.

T H E



THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.



EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus* ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits ;

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,

I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad ;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ² shapeless idleness.

¹ It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the stile of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this Author's, tho' supposed to be one of the first he wrote. *Mr. Pope.*

² ——— *shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.

But

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But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein ;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet *Valentine*, adieu ;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :
With me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer ;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans ;
Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs ; one fading moment's
mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
However, but a folly bought with wit ;
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master ; for he masters you.
And he that is so yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

• The

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‘ The eating canker dwells ; so eating love
 ‘ Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. ‘ And writers say, as the most forward bud
 ‘ Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;
 ‘ Even so by love the young and tender wit
 ‘ Is turn’d to folly, blasting in the bud ;
 ‘ Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 ‘ And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more, adieu : my father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp’d.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : now let us take our leave.

At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
 Of thy success in love ; and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend :

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan*!

Val. As much to you at home ; and so, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
 Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos’d me ;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought,

‘ S C E N E II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you ; saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t’ imbarck for *Milan*.

Speed.

3 This whole Scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by *Shakespeare*, and others interpolated

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd,
the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou
for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages
follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to
Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to
her, a lac'd mutton, and she, a lac'd mutton, gave
me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of
muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were
best stick her.

lated by the players), is composed of the lowest and most trifling
conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age
he lived in; *Populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave
them out: but I have done all I could: set a mark of reprobation
upon them throughout this edition. Mr. Pope.

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Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she: did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

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Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as--take this for thy pains:
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testem'd
me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your-
self: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Julia's Chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. **B**UT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in
love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protobius*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul.

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Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from *Protheus*.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see, it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more see than hate.

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Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminare.

[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc.

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Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :

How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
'And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean, to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation ! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lye :

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

4 *Indeed I bid the base for Protheus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base in musick* to a country exercise *Bid the Base* : In which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend, by this, to say, indeed I take pains to make you a Captive to *Protheus's* passion.—He uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*,

To bid the winds a base he now prepares.

and in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game,

— *Lads more like*

To run the country Base.

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Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
 Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends:
 Look, here is writ *kind Julia*;—Unkind *Julia*!
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones;
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
 Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one Line is his name twice writ;
 Poor *forlorn Protheus*, *passionate Protheus*,
 To the *sweet Julia*: that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see:
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV.

Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

5 Some to discover Islands far away.] In *Shakespeare's* time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of *America* were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in *England*, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the *Fortescues*, *Collitons*, *Thornhills*, *Farmers*, *Pickeringes*, *Lisletons*, *Willsugbbys*, *Chesters*, *Hardeleys*, *Bromleys*, and others. To this prevailing fashion, our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it.

And

And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor;
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go,
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How

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How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentine* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two. [thee:

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*
A C T

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

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

S P E E D.

S I R, your glove——

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*

Val. How now, Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who had you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Proteus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A, B, C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak pulling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont,
when

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when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of mony; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would; But you are so without these Follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not?

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed.

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Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her ;
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why ?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Proteus* for going un-garter'd !

Val. What should I see then ?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity : For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love : for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed ; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you ?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them :
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion ! Oh exceeding puppet !
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh ! give ye good ev'n ; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed.

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Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Fal. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully. [pains?

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much

Val. No, madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet —

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it? [Aside.

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steep! My

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My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor :
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to yourself?

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you
perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend,

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often have you writ to her; and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind dis-*
cover,

*Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.*

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val.

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Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Julia's House at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. H A V E patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'ersteps me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake;

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer, than I should:

[*Exit Julia.*]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a Street.**Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.*

Laun. 'NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the sowrest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *few* would have wept, to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself; and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so, so; now come I to my father; father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now like a wode woman!

[*Oh that she could speak now like an OLD Woman.*] The first Folios read *WOULD*. It should be *WODE*; mad, crazy, frantick with grief.

“ well,

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‘ well, I kiss her; why there ’tis? here’s my mo-
‘ ther’s breath up and down: now come I to my
‘ sister: mark the moan she makes: now the dog all
‘ this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but
‘ see, how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy master is
shipp’d, and thou art to post after with oars: what’s
the matter? why weep’st thou, man? away, afs, you
will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty’d were lost, for it is
the unkindest ty’d that ever any man ty’d.

Pant. What’s the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that’s ty’d here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou’lt lose the flood; and
in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy
voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master,
lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—— why
dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should’st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the
master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if
the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears;
if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with
my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call
thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar’st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. **S**ervant, ———

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val.

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Val. I know it well, Sir ; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Your self, sweet lady, for you gave the fire ; Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir ; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers : for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words,

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more : Here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation ;
And, not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him, as myself ; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :

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And tho' my self have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
 To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection ;
 Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
 His years but young, but his experience old ;
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
 And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises, that I now bestow ;)
 He is compleat in feature and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
 He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
 Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendations from great potentates ;
 And here he means to spend his time a while.
 I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth :
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir *Thurio* ;
 For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it :
 I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Tbu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as your self :
 Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E

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S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus* : mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is : Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant, To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability : Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed : Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure : [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,

Go with me. Once more, my new servant, welcome : I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Sil. and Thu.*]

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S C E N E VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

[love?

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Proteus*, but that life is alter'd now?

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;

With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle *Proteus*, love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no wo to his correction;

Nor to his service, no such joy on earth,

Now no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly faint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,

Sov'reign

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Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :

She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss ;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower ;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus* ; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after ;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay more, our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.

I must

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I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another ;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
2 Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino's Praise*,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She's fair ; and so is *Julia*, that I love ;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold ;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O ! but I love his lady too, too, much ;
And that's the reason, I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that has dazled so my reason's light :

2 *Is it mine THEN, or Valentino's Praise,*] Here *Proteus* questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or *Valentine's*, that makes him fall in love with *Valentine's* mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him. In all the old editions, we find the line printed thus,

Is it mine, or Valentino's praise ?

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus,

Is it mine EYE, or Valentino's praise ?

Proteus had just seen *Valentine's* mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums therefore heightening *Proteus's* idea of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, *Valentine's* praises, or his own view of her.

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But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. **L**AUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to
³ *Milan.*

Launce. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostels say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an afs art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

³ It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act 3.

Mr. Pope.

Laun.

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Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it so; but *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love

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Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear :
 O sweet-suggesting love ! * if I have sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it,
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial fun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
 Whose Sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do :
 But there I leave to love, where I should love :
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose :
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself :
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For *Valentine*, my self ; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——
 I to my self am dearer than a friend ;
 For love is still most precious in its self :
 And *Silvia*, (witness heav'n, that made her fair !)
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead :
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to my self,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine* :
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber-window ;
 My self in counsel his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine* :
 For *Tburio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter.

4 —— If THOU HAST sinn'd,] We must certainly read
 —— If I HAVE sinn'd.

But,

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But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

S C E N E X.

Changes to Julia's House in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. COUNSEL, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns:

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‘ The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 ‘ Thou know’st, being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage;
 ‘ But when his fair course is not hindered,
 ‘ He makes sweet musick with th’ enamel’d stones;
 ‘ Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 ‘ He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
 ‘ And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 ‘ With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 ‘ Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
 ‘ I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 ‘ And make a pastime of each weary step,
 ‘ ’Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 ‘ And there I’ll rest, as after much turmoil,
 ‘ A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
 As may besem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I’ll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
 To be fantastick, may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall shew to be. [breeches?

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your

Jul. That fits as well, as— “tell me, good my
 lord,

“ What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Why, even what fashion thou best like’st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
 Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*! that will be ill-favour’d.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now’s not worth a pin,
 Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov’st me, let me have
 What thou think’st meet, and is most mannerly:
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

For

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For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Proteus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Proteus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern *Proteus*' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to
him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note, of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not; but do it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

D U K E.

S I R *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit Thur.*

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me,
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates :
And should she thus be stoll'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift ;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my self have often seen.
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court :

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But,

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But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd ;)
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
 That which thy self hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently :
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discov'ry be not aimed at ;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signifie
 My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me a while ;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,

That

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That touch me near ; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend *Sir Thurio* to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower :
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this ?

Duke. There is a lady, ¹ Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect ; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence :
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor ;
(For long ago I have forgot to court ;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words ;

1 — Sir, in *Milan* here,] It ought to be thus, instead of
— in *Verona* here. — for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*,
as is clear from several passages in the first Act, and in the begin-
ning of the first Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept
into the eighth Scene of Act II. where *Speed* bids his fellow-ser-
vant *Launce*, welcome to *Padua*. Mr. Pope.

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Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her ;

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away :
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her Window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower ;
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it ? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night ; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val.

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Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,

While I, their King, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,

Because my self do want my servants' fortune;

I curse my self, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour, where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I enfranchise thee:

'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.

² Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

² *Why, Phaëton, for thou art MEROPS' SON,*

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car.] Merops' son,

i. e. a bastard, base-born.

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Is privilege for thy departure hence :
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love,
 I ever bore my daughter or thy self :
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?
 • To die, is to be banish'd from my self :
 • And *Silvia* is my self ; banish'd from her,
 • Is self from self : a deadly banishment !
 • What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen ?
 • What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by ?
 • Unless it be to think, that she is by ;
 • And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 • Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 • There is no musick in the nightingale ;
 • Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
 • There is no day for me to look upon :
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom ;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death :
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho ! so-ho ! ———

Pro. What see'st thou ?

Laun. Him we go to find :

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There's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. Valentine,——

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you,——

Pro. I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*!
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

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As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire ;
 But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
 speak'ft,

Have some malignant power upon my life :
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'ft.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good :
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that ;
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate ;
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :
 As thou lov'ft *Silvia*, tho' not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou see'st my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out : come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia* ! hapless *Valentine* !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV.

“¹ *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you, and yet I
 “ have the wit to think my master is a kind of a
 “ knave : but that’s all one, if he be but one kind.
 “ He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet
 “ I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck
 “ that from me, nor who ’tis I love, and yet ’tis a
 “ woman ; but what woman I will not tell myself,
 “ and yet ’tis a milk-maid ; yet ’tis not a maid, for
 “ she hath had gossips ; yet ’tis a maid, for she
 “ is her master’s maid, and serves for wages : she
 “ hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is
 “ much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log
 “ [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions ; *Imprimis*,
 “ she can fetch and carry ; why, a horse can do no
 “ more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ;
 “ therefore she is better than a jade. *Item*, she can
 “ milk ; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
 “ clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior *Launce*? what news with your mastership?

⁴ *Laun.* With my master’s ship? why, it is at sea.

³ *Laun.* *I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave : but that’s all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the sense, or, if you won’t allow the Speaker that, where is the humour of this speech? Nothing had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like *Antipholis* in the *Comedy of Errors*. The last word is corrupt. We should read,

— *if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his master was a kind of knave ; however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflexion, that if he was a knave but of one kind, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humorous.

⁴ *With my master’s ship?*] This pun restored by Mr. Theobald. *Speed.*

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Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and 's *St. Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

5 *St. Nicholas be thy speed.*] *St. Nicholas* presided over Scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's Clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between *Nicholas* and *Old Nick*, Highway-men, in the first part of *Henry* the fourth, are called *Nicholas's Clerks*.

Speed.

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Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, she is not to be kist tasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast : read on.

Speed. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain ! that set down among her vices ! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too : it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item. she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall ; if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she's slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut ; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. " Stop here ; I'll have her ; she was mine, " and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Re-
" hearfe that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun.

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Laun. More hair than wit, it may be ; I'll prove it : the cover of the falt hides the falt, and therefore it is more than the falt ; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit ; for the greater hides the less. What's next ?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous : oh, that that were out !

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious : well, I'll have her ; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then ?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me ?

Laun. For thee ? ay ; who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him ?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner ? pox on your love-letters !

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter : an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.— I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you.

Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impres of love is as a figure
Trenched

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Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Tburio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Tburio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Tburio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke.

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Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,

Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

⁶ But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary ;
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large :
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. " Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
" You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :

⁶ But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Ridiculum caput. Quasi necesse sit,
Si huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere.

Ter. Andr.
" Write,

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“ Write, ’till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
“ Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
“ That may discover such integrity :
“ 7 For *Orpheus*’ lute was strung with poet’s sinews ;
“ Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
“ Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
“ Forake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady’s chamber-window
With some sweet consort : to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ; the night’s dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To fort some gentlemen well skill’d in musick ;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We’ll wait upon your Grace, ’till after supper ;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev’n now about it. I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

7 For *Orpheus*’ lute was strung with poet’s sinews.] This shews *Shakespeare*’s knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns *Orpheus* his true character of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imag’ry exquisitely beautiful. For by his lute is to be understood his system of laws : and by the poet’s sinews, the power of numbers, which *Orpheus* actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

I OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains, that all the travellers do fear so much,

Val. My friends, ——

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose; A man I am, cross'd with adversity; My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have,

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val.

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Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men;
Myself was from *Verona* banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece ally'd unto the Duke.

2 Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;

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Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
comfort?

Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to an open Place, under Silvia's
Apartment, in Milan.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Tburio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.

And,

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And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks, you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you
where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

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S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But,

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But, host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he
lov'd her out of all nick.

Ful. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present to
his lady.

Ful. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Tbu. Where meet we?

Pro. At *St. Gregory's* well.

Tbu. Farewel. [*Exeunt Thurio and Musick.*]

S C E N E IV.

Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man?
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.

[*lov'd her out of all nick.*] i. e. out of all count: that is,
extravagantly. A phrase taken from accounts when calculations
were made by nicking on numbers upon a stick.

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For me, by this pale queen of night, I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And, by and by, intend to chide myself,
Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be ; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroath'd ; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes ;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it ;
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* *Protheus* and *Silvia*,

Jul.

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Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies *Sir Protheus*?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that *Madam Silvia* Entreated me to call, and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in. Madam, Madam!

Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. *Sir Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity,
Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*,

Q 4

To

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode :
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company ;
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour* ;
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;
 And on the justice of my flying hence ;
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
 Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you ;
 Recking as little what beideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell ;
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship :
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

‘ When a man’s servant shall play the cur with him,
 ‘ look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a
 ‘ puppy, one that I sav’d from drowning, when three
 ‘ or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I
 ‘ have taught him, even as one would say precisely,
 ‘ thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as
 ‘ a pre-

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a present to mistress *Silvia* from my master; and I
 came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps
 me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O,
 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in
 all companies! I would have, as one should say, one
 that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
 were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit
 than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
 verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he
 had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me
 himself into the company of three or four gentleman-
 like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been
 there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the
 chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one;
 what cur is that? says another; whip him out, says
 the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I, having
 been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was
Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs;
 Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay,
 marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more
 wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.
 He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the
 chamber. How many masters would do this for
 their servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the
 stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he
 had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for
 the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd
 for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I re-
 member the trick you serv'd me, when I took my
 leave of Madam *Julia*; did not I bid thee still mark
 me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave
 up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's
 farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

z when I took my leave of Madam *SILVIA*;] We should cer-
 tainly read *JULIA*, meaning when his master and he left *Verona*.

SCENE

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name? I like thee well;
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt—How now, you whore'son
peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog,
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say: stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit Launce.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth;
That can with some discretion do my business:
(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

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Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal

This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him:

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will.

And now I am, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To

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To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir *Proteus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know, they're stufft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,

Mine

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Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well, as I do know myself.

To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that *Protheus* hath forsook
her.

Jul. I think, she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is:
When she did think, my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.

³ But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pitch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,

³ *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And PINCH'D the lilly-tincture of her face,*

That now she is become as black as I.] To starve the
Roses is certainly a very proper expression: but what is *pinching a
tincture*? However *starv'd*, in the third line, made the blundering
Editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth; tho' they might have seen
that it was a tanning scorching, not a freezing air that was spoken
of. For how could this latter quality in the air so affect the
whiteness of the skin as to turn it black. We should read,

And PITCH'D the lilly-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture black, as the following line has it,

That now she is become as black as I.

and we say, in common speech, *as black as pitch*. — By the
roses being *starv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and losing
their colour.

When

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
 And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* gown;
 Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments,
 As if the garment had been made for me;
 Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
 And at that time I made her weep a-good,
 For I did play a lamentable part.
 Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
 For *Theseus'* perjury and unjust flight;
 Which I so lively acted with my tears,
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
 Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
 Farewel.

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
 know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
 I hope, my master's suit will be but cold;
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,

But

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But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up;
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;
 And were there sense in his idolatry,
 * My substance should be statued in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

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

*Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.**Enter Eglamour.*

E G L A M O U R.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the postern by the abby-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exit.]

* *My substance should be STATUE in thy stead.*] It is evident
 this noun should be a participle STATUED, *i. e.* placed on a pedestal,
 or fixed in a shrine to be adored.

S C E N E

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

S C E N E II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. SIR *Protheus*, what says *Sibbia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loatheth.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
"Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protbeus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this Ev'n, and there she was not;

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Excunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring you
to our Captain.

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Sil.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

1. A thousand more indignities than this one,
Have made me do now to break this privacy.

2. Ours. Come, bring me away.

1. Ours. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

2. Ours. Bring him here, I pray you; he will follow us;
But *Miles* and *Valentine* follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There is our captain; follow him, that's dead.

The shadow is better, he needs hope.

1. Ours. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The Out-laws Come in the Forest.

Enter *Valentine*.

Val. HOW use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter

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Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you,
 (Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
 That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love,
 Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
 Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd,
 Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
 Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
 And that's far worse than none: better have none
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one.

R 2

Thou

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Proteus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. *Valentine!*——

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love;

For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Proteus*,
I'm sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

And that my love may appear plain and free,

All,

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All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee †.

Jul. Oh me unhappy ! [Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! how now ? what's the matter ? look up ; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 'tis : this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see :

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook ; This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring ? at my depart, I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herself did give it me. And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia* ?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart :

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ?

Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush !

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest rayment : if shame live

In a disguise of love. ———

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ? 'tis true ; oh heav'n ! were man

But constant, he were perfect ; that one error

Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

† It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alledg'd. But our Author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels, as well as in his histories.

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What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close ;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

S C E N E V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine* ?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia* : and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back ; or else embrace thy death :
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine ; if once again,——

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch ;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,——

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not ; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love :
Know then, I here forget all former griefs ;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine*,

Thou

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Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace ; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee ;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go ; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord ?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd,
Come, *Proteus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





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THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.





Dramatis Personæ.

S I R John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph,

Pistol, } *Sharppers attending on Falstaff.*

Nym,

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, Wife to Mr. Page.

Mrs. Ford, Wife to Mr. Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, *Windsor:* and the Parts adjacent.

THE



THE
MERRY WIVES of *Windsor*.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow, Esq;*

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

Sbal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman

¹ This Play was written in the Author's best and ripeſt years, after *Henry* the Fourth, by the command of *Queen Elizabeth*. There is a tradition that it was composed at a fortnight's warning: But that muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old Quarto Edition printed in 1619. This which we have here was altered and improved by the Author almoſt in every ſpeech. *Mr. Pope.*

born,

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born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero*.

Sbal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sten. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luccs in their Coat.

Sbal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowfes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Sbal. The luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old Coat.

Sten. I may quarter, coz.

Sbal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Sbal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Sbal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Sbal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Sten.

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Slen. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and
^a speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just
 as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of mo-
 nies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his
 death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection)
 give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old:
 it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and
 prabbles, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham*
 and mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred
 pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good
 gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is
 good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaff*
 there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as
 I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that
 is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I
 beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will
 peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master *Page*. What, ho?
 Got bless your house here.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and
 Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that,

² *Speaks small like a woman.*] This is from the Folio
 of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweet-
 ness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as
 making her speaking small like a woman one of her marks of
 distinction; and the ambiguity of *small*, which signifies little as
 well as low, makes the expression still more pleasant.

per-

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master *Sballow*.

Sbal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Sbal. Sir, I thank you; by yea, and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotjale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Sbal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Sbal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke, as a christians ought to speak.

Sbal. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Sbal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd; is not that so, master *Page*? he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Sballow* Esquire saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

S C E N E

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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S C E N E III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the Council?

Sbal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Sbal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Sbal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching-rafcals *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there is my self; *fidelicet*, my self; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Pag. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fa!

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Fal. Pistol.——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam ! what phrase is this, he hears with ear ? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master *Slender's* purse ?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he ; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol* ?

Eva. No ; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner !—— Sir *John*, and master mine.

I Combat challenge of this 3 latten bilboe :

Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here ;

Word of denial ; froth and scum, thou ly'ft.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours : I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it ; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, 4 *Scarlet* and *John* ?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses : fie, what the Ignorance is !

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass the car-eires.

3 — latin *bilboe* :] Vulg. old Quarto, 1619, *latten*, which is right. *Latten* is tinned plates beaten out very thin.

4 *Scarlet and John* ?] The names of two of *Robin Hood's* companions ; but the humour consists in the allusion to *Bardolph's* red face ; concerning which see the second part of *Henry* the fourth.

Slen.

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Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.]

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistresses Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt Fal. Page, &c.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon *All-hallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaemas*.

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Sbal. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you : a word with you, coz : marry this, coz : there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here ; do you understand me ?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable : if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Sbal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender* : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Sballow* says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a Justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

Sbal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it ; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman ? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind : therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the maid ?

Sbal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Sbal. That you must ; will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

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Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz : what I do, is to pleasure you, coz ; can you love the maid ?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request : but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another : I hope, upon familiarity ^s will grow more contempt : but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fault is in th'ort *dissolutely* : the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely* ; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

S C E N E V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne* : 'would I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne* !

Anne. The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir ?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow* : [*Exit Simple.*] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.

^s will grow more content:] A conundrum restored by Mr. Theobald.

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6 I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerfon* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

6 I keep but three men and a boy yet, &c.] As great a fool as the poet has made *Slender*, it appears, by his boasting of his *wealth*, his *breeding*, and his *courage*, that he knew how to win a woman. This is a fine instance of *Shakespeare's* knowledge of nature.

Slen.

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Slon. Nay, pray you, lead the way.*Page.* Come on, Sir.*Slon.* Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.*Anne.* Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.*Slon.* Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.*Anne.* I pray you, Sir.*Slon.* I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Re-enter Evans and Simple.**Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius*' house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.*Simp.* Well, Sir.*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheefe to come.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.**Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.**Fal.* MINE host of the garter,——*Host.* What says my bully rock? speak schollarly, and wisely.*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

S 3

Host.

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Hof. Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier, let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Hof. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pbeazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Hof. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Hof.*]

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? ⁷ His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

⁷ *His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.*] Added from the old Quarto of 1619.

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Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourages, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, * and translated her out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. 9 As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious 1 oeillades; sometimes, the beam of her view guided my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine. [*Aside.*]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

8 and translated her well, out of honesty into English.] *i. e.* into a corrupt language. This is extremely humorous: But I think the word *well*, coming in here a second time, is an intrusion, and should be thrust out again, as it burdens the diction and obstructs the easy turn of the thought.

9 As many devils entertain; —] *i. e.* Take to your assistance as many devils as she has angels, and then you may be a match for her.

1 — most judicious I L I A D S;] Read *oeillades*, glances. *French.* Mr. *Pope.*

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Fal. O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. ^a I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress *Page*; and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To Robin Rogues*, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!

^b *Falstaff* will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; my self, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Falstaff and Boy.*

² *I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me;*] The same joke is intended here, as in the second part of *Henry* the fourth, Act 2. — *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no Cheater.* — By which is meant *Escheatours*, an officer in the exchequer, in no good repute with the common people.

³ *Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; my self, and skirted page.*] So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in *The honest man's fortune*.

—— 'tis the comfort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into the fashion:
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.

S C E N E

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S C E N E VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts ; * for gords⁴ and
Fullam holds :

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tetter I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk* !

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be hu-
mours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours, I :

I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,

How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool ; I will incense
Ford to deal with poison ; I will possess him with yel-
lowness ; for the Revolt of *Mien* is dangerous : that
is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents : I second
thee ; troop on.

[*Exeunt.*]

4 — For gourd, and Fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] *Fullam* is
a cant term for false dice, high and low. *Torriano*, in his *Italian*
Dictionary, interprets *Pise* by false dice, high and low men,
high Fullams, and low Fullams. *Johnson*, in his *Every man out*
of his humour, quibbles upon this cant term. *Who, he serve ? He*
keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at Fullam.—
As for *Gourd*, or rather *Gord*, it was another instrument of gam-
ing, as appears from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Scornful Lady*.
— *And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but GORDS*
or nine-pins.

S C E N E

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S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Dr. Caius's House.**Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.*

Quic. **W**HAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be old abusing of God's patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender's* your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a *Cain-colour'd* beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not;

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what I can

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can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby!* *John!* what, *John,* I say; go, *John,* go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la Cour—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby!*

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby,* and you are *Jack Rugby;* come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the vark I shall leave behind.

Quic.

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Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diab!e*, *Diab!e* ! vat is in my closet? vil-laine, *Larron* ! *Rugby*, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a ?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick ; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la ; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you ? *Rugby*, *baillez* me some paper ; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is so quiet ; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy : but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can ; and the very yea and the no is, the *French Doctor* my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, ^s dress meat and make the beds, and do all my self.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

^s dress meat, and [*d.ink*] make the beds, &c.] *Del drink.*

Quic.

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Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make—— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-ame, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I vill kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-ger!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me;——by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door;——follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fool's-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask, *Fent.*

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Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

[Exit.

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot?

[Exit.



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ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for 'tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's

1 tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:] This is obscure; but the meaning is, tho' love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.—By precisian, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Osborne, — Conform their mode, words and looks to these PRECISIANS, And Maine, in his City match,

*——I did commend
A great PRECISIAN to her, for her cusman.*

name

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name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, ² I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of MUM: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

² *I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of MUM.*] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read,

— *for putting down of fat men.* But how is the matter mended? or the thought made less ridiculous? *Shakespeare* wrote,

— *for the putting down of MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor so called.* So *Fletcher* in his *Wild-goose chase*: *What a cold I have over my stomach, would I had some MUM.* This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character she had just before given him of *Flemish drunkard*. But the greatest confirmation of this conjecture is the allusion the words, in question, bear to a matter then publicly transacting. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very shortly after. And we are informed by *Sir Simon D'Erwes' Journal*, that no home affair made more noise in and out of parliament at that time, than the suppression and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houses, strong liquors and the drinkers of them. In the Parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houses, *For suppressing the multitude of Malsters, &c.* Another, *To restrain the excessive making of Malt, and disorderly brewing of strong beer.* Another, *For regulation of Inns, Taverns, &c.* In the next Parliament, held 1601, was a bill, *For the suppressing of the multitude of Ale-houses and Tipling-houses.* Another, *Against excessive and common drunkenness;* and several others of the same nature. Some of which, after much canvassing, were thrown out, and others passed into Acts.

Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. ' What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this

³ *What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will* Л А С К, *and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonsense of this speech is hardly to be matched. The change of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily removed. Read and point, — *These Knights will* Л А С К, *and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had said, *I could be knighted*, meaning, *I could have a Knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other sense, of conferring the title, and says, *What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford!* — these Knights will lack a title, [*i. e.* *risque the punishment of degradation*] rather than not make a whore of thee.] For we are to observe that — and so thou shouldst not, is a mode of speech, amongst the writers of that time, equivalent to — rather than thou shouldst not.

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whale, with so many tun of oyl in his belly, a' shore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he has a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page.

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Mrs. *Page*. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight. Come hither. *[They retire.]*

S C E N E III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs.

Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Aleccon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.

Away, Sir corporal *Nym*.——

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense.

[Exit Pistol.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but

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⁴ I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [Exit *Nym*.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. 'I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

⁵ *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.*] This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. *I have a sword, and it shall bite—upon my necessity, he loves your wife, &c.*— Having said his sword should bite, he stops short, as was fitting: For he meant that it should bite upon the high-way. And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, by his necessity, that *Falstaff* loved his wife.

⁵ *I will not believe such a Cataian,*] Mr. *Theobald* has here a pleasant note, as usual. *This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; tho' the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete.* And then tells a long story of *Martin Frobisher* attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black stone, as he thought, rich in gold-ore: that it proved not so, and that therefore *Cataians* and *Frobishers* became by-words for vain boasters.— The whole is an idle dream. All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. *China* was anciently called *Cataia* or *Catbay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as *M. Paulo*, and our *Mandeville*, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the *Jesuits* themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*.

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

S C E N E V.

Page. How now, master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

T 3

Ford.

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Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the *Garter* comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

S C E N E VI,

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman; cavalerio-justice, I say.

Sbal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalerio-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

Sbal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' *Garter*, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

Sbal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford.

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Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. 'Will you go on, Heris?'

Sbal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Sbal. "Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt *Host*, *Shallow* and *Page*.]

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page*'s house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to

6 *Will you go AN HEIRS?*] This nonsense is spoken to *Shallow*. We should read,

Will you go ON, HERIS?

i. e. Will you go on, Master. *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master.

7 *stand so firmly on his wife's frailty,*] Thus all the Copies. But *Mr. Theobald* has no conception how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had no conception how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *sealty*, and the *Oxford Editor* has followed him. But they took the phrase, *to stand firmly on*, to signify *to insist upon*; whereas it signifies *to rest upon*, which the character of a *secure fool*, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration.

found *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open—⁸ I will retort the sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, ⁹ a short knife and a throng, to your manour of *Pickt-batch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine ho-

⁸ *I will retort the sum in equipage.*] This is added from the old Quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods.

⁹ *a short knife and a throng.*] So *Lear*, *When Cutpurfes come not to throngs.*

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nour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and ' your bold-bearing oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say—

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress *Ford*,—what of her?

1 your bold-BEATING oaths;] We should read bold-BEARING oaths, i. e. out-facing.

Quic.

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Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton: well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress *Ford*,——come, mistress *Ford*——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so ruffling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I desire all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good She *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic.

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Quic. Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship ; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too ; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other ; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this ; has *Ford's* wife, and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed ; they have not so little grace, I hope ; that were a trick, indeed ! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves : her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page ; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it ; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then ; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind : and the boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness : old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well ; commend me to them both :
there's

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there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along, with this woman. This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Pist. This pink is one of *Cupid's* carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

2 *This PUNK is one of Cupid's carriers,*

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights,

Give fire; she is my prize.] This pink is one of Cupid's carriers, is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all punks *Cupid's carriers*? *Shakespeare* certainly wrote,

This PINK is one of Cupid's carriers,

and then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *Pink* is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier (and so called) for merchants. *Fletcher* uses the word, in his *Tamer Tamed*,

This PINK, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,

To hang her fights out, and defy me, Friends!

A well-known man of war —

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for ought I know, may be now, a common sea-term. *Sir Richard Hawkins* in his voyages, p. 66. says, — *For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would;* for she had no close FIGHTS, i. e. if I understand it right, no small arms. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defense, either small arms or cannon. So *Dryden*, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*,

Up with your FIGHTS,

And your nettings prepare, &c.

But, not considering this, I led the *Oxford Editor* into a silly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it,

Up with YOND' FRIGAT.

SCENE

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S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook*, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* *Ford* *disguis'd*.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here trou-

3 Edition of 1619, in all the succeeding editions this name of *Brook* (I can't tell why) is alter'd to *Broom*: whereas it is manifest from this conceit upon the name that it should be *Brook*.

Mr. Pope.

bles

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bles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know, how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; ingross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

" Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

" Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal.

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Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her
then

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then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soon at night; *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

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S C E N E X.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbason*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh the Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aquavite* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

*Changes to Windsor Park.**Enter Caius and Rugby.**Caius.* JACK Rugby!*Rug. Sir.**Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

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Rug:

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Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not + so dead as me will make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I will tel you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Françoyes*? ha, bully? what says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-Priest* of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector of Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer

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of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hof. He is there; see, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

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Sbal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. By gā, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hofst. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; ⁵ I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cry aim, said I well?

⁵ I will bring thee where *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, CRY'D GAME; said I well?

Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to *try'd game*; that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. *Shakespeare* wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to cry aim signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, p. 300, And to these violent proceedings, all my neighbours shall CRY AIM, i. e. approve them. And again in *King John*, Act 2, Scene 2,

It ill becomes this presence to CRY AIM

To these ill-tuned repetitions,

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, Cry aim, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in the *Fair maid of the inn*, Act 5, make the Duke say,

— must I cry AIME

To this unheard of insolence —

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other. — But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors not knowing what to make of the phrase *Cry aim*, read it thus,

— must I cry AI-ME: As if it was a note of interjection. So again *Massinger* in his *Guardian*,

I will CRY AIM, and in another room

Determine of my vengeance —

And again, in his *Renegado*,

— to play the Pandor

To the Viceroy's loose embraces, and CRY AIM,

While he by force or flattery —

But the *Oxford Editor* transforms it to *Cock o' th' Game*; and his improvements of *Shakespeare's* language abound with these modern elegancies of speech, such as *Mynheers*, *Bull-baitings*, &c.

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Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure 'a you de good gwest ; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy adversary toward.

Anne Page : said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good ; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby.*

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Frogmore, near Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

I Pray you now, good master *Slender's* servingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick* ?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-way*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehermently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Ples my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind ! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me ; how melanchollies I am ! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke : 'Ples my soul !

[*Sings, being afraid.*]

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*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls ;
There will we make our beds of roses ;
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By shallow—'Mercy on me! I have a great diffi-
culty to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls—*
*as I sat in Pablon ; —and a thousand vragrant
posies.—By shallow, &c.*

[*By shallow rivers, &c.*] This is part of a beautiful
poem of the author's, which poem, and the answer to it,
reader will not be displeas'd to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigales.
There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant Posies ;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Girdle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle ;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull ;
Fair lined Slippers for the cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold ;
A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,
With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs.
And if these Pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.
The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy Delight each *May Morning*.
If these Delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

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Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If that the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;
These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold;
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
And all complain of Cares to come:
The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,
Thy Cap, thy Girdle, and thy Posies:
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
Thy Belt of Straw and Ivie Buds,
Thy Coral Clasps and Amber Studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.
But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
Had Joys no date, and Age no need;
Then these Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Sbal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pleas you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Sbal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Sbal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*!

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S C E N E III.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons : keep them asunder : here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear : wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack dog*, *John ape*.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours : I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends ; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb² for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable ! Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Jartere*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia and Gaul*, *French and Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine *Host of the Garter*. Am I politick ? am I subtle ? am I a *Machiavel* ? shall I lose my Doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson ? my Priest ? my *Sir Hugh* ? no ; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so :

² These words are added from the first edition. Mr. Pope.

Give

Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both : I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*?

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you mak a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart ; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page* ; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles ; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. NAY, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy ; now, I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter

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Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, firrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff?*

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick, 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

S C E N E V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Aëdon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry

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cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

S C E N E VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Sbal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford, Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Sbal. I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Sbal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor is for you, altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, ³ he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

³ *He writes verses, he speaks holy-day,] i. e. in a high-flown, fustian stile. It was called a holy-day stile, from the old custom of acting their Farces of the mysteries and moralities, which were turgid and bombast, on holy days. So in Much ads about nothing. — I cannot woo in festival terms. And again in the Merchant of Venice, — thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.*

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Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. **W**HAT, *John*! what, *Robert*!
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant—What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. ⁴ How now, my *Eyas-musket*, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

⁴ *How now, my Eyas-musket,*] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. I suppose from the Italian *Niafo*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards, a young hawk. The *French*, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically a *filly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais, un niais*. — *Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, a *troublesome stinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *Eyas-musket* is very intelligible.

Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpkin——we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John?

Fal. Mrs. Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress Ford: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, ^s that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-vailant, or any 'tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford.

5 ——— that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VAILANT, or any Venetian attire.] The old Quarto reads, *Tire-villet*, and the old Folio reads, *Or any tire of Venetian admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VAILANT, or any 'tire of Venetian admittance*. The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance

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Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brow become nothing else, nor that well neither.

semblance of a *ship* (as *Shakespear* says) in all her trim: with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying. Thus *Milns*, in *Samson Agonistes*, paints *Dalila*.

*But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play.*

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their play of *Wit without money*, — *She spreads fattens as the King's ships do canvass every where, she may spare her misen; &c.* This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress. I suppose *Shakespear* wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, so the *tire-vailant* was a close one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a *vail*. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts and shoulders, were open'd to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes or below the chin.

— *or any Venetian attire*.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here used for a woman's head-dress: whereas it signifies the dress of any part. We should read therefore, *Or any 'tire of Venetian admittance*. For the word *attire*, reduced by the *Aphæresis*, to *'tire*, takes a new signification, and means only the head-dress. Hence *Tire-woman*, for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech. — Your face is so good, says the speaker, that it would become any head-dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with *Venetian point*, or *which will admit to be adorned*. [Of *Venetian admittance*.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point*.

Fal.

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Fal. Thou art a traytor to say so ; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier ; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert ; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend : come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisp'ing haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling time ; I cannot : but I love thee, none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir ; I fear you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so ; she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff bides himself.*]

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S C E N E IX.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done! you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*!

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—— [*Afide*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *bad rather*, and you *bad rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink

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bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress *Ford*. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowlstaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet-mead*; quickly, come.

S C E N E X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

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Ford. Buck? I would, I could, wash my self of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. ⁶ So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*—

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

⁶ *So now uncape.*] So the Folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in Fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the Fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linnen under which the adulterer lies hid. The *Oxford Editor* reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation.

Mrs. Page.

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Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty wrong, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. Ford, are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I suffer for it.

X 3

Eva.

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Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience ; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner ; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife ; come, mistress *Page* ; I pray you pardon me : pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen ; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast ; after, we'll a birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so ?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the lousie knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet
Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fen. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;

And

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And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,

Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.
[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Sbal. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Sbal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me? I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

X 4

Sbal.

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Sbal. She's coming; to her, coz. O, boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Sbal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloucestershire*.

Sbal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire,

Sbal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Sballow*, let him woo for himself.

Sbal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you wish me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

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S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Page, and mistress Page.**Page.* Now, master *Slender* : love him, daughter *Anne*.—Why, how now? what does master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house :
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.*Fent.* Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.*Mrs. Page.* Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.*Page.* She is no match for you.*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?*Page.* No, good master *Fenton*.Come, master *Shallow* ; come, son *Slender*, in.Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]*Quic.* Speak to mistress *Page*.*Fent.* Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughterIn such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.*Quic.* That's my master, master Doctor.⁷ *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth.*Quic.* And bowl'd to death with turnips.⁷ *Anne.* *Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.*Can we think the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the last line should be given to the procurers, *Quickly*, who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master the *Doctor*.*Mrs. Page.*

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Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self; good master *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir; she must needs go in.

Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night Give my sweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it?

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Bardolph*, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carry'd, in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the *Tbames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them

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them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices; go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no pullet-sperin in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic.

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Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford.

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Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and ^s by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasie napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own greafe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of

8 by her invention, and Ford's wife's DISTRACTION.] We must read DIRECTION. For tho' the speaker might think Ford's wife much frighted at the approach of her husband, yet he is here speaking of the part which she bore in an artful contrivance to deceive him.

that,

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that, that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that ; hissing hot ; think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding ; I have receiv'd from her another embassie of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her ; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook* ; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.

Ford. Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? master *Ford*, awake ; awake, master *Ford* ; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford* ; this 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets ! well, I will proclaim my self what I am ; I will now take the leacher ; he is at my house ; he cannot 'scape me ; 'tis impossible, he should ; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places ; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame : if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

A C T

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

Wil. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, *William*?

Wil. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva.

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Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, *William*?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William*?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hæg, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, *William*?

Will. O, *vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative is caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, *William*?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum*.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's case*; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fie upon you!

Eva.

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Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pry'thee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ* and your *quods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good *Sir Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. **M**istress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet *Sir John*.

Mrs. Page. [within.] What hoa, gossip *Ford*! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, *Sir John*.

[Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

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Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad, the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

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S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket : may I not go out, ere he come ?

Mrs. Page. Alas ! alas ! three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came : but what make you here ?

Fal. What shall I do ? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces ; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word : neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note ; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him ?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not ; there is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something ; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John* ; mistress *Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

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Mrs. Page.

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Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears, she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and take of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

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S C E N E IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? sit down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this *passes*, master *Ford*,—you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

1 Why, *this passes*, Mr. *Ford*.] No phrase occurs more frequently in *Shakspear* than this—*it pass*,—and—*it passes*. It is used on all occasions treated in the familiar way, and always conveys the idea of excess: So that *it passes* signifies it *surpasses all measure, imagination, or expression*. And this is the sense of the phrase wherever it is used. *Englishmen* hate long speeches, which hath made our tongue abound with half sentences, and, what is more, with half words. *IT TAKES* is another phrase of the same kind, which modern use has rendered very intelligible, yet in it self it is as ambiguous as *it passes*. The whole sentence being—*it takes* or captivates the judgment, the fancy, the Interest, the passions, &c.

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Page This passes——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloath alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Sbal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousy.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searcheth a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress *Page*! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought

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brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff in womens cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother *Prat*, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

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Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scard out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; ² they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [Exeunt.]

² they must COME off;] This can never be our Poet's or his Host's meaning. To come off being in other terms to go scot-free. We must read, COMPT off, i. e. clear their reckoning.

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S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extream in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime

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Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,
 Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
 Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns ;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
 You've heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
 The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
 Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
 In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak ;
 But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
 That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
 We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
 Disguised like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
 And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
 What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
 and thus :

Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
 And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
 Like urchins, ouches, and fairies, green and white,
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
 And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,
 As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
 3 With some diffused song : upon their sight,
 We two, in great amazedness, will fly ;
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 4 And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight ;

3 *With some diffused song :*] *A diffused song* signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy-land.

4 *And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ;*] The Grammar requires us to read,

And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean Knight.

And

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And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford*. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page*. The truth being known,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the knight
with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. *Page*. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. ⁵ That silk will I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [Aside.
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*;
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. *Page*. Fear not you that; go get us properties
and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaveries. [Ex. *Page, Ford and Evans*.

Mrs. *Page*. Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind.
[Exit Mrs. *Ford*.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,

⁵ *That silk will I go buy, and in that time—*] Mr. *Theobald*
referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to *time*.
But there is no need of any change: *That time* evidently relating
to the time of the mask with which *Falstaff* was to be entertained,
and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore
the common reading is right.

And

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And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
 That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
 And he my husband best of all affects:
 The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
 Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her;
 Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.**Enter Host and Simple.*

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what,
 thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief,
 short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
 standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with
 the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock
 and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto
 thee; knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up
 into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she
 come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd:
 I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from
 thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine *Host*,
 thine *Ephesian* calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine *Host*?

Host. Here's a *Bobemian-Tartar* carries the coming
 down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her
 descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy?
 fie!

*Enter**In A*

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Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ft.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that hath taught
taught

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taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses, speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Host de Jartere*?

Host. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; but my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

[*Exit.*
Host.

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Hoff. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [Exit.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

S C E N E X.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content.

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content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine *Host*;
To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; she hath consented. — Now,
Sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And

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And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
(While other sports are tasking of their minds;)
And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Hof, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [Exit.]

S C E N E XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prating; go, I'll hold.
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd
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numbers; away, go; they say, ⁴there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow. —

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death;* i. e. being born in an odd year, having an odd number in a lottery, and the climacteric years of 7 and 63.

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

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

P A G E.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! ' No one means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis

[No MAN means evil but the devil.] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, no ONE means.

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no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (a) and the *Welch* devil *Evans*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's Oak*, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the *Oak*, to the *Oak*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. The *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods assist me! Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast: You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for the love of *Leda*: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,—O *Jove*, a beastly fault;

[(a) *Welch* devil *Evans*? Dr. Thirlby, — Vulg. *Herne*.]

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and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:— think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. *Mistress Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a (*a*) bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

[(*a*) 'bribe-buck, Mr. *Thsobald*, — Vulg. *brib'd buck.*]

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S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dressed like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
* You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates fluts and fluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*? go you, and where you find
a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
* Rein up the organs of her fantasie;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But

² You ORPHAN-heirs of fixed destiny.] But why *Orphan-heirs*?
Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the
Poet wrote,

You OUPHEN-heirs of fixed destiny.

i. e. you *Elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works
of destiny. They are called, in this Play, both before and after-
wards, *Ouphes*; here *Ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of
Saxon nouns. For the word is from the *Saxon*, *Alpenne*, *lamie*,
dæmones. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden*,
woolen, *golden*, &c.

³ RAISE up the organs of her fantasie;] The sense of this
speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties,
should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep,
like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was
then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the
fancy;

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But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
* In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit;

fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not recommended themselves to the protection of heaven. So *Shakespear* makes one, on his lying down, say,

*From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Protect us heav'n!*

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise up the organs of her fantasie,

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the Poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

REIN up the organs of her fantasie,

i. e. curb them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

So in the *Tempest*,

Give not dalliance too much the REIN.

And in *Measure for Measure*,

I give my sensual race the REIN.

To give the rein, being just the contrary to rein up. The same thought he has again in *Mackbeth*,

———— *Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.*

* *In state as wholsom.*] The *Oxford Editor* not knowing the meaning of *wholsom*, has alter'd it to,

In site as wholsom,

and so has made the wish a most absurd one. For the site or situation must needs be what it is, till the general destruction. But *wholsom* here signifies *integer*. He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of perfection, which the following words plainly shew — *as in state 'tis fit.*

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5 Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
 The several chairs of Order look you scour,
 With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r :
 Each fair Instalment-Coat and sev'ral Crest,
 With loyal blazon evermore be blest !
 And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the *Garter*-compass, in a ring :
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,
 6 In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purfled, blue and white,
 Like saphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee ;
 Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery. }

Away,

5 *Worthy the owner, AND the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it ; and his court to *Queen Elizabeth* directs us to another,

— AS the owner it.

for, sure he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing *to be*, which his complaisance must suppose actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner.

6 *In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs PURPLE, blue and white,*

Like saphire, pearl, AND rich embroidery.] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words, — *Flowers purple, blue and white*, — the *purple* is left uncompar'd. To remedy this, the Editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparison, read, *AND rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compar'd to saphire and pearl, the *purple* is compar'd to *rich embroidery*. Thus instead of mending one false step they have made two, by bringing *saphire, pearl and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the Poet,

In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs PURPLED, blue and white,

Like saphire, pearl, IN rich embroidery.

i. e. let there be blue and white flow'rs *worked* on the green-sword, like saphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle* is to over-lay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors call'd a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the *French, pourfiler*. So *Spencer*,

— *she was yclad*

All in a silken Camus, lilly-white,

PURPLED upon, with many a folded plight.

2. 3. 26.

The

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Away, disperse; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in
order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest
he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy
birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come. ———

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, with this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and
iniquity.

The S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantastie,
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but (a) i'th' blood, a fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher.*

The change of *and* into *in*, in the second verse, is necessary. For
flow'rs worked, or *pursed* in the grass, were not like saphire and
pearl simply, but saphire and pearl in embroidery. How the cor-
rupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shewn
above.

[(a) *i'th' blood, a fire*, Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *a bloody fire*.]

Pinch

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*Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green ; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.

S C E N E V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly ; I think, We've watcht you now ;

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives ? See you these, husbands ? do not these fair *Yoaks* Become the *Forest* better than the *Town* ?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now ? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master *Brook* ; and, master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master *Brook* ; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck ; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too : both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies ; and yet the
guiltiness

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guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheefe.

Eva. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearing, and starings, and prubbles and prabbles?

Fal.

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Fal. Well, I am your theme ; you have the start of me ; I am dejected ; ⁷ I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel ; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me ; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you should have been a pander : over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let That go to make amends :

Forgive that Summ, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand ; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight ; thou shalt eat a poffet to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that ; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife.

[*Aside.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe ! hoe ! father *Page*.

Page. Son, how now ? how now, son, have you dispatch'd ?

Slen. Dispatch'd ? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* known on't ; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son ?

⁷ *I am not able to answer the Welch FLANNEL.*] *Shakespeare* possibly wrote *Welch* FLAMEN. As Sir *Hugh* was a choleric Priest, and apt to take fire, FLAMEN was a very proper name, it being given to that order of *Latin* priests from the flame coloured habit. By the same kind of humour the scullion, in *The Comedy of Errors*, is called the *Kitchen-Vestal*, it being her business to keep the fire in repair.

Slen.

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Slon. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slon. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slon. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's-boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have marry'd her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy. In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state; Mony buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

^s *Eva.* I will also dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry days!

^s This speech is taken from the edition of 1619. *Mr. Pope.*

Good

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Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so: — Sir *John*,
To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.



Vol. I.

A a



Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
Escalus, } *An ancient Lord, join'd with Angelo in*
 } *Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantastick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provost.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Justice.
Elbow, *a simple Constable.*
Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*
Abhorson, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*
Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*
Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*
Francisca, *a Nun.*
Mistress Over-done, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants:

SCENE, Vienna.

ME



MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's PALACE.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

DUKE.



ESCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties
t'unfold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and dis-
course.

² Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you: then no more remains:

Put

¹ The story is taken from *Cinzbio's Novels*, December 3.
November 5. Mr. Pope.

² *Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.*]

To the integrity of this reading
Mr. Theobald objects, and says, *What was Escalus to put to his
sufficiency! why his science: But his science and sufficiency were*
but

Measure for Measure.

Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, ³ and the terms
 Of 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*:

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?

* For you must know, we have with special roll
 Elected him our Absence to supply;
 Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love;
 And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
 Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

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

but one and the same thing. On what then does the relation them depend? He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropt, which he attempts to restore by due diligence. Nodum in scirpo quærit. And all for want of knowing, that by sufficiency is meant authority, the power delegated by the Duke to Escalus. The plain meaning of the word being this; Put your skill in governing (says the Duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.

³ ——— and the terms of common justice,] *i. e.* bounds, limits.

⁴ For you must know we have with special ROLL
 Elected him our absence to supply:]

This nonsense must be corrected thus,

————— with special ROLL

i. e. by a special commission. For it appears, from this scene, that *Escalus* had one commission, and *Angelo* another. The Duke had before delivered *Escalus* his commission. He now declares that designed for *Angelo*: and he says, afterwards, to both,

To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Why *Angelo's* was called the special roll was, because he was in authority superior to *Escalus*.

————— old *Escalus*,

The first in question, is thy secondary.

SCENE

Measure for Measure.

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S C E N E II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. 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: thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: ³ 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
Her self the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. ⁶ But I do bend my speech
To one that can ⁷ my part in him advertise;

5 ——— for if our virtues, &c.]

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertia
Celata virtus.* ———

Horat.

6 ——— But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;] This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him.

7 ——— *my part in him advertise*;] *i. e.* who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the Oxford Editor seems sworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of *Shakespeare's* characteristic marks; which, if not one of the comliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to

To one that can, in my part, me advertise.

A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of *Shakespeare's*.

A a 3

Hold

Measure for Measure.

Hold therefore, *Angelo* :
 In our Remove, be thou at full our self.
 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't upon it.

Duke. ⁸ Come, no more evasion :
 We have with a prepar'd and level'd choice
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers it self, 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 me 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 inforce, 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 *Ave's* vehement :

⁸ Come, no more evasion :

We have with a prepar'd and LEAVEN'D choice

Proceeded to you ;] *leaven'd* has no sense in this place : we
 should read *LEVEL'D choices*. The allusion is to archery, when
 a man has fixed upon his object, after taking good aim.

Nor

Measure for Measure.

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Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns 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 pow'r 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.*]

S C E N E III.

The 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 Gent. Heav'n 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, does relish the peti-
tion well that prays for Peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

A a 4

Lucio.

Measure for Measure.

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 meeter?

Lucio. ⁹ In any proportion, or in any language.

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

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, ¹ despite of all controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers 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, whiſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

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

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

⁹ *In any proportion, &c.*] Here the *Oxford Editor* gives us a dialogue of his own, inſtead of this: and, as one would expect, neither ſo clear nor ſo lively. And all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which ſignifies *meaſure*: and refers to the queſtion, *What, in meeter?*

¹ *despite of all controverſie;*] Satirically inſinuating that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain.

Measure for Measure.

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

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars 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 found.

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

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

1 *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 carry'd away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt 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 promised 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.*

Measure for Measure.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exit.*]

Manet Bawd.

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?

S C E N E V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

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

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

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

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

Clown. * 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?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

2 *They shall stand for seed;] Seneca, in his mock Apotheosis of Claudius, ridiculing him for having extended the rights of Roman citizens so immoderately, makes Clotbo say, Ego mebercule, pusillum temporis adjicere illi volebam, dum hos pauculos, qui supersunt, civitate donaret: constituerat enim omnes Græcos, Gallos, Hispanos, Britannos, togatos videre. Sed quoniam placet aliquos peregrinos IN SEMEN RELINQUI, et tu ita jubet fieri, fiat.*

Bawd.

Measure for Measure.

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Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth ; what shall become of me ?

Clown. 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.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison ; and there's madam *Juliet*.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

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

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. 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 heav'n ; on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio,

3 *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.] The wrong

pointing of the second line hath made the passage unintelligible.

There ought to be a full stop at *weight*. And the sense of the whole is this : *The Demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus, — I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will ; and yet*

yet

Measure for Measure.

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 ev'ry scope by the immod'rate 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 arrest, 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't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with you.

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 propagation of a dower 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,

yet who can say what dost thou. — *Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight,* is a fine expression, to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not so by *sale*, on account of the practice of diminishing the species.

Measure for Measure.

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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 publick 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 th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly in 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 her self 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 prosp'rous art

4 ——— *most mutual* ———] *i. e.* most intimate. The phrase is extremely elegant on this occasion; yet disliked by the *Oxford Editor*, who strikes out *most*.

When

Measure for Measure.

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, who 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*,

S C E N E VII.

A M O N A S T E R Y.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. **N**O; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat 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.

Fri. 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*

^s (A man of strict ure and firm abstinence)
My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,

^s *A man of STRICTURE and firm abstinence*] *stricture* makes no sense in this place. We should read,

A man of STRICT URE and firm abstinence.

i. e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the subdual of his passions. *Ure* an old word for use, practice, so *enur'd*, habituated to.

And

Measure for Measure.

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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,
 6 (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds,)
 Which for these nineteen years 7 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
 T'unloose this ty'd 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 father,
 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,

6 *The needful bits and curbs for headstrong WEEDS.*] Common sense, and the integrity of the metaphor, shews that *Shakespeare* wrote *headstrong STEEDS*.

7 ——— *We have let SLIP;*

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,]

The similitude shews that *Shakespeare* wrote,

————— *we have let SLEEP.*

I will,

Measure for Measure.

I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
 Visit both prince and people ; therefore, 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 pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. AND have you Nuns no further privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*within.*] Hoa ! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that, which calls ?

Nun. 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 shew your face ;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

He

* *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 shew your face ;

Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.] This is a
 very artful preparation for the effects that *Isabel's* solicitation had
 on *Angelo* in the following Scene, as it shews the mischiefs of
 beauty

Measure for Measure.

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He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*
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. [you ;

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me ! for what ?

Lucia. 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. [liar sin

Lucio. 'Tis true : — I would not (tho' 'tis my fami-
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted ;

beauty to be so great, that the *Religious* had laid down rules and regulations to prevent its inordinate influence, which lessens our surprise at *Angelo's* weakness.

9 ——— 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, —] The *Oxford Editor's* note, on this passage, is in these words. *The lapwings fly with seeming fright and anxiety far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.* And do not all other birds do the same ? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared. It is another quality of the lapwing, that is here alluded to, *viz.* its perpetually flying so low and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falshood : and it seems to be a very old one ; for *Chaucer*, in his *Plowman's Tale*, says — *And lapwings that well conith lie.*

VOL. I.

B b

By

Measure for Measure.

By your renoucement, an immortal Spirit ;
And to be talk'd 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 having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
' That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming ² foison ; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. [*Julius*]

Isab. Some one with child by him ? — my cousin

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names
By vain, tho' 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 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 long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons ;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

1 *That from the seedness—*] An old word for seed-time
So the lawyers translate *semen hyemale* & *quadragesimalis*,
winter seedness, and lent seedness.

2 *—foison ;*] Harvest.

Mr. Pope.

Measure for Measure.

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Falls into forfeit ; he arrests him on it ;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example ; all hope's 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 for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already ;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
For's 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 truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait ;
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.*

Measure for Measure.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.

A N G E L O.

W E 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 gentleman,
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, which 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 on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,

I Than FALL. and bruise so death.] I should rather read
FELL, i. e. strike down. So in *Timon of Athens*,
All, save thee, I FELL with curses.

Because

Measure for Measure.

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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.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *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 Prov.*

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him ! and forgive us all !
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall ;
 Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none ;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

S C E N E II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. 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 ?

B b 3

Elb.

Measure for Measure.

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 wife officer.

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

Clown. 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, pluckt 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 heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self 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 accused 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 defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

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

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown.

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“ *Clown*. Sir, she came in great with child; and
 “ longing (saying your Honour’s reverence) for stew’d
 “ prewns; 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 Ho-
 “ nours have seen such dishes; they are not *China*
 “ dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

“ *Clown*. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are
 “ therein 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
 “ prewns; 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.

“ *Clown*. Very well; you being then, if you be
 “ remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid
 “ prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

“ *Clown*. Why, very well; I telling you then, if
 “ you be remembred, that such a one, and such a
 “ one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, un-
 “ less they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

“ *Clown*. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the pur-
 pose: what was done to *Elbow*’s wife, that he hath
 cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

“ *Clown*. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

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

“ *Clown*. 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

“ 2

Measure for Measure.

“ a year ; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't
 “ not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth* ?

Froth. All-bownd eve.

“ *Clown*. 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.

“ *Clown*. 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.

S C E N E III.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lord-
 ship. [Exit Angelo.
 Now, Sir, come on : what was done to *Elbow's* wife,
 once more ?

Clown. Once, Sir ? there was nothing done to her
 once.

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

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman do to her ?

Clown. 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.

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

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his
 face ?

Escal. Why, no,

Clown.

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Clown. I'll be suppos'd 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.

Clown. 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.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd 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 marry'd 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't : 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 wouldst discover if thou couldst, 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.

Measure for Measure.

thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-done*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. 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.*

S C E N E IV.

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the bestliest 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.

Clown.

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Clown. 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?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

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

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. 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.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, ^a I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: 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 whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

^a I'll rent the fairest house in it, for three pence a bay:]
Mr. *Theobald* found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He supposes *Bay* to be that projection called a Bay-window; as if the way of rating houses was by the number of their Bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and signifies the squared frame of a timber house; each of which divisions or squares is called a *Bay*. Hence a building of so many Bays.

Clown.

Measure for Measure.

Clown. 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 whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years 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 chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of mony, 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. What's a clock, think you?

[*Exit Elbow.*]

Just. 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 it self, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe;

But

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But yet, poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; 't may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended 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 not I 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 pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

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

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 sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang.

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Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.
See you, the fornicatrefs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.— Y'are welcome; what's
your will?

Isab. I am a woful fuitor 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. Heav'n 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 find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then; —heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give 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.

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Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;

And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you, if you would?

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

Ifab. 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. You are too cold.

Ifab. 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 slipt like him;

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ifab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Ifabel*; should it then be thus?

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

And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

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

Ifab. Alas! alas!

“ Why, ³ all the souls that are, were forfeit once:

“ And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,

“ Found out the remedy. How would you be,

3 — all the souls that WERE,] This is false divinity. We should read ARE.

“ If

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“ If he, which is the top of judgment, should
 “ But judge you, as you are? oh, 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 dies to-morrow.

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

He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchen
 We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
 With less respect, than we do minister [you:
 To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink
 Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
 There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
 Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first man 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 shews what future evils,
 Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
 Are now to have no successive degrees;
 (a) But ere they live, to end.

4 *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*

Like man new made.] This is a fine thought, and finely expressed: The meaning is, that mercy will add such grace to your person, that you will appear as amiable as man come fresh out of the hands of his creator.

5 ——— like a prophet,

Looks in a glass] This alludes to the fopperies of the *Berril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by.

[(a) *But ere they live,* — Oxford Edit. Vulg. *But ere they live.*]

Isab.

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Isab. Yet shew some pity.

“ *Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

“ For then I pity those, I do not know;

“ Which a dismiss’d offence would after gaul;

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

Lives not to act another. Be satisfy’d;

Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;

And he, that suffers: oh, ’tis excellent

To have a giant’s strength; but it is tyrannous,

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. 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 heav’n for thunder;

‘ Nothing but thunder: merciful heav’n!

‘ Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph’rous, bolt

‘ Split’st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,

‘ Than the soft myrtle: O, 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 fantastick tricks before high heav’n,

‘ ⁶ As makes the angels weep; ⁷ who, with our spleens,

‘ Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio.

⁶ *As makes the angels weep;*] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. — *Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.* — Grotius ad Lucam.

⁷ — *who, with our spleens,*

Would all themselves laugh mortal.] Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* Which amounts to this, that if they were mortal they would not be immortal. *Shakespeare* meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always violently inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had

Measure for Measure.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent; He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him!

Isab. ⁸ We cannot weigh our brother with yourself: Great men may jest with Saints; 'tis wit in them; But, in the less, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

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

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' 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 found a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,

⁹ That my sense bleeds with it. 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.

the angels *that*, says *Shakespeare*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen.

⁸ *We cannot weigh our brother with our self:*] Why could she not? She could not weigh her brother with the Duke indeed, their qualities being so disproportioned as to aggravate her brother's crimes, and extenuate the Duke's. So that it is plain we should read

————— *with your self.*

⁹ *That my sense bleeds with it.*] The first Folio reads *breeds*, which tho' it have no meaning, yet *Mr. Theobald* adopts, and discards a very sensible word, to make room for it.

Ang.

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Ang. How? bribe me?

Ifab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Ifab. Not with fond shekles of the ¹ tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from ² preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Ifab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

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

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

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt Lucio and Isabella.*]

S C E N E VIII.

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?

“ 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 ³ virtuous season. Can it be,

1 — *tested gold,*] *i. e.* attested, or marked with the standard stamp.

2 — *preserved souls,*] *i. e.* preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar.

3 — *virtuous season,*] *i. e.* kindly season. But the subject here gives the figure a peculiar elegance.

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" 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? oh, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh, 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?
 Oh, 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: ne'er could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

*Changes to 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 blest 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

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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.

I have provided for you ; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
 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 found,
 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 repent you not,
 As that the sin hath brought you to this shame ?
 Which sorrow's always tow'rds ourselves, not heav'n ;
 Shewing, we'd not seek 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.

4 Who falling in the flames of her own youth

Hath blister'd her report :] Who doth not see that the
 integrity of the metaphor requires we should read *FLAMES* of her
 own youth.

Measure for Measure.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him ;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! ⁵ oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
⁶ Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its 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,

⁷ Grown fear'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. Oh place! oh form!

⁵ — *oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love: therefore she calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to shame, but that it hindered her freeing herself from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the *Oxford Editor* changes it to *injurious law*.

⁶ *Whilst my intention,*] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expression. But the old blundering Folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. *Theobald* to prefer authority to sense.

⁷ *Grown FEAR'D and tedious;*] We should read SEAR'D: *i. e.* old. So *Shakespear* uses, in *the fear*, to signify old age.

How

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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 but 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. Oh heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both That 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 gen'ral subjects to a well-wisht King
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

8 *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;*

'Tis not the devil's crest.] i. e. Let the most wicked
thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent.
This was his conclusion from his preceding words,

————— *ob form!*

*How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? —*

But the *Oxford Editor* makes him conclude just counter to his
own premises ; by altering it to,

It's not the devil's crest.

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus.—
False seeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wise.
Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn ;*
(*i. e.* give him the appearance of an angel ;) and what then?
It's not the devil's crest? (*i. e.* he shall be esteem'd a devil.)

Measure for Measure.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Isabella.**Ifab.* 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.

Ifab. Ev'n so? — Heaven keep your Honour![*Going.*]*Ang.* Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you or I; yet he must die.*Ifab.* Under your sentence?*Ang.* Yea.*Ifab.* 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! 'twere as good To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n A man already made, as to remit Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie, Falsely to take away a life true made; As to put metal in restrained means, To make a false one.*Ifab.* 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.*Ang.* And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

9 — 'tis all as easie,] *Easie* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, says he, as light or trifling a crime to do so, as so, &c. Which the *Oxford Editor* not apprehending, has alter'd it to *just*; for 'tis much easier to conceive what *Shakespeare* should say, than what he does say. So just before, the poet said, with his usual licence, their *sawcy sweetness*, for *sawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forsooth, must be changed to *sawcy lewdness*, tho' the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.

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Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she, that he hath stain'd ?

Ifab. 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 accompt.

Ifab. 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 ?

Ifab. 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 poize of sin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it ! you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
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're ignorant ;
Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Ifab. 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 en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross ;
Your brother is to die,

Ifab. So.

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

Ifab.

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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 dy'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. As ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin 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. Oh 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.

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Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. 'Else let my brother die.

If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too. [selves;

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them—
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.

Women! help heav'n; 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're 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're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the formal language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

1 *Else let my brother die.*

[*If not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explain'd. A *feodary* was one, that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongst the *Goths*. Now, says *Angelo*, "we are all frail; yes, replies *Isabella*; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecillity*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagin'd.

2 *And credulous to false prints.*] *i. e.* take any impression.

* — *Speak the former language.*] We should read *FORMAL*, which he here uses for plain, direct.

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

Isab. * I know, your virtue hath a licence 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 out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?
My unfoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
³ My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall ⁴ 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 ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,

* *I know your virtue hath a licence in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by Ministers to their Spies, to go into all suspected companies and join in the language of Malecontents.

³ *My vouch against you,*] The calling his denial of her charge, his *vouch*, has something fine. *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he insinuates his authority was so great, that his *denial* would have the same credit that a *vouch* or testimony has in ordinary cases.

⁴ — *stifle in your own report,*
And smell of calumny.] Metaphor taken from a lamp or candle going out.

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I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Ifab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval;
Bidding the law make curtsie to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n 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.

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

*The P R I S O N.**Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

D U K E.

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: or death, or life,
Shall

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Shall thereby be the sweeter. ¹ Reason thus with life;
 ' If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 ' That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
 ' Servile to all the skiey influences,
 ' That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 ' Hourly afflict; ² meerly thou art Death's Fool;
 ' For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 ' And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. ³ Thou art not
 noble;

1 ——— Reason thus with life;

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,

That none but fools would keep.] But this reading is not only contrary to all sense and reason; but to the drift of this moral discourse. The Duke, in his assum'd character of a Friar, is endeavouring to instil into the condemn'd prisoner a resignation of mind to his sentence; but the sense of the lines, in this reading, is a direct persuasive to *Suicide!* I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So in the Tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, Act 4. Scene 3.

—— Not that she RECKS this life ——

And *Shakespear* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

Recking as little what betideth me ——

2 ——— meerly thou art Death's Fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.]

In those old Farces called MORALITIES, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of Death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him: which, as the matter is ordered, bring the Fool, at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and merrab mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise.*

3 ——— Thou art not noble;

For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,

Are nurs'd by baseness:] This enigmatical sentence, is

much in the manner of our Author, is a fine proof of his knowledge of human nature. The meaning of it being this, *Thy most virtuous actions have a selfish motive, and even those of them which appear most generous, are but the more artful disguises of self-love.*

• For

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' For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 ' Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means va-
 liant;
 ' For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 ' Of a poor worm. 4 Thy best of Rest is sleep,
 ' And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 ' Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self;
 ' 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 unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 ' For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 ' The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 ' Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
 ' For ending thee no sooner. 5 Thou hast nor youth,
 nor age;

' But

4 — *Thy best of Rest is sleep.**And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st*

Thy death, which is no more.] Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: Habes somnum imaginem Mortis, eamque quotidianè induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit, cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum. But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation.

5 — *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 palsied Eld.] The drift of this period is to prove, that*

neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is, — We have neither youth nor age. But how is this made out? That Age is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all sense of pleasure. To prove that Youth is not enjoyed, he uses these words, For all thy blessed youth becomes as aged, and doth

beg

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6 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 6 Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
 6 Becomes assuaged, and doth beg the alms
 6 Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 6 Thou hast neither 6 heat, affection, limb, nor bounty
 6 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 6 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 6 Lye hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 6 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.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

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

beg the alms of palsied Eld. Out of which, he that can deduct the conclusion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I suppose the Poet wrote,

——— for pall'd, thy blazed youth
 Becomes assuaged; and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld; ———

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once assuaged, and thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old age; as, particularly, the palsie and other nervous disorders, consequent on the inordinate use of sensual pleasures. This is to the purpose; and proves *Youth* is not enjoyed by shewing the short duration of it. The words of *Cicero*, of which this is an imitation, confirm this emendation, *Quæ verò ætas longa est? Aut quid omnino homini longum? Nonne modò pueros, modò adolescentes, in cursu à tergo insequens, nec opinantes affecta est senectus?*

6 ——— heat, affection, limb, nor beauty.] But how does beauty make *riches pleasant*? We should read BOUNTY, which compleats the sense, and is this; Thou hast neither the pleasure of enjoying riches thy self, for thou wantest vigour: nor of seeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wantest bounty. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *beauty*, is extremely satyrical tho' not altogether just.

Duke.

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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 sifter.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be con-
ceal'd,

Yet hear them.

{*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

S C E N E II.

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

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in
Deed:

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,

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,

Tho' 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.

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D d

Claud.

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Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. “ Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
 “ Lest thou a fev’rous 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 corp’ral 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 flow’ry 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-fainted Deputy,
 Whose settled visage and delib’rate word
 Nips youth i’t’h 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. 7 The Priestly *Angelo*?

Isab. Oh, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned’st body to invest and cover
 In Priestly guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,

If

7 *The PRINCELY Angelo? — PRINCELY guards.*] The stupid Editors mistaking *guards* for satellites, (whereas it here signifies *lace*) altered PRIESTLY, in both places, to PRINCELY. Whereas *Shakespeare* wrote it PRIESTLY, as appears from the words themselves,

— ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned’st body to invest and cover
 With PRIESTLY guards. —

In the first place we see that *guards* here signifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no sense in the signification of *satellites*.

Now

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If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would (a) give thee for 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 dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

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

Claud. Thanks, dearest *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? oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Now *priestly guards* means *sanctity*, which is the sense required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a sense the passage will not bear. *Angelo*, indeed, as *Deputy*, might be called the *princely Angelo*: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of, *This outward sainted Deputy*, demand the reading I have here restored.

8 ——— bite the law by th' nose,

When he would force it?] *i. e.* enforce it. This is but a kind of bear-garden phrase, taken from the custom of driving cattle, and setting a dog upon them to catch them by the nose, and stop them when they go astray.

[(a) give thee for this rank offence, Oxf. Edit.—Vulg. give't thee; from this rank offence.]

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

- ' To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
- ' This sensible warm motion to become
- ' A kneaded clod ; ⁹ and the delighted spirit
- ' To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
- ' In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice ;
- ' To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
- ' And blown with restless violence round about
- ' The pendant 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, ach, penury, 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.

Isa. Oh, you beast !

Oh, faithless coward ! oh, 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 !
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair !

9 ——— and the delighted spirit] *i. e.* the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The *Oxford* Editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was crowded together likewise ; and so, by death, not only set free, but expanded too ; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain.

1 The weariest, &c.] See the infamous wish of *Mæcenas*, recorded by *Seneca*, 101 Ep.

Dabilem facito manu,

Debilem pede, coxa, &c.

Vita dum superest, bene est, &c.

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For such a warped slip of wildernefs
Ne'er iffu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death ;
No word to fave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Ifabel.*

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy fin's not accidental, but a trade ;
Mercy to thee would prove it felf a bawd ;
'Tis beft, that thou dy'ft quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Ifabella.*

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchfave a word, young fifter ; but one word.

Ifab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you difpenfe with your leifure, I would by and by have fome fpeech with you ; the fatisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Ifab. I have no fuperfluous leifure ; my ftay muft be ftolen out of other affairs : but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paff between you and your Sifter. *Angelo* had never the purpofe to corrupt her ; only he hath made an affay of her virtue, to praftife his judgment with the difpofition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moft glad to receive : I am Confeflor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare your felf to death. ^a Do not falstifie your refolution with hopes that are fallible ;
to-morrow

² Do not fatisfie your refolution with hopes that are fallible ;
A condemned man, whom his confeflor had brought to bear

Measure for Measure.

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.

[*Exit Claud.*

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *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 Prov.*

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 on 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, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak

death with decency and resolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occasioned the advice in the words above. But how did these hopes *satisfy* his resolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We must certainly read, *Do not falsifie your resolution with hopes that are fallible.* And then it becomes a reasonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *resolution*, which was raised only on motives of religion. And this his confessor had reason to warn him of. The term *falsifie* is taken from fencing, and signifies the pretending to aim a stroke in order to draw the adversary off his guard. So *Fairfax*,

Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth.

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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 tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self 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. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset 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 tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for

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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. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd 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 your self 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 now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. 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 intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently

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sently 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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, 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 white³ bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. ⁴ '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 furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifye, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: blefs 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

³ *bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine then much in vogue. From the *Italian, Bastardo.*

⁴ *'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, &c.*] Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover, a comparison between the two usurers; as, before, between the two usuries. So that for the future the passage should be read with asterisks thus — *by order of law. * * * a furr'd gown, &c.*

found

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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 caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice? say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, (a) array my self, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n 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 whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, 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 all faults, ^s as faults, from seeming, free!

S C E N E V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, Sir.

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

5 — as faults, from seeming, free!] *i. e.* as faults are destitute of all comeliness or seeming. The first of these lines refers to the Deputy's sanctified hypocrisy; the second, to the Clown's beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of the rhyme.

[(a) array my self. Mr. Bishop. — Vulg. away my self.]

Lucio.

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Lucio. How now; noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of ' *Pigmalion'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? ' *It's* not down i'th' last reign. 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?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is her self 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*?

Clown. 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,

6 *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,*] *i. e.* come out cured from a salivation.

7 *Is't not DROWN'D i'th' last RAIN?*] This strange nonsense should be thus corrected, *IT'S NOT DOWN i'th' last REIGN,* *i. e.* these are severities unknown to the old Duke's time. And this is to the purpose.

8 *Go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt Pompey? or how?*] It should be pointed thus, *Go, say, I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how —, i. e.* to hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humorous replies, *For being a bawd. for being a bawd,* *i. e.* the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character.

Pompey;

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Pompey; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. 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 encrease 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.

Clown. 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.*]

S C E N E VI.

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 leachery would do no harm in him; something too-crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke.⁹ It is too gentle a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio.

⁹ *It is too general a vice,*] The occasion of the observation was *Lucio's* saying, that it ought to be treated *with a little more lenity*

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Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; 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 the 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 got 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. Oh, 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 ducklet 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.

nity; and his answer to it is, — *The vice is of great kindred.* Nothing can be more absurd than all this. From the occasion, and the answer, therefore, it appears, that *Shakespear* wrote,

It is too GENTLE a vice,

which signifying both *indulgent* and *well bred*, *Lucio* humourously takes it in the latter sense.

Duke.

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

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

Duke. Wife? 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 testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a foldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; 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?

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.

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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 answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruffing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: the duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewel. [*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 stand'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

S C E N E VII.

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 forfeit in the same kind? this would make ' mercy swerve, 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 promis'd her marriage;

[*1 mercy & WEAR.*] We shou'd read SWERVE, *i. e.* deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore.

his

Measure for Measure.

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. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] *Provoost*, 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.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Blis and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' 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 accurst. 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,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n 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

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et me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* pre-
? I am made to understand, that you have lent
visitation.

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

Cal. You have paid the heav'ns your function,
he prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have
r'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeft
of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I
l so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him,
indeed justice.

Ike. If his own life answer the straitness of his pro-
ng, it shall become him well; wherein if he
e to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Cal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you
[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Ike. Peace be with you!
who the sword of heav'n will bear,
ld be as holy as severe:
rn in himself to know,
e to stand, and virtue go;
e nor less to others paying,
n by self-offences weighing.
e to him, whose cruel striking
for faults of his own liking!
e treble shame on *Angelo*,
weed my vice, and let his grow!
what may man within him hide,
angel on the outward side!

OL. I.

E e

* How

Measure for Measure.

2 How may that likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to night shall lye
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting;
 And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

2 *How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pondrous and substantial things.*] Thus all the Editions read corruptly: and so have made an obscure passage in itself, quite unintelligible. *Shakespear* wrote it thus,
 How may THAT likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice of the times,
 Draw

The sense is this, How much wickedness may a man hide *within*, tho' he appear an angel *without*. How may *that* likeness made in crimes, i. e. by Hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical expression, *an angel made in crimes*] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble pretences [finely called *spiders strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as, Riches, Honour, Power, Reputation, &c.



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ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GRANGE.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

S O N G.

2 ' **T**AKE, *oh, take those lips away,*
' *That so sweetly were forsworn ;*
' *And those eyes, the break of day,*
' *Lights that do mis-lead the morn ;*
' *But my kisses bring again,*
' *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*

Enter Duke.

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.
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 is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good ; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good ; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me

1 *Take, oh, take, &c.]* This is part of a little sonnet of *Shake-
spear's* own writing, consisting of two Stanzas, and so extremely
sweet, that the reader won't be displeas'd to have the other.

*Hide, oh, hide those bills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops, the pinks, that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

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here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have fate here all day.

Enter Isabel.

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 your self.

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

S C E N E II.

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 backt;
And to that vineyard is a planced 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, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

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

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
² In action all of precept, he did shew 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't him, my most stay

² *In action all of precept, —] i. e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction.

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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 born up.

I have not yet made known to *Mariana*

A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

S C E N E III.

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 I 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. Wilt please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. 'O place and greatness! millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report

3 *O place and greatness! &c*] It plainly appears that *this* fine speech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding Scene, between the *Duke* and *Lucio*. For they are absolutely foreign to the subject of this, and are the natural reflections arising from that. Besides, the very words, *Run with THESE false and most contrarious quests*, evidently refer to *Lucio's* scandals just preceding: which the *Oxford Editor*, in his usual way, has emended, by altering *these* to *their*.— But that some time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I suppose, took part of the speech, beginning at *No might nor greatness, &c.* and put it here, without troubling themselves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places.

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‘ Run with these false and most contrarious quests
‘ Upon thy doings: thousand ’scapes of wit
‘ Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
‘ And rack thee in their fancies! welcome; how
agreed?

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Ifab. She’ll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. ’Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Ifab. 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
4 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn’s to reap; 5 for yet our tilth’s to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

4 *Doth flourish the deceit.*] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship.

5 — *for yet our TYTHE’s to sow.*] As before, the blundering Editors had made a *prince* of the *priestly Angelo*, so here they have made a *priest* of the *prince*. We should read *TILTH*, *i. e.* our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harvest, is not yet put into the ground.

S C E N E

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S C E N E V.

Changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. COME hither, firrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd 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 *Bernardine*: 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.

Clown. 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.

Abhor. 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.

Measure for Measure.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will ⁶ discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

Clown. 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.

Clown. 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 ⁷ what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. * * * *

Clown. Sir, it is a mystery.

Abhor. Proof. —

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

Re-enter

⁶ *discredit our mystery.*] I think it just worth while to observe, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*; because it comes not from the Greek *Μυστήρια*, but from the French, *Mestier*.

⁷ *what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof. —

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

Clown. *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.*] Thus it stood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was methinks not very difficult to be understood. The plain and humorous sense of the speech is this, Every true man's apparel which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? because if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: *i. e.* a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief

Measure for Measure.

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Re-enter Provost

Prov. Are you agreed?

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

Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

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

thief thinks it little enough; *i. e.* of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough* and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.— *Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Clown.* If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.— And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reason.— *I am satisfied the poet intended a regular syllogism; and I submit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not restor'd that wit and humour which was quite lost in the depravation.*— But the place is corrupt, tho' Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mystery: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel, &c.* but this proves the thief's trade a mystery, not the hangman's. Hence it appears that the speech, in which the hangman proved his trade a mystery, is lost. The very words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt the very same the clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mystery; namely, *that all sort of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose, to this effect; *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mystery.* The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little, &c.* The jocular conclusion from the whole being an insinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel, &c.* was in all the editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true. The lost speeches came in at the place marked by the asterisks.

Clown.

Measure for Measure.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me (a) yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

S C E N E VI.

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 lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. [Exit Claud.] But, hark,
what noise? [Knock within.]
Heav'n give your spirits comfort! — by and by; —
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
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

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

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;

[(a) yare: the old books. — Vulg. yours.]

He

Measure for Measure.

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He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he ^s meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[Knock again. Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom, when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

[Provost returns.]

Prov. 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. Happily,

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 publick ear
Profest the contrary.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. 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.]

s meal'd] i. e. mingled.

Duke.

Measure for Measure.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
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*, be-like, thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un-
wonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath
not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

*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 per-
form'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 ex-
cuted in the 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. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitent in prison?
how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov.

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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 shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd 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 sentenc'd 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 courtesie.

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. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say

I lay myself in hazard.] Metaphor from chess-play.

it

Measure for Measure.

it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd 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. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further 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, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the Duke's death ; perchance, of his entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, ¹ nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd ; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easie 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 amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear-dawn. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *nothing of what is writ.*] We should read —*here writ*— the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

*Measure for Measure.*43¹

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. “ 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 *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper 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 *Mr. Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer; for some four suits of peach-colour'd faddin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-lucky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Fortright* the tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooter* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now ² in for the Lord's sake.

*Enter Abhorson.**Abhor.* Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.*Clown.* Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.*Abhor.* What, ho, *Barnardine*!*Barnar.* [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?*Clown.* Your friend, 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.

² *in for the Lord's sake.*] *i. e.* to beg for the rest of their lives.

Abhor.

Measure for Measure.

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

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

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

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rattle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abbor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

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

Abbor. 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.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. 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. Oh, 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.

Measure for Measure.

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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.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die : oh, gravel heart !
After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

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 dy'd 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 omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd ;
And satisfie the deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio* ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides :
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo* : see, this be done,
And sent according to command ; while 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
(a) To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

[(a) To th' under generation, Oxford Edition. Vulg. To yonder generation]

Measure for Measure.

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 publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced 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 will commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

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

Isab. [within.] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*.—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

S C E N E X.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your leave.——

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

Isab. The better, giv'n 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 closest patience.

Isab.

Measure for Measure

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Isab. Oh, 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 heav'n:
Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. 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 gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm 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?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provost*?

F f 2

Duke.

Measure for Measure.

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, 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 liv'd. [Exit *Isabella*.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden 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 marry'd 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 bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Measure for Measure.

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S C E N E XII.

*Changes to the Palace.**Enter Angelo and Escalus.*

Escal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madnes: pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

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

Escal. He shews 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 sometimes 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 No.

For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

3 — *yet reason dares her:*] The old Folio impressions read, — *yet reason dares her No.* And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me: *dars her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say.

Measure for Measure.

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.]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the 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;
 Tho' 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
 Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
 But send me *Flavius* first.

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.]

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
 I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,

He

Measure for Measure.

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* He says, to vail full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

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

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter*——

Ifab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

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
founded:

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

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

A publick Place near the City.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus,
Lucio, and Citizens at several Doors.*

D U K E.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see
you.

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

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear

* He says, to vail full purpose.] Mr. Theobald alters it to
He says, t'availlful purpose; because he has no idea of the common
reading. A good reason! Yet the common reading is right. Full
is used for beneficial; and the meaning is, He says, it is to hide a
beneficial purpose, that must not be yet revealed.

F f 4

Such

Measure for Measure.

Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, 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 subjects 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. [*As the Duke is going out.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time : speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid :
Oh, 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. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me your self, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : oh, hear me, hear me.

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.

Measure for Measure.

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Isab. 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 murth'rer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
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 truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

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 impossible
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, caracts, 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. 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;
Not hide the false, seems true.

1 And *hide the false, seems true.*] We should read *Not hide.*
Duke.

Measure for Measure.

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. [To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for your self; pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in 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 repell'd me, and how I reply'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

Measure for Measure.

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To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother? and after much debatement,
My sifterly 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. ² Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, 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 vehemence 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, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
³ In countenance: Heav'n 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*?

² *Ob, that it were as like, as it is true!*] *Like* is not here used for *probable*, but for *seemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another sense; of which there are a great many examples in *Shakespeare*, and the writers of that time.

³ *In countenance:*] *i. e.* in partial favour.

Lucio.

Measure for Measure.

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 is a good *Friar*, belike; 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 sawcy *Friar*, A very scurvy fellow.

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*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy; Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler, 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.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself; But at this instant he is sick, my lord, Of a strange fever. On his meer 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 By all Probation will make up full clear,
* Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman;

To

* *Whenever he's CONVEN'D.*] The first Folio reads CONVENTED, and this is right: for to *convent* signifies to assemble; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet, because *convented* hurts the measure, the *Oxford Editor* sticks to *conven'd*, tho' it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled together*. But thus it will be, when
the

Measure for Measure.

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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.

Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n! 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*?

[*Ifabella is carried off, guarded.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana veil'd.

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 marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you 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 marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid;

the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the Editor, quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure: which *Shakespeare* having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of Syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been.

I've

Measure for Measure.

I've 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. [*To Mariana*]

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.

[*Unveiling.*]

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 my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was disvalu'd
In levity; since which time of five years

Measure for Measure.

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I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince, [breath,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
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 ⁵ 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 unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone ; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd 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. [deed,

Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, in-
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides ;

⁵ informal women] i. e. women who have ill concerted their story. *Formal* signifies frequently, in our author, a thing put into form or method : so *informal*, out of method, ill concerted. How easy is it to say, that *Shakespear* might better have wrote *informing*, i. e. *accusing*. But he who (as the *Oxford Editor*) thinks he did write so, knows nothing of the character of his stile.

And

Measure for Measure.

And he may fetch him.

Luke. Go, do it instantly.

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. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. 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 cloaths ; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce 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 : 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 should sooner confess ; perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost ; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

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

Escal. Come on, mistress : 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.*

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Lucio. Mum——

Escal. Come, Sir, did you fet these women on to slander lord *Angelo*? they have confes'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 oh, 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 tryal 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 unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain; and then glance from him

To th' duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to th' 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

⁶ Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.

Escal.

⁶ Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,] Barbers shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people.

Measure for Measure.

Escal. Slander to th' 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? [bald-pate;

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
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. Oh, 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 spoke so of him, and
much more, much worse.

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

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close 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 giglets too, and with
the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; fo! Sir;
why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded,

Topstrina erat quædam: hic solebamus ferè

Plerumque eam opperiri—— Which *Donatus* calls *apta
sedes otiosis*. Formerly, with us, the better sort of people went
to the Barber's shop to be trimm'd; who then practis'd the under
parts of Surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instru-
ments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with
whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually hand-
ling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was
placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every
offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve
its authority.

must

Measure for Measure.

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mult you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's Hood, and discovers the Duke.

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; 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: 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 undiscernable, When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine, Hath look'd upon my passies: then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame; But let my tryal 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, Peter, and Provost.

S C E N E V.

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,

Measure for Measure.

Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Ifab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Ifabel*.
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 be so lost: Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
* That bair'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 comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Ifab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd 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 dependant 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 itill pays haste, and leisure answers leisure:
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, * deny thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,

* *That BRAIN'D my purpose;*] We should read BAIN'D. i.e. destroy'd.

* — *deny thee vantage.*] *Vantage*, for means, opportunity.

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Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

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

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege —

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, 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. ⁷ 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.
Oh, *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,

⁷ *Against all sense you do importune her.*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection; *Shakspear*, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both; *Sense* signifying both reason and affection.

Measure for Measure.

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 dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, 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 message.

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 dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm 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 intreat it.

S C E N E

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S C E N E VII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I 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,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head;
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake [*To Isab.*
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 quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well; [yours.
Look, that you love your wife; (a) her worth works
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To Luc.*
One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ^s according to
the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I
had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;

^s according to the trick;] i. e. the fashion. So to *trick up*,
signifies to dress in the mode.

[(a) her worth works yours, Oxf. Edit. — Vulg. her worth
worth yours.]

If

Measure for Measure.

If any woman, 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 finish'd,
Let him be whipt 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 recompence 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. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confes'd her, and I know her virtue:
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratefull.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall imploy 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.*]

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