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SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.



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- (English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4th thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)
- DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6th ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.
- GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3rd ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.
- DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2nd revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50cts.
- DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2nd ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.
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SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION



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A

SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you . . ."



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PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q₂ = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

* * The phonetic notation is that of the Association Phonétique Internationale.

VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi		a:

Shakespearian Sounds. *Modern Sounds.*[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.[i] » *lip* = *i* in *lip*.[ij] » *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual Cockney) *e* in *be*.[iu] » *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.[e:] » *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.[e] » *let* = *e* in *let*.[eu] » *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first element stressed.[æ:] » *name* = *a* in *can*, long.[æ] » *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E. variety.

- [æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.
- [a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.
- [o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.
- [o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.
- [oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.
- [ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).
- [u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.
- [u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.
- [uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	ð-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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A SHAKESPEARE READER.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, *A Shakespeare Phonology*, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǣ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǣ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
800 But lufts effect is tempeft after funne,
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
Lufts winter comes, ere fommer halfe be donne:
Loue surfets not, luft like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luft full of forged lies.

* * *

LO here the gentle larke wearie of reft,
From his moyft cabinet mounts vp on hie,
855 And wakes the morning, from whose filuer brest,
The funne arifeth in his maieftie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, feeme burnifht gold.

Venus falutes him with this faire good morrow,
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and fhining ftar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a fonne that fuctt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeft lend to other.

865 This fayd, fhe hafteth to a mirtle groue,
Mufing the morning is fo much ore-worne,
And yet fhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon fhe heares them chaunt it luftily,
870 And all in haft fhe coafteth to the cry.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

luv kumforteθ lijk sunsijn ʼæfter ræin,
but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800
luvz dzent,l sprinj duθ a:lwæiz fres remæin,
lusts winter kumz e:r sumer hæf bi dun;
luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijz;
luv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordzed lijz.

* * *

jo:, he:r de dzent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,
from his moist kæbinet muwns up on hij,
ænd wæ:ks de mornij, from hwu:z silver brest 855
de sun ærijzeθ in hiz mædzestij;
hwu: duθ de world so glo:rʼi:slu bihould,
ðæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burnift gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið ðis fæir gud-moro: :
“o: ðuw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860
from hwu:m e:tf læmp ænd sijni: stæ: duθ borø:
de beuti:us infliuens ðæt mæ:ks him brijt,
der livz æ sun ðæt sukt æn e(:)rθli muðer,
mæi lend di: lijt, æz ðuw dust lend tu uðer.”

ðis sæid, si hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v, 865
miuzinj de mornij iz so mutf o:r worn,
ænd jit si he:rz no tijdi:z ov her lu(:)v :
si hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn :
ænon si he:rz dem tʼsænt it lustilij,
ænd a:l in hæ(:)st si ko:steθ tu de krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twine¹ about her thigh to make her stay,
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,
 875 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

* * *

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 1125 She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
 As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told:
 She liſts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneſſe lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld
 1130 A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
 That thou being dead, the day ſhuld yet be light.

1185 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
 Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
 It ſhall be wayted on with iea louſie,
 Find ſweet beginning, but vnſaourie end,
 Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,
 1140 That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
 Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
 The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
 With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
 1145 The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
 Strike the wife dumbe, and teach the foole to ſpeake.

¹ twin'd.

ænd æz fi runz, ðe bufez in ðe wæi
 sum kætf her bij ðe nek, sum kis her fæ:s,
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:
 fi wijldli bre:keθ from ðæir strikt imbræ:s,
 lijk æ miltf do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k, 875
 hæ(:)stiŋ tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

* * *

fi lu:ks upon hiz lips, ænd ðæi ær pæ:l;
 fi tæ:ks him bij ðe hænd, ænd ðæt iz kould;
 fi hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125
 æz if ðæi hærd ðe wo:ful wordz fi tould;
 fi lifts ðe kofer-lidz ðæt klo:z hiz iŋz,
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes liŋz;

tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld
 æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt; 1130
 ðæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin ðæi læ:t ekseld,
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:

“wunder ov tijm,” kwoθ fi:, “ðis iz mij ŋpijt,
 ðæt, ðuw bi:ŋ ded, ðe ðæi fu:ld jit bi lijt.

“sins ðuw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1135
 soro: on luv he:ræfter ŋæl ætend:
 it ŋæl bi wæited on wið dzelusij,
 fijnd swi:t biginiŋ, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,
 ne:r setled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,
 ðæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur ŋæl not mætŋ hiz wo:. 1140

“it ŋæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:ðiŋ-hwiŋl;
 ðe botom poiz,n, ænd ðe top o:rstra:d
 wið swi:ts ðæt ŋæl ðe triuest sijt bigiŋl:
 de strongest bodi ŋæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k, 1145
 strik ðe wiŋz dum ænd te:tŋ ðe fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the meafures,
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
 1150 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with treafures,
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,
 Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too feueare,
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,
 Peruerse it shall be, where it showes most toward,
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,
 1160 And set diffention twixt the sonne, and fire,
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
 1170 Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sproong floure to smel,
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
 Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
 1175 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it fæl bi spæ:riŋ ænd tu: ful ov rijot,
 te:tfiŋ dekrepit æ:dʒ tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;
 de stæ:riŋ rufiæn fæl it ki:p in kwijet,
 pluk down de ritʃ, inritʃ de pu:r wid tre(:)ziurz; 1150
 it fæl bi ræ:dʒiŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,
 mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tfijld.

"it fæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;
 it fæl not fe:r hwe:r it fu:ld mo:st mistrust;
 it fæl bi mersiful ænd tu: seve:r, 1155
 ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st dzust;
 pervers it fæl bi hwe:r it fouz mo:st towærd,
 put fe:r tu væler, kurædz tu de kuwærd.

"it fæl bi ka:z ov wær ænd dijr events,
 ænd set disensjōn twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160
 subdzekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,
 æz drij kombustjūs mæter iz tu fijr:
 siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,
 ðæi ðæt luv best ðæir luvz fæl not indʒoi."

bij ðis, de boi ðæt bij her sijd læi kild 1165
 wæz melted lijk æ væ:por from her sijt,
 ænd in hiz blod ðæt on de gruwnd læi spild,
 æ purp,l fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wid hwijt,
 rezembliŋ wel hiz pæ:l tʃi:ks ænd de blod
 hwitʃ in ruwnd drops upon ðæir hwijtnes stud. 1170

fi buwz her hed, de niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,
 kompæ:riŋ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,
 ænd sæiz, widin her bu:zom it fæl dwel,
 sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:
 fi krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:tf æpe:rz 1175
 gri:n dropiŋ sæp, hwitʃ fi kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guife,
 Sweet iffue of a more sweet smelling fire,
 For euerie little grieffe to wet his eies,
 1180 To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 1190 And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 135 That what they haue not, that which they possesse
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
 140 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ fi; "ðis wæz ðij fæderz gijz—
 swi:t isiu ov æ mo:r swi:t-smeliŋ sijr—
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz ijz:
 tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezi:r, 1180
 ænd so: tiz ðijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud
 tu wider in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz ðij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;
 duw ært ðe nekst ov blud, ænd tiz ðij rijt:
 lo:, in ðis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k ðij rest, 1185
 mij θrobiŋ hært fæl rok ði ðæi ænd ni:t:
 ðer fæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swi:t luvz fluwr."

dus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi fi hijz,
 ænd jo:ks her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190
 ðæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz
 in her lijt tʃærɪot kwikli iz konvæid;
 houldiŋ ðæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r ðæir kwi:n
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi si:n.

 FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z ðæt mutʃ kuvet ær wið gæin so fond,
 ðæt hwæt ðæi hæ:v not, ðæt hwitʃ ðæi pozes 135
 ðæi skæter ænd unlus it from ðæir bond,
 ænd so:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, ðæi hæ:v but les;
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekses
 iz but tu surfet, ænd sutʃ gri:fs sustæin,
 ðæt ðæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in dis pu:r-ritʃ gæin. 140

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
 In hauing much torments vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

* * *

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in funder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
 390 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
 Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene couerlet whose perfect white
 395 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkeness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

ðe æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs ðe lijf
 wið onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dz;
 ænd in ðis æim ðer iz sutf θwærtiŋ strijf,
 ðæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:ldz;
 æz lijf for onor in fel bæ:t,lz rædz; 145
 onor for welθ; ænd oft ðæt welθ duθ kost
 ðe de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeter lost.

so ðæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:
 ðe θiŋz wi æ:r for ðæt hwitf wi ekspekt;
 ænd ðis æmbisiŋs fuwl infirmiti;, 150
 in hæ:viŋ mutf, torments us wið defekt
 ov ðæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt
 ðe θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,
 mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

* * *

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,
 kuzniŋ ðe pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;
 hwu:, ðe:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,
 sweliŋ on e:ðer sijd tu wænt hiz blis;
 bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:¹ 390
 hwer, lijk æ vertiŋus moniument ʃi lijz,
 tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

wiðuwt ðe bed her uðer fæir hænd wæz,²
 on ðe gri:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt
 ʃoud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on ðe græs, 395
 wið perli swe(:)t, rezembliŋ deu ov nijt.
 her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd ʃe:ðd ðæir lijt,
 ænd kænopid in ðærknes switli læi,
 til ðæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn ðe dæi.

¹ Or is. ² wæs.

400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
 O modeft wantons, wanton modestie!
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in lifes mortalitie.
 Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

 Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
 Who like a fowle vsurper went about,
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 10 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

her hæir, lijk gould,ⁿ ðre(:)dz, ¹ plæid wið her bre(:)θ; 400
 o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!

fo:ij lijfs trijulf in ðe mæp ov de(:)θ,
 ænd de(:)θs dim lu:k in lijfs mortælitij:

e:tf in her sli:p ðemselvz so beutifij,

æz if bitwi:n ðem twæin ðer wer no strijf, 405

but ðæt lijf livd in de(:)θ, ænd de(:)θ in lijf.

her brests, lijk ijv(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,

æ pæir ov mæid,ⁿ worldz unkonkered,

sæ:v ov ðæir lord no be:riij jo:k ðæi kniu,

ænd him bij o:θ ðæi triuli onored. 410

de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisïon bred;

hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt

from ðis fæir θro:n tu he:v ðe ouner uwt.

SONNET XVIII.

ƒæl ij kompæ:r ði tu æ sumerz ðæi?

ðuw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæt:

ruf wijndz du ƒæ:k ðe ðærlij budz ov mæi,

ænd sumerz le:s hæθ a:l tu: fort æ ðært:

sumtijm tu: hot ðe ij ov he(:)v,ⁿ ƒijnz, 5

ænd oft,ⁿ iz hiz gould kompleksïon dimd;

ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm dekljnz,

bij ƒæns or næ:tiurz ƒændziij ku:rs untrimd;

but ðij eternæl sumer ƒæl not fæ:d

nor luzz pozesïon ov ðæt fæir ðuw oust; 10

nor ƒæl de(:)θ bræg ðuw wændrest in hiz ƒæ:d,

hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm ðuw groust:

so loij æz men kæn bre:ð or ijz kæn si:

so loij livz ðis ænd ðis givz lijf tu ði.

¹ Or θri:dz.

SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Seflions of fweet filent thought,
 I fommon vp remembrance of things paf,
 I figh the lacke of many a thing I fought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times wafte:
 5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a frefh loues long fince canceld woe,
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht fight.
 Then can I greeue at greuances fore-gon,
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
 The fad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All loffes are reftord, and forrowes end.

SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I feene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,
 Killing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale ftreames with heauenly alcumy:
 5 Anon permit the bafeft cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celeftiall face,
 And from the for-lorne world his viſage hide
 Stealing vnfeene to weft with this difgrace:
 Euen fo my Sunne one early morne did fhine,
 10 With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit difdaineth,
 Suns of the world may ftaine, when heauens
 fun ftaineth.¹

¹ ftainteh.

SONNET XXX.

hwen tu ðe sesionz ov swi:t sijlent θout
 ij sumon up remembræns ov θiŋz pæst,
 ij sij ðe læk ov mænī æ θiŋ ij sout,
 ænd wið ould wo:z niu wæil mij ðe:r tijmz wæst :
 ðen kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:, 5
 for presius frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:tles nijt,
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loŋ sins kæns,ld wo:,
 ænd mo:n ðekspens ov mænī æ væniŋt sijt :
 ðen kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsesz forgo:n,
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10
 ðe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,
 hwitf ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.
 but if ðe hwijl ij θiŋk on ði:, ðe:r frend,
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus mornij hæv ij sin
 flæter ðe muwntæin-tops wið sov(e)ræin ij,
 kisiŋ wið gould,n fæ:s ðe medouz gri:n,
 gi(:)ldiŋ pæ:l stre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij;
 ænon permit ðe bæ:sest kluwdz tu riŋd 5
 wið ugli ræk on hiz selestīæl fæ:s,
 ænd from ðe forlorn world hiz vizædʒ hijd,
 ste:liŋ unsi:n tu west wið ðis disgræ:s:
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did sijn
 wið a:l-trijumfæent splendor on mij bruw; 10
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr mijn;
 ðe re:dʒion kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.
 jit him for ðis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;
 suns ov ðe world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun
 stæineθ.

SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments ¹
 Of Princes shall out-lie this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Then vnwept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time.
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne ²
 The liuing record of your memory.
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity ³
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare ⁴ thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare ruin'd ⁵ quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

¹ monument., ² burne.: ³ emnity. ⁴ yeare. ⁵ rn'wd.

SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniuments
 ov prinsez, fæl uwtliv ðis puwrful ri:m;
 but iu fæl fi:n mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents
 ðen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wið slutif tijm.
 hwen wæ(:)stful wær fæl stætiuz overturn, 5
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt ðe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fi:r fæl burn
 ðe livi:ŋ rekord ov iur memori:ŋ.
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij
 fæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz fæl stil fi:nd ru:m 10
 i:vn in ðe i:z ov a:l posteritij
 ðæt we:r ðis world uwt tu ðe endi:ŋ du:m.
 so:, til ðe dzudzment ðæt iurself æri:z,
 iu liv in ðis, ænd dwel in luverz i:z.

SONNET LXXIII.

ðæt tijm ov je:r ðuw mæist in mi: biould
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ
 upon ðo:z buwz hwitf fæ:k ægæinst ðe kould,
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læ:t ðe swit birdz sæŋ.
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe twijlijt ov sutf dæi 5
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in ðe west,
 hwitf bij ænd bij blæk ni:t duθ tæ:k æwæi,
 de(:)θs sekond self, ðæt se:lz up a:l in rest.
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe glo:i:ŋ ov sutf fi:r
 ðæt on ðe æsez ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij, 10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.

This thou perceiu'ft,¹ which makes thy loue
www.libtool.com.cn more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

SONNET CIV.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
 Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
 Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
 5 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autunne* turn'd,
 In proceffe of the seasons haue I seene,
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
 Since first I law you fresh which yet are greene.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
 10 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,²
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

¹ perceu'ft. ² stand (d *imperfect*).

æz ðe de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspiꝝ
 konsiumd wið ðæt hwitf it wæz nurift bij.
 ðis ðuw perse:vst, hwitf mæks ðij luv mo:r
 stroꝝ,
 tu luv ðæt wel hwitf ðuw must le:v e:r loꝝ.

SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,
 for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,
 sutf si:mz iur beuti stil. θri: winterz kould
 hæv from ðe forests fu:k θri: sumerz prijd,
 θri: beutiſus spring tu jelo: a:tum turnd 5
 in pro:sēs ov ðe se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,
 θri: æ:pril perfiumz in θri: hot dʒiunz burnd,
 sins first ij sa: iu fref, hwitf jit ær gri:n.
 æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,
 ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd; 10
 so: iur swit hiu, hwitf miθiꝝks stil duθ stænd,
 hæθ mo:sion, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:
 for fe:r ov hwitf, he:r ðis, ðuw æ:dʒ unbred;
 e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu ðe mæriædz ov triu mijndz
 ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v
 hwitf a:lterz hwen it a:lteræ:sion fijndz,
 or bendz wið ðe remu:ver tu remu:v

5 O no, it is an euer fixed marke
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
 It is the star to euey wandring barke,
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his high¹ be
 taken.

Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 10 Within his bending fickle compasse come,
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and vpon me proued,
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Ariel. Song.

COME vnto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Curtied when you haue, and kift
 380 The wilde waues whift:
 Foote it featly heere, and there,
 And sweete Sprights the burthen beare.²

Burthen disperfedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:³
 The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.⁴

Ar.

385 Hark, hark, I heare,
 The straine of strutting Chanticleere
 Cry cockadidle-dowe.

¹ high.

² beare the burthen.

³ bowgh wawgh.

⁴ -wawgh.

o:, no: ! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk 5
 ðæt lu:kz on tempests ænd iz never fæ:k,n;
 it iz ðe stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk
 hwu:z wurθs unknounlɪd ðu: ðiz hi:t bi tæ:k,n.

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks
 wiðin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m; 10
 luv a:lterz not wið hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,
 but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu ðe edz ov du:m.
 if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:rɪel. soŋ.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist
 ðe wijld wæ:vz hwist, 330
 furt it fertli he:r ænd ðe:r;
 ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burd,n be:r.

burd,n (dispersedli.)

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.
 ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:rɪel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r 335
 ðe stræin ov strutŋ tʃæntikle:r
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

Ariell. Song.

395 Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
 Of his bones are Corral made:
 Those are pearles that were his eies,
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a Sea-change
 400 Into something rich, and strange:
 Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.¹*Ar.*²

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the bafeleffe fabricke of this vifion
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leauē not a racke behinde: we are such stufte
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

* * *

¹ ding dong. ² *Not in F.*

æ:rïel. soŋ.]

ful fædom fijv ðij fæðer lijz; 395

ov hiz bo:nz ær koræel mæ:d;

ðo:z ær pe(:)rlz dæt wer hiz i:z:

noθiŋ ov him dæt duθ fæ:d

but duθ sufer æ se:r-tfændz

intu sumθiŋ ritf ænd strændz. 400

se:nimfs uwrlī riŋ hiz knel:

burð,n.]

ðiŋ-doŋ.

æ:rïel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r ðem, —ðiŋ-doŋ, bel.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. ðe:z uwr æktorz,

æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd

ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir: 150

ænd, lijk ðe bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizïon,

ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordzïus pælæsez,

ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gre:t glo:b itself,

je:, a:l hwitf it inherit, fæl dizolv

ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsïæl pædzent fæ:ded, 155

le:v not æ ræk bihijnd. wi æ:r sutf stuf

æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf

iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ariell sings.

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a Cowflips bell, I lie,
 90 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
 On the Batts backe I doe flie
 After Sommer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

WHO is Siluia? what is she?
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,
 The heauen such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

 Is she kinde as she is faire?
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:
 And being help'd, inhabits there.

 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
 50 That Siluia is excellling;
 She excels each mortall thing
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:rīel siŋz.]

hwe:r ðe bi: suks, ðe:r suk ij:
 in æ kuwslips bel ij liŋ;
 ðe:r ij kuwtŋ hwen uwlz du krij.
 on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij
 æfter sumer merilij.

90

merili, merili ŋæl ij liv nuw
 under ðe blosom ðæt hæŋz on ðe buw.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz ŋi,
 ðæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her?
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wiŋz iz ŋi;
 ðe he(:)vn sutŋ græ:s did lend her,
 ðæt ŋi milt ædmijred bi:.

40

iz ŋi kijnd æz ŋi iz fæir?
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes.
 luv duθ tu her iŋz repæir,
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,
 ænd, bi:ŋ helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.

45

ðen tu silviæ let us siŋ,
 ðæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ;
 ŋi: ekselz e:ŋ mortæl θiŋ
 upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:
 tu her let us gærlændz briŋ.

50

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Shallow. SIR *Hugh*, perfwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstoffs*,¹ he fhall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

5 *Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cuft-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parfon) who writes himsef
10 *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time thefe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his fucceffors (gone before him)
15 hath don't: and all his Anceftors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become
20 an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beaft to man, and fignifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the falt-fifh, is an old Coate.

.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd
115 my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your Keepers daughter?

¹ *Falstoffs*.

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

fælo:.] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stæ:r-tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dzon fa:lstæfs, hi fæl not æbiuz robert fælo:, eskwijn.

slender.] in ðe kuwnti ov gloster, dzustis ov 5 pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

fælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dzent,l-mæn born, mæster pæron; hwu: wrijts himself ærmidzero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli- 10 gæ:sion, ærmidzero:.

fælo:.] ij, ðæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm ðe:z θri: hundred je:rz.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænestorz ðæt kum æfter him 15 mæi: ðæi mæi giv ðe duz,n hwijt liusez in ðæir ko:t.

fælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] ðe duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ 20 fæmiljær be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

fælo:.] ðe lius iz ðe fref fif; ðe sa:lt fif iz æn ould ko:t.

.

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster fælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu ðe kij?

fælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij ðe:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz.

115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz ða:ter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight, I have done all this:
That is now answer'd.

120 *Shal.* The Councill shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known
in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,
125 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 Rascalls,
Bardolf, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

130 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's
135 my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you
tell, Cofen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I
vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master
Page) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host
of the Garter.¹

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it be-
145 tween them.

Euan. Ferry goot,² I will make a priefe of it
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

* * *

¹ Gater. ² goo't.

fælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis fæl bi ænswerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræt; ij hæv dun
a:l dis. dæt iz nuw ænswerd.

fælo:.] de kuwnsel fæl kno: dis. 120

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun
in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dzon; gud worts.¹

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!¹ gud kæbidz. slender, ij
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:² 125

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætfinj ræskælz,
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tfi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij sæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! dæts
mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-
stænd. der iz θri: umpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij 140
understænd; dæt iz, mæster pæ:dz, fideliset mæster
pæ:dz; ænd der iz mijself, fideliset mijself; ænd
de θri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov
de gærter.

mæster pæ:dz.] wi: θri:, tu he:r it ænd end it
bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon
de ka:z wid æz gre:t diskritli æz wi kæn.

* * *

¹ Or wurts.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* HOW now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole
to day? www.libtool.com.cn

Eua. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes
leauē to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

15 *Miſt. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my
ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke:
I pray you aſke him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your
head; come.

20 *Miſt. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your
head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in
Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one
25 Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*)
William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then
30 Powlcats, fure.

Eua. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman:¹ I pray
you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember
in your praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

¹ o'man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l¹⁰
tu-dæi? www.libtool.com.cn

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let de boiz le:v
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesij ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij
sun profits noθij in de world æt his bu:k. ij præi¹⁵
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hider, wilǽm; hould up iur
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur²⁰
hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wilǽm, huw mæni numberz iz in
nuwnz?

wilǽm.] tu.

kwikli.] triuli, ij θout der hæd bin o:n number²⁵
mo:r, bika:z dæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætliŋz! hwæt iz "fæir,"
wilǽm?

wilǽm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! der ær fæirer θijz dæn
poulkæts, siur. 30

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ pi:b,l. 35

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember
in iur præin.

wilǽm.] læpis.

40 *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he
(*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune;
and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo*
hic, hæc, hoc.

45 *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you
marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusa-*
tive-case?

Will. *Accusatiuo hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance
(childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50 *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant
you.

.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions
of your Pronounes.

Will. Forfooth, I haue forgot.

80 *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your
Quies, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muft be
preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought
he was.

85 *Eu.* He is a good fprag-memory: Farewel
Mis. Page.

Mif. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you
home boy, Come we ftay too long.

evænz.] ðæt iz æ gud wilǽm. hwæt iz hi,
wilǽm, ðæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilǽm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov ðe pro:nuwn,
ænd bi dus dekljnd, sijgjuælæ:riter, nominætijvo:,
hik, hæc, ¹ hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæc, hog: præi iu,
mærk: dzenitijvo:, hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ- ⁴⁵
tiv kæ:s?

wilǽm.] ækiuzætijvo:, hiŋk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld;
ækiuzætijvo:, huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋ-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij ⁵⁰
wærænt iu.

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wilǽm, sum deklensjonz
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilǽm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget
iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu ⁸⁰
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler ðen ij
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, ⁸⁵
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

¹ Or he(:)k; but cf. l. 44.

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ifab. www.libtool.com.cn YET I hew some pittie.

100 *Ang.* I hew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
 Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be the first that giues this
 sentence,
 And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
 To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder
 As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
 For euery pelting petty Officer
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
 115 Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulpherous bolt
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
 Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 120 (His glalsie Essence) like an angry Ape
 Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
 Would all themselues laugh mortall.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ifa. WHAT saies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Ifa. And fhamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
 120 This sensible warme motion, to become
 A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
 To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
 In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
 To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
 125 And blowne with restlesse violence round about
 The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
 Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
 Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
 The wearieft, and most loathed worldly life
 130 That Age, Ache, peniury,¹ and imprifonment
 Can lay on nature, is a Paradife
 To what we feare of death.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Song.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworne,
 And those eyes: the breake of day,
 Lights that do mislead the Morne,
 5 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
 Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in
 vaine.

¹ periury.

ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz mij bruder?

kla:dīo:.] www.libde.org izæ ferful θiŋ.

izæbelæ.] ænd fæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.

kla:dīo:.] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;

tu lij in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;

dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum 120

æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd ðe delijted spirit

tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijð

in θriliŋ re:džion ov θik-ribed ijs;

tu bi impriz,nd in ðe viules wijndz,

ænd bloun wið restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt 125

ðe pendænt world; or tu bi wurs ðen wurst

ov ðo:z ðæt la:les ænd insertæin θout

imædžin huwliŋ: tiz tu: horib,l!

ðe we:rriest ænd mo:st lo:ðed worldli lijf

ðæt æ:dž, æ:tʃ, peniurĩ ænd impriz,nment 130

kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs

tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[soŋ.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k ðo:z lips æwæi,

ðæt so switli wer forsworn;

ænd ðo:z ijz, ðe bre:k ov ðæi,

lijts ðæt du misle:d ðe morn:

but mij kisez briŋ ægæin, briŋ ægæin; 5

se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in
væin.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.
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SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant neuer,
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
 And be you blithe and bonnie,
 70 Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heauy,
 The fraud of men was¹ ever so,
 75 Since summer first was leauy,
 Then sigh not so, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hero. O GOD of loue! I know he doth deserue,
 As much as may be yeilded to a man.
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
 50 Of powder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
 55 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
 Shee is so selfe indeared.

¹ were *F*, was *Q*.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

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sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sij no mo:r,
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65
 o:n fut in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,
 tu o:n θiŋ konstænt never:
 ðen sij not so:, but let ðem go:,
 ænd bi: iu blijd ænd boni,
 konværtiŋ a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70
 intu hæi noni, noni.

sij no mo:r ditiz, sij no mo:,
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;
 de fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75
 ðen sij not so:, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv
 æz mutf æz mæi bi ji:ldeð tu æ mæn:
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært 50
 ov pruwder stuf ðen ðæt ov be:ætris;
 disdæin ænd skorn rið spærkliŋ in her iðz,
 mispriðzing hwæt ðæi lu:k on, ænd her wit
 væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her
 a:l mæter els si:mz we:k: fi kænot luv,
 nor tæ:k no fæ:p nor prodzekt ov æfeksŋon, 55
 fi iz so self-inde:rd.

- Vrfula.* Sure I thinke lo,
 And therefore certainly it were not good
 She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.
- Hera.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw
 man,
- 60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
 She would sweare the gentleman should be her sifter:
 If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill headed:
- 65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
 If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
 If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
 So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
 And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
- 70 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

- Bene.* LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this
 while?
- Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.
- Bene.* I will not desire that.
- 260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.
- Bene.* Surelie I do beleue your fair cofin is
 wrong'd.
- Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue
 of mee that would right her!
- 265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?
- Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.
- Bene.* May a man doe it?
- Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well
270 as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not,
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing
so well as you, but beleeeue me not, and yet I lie
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am
forry for my coulin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'lt me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee,
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no lawce that can be deuised to
it, I protest I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre,
I was about to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

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

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,
65 Was there with him, if¹ I haue heard a truth.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

¹ as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθij in de world so wel
æz iu: iz not dæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz 'strændz æz de θij ij kno: not,
it wer æz posib, l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθij so
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jīt ij lij not;
ij konfes noθij, nor ij denij noθij. ij æm sori 275
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it dæt iu luv mi:
ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it dæt sæiz ij luv, not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s dæt kæn bi devijzd tu
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutf ov mij hært
dæt no:n iz left tu protest.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuder ov de:z stiudents æt dæt tijm
wæz ðe:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.
beruwn dæi ka:l him; but æ merier mæn,
wiðin de limit ov bikumij mirθ,
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 70 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-mouing iest,
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)
 Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious words,
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lords,
 And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:
 320 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 325 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 330 Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious feeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,
 335 A Louers eare will heare the loweft found
 When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.
 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;
 for ev(e)ri obdzekt dæt de o:n duθ kætf 70
 de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dzest,
 hwitf hiz fæir tunj, konsæits ekspozitor,
 deliverz in sutf æpt ænd græ:sïus wordz
 dæt æ:dzed eirz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz
 ænd junger he:rrijz ær kwijt rævifed; 75
 so swit ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr buks.
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dz, or iu, or iu, 320
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sïon hæv fuwnd uwt
 sutf fijri numberz æz de promptij ijz
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritft iu wiθ?
 uder slo: ærts intjrlï ki:p de bræin;
 ænd de:rfo:r, fijndij bæ:ræin præktiserz, 325
 skærs fo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:)vi toil:
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz ijz,
 livz not ælœ:n imiured in de bræin;
 but, wið de mo:sïon ov a:l elements,
 ku:rsez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr, 330
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,
 æbuv dæir funksïonz ænd dæir ofisez.
 it ædz æ presïus si:ij tu de ij;
 æ luverz ijz wil gæ:z æn e:g,l blijnd;
 æ luverz eir wil heir de lo:est suwnd, 335
 hwen de suspisïus hed ov θeft iz stopt:
 luvz fi:lij iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l
 ðen ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and muficall,
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, Itrung with his haire.
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 345 Make heauen drowfie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes:
 O then his lines would rauifh sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
 That shew, containe, and nourifh all the world.
 Else none at all in aught proues excellent.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*¹

WHEN Dafies pied, and Violets blew,
 905 And Ladie-smockes all filuer white:
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:²
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
 910 Cuckow.
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

¹ *Not in F.*
 906, 905, 907.

² *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,*

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:is in tæ:st:
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z, 340
 stil klijmiŋ tri:z in ðe hesperide:z?
 subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swit ænd miuzikæl
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wið hiz hæir:
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, ðe vois ov a:l ðe godz
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið ðe hæroni. 345
 never durst po:et tutf æ pen tu wrijt
 until hiz iŋk wer tempred wið luvz si:z;
 o:, ðen hiz lijnz wu:ld ræviŋ sævædz e:r:z
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiuiliti.
 from wimenz i:z ðis doktrin ij deri:v:
 dæi spærk,l stil ðe rijt prome:θiæn fi:z;
 dæi ær ðe bu:ks, ðe ærts, ðe ækæde:mz,
 ðæt fo:, kontæin ænd nurif a:l ðe world:
 els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz ekselent. 350

* *
 *

ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprinj.]

hwen dæiziz pi:jd ænd vij(o)lets bliu
 ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt 905
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu
 du pæint ðe medouz wið delijt,
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for ðus si:z hi:,
 kukuw; 910
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,
 unple:zi:ŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
 915 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow.
 920 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Ificles hang by the wall,
 And Dicke the Shepheard¹ blowes his naile;
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
 925 And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit.²
 Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note,
 930 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:
 And birds fit brooding in the snow,
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit.²
 Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

¹ Sphepheard.

² *Not in QF.*

hwen ſepherdz piȝ on o:t,n ſtra:z
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z, 915
 ænd mæid,nz bleitj dæir ſumer smoks,
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for ðus ſiȝz hi:,
 kukuw;
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r, 920
 unple:ziȝ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bij ðe wa:l
 ænd dik ðe ſepherd blouz hiz næil
 ænd tom be:rz loȝz intu ðe ha:l
 ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil, 925
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,
 ðen niȝtli ſiȝz ðe stæ:riȝ uwl,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot. 930

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wijnd duθ blo:
 ænd koŋiȝ druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:
 ænd birdz ſit bru:diȝ in ðe sno:
 ænd mæriænz no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,
 hwen ro:sted kræbz his in ðe boul, 935
 ðen niȝtli ſiȝz ðe stæ:riȝ uwl,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

www.libtool.com.cn*Ob.*

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreft
 Since once I fat vpon a promontory,
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Uttering fuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude fea grew ciuill at her fong,
 And certaine ftarres fhott madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids muficke.

Puc. I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I faw ¹ (but thou couldft not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Veftall, throned by the Weft,
 And loos'd his loue-ftaft fmartly from his bow,
 160 As it fhould pierce a hundred thoufand hearts,
 But I might fee young *Cupids* fiery ftaft
 Quencht in the chafte beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votrefse paffed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.

165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a little wefterne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneffe.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I fhew'd thee

once,

170 The iuyce of it, on fleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

¹ fay *F*, faw *Q*.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

oberon.]
 mij dzent, l puk, kum heðer. ðuw remembrest
 sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæc 150
 ut(e)riŋ sutŋ dulset ænd hærmo:nĩus bre(:)θ
 ðæt ðe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ
 ænd sertæin stærz fot mædli from ðæir sfer:rz,
 tu he:r ðe se:mæidz miuzik.‡
 puk.] ij remember.
 oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but ðuw ku:ldst not, 155
 flijing bitwi:n ðe kould mu:n ænd ðe e(:)rθ,
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij ðe west,
 ænd lust hiz luv-sæft smærtli from hiz bo:, 160
 æz it ŋu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts;
 but ij mijt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri sæft
 kwentŋt in ðe tŋæ(:)st be:mz ov ðe wæt(e)ri mu:n,
 ænd ðe imper:riæl vort(æ)res pæsed on,
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, fænsi-fri:
 jit mærkt ij hwe:r ðe boult ov kiupid fel: 165
 it fel upon æ lit, l western fluwr,
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp, l wið luvz wuwnd,
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijð,lnes.
 fetŋ mi ðæt fluwr; ðe herb ij soud ði o:ns:
 ðe dzius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid 170
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it fees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke*. Ile put a girdle round¹ about the earth,
 In forty minutes.²

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

Fairies Sing.

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in our³ sweet Lullaby,
 15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Neuer harme,
 Nor spell, nor charme,
 Come our louely Lady nye,
 So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,
 Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
 Beetles blacke approach not neere;
 Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
 Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;
 One aloofe, stand Centinell.

* * *

¹ round *om.* *F*, round *Q*. ² *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as
prose. ³ your *F*, our *Q*.

upon ðe nekst lijv kre:tiur ðæt it si:z.
 fetʃ mi dis herb; ænd bi: ðuw her ægæin
 e:r ðe levijæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.

puk.] ijl put æ gird, l ruwnd æbuwt ðe e(:)rθ 175
 in fo:rti miniuts.

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz sij.]

iu spotted snæ:ks wið dub, l tuŋ,
 θorni hedʒhogz, bi: not si:n; 10
 niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wroŋ,
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwɪn.

filomel, wið melodij
 sij in uwr swixt lulæbij;
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij: 15
 ne(:)ver hærm,
 nor spel nor tʃærm,
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;
 so:, gud ni:t, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

wervij spijderz, kum not he:r; 20
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinnerz, hens!
 bi:t, lz blæk, æpro:tʃ not ne:r;
 wurm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.
 filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25
 o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

* * *

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

115 *Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a
knauery of them to make me afeard.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe
I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Affe-
120 head of your owne, do you?

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou
art tranflated.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will
not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will
walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that
they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woolfell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orange-tawny bill.
180 The Throftle, with his note so true,
The Wren with¹ little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my
flowry bed?

Bot.

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainfong Cuckow gray;
185 Whole note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though
he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

¹ and *F*, with *Q*.

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ 115
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, ðuw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si: ? iu si: æn æs-hed ov 120
iur oun, du: iu?

perter.] bles ði:, botom! bles ði: ! ðuw ært
træns-læ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðæir knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil 125
not stur from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil
wæ:k up ænd down he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, ðæt ðæi
ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,
wið orændʒ-ta:ni bil,

ðe θrost,l wið hiz no:t so triu, 130
ðe wren wið lit,l kwil,—

titæ:nǣ.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,

ðe plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,

hwu:z no:t ful mænǣ æ mæn duθ mærk, 135
ænd dæ:rz not ænswe:r næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:lif æ
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, ðou hi krij
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy fhape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me ¹
 On the firft view to lay, to Iweare I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes miftrefse, you fhould haue
 little reason for that: and yet to fay the truth,
 reason and loue keepe little company together,
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that fome honeft
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I
 150 can gleeke vpon occafion.

Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not fo neither: but if I had wit enough
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ferue
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not defire to goe,
 Thou fhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a fpirit of no common rate:
 The Summer ftill doth tend vpon my ftate,
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they fhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
 And fing, while thou on preffed flowers doft fleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall groffenefse fo,
 That thou fhalt like an airie fpirit go.
 165 Peafe-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, and Muftard-feede!²

¹ *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

² *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165:*
Enter Peafe bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, Muftard-feede,
and foure Fairies.

titæ:nǣ.] ij præi di:, dzent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140
 mijn e:r iz mutʃ enæmord ov diŋ no:t;
 so: iz mijn ij enθra:led tu diŋ ʃæ:p;
 ænd diŋ fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:
 on ðe first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu ʃu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145
 for ðæt: ænd jit, tu sæi ðe triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeder nuw-æ-dæiz; ðe mo:r
 ðe piti ðæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k ðem
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zʒon. 150

titæ:nǣ.] ðuw ært æz wijz æz ðuw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:ðer: but if ij hæd wit
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:nǣ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not deziŋ tu go:: 155
 ðuw ʃælt remæin he:r, hweder¹ ðuw wilt or no:
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræt:
 ðe sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæit;
 ænd ij du luv di:: ðe:rfo:r, go: wid mi:
 ijl giv di fæiriz tu ætend on di:, 160
 ænd ðæi ʃæl fetʃ di dziuelz from ðe di:p,
 ænd siŋ hwijl ðuw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:
 ænd ij wil purdʒ diŋ mortæl gro:snes so:
 ðæt ðuw ʃælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustæerdsi:d! 165

¹ Or hwe:r.

Peaf. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Muf. And I.

All. Where shall we go?¹

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie² Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Hip. 'TIS strange my *Thefeus*, that these louers
speake of.

The. More strange then true. I neuer may
beleue

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

¹ *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:
Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?
² fierie-.

pe:zblosom.] redi.

kobweb.] ænd ij.

moθ.] ænd ij.

mustærdsi:d.] www.libtool.org

a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?

titæ:nǣ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu dis dzent,lmæn ;

hop in hiz wæ:ks ænd gæmbol in hiz ijz ;

fi:d him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,

wið purp,l græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz ; 170

ðe huni-bægz ste:l from ðe humbl,bi:z,

ænd for nijt-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θijz

ænd lijt ðem æt ðe fijri glo:-wurmz ijz,

tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu ærijz ;

ænd pluk ðe wi:nz from pæinted buterflijz 175

tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz from hiz sli:pi:n ijz :

nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesijz.

first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil !

sekond fæiri.] hæil! 180

θird fæiri.] hæil!

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij ðe:zēus, ðæt ðe:z
luverz spe:k ov.

ðe:zēus.] mo:r strændz ðen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi
bili:v

ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.

luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutf si:ðin bræinz,

sutf fæ:pi:n fæntæsiz, ðæt æprehend

More then coole reason euer comprehends.¹
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
 Are of imagination all compact.
 One sees more diuels then waste hell can hold;
 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to
 heauen.²

And as imagination bodies forth
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen
 Turnes them to fhapes, and giues to airy³ nothing,
 A locall habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,⁴
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 25 More witneffeth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancie;
 But howfoeuer, strange, and admirable.

¹ *L. 5 ends with more.* ² *L. 12 ends with glance.*
³ *aire.* ⁴ *Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with*
things . . . fhapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.

mo:r den ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et
 ær ov imædzinæ:sion a:l kompækt.
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz den væst her kæn hold,
 ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik, 10
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dzipt:
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fi:n frenzi rouliŋ,
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu
 he(:)vn;
 ænd æz imædzinæ:sion bodiz furθ
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θiŋz unknoun, ðe po:ets pen 15
 turnz ðem tu fæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθiŋ
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.
 sutʃ triks hæθ stroŋ imædzinæ:sion,
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dzo:ɪ,
 it komprehendz sum briŋger ov ðæt dzo:ɪ; 20
 or in ðe ni:jt, imædziniŋ sum fer:,
 huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ ber!
 hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe ni:jt tould o(:)ver,
 ænd a:l ðæir mi:ndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez 25
 ænd grouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;
 but, huwsoever, strændz ænd ædmiræb,l.

¹ Or di:v,lz.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

A Song.

TELL me where is fancie bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head:
 65 How begot, how nourished.
 Replie, replie.
 It is engendred in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
 In the cradle where it lies:
 70 Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
 Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
 Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
 It bleffeth him that giues, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
 190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Maieftie,
 Wherein doth sit this dread and feare of Kings:
 But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
 And earthly power doth then shew likeft Gods

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

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[æ son.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,
or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?
huw bigot, huw nurifed?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endzændred in ðe ijz,
wið gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi diŋz
in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it liŋz.

let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:

70

ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.

a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

ðe kwælitu ov mersi iz not stræind,
it dropeθ æz ðe dʒent,l ræin from he(:)vn
upon ðe plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;

185

it bleseθ him ðæt givz ænd him ðæt tæ:ks:
tiz miŋtġest in ðe miŋtġest: it bikumz

ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;
hiz septer fouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,

190

ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædʒesti,
hwe:rin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;

but mersi iz æbuw ðis septred swæi;

it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,

it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;

195

ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: liŋkest godz

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
 Though Iustice be thy plea, confider this,
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
 200 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that lame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
 The deeds of mercie.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Lor. THE moone shines bright. In such a night
 as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kille the trees,
 And they did make no noyse,¹ in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
 5 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
 Where *Cressed*² lay that night.

Ief. In such a night
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
 And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
 To come againe to Carthage.

Ief. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
 That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
 15 Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
 And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,
 As farre as Belmont.

¹ nnyse (*misprint*). ² *Sic*.

hwen mersi se:z,nz dzustis. ðe:rfor, dziu,
 ðou dzustis bi: dij ple:, konsider ðis,
 ðæt, in ðe kurs ov dzustis, no:n ov us
 ju:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi; 200
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render
 ðe di:dz ov mersi.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n fijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt
 æz ðis,

hwen ðe swi:t wijnd did dzentli kis ðe tri:z
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt
 troilus miθiŋks muvnted ðe tro:dzæn wa:lz
 ænd sijd hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sjæn tents, 5
 hwe:r kresid læi ðæt nijt.

dzesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu
 ænd sa: ðe lijonz ʃædo: e:r himself
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt
 stu(:)d dijdø: wið æ wilo: in her hænd 10
 upon ðe wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz.

dzesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
 mede:æ gædræd ðe intʃænted herbz
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt
 did dzesikæ ste:l from ðe welθi dziu 15
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis
 æz fær æz belmont.

Ief. In such a night
 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
 20 And nere a true one.

Loren. www.libtool.com.cn In such a night
 Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little fhrow)
 Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Ieffi. I would out-night you did no body come :
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

.
Loren.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
 55 Heere will we fit, and let the founds of musicke
 Creepe in our eares, soft stlnes and¹ the night
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie :

Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
 60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
 But in his motion like an Angell sings,
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins ;
 Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 65 Doth grossly close it in,² we cannot heare it :
 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
 With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
 And draw her home with musicke.

Ieffi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet
 musique.

70 *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē :
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

¹ e. i. stlnes, and *F*, as above *Q*. ² in it.

dzesikæ.] in sutf æ nijt
 did juḡ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,
 ste:liḡ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæiθ
 ænd ne:r æ triu www.libtool.com.cn 20

lorenzo:.] in sutf æ nijt
 did priti¹ dzesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.

dzesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-nijt iu, did no bodi kum;
 but, hærk, ij he:r de futiḡ ov æ mæn.

.
 lorenzo:.]

huw swi:t de mu:nliḡt sli:ps upon dis bæḡk!
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let de suwndz ov miuzik 55
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd de nijt
 bikum de tutfez ov swi:t hæroni.

sit, dzesikæ. luk huw de flu:r ov he(:)vn
 iz θik inlæid wið pætenz ov brijt gould:
 ðerz not de sma:lest orb hwitf ðuw bihouldst 60

but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændz,l siḡz,
 stil kwijriḡ tu de juḡ-ijd tferubinz;
 sutf hæroni iz in imortæl soulz;
 but hwijlst dis mudi vestiur ov dekæi
 duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænot he:r it. 65

kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:
 wið swi:rest tutfez pe:rs iur mistres e:r
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

dzesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t
 miuzik.

lorenzo:.] de re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70
 for du: but no:t æ wijld ænd wænton herd,
 or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhændled koultz,
 fetfiḡ mæd buwndz, belðiḡ ænd ne:iḡ luwd,

¹ Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet found,
 Or any ayre of muficke touch their eares,
 You fhall perceiue them make a mutuall ftand,
 Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,
 By the fweet power of muficke: therefore the Poet
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ftones, and floods:
 Since naught fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,
 But muficke for the¹ time doth change his nature,
 The man that hath no muficke in himfelfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of fweet founds,
 85 Is fit for treafons, ftratagemes, and fpoyles,
 The motions of his fpirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,²
 Let no fuch man be trusted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Duk. Sen. NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers
 in exile:

Hath not old cuftome made this life more fweete
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not thefe woods
 More free from perill then the enuious Court?
 5 Heere feele we but³ the penaltie of *Adam*,
 The feafons difference, as the Icie phange
 And churlifh chiding of the winters winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
 Euen till I fhinke with cold, I fmile, and fay
 10 This is no flattery: thefe are counfellors

¹ the *om. F*, the *Q*. ² *Sic F*, *Terebus Q*. ³ not.

hwitf iz ðe hot kondiſion ov ðæir blud;
 if ðæi but he:r pertſæns æ trumpet ſuwnd, 75
 or æni æir ov miuzik tutf ðæir e:rz,
 iu ſæl perſe:v ðem mælk æ miutſæl
 ðæir sævædʒ iʒ turnd tu æ modest gæ:z
 bij ðe swi:t puwr ov miuzik: ðe:rfo:r ðe po:et
 did fæin ðæt orfæus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludʒ; 80
 ſins næt so ſtokiʃ, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dʒ,
 but miuzik for ðe tijm duθ tʃændʒ hiz næ:tiur.
 ðe mæn ðæt hæθ no miuzik in himſelf,
 nor iz not mu:vð wið konkord ov swi:t ſuwndz,
 iz fit for tre:z,nz, ſtrætædʒemz, ænd ſpoilz; 85
 ðe mo:ſionz ov hiz ſpir(i)t ær dul æz niʒt,
 ænd hiz æfekſionz ðærk æz erebus:
 let no: ſutʃ mæn bi trusted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk ſe:njor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruderz
 in ekſijl,
 hæθ not ould kuſtom mæ:d ðis liʃ mo:r swi:t
 ðen ðæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudz
 mo:r fri: from peril ðen ðe envius ku:rt?
 he:r fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm, 5
 ðe ſe:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz ðe iʒi fæŋ
 ænd tʃurlif tʃijdiŋ ov ðe winterz wijnd,
 hwitf, hwen it biʒts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,
 i:vn til ij ſriŋk wið kould, ij smiʒl ænd sæi
 “ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnſelorz 10

ðæt filiŋli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm.”
 swit ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
 hwitf, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
 we:rz jit æ presius w:dzitel in hiz heder;
 ænd dis uwr lijf eksempt from publik ha:nt
 fijndz tuŋz in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

15

sermonz in sto:mz ænd gud in ev(e)ri þiŋ.
 ij wu:ld not tŋændz it.

æmienz.] hæpi iz iur græ:s,
 ðæt kæn trænslæ:t ðe stubbornes ov fortiun
 intu so kwijet ænd so swit æ stijl.

20

* * *

ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe grinwud tri:
 hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:
 ænd turn hiz meri no:t
 untu ðe swit birdz þro:t,
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
 he:r ŋæl hi si:
 no enemi:
 but winter ænd ruf weðer.

5

hwu: duθ æmbiŋon ŋun
 ænd luvz tu liv ið sun,
 si:kiŋ ðe fu:d hi e:ts
 ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
 he:r ŋæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

ALL the world's a stage,
 140 And all the men and women, meere Players;
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 155 With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantalooone,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 160 His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dʒ,
 ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz: 140
 dæi hæ:v dæir eksits ænd dæir entrænsez;
 ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,
 hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dʒez. æt first de infænt,
 meulij ænd piukij in de nursez æarmz.
 den—de hwijnij sku:l-boi, wið hiz sætʃ,l 145
 ænd sijnij mornij fæ:s, kri:pij lijk snæil
 unwilijli tu sku:l. ænd den de luver,
 sijij lijk furnæs, wið æ wo:ful bæælæd
 mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbruw. den æ souldier,
 ful ov strændʒ o:θs ænd berded lijk de pærd, 150
 dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,
 si:kiŋ de bub,l repiutæ:sion
 i:vn in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dʒustis,
 in fæir ruwnd beli wið gud kæ:p,n lijnd,
 wið ijz seve:r ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155
 ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;
 ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. de sikst æ:dʒ fifts
 intu de le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,
 wið spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtʃ on sijd,
 hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd 160
 for hiz frʌŋk fæŋk; ænd hiz big mænli vois,
 turnij ægæin towærd¹ tʃijldiʃ treb,l, pijps
 ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,
 dæt ends dis strændʒ eventful histori,
 iz sekond tʃijldiʃnes ænd me:r oblivion, 165
 sænz ti:θ, sænz ijz, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θij.

* * *

¹ Or to:rd.

Song.

- BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,
 As mans ingratitude:
 Thy tooth is not so keene,
 Because thou art not seene,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
 Then¹ heigh ho, the holly,
 This life is most iolly.

 Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
 185 That doft not bight so nigh
 As benefitts forgot:
 Though thou the waters warpe,
 Thy fting is not so fharpe,
 As freind remembred not.
 190 Heigh ho, sing, &c.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Song.

- IT was a Louer, and his laffe,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o're the greene corne feild did paffe,
 20 In² fpring time, the onely pretty ring³ time,
 When Birds do fting, hey ding a ding, ding.
 Sweet Louers loue the fpring.⁴

¹ The. ² In the. ³ rang. ⁴ *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[soꝝ.]

blo:, blo:, ðuw winter wijnd,
 ðuw ært not so unkiꝝnd 175
 æz mænz ingrætitiud,
 dij tu:θ iz not so kiꝝn,
 bika:z ðuw ært not siꝝn,
 a:ldu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.
 hæi-ho:! siꝝ, hæi-ho:! untu ðe griꝝn holi: 180
 mo:st frendsiꝝp iz fæiniꝝ, mo:st luvij me:r foli:
 ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi!
 ðis lijf iz mo:st dꝝoli.

 fri:z, fri:z, ðuw biter skiꝝ,
 ðæt dust not biꝝt so niꝝ 185
 æz benefits forgot:
 ðou ðuw ðe wæterz wæerp,
 ðij stiꝝ iz not so færp
 æz frend remembred not.
 hæi-ho:! siꝝ, &c. 190

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

[soꝝ.]

it wæz æ luvær ænd hiz læs,
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 ðæt o:r ðe griꝝn kornfi:ld did pæs
 in sprij tijm, ðe o:nli preti riꝝ tijm, 20
 hwen birdz du siꝝ, hæi diꝝ æ diꝝ, diꝝ:
 swiꝝt luværz luv ðe sprij.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 25 These prettie Country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 How that a life was but a Flower,
 30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For loue is crowned with the prime,
 In spring time, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.*
 Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
 Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
 What's this, Mutton?

I. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
 165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascal Cooke?
 How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd flauers.
 170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwim de æ:kerz ov de rij,
 wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:ks wu:ld lij, 25
 in sprinj tijm, &c. www.libtool.com.cn

dis kærrol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,
 wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr
 in sprinj tijm, &c. 30

ænd ðe:rfo:r tæ:k ðe prezent tijm,
 wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:;
 for luv iz kruwned wid ðe prijm
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kjō:.] 160
 kum, kæt, sit duwn; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.
 wil iu giv θæŋks, swit kæt; or els ſæl ij?
 hwæts ðis? mut,n?
 first servænt.] ij.
 petru:kjō:.] hwu: brout it?
 pæter.] ij.
 petru:kjō:.] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz a:l ðe mert.
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl ku:k? 165
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, briŋ it from ðe dreser,
 ænd serv it ðus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?
 ðe:r, tæ:k it tu iu, trentferz, kups, ænd a:l:
 iu hi:dles dzoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!
 hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ijl bi wid iu stræit. 170

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried
away,

And I exprellely am forbid to touch it:
175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shal be mended,
180 And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning¹ vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no fence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
145 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits² his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
150 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

¹ thretaning. ² maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:
de me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.

petrukio:.] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutʃ it,
for it indzenderz koler, plænteθ æyger; 175
ænd beter twe:r dæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,
sins, ov uwrselvz, uwrselvz ær kolerik,
den fi:d it wid sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended,
ænd, for dis nijt, wil fæst for kumpæni: 180
kum, ij wil briŋ di tu ðij brijdæl tʃæmber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt θre(:)tniŋ unkijnd bruw,
ænd dært not skornful glænzez from ðo:z ijz,
tu wuwnd ðij lord, ðij kiŋ, ðij guvernor:
it blots ðij beuti æz frosts du bijt ðe me:dz,
konfuwndz ðij fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz ʃæk fæir budz, 140
ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:mɪæb,l.¹
æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin trubled,
mudi, il-si:miŋ, θik, bireft ov beuti;
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or θirsti 145
wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it.
ðij huzbænd iz ðij lord, ðij lijf, ðij ki:per,
ðij hed, ðij suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for di:,
ænd for ðij mæintenæns komits hiz bodi
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bij se: ænd lænd,
tu wætʃ ðe nijt in stormz, ðe dæi in kould, 150

¹ Or æ:miæbl.

- Whil't thou ly'lt warme at home, secure and safe,
 And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 155 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
 Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
 And when she is froward, peeuisht, fullen, lowre,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foule contending Rebel,
 160 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
 I am asham'd that women are so simple,
 To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
 Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
 When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.
 165 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
 Should well agree with our externall parts?
 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
 170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
 But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
 Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
 175 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
 And place your hands below your husbands foote:
 In token of which dutie, if he please,
 My hand is readie, may it do him ease.
-

hwijlst ðuw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;
 ænd kræ:vz no uðer tribiut æt dij hændz
 but luv, fæir lu:ks ænd triu obe:diens;
 tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.
 sutʃ diuti æz ðe subdʒekt ouz ðe prins 155
 i:vn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;
 ænd hwen ʃi ʒz¹ frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,
 ænd not obe:dient tu hiz onest wil,
 hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendiŋ rebel
 ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luvij lord? 160
 ij æm æʃæ:md ðæt wimen ær so simp,l
 tu ofer wær hwe:r ðæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pe:z,
 or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,
 hwen ðæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.
 hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165
 unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in ðe world,
 but ðæt uwr soft kondiʃionz ænd uwr hærts
 ʃu:ld wel ægri: wid uwr eksternæl pærts?
 kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!
 mij mijnd hæθ bi:n² æz big æz o:n ov iurz, 170
 mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,
 tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;
 but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stræ:z,
 uwr strenθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,
 ðæt si:mij tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175
 ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bur,t,
 ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fut:
 in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,
 mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

¹ Or ʃi:z. ² bin.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
 Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
 The appetite may ficken, and ſo dye.
 That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
 'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
 O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
 Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
 But falles into abatement, and low price
 Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
 15 That it alone, is high fantaſticall.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE III.

Clowne ſings.

40 O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
 O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
 That can ſing both high and low.
 Trip no further prettie ſweeting:
 Iourneys end in louers meeting,
 45 Euery wife mans ſonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.
www.libtool.com.cn

if miuzik bi ðe furd ov luv, plæi on;
 giv mi ekses ov it, ðæt, surfetiŋ,
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: dij.
 ðæt stræin ægæin!¹ it hæd æ dijiŋ fa:l:
 o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk ðe swirt suwnd, 5
 ðæt bre:dz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,
 ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:ðor! inuf; no mo:r:
 tiz not so swirt nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd freŋ ært ðuw,
 ðæt, notwiðstændiŋ dij kæpæsiti 10
 rese:veθ æz ðe se:, nout enterz ðe:r,
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitŋ so:e:r,
 but fa:lz intu æbæ:tment ænd lo: prijs,
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov ŋæ:ps iz fænsi
 ðæt it ælo:n iz hij fæntæstikæl. 15

* * *

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres miŋ, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ? 40
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,
 ðæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hij ænd lo:
 trip no furder, priti swi:tiŋ;
 dzurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ
 ev(e)ri wi:z mænz sun duθ kno:. 45

¹ Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,
 Present mirth, hath present laughter:

50 What's to come, is still vnſure.
 In delay there lies no plentie,
 Then come kiffe me ſweet and twentie:
 Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Song.

COME away, come away death,
 And in ſad cypreſſe let me be laide.
 Flye¹ away, flie² away breath,

55 I am ſlaine by a faire cruell maide:
 My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with Ew,
 O prepare it.
 My part of death no one ſo true
 Did ſhare it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower ſweete
 On my blacke coffin, let there be ſtrowne:³
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poore corpes, where my bones ſhall be throwne:
 A thouſand thouſand ſighes to laue,
 65 Lay me ô where
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue,
 To weepe there.

* * *

¹ Fye. ² fie. ³ ſtrewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;
 prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;
 hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur: 50
 in delæi ðer lijz www.plentipool.com.cn
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.¹

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[soŋ.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;
 fliz æwæi, fliz æwæi, bre(:)θ;
 ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55
 mij fruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,
 o:, prepær it!
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu
 did fæir it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t, 60
 on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;
 not æ frend, not æ frend grit
 mij purr korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz fæl bi θroun:
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu særv,
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65
 sæd triu luver never² fijnd mij grærv,
 tu wi:p ðer!

* * *

¹ Or indiuur. ² ne:r.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Ol.

How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, no, ho.

Ol. Smil'ft thou?

20 I fent for thee vpon a fad occafion.¹

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be fad: This does make fome obftruction in the blood: This croffe-gartering, but what of that?² If it pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:
25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*³ Why how doeft thou man?⁴ What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-
30 maunds fhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the fweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I fweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why doft thou fmile fo, and kiffe thy hand fo oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:⁴ Yes, Nightingales anfwere Dawes.

40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneffe before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe: 'twas well writ.

¹ *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line. ² *Ll.* 21 to 24
(. . . that?) printed as three lines ending fad: — blood:
—that? ³ *Mal.* ⁴ Line ends here.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivīæ.]

huw nuw, mælvo:līo:!

mælvo:līo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivīæ.] smijst ðuw?

ij sent for ði: upon æ sæd okæ:zīon. 20

mælvo:līo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: ðis duz
mæ:k 'sum obstruksion in ðe blud, ðis kros-gærteriŋ;
but hwæt ov ðæt? if it ple:z ðe ij ov o:n, it iz
wið mi: æz ðe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd
ple:z a:l." 25

olivīæ.] hwij, huw dust ðuw, mæn? hwæt
iz ðe mæter wið ði:?

mælvo:līo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:
in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz
fæl bi eksekiuted: ij ðiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn 30
hænd.

olivīæ.] wilt ðuw go: tu bed, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl
kum tu ði:.

olivīæ.] god kumfort ði:! hwij dust ðuw 35
smijl so: ænd kis ðij hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtiŋgæ:lz
ænswer ða:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wið ðis ridikiulus bould- 40
nes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:līo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"
twæz wel writ.

Ol. What meant thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon
50 them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow
ftockings.

Ol. Thy yellow ftockings?

55 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'ft
to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let¹ me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midfommer madnesse.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Her. TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

¹ ler.

olivīæ.] hwæt me:nst ðuw bij ðæt, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] “sum ær born gre:t,”—

45

olivīæ.] hæ?

mælvo:līo:.] “sum lætji(;)v gre:tnes,”—

olivīæ.] hwæt sæist ðuw?

mælvo:līo:.] “ænd sum hæv gre:tnes ðrust

upon ðem.”

50

olivīæ.] he(;)vn resto:r ði:!

mælvo:līo:.] “remember hwu: komended ðij

jelo: stokiŋz,”—

olivīæ.] ðij jelo: stokiŋz!

mælvo:līo:.] “ænd wiŋt tu si: ði kros-gærterd.” 55

olivīæ.] kros-gærterd!

mælvo:līo:.] “go: tu:, ðuw ært mæ:d, if ðuw

deziŋst tu bi: so:;”—

olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d?

mælvo:līo:.] “if not, let mi si: ði æ servænt stil.” 60

olivīæ.] hwij, ðis iz veri midsummer mædnes.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:.] tæ:k ðe boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,
tiz pæst indiuriŋ.

læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sīus lord,
ŋæl ij bi iur plæi-felo:?

mæmilīus.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.

læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord?

mæmilīus.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if 5
ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a
Ladies Nose
15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

.

Her. Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one
Of Sprights, and Goblins.¹

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull
at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come fit downe: then on.

¹ *L. 25 ends with Winter, l. 26 with Goblins.*

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?
 mæmilŷus.] not for bika:z
 iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, ðæi sæi,
 bikum sum wimen best, so ðæt ðer bi: not
 tu: mutf hæir ðe:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10
 or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wid æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?
 mæmilŷus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.
 præi nuw
 hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.
 mæmilŷus.] næi, ðæts æ mok: iju si:n æ læ:diz
 no:z
 ðæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

.
 hermijone:.] kum, sir, nuw
 ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,
 ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilŷus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?
 hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.
 mæmilŷus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25
 ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v ðæt, gud sir.
 kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best
 tu frijt mi wid iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilŷus.] ðer wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; ðen on.

30 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it
 softly,
 Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.
Her. Come on then,
 And giu't me in mine eare.¹

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Song.

185 IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent the Stile-a:
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your fad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,
 But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
 Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
 185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
 And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
 For new made honor doth forget mens names:
 'Tis too respectiue, and too lociable
 For your conuerfion, now your traueller,
 190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worfhips maffe,
 And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,
 Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize
 My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

¹ Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmilūs.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it 80
softli;

jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.

hermijone:.] www.libtost.com kum on, den,
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dzog on, dzog on, ðe fu:t-pæθ wæi,
ænd meril hent ðe stijl-æ:
æ meri hært go:z a:l ðe dæi,
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

135

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fu:t ov onor beter ðen ij wæz;
but mænī æ mæni fu:t ov lænd ðe wurs.
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dzo:n æ læ:di.
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”—
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dzordz, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:siæb,¹
for iur konversīon. nuw iur træveler,
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes,
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,
hwij den ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætekijz
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

185

190

¹ Or so:siæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,
 And then comes answer like an Abole booke:
 O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your seruice sir:
 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
 And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
 If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:niŋ on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,
 “ij ſæl biſi:tf iu”—ðæt iz kweſtĭon nuw; 195
 ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:
 “o: ſir,” sæiz ænswer, “æt iur beſt komænd;
 æt iur emploiment; æt iur ſerviſ, ſir:”
 “no:, ſir,” sæiz kweſtĭon, “ij, ſwi:t ſir, æt iurz:”
 ænd so:, e:r ænswer knouz hwæt kweſtĭon wu:ld, 200
 sæ:viŋ in diſjælog ov kompliment,
 ænd ta:kĭŋ ov ðe ælps ænd æpenijnz,
 ðe pirene:æn ænd ðe river po:,
 it dra:z to:rd ſuper in konkliu:zĭon so:.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

ðis iŋlænd never did, nor never ſæl,
 liſ æt ðe pruwð fu:t ov æ koŋkeror,
 but hwen it fiſt did help tu wuwnd itſelf.
 nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115
 kum ðe θri: kornerz ov ðe world in ærmz,
 ænd wi: ſæl fo:k ðem. na:t ſæl mæ:k us riu,
 if iŋlænd tu itſelf du reſt but triu.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ðis roiæl θro:n ov kiŋz, ðis ſeptred ijl, 40
 ðis e(:)rθ ov mædzesti, ðis ſe:t ov mærz,
 ðis uder e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,
 ðis fortres bilt biſ næ:tiur for herſelf
 ægæinſt¹ infe:kſĭon ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

¹ Or ægenſt.

- 45 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a Moate defeniue to a house,
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,

 This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
 Deere for her reputation through the world,
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death?

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

- Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?
 175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.
Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?
 180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.
Prince. What, a hundred, man?

dis hæpi brid ov men, dis lit,l world, 45
 dis presius sto:n set in de silver se:,
 hwitf servz it in de ofis ov æ wa:l
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws
 ægæinst de envi ov les hæpïer lændz,
 dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rø, dis ri:lm, dis iŋlænd, 50

 dis lænd ov sutf de:r soulz, dis de:r de:r lænd,
 de:r for her repiutæ:sion ðru: de world,
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,
 lijk tu æ tenement or peltiŋ færm: 60
 iŋlænd, buwnd in wið de trijumfænt se:,
 hwu:z roki fo:r be:ts bæc de envius si:dz
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið fæ:m,
 wið iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtfment bondz:
 ðæt iŋlænd, ðæt wæz wunt tu koŋker uderz, 65
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.
 æh, wu:ld ðe skændæl væniŋ wið mij lijf,
 huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuŋ de(:)θ!

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts de mæter?
 fa:lstæf.] hwæts de mæter! he:r bi four ov 175
 us hæv tæ:n æ ðuwzænd puwnd dis morniŋ.
 prins.] hwe:r iz it, dzæk? hwe:r iz it?
 fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ 180
 hundred upon pu:r four ov us.
 prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thruft through the Doublet, foure through the Hofe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-law, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better fince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all
 190 Cowards: let them fpeake; if they fpeake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonnes of darknelle.

Prince. Speake firs, how was it?

Gad. We foure fet upon fome dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at leaft, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euey man of them, or I am a Iew elfe, an Ebrew Iew.

200 *Gad.* As we were fharing, fome fixe or feuen frefh men fet vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the reft, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*¹ Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered
 210 fome of them.

Falst. Nay, that's pafte praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am fure I haue payed,

¹ *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt hæf-
 sword¹ wið æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tageder. ij
 hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz ðrust ðru: de 185
 dublet, four ðru: ðe hoz; mij bukler kut ðru: ænd
 ðru:; mij swo(:)rd¹ hækt lijk æ hænd-sa: — ekse signum!
 ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld
 not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let ðem spe:k: 190
 if ðæi spe:k mo:r or les den triuð, ðæi ær vilæinz
 ænd ðe sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] sikstin æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem.

195

perto:.] no:, no:, ðæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, ðæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn
 ov ðem; or ij æm æ dziu els, æn e:briu dziu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven 200
 freŋ men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd ðe rest, ænd den kum
 in ðe uðer.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wið ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; 205
 but if ij fout not wið fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf
 ov rædiŋ: if ðer wer not tu: or ðri: ænd fifti upon
 pu:r ould dzæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d 210
 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, ðæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv
 peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

¹ Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me
 Horfe: thou knowest my olde ward:¹ here I lay,
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-
 rom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'ft but two,
 euen now.

220 *Falst*. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince*. Seuen? why there were but foure,
 euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst*. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine
 elle.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, whe fhall haue
 more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

235 *Falst*. Doe so, for it is worth the listning
 too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadye.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hofe.

240 *Falst*. Began to giue me ground; but I followed
 me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,
 seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men
 245 growne out of two?

¹ word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel ði hwæt, hæl, if ij tel ði æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. ðuw²¹⁵ knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd dus ij bo:r mij point. four fō:gz in bukrom let drijev æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? ðuw sæidst but tu: i:v,n nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould ði four. 220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] ðe:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but tu:k a:l ðæir sev,n points in mij tærget, dus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, ðer wer but four i:v,n²²⁵ nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij ðe:z hilts, or ij æm æ²³⁰ vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi sæl hæ:v mo:r ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust ðuw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk ði tu:, dzæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ ðe listniȝ tu:.²³⁵ ðe:z niȝ in bukrom ðæt ij tould ði ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] ðæir points bi:ȝ bro:k,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij²⁴⁰ foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in fu:t ænd hænd; ænd wið æ θout sev,n ov de elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun awt ov tu:!

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three
 mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at
 my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke,
Hal, that thou could'ft not see thy Hand.

Prin. Why, how could'ft thou know these
 men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke,
 thou could'ft not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs
 your reason: what say'ft thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were
 I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World,
 I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a
 reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie
 265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason
 vpon compulsion, I.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well¹ great heart:
 Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
 90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
 But now two paces of the vilest Earth
 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
 Beares not aliuie so stout a Gentleman.
 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
 95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
 But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
 And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
 For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.

¹ Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz ðe di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:
 misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij
 bæ:k ænd let dri:v æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,
 ðæt ðuw ku:ldst not si: ðij hænd.

prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst ðuw kno: ðe:z men
 in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk ðuw ku:ldst
 not si: ðij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist
 ðuw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n. 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsïon? no:: we:r
 ij æt ðe stræpæ:do, or a:l ðe ræks in ðe world,
 ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsïon. giv iu æ re:z,n
 on kompulsïon! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-
 beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom-265
 pulsïon, ij.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r di wel, gre:t hært!

il-we:vd æmbisïon, huw mutf ært ðuw fruŋk!
 hwen ðæt ðis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,
 æ kiŋdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90
 but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov ðe vijlest e(:)rθ
 iz ru:m inuf: ðis e(:)rθ ðæt be:rz ðe ded
 be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.
 if ðuw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi
 ij fu:ld not mæ:k so gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l: 95
 but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd ðij mæŋgled fæ:s;
 ænd, i:vn in ðij bihæ:f, ijl θæŋk mijsel:f
 for du:iŋ ðe:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
 But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

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FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

HOW many thousand of my poorest Subiects
 5 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
 Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeft thou in smoakie Cribs,
 10 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
 And huiht with buffing Night-flyes¹ to thy slumber,
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie?
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeft thou with the vilde,
 In loathsome Beds, and leau'ft the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the visitation of the Windes,
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,
 25 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?

¹ Night, flies.

ædiu, ænd tæ:k dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in ðe græ:v, 100
 but not remembred in dij epitæf!

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FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni θuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts
 ær æt dis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dzent,l sli:p, 5
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted ði,
 ðæt ðuw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst ðuw in smo:ki kribz,
 upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ di: 10
 ænd hwiŋt¹ wið buziŋ niŋt-fliŋz tu ðij slumber,
 ðen in ðe perfiumd tʃæmberz ov ðe gre:t,
 under ðe kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?
 o: ðuw dul god, hwij lijst ðuw wið ðe vijld 15
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst ðe kiŋli kuwtʃ
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?
 wilt ðuw upon ðe hij ænd gidi mæst
 sei:l up ðe fi:p-boiz ijz, ænd rok hiz bræinz
 in kræ:d,l ov ðe riud impe:rrius surdz 20
 ænd in ðe vizitæ:sion ov ðe wijndz,
 hwu: tæ:k ðe rufiæn bilouz bij ðe top,
 kurlig ðæir monstrus hedz ænd hængig ðem
 wið defniŋ klæmorz in ðe slipri kluwdz,
 ðæt, wið ðe hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks? 25

¹ Or huft.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
 And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
 30 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
 But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
 105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,
 And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,
 That haue aboundance, and enjoy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.¹

Kath. Alice, tu as eſté² en Angleterre, et
 tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. Un³ peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que
 5 ie apprenne⁴ a parler:⁵ Coment⁶ appellez⁷ vous
 la⁸ main en Anglois?

Alice. La⁹ main, elle¹⁰ eſt¹¹ appellee⁷ de Hand.

¹ *In order to ſerve as a baſis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered alſo in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ ſo much that they have been diſregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or ſupplied.*

² eſte. ³ En.
⁴ apprend. ⁵ parlen. ⁶ Comient. ⁷ appelle. ⁸ le.
⁹ Le. ¹⁰ il. ¹¹ &.

kænst duw, o: pærsiæl sli:p, giv ðij repoz:
 tu ðe wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest nijt,
 wid a:l æplijænzevænd. lihemz. tu butn
 denij it tu æ kiŋ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn!
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

30

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE IV. *

wil fortiun never kum wid bo:θ hændz ful,
 but wrijt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?
 ʃi e:ðer givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d;
 sutʃ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutʃ ær ðe ritʃ,
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indzoi it not.

105

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV. ¹

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ā:n ā:glətær:ə, e ty
 bjī: parla lə lāga:zə.

ælis.] ȳ: pə, madamə.

kæθerin.] zə tə pri:ə mā:sejɛ:; il fo: kə zəprən
 a parle:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:vʊ: la mēi: ā:n ā:glōɛ: ? 5

ælis.] la mēi: ? ɛl ɛ:t apəle: "de hænd." ²

¹ In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ɛ, ɔ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ə) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ə is the indistinct "e féminin," ɥ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ɲ, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." ² Or, after the F. manner, də hā:(n)d.

Kath. De Hand. E les¹ doysts? ²

*Alice.*³ Les⁴ doysts, ma foy Ie oublie, les
10 doysts,⁵ mays ie me fouien(d)ray,⁶ les¹ doysts, ie
penfe qu'ils sont⁷ appellés⁸ de fingres, oui,⁹ de
fingres. www.libtoof.com.cn

*Kath.*¹⁰ La⁴ main de Hand, les¹ doysts de¹
Fingres, ie penfe que ie fuis le bon efcholier.
15 I'ay gaynié¹¹ deux¹² mots d'Anglois viltement,
coment appelez⁸ vous les¹ ongles?

Alice. Les⁴ ongles, nous¹³ les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles, efoute: dites moy, fi ie
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'est bien dict Madame, il est¹⁴ fort
bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E le¹⁵ coude? ¹⁶

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie m'en¹⁷ fay la¹ repetition ¹⁸
de tous les mots que vous m'avés¹⁹ apprins des a
present.

Alice. Il est¹⁴ trop difficile Madame, comme
30 Ie penfe.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, efoute, d'Hand, de
Fingres,²⁰ de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en¹⁷ oublie, d'Elbow,
coment appelez⁸ vous le col?

¹ Ie. ² E le doysts *given to Alice.* ³ Kat. ⁴ Le.
⁵ e doyt. ⁶ fouemeray. ⁷ ont. ⁸ appelle. ⁹ on.
¹⁰ Alice. *Only the second sentence given to Kath.*
¹¹ gaynie. ¹² diux. ¹³ nous *om.* ¹⁴ &. ¹⁵ de.
¹⁶ coudee. ¹⁷ men. ¹⁸ repiticio. ¹⁹ maves. ²⁰ Fingre.

kæθerin.] “de hænd.” e læ: dðe:?

ælis.] læ: dðe: ? ma fðe, ʒubli:ə læ: dðe:; mæ: ʒə 10
mə suvʒi:(d)re. læ: dðe: ? ʒə pã:sə kil sũ:t apəle: “de
fiŋgerz;” wi, “de fiŋgerz.”¹

kæθerin.] la mēi, “de hænd;” læ: dðe:, “de
fiŋgerz;” ʒə pã:sə kə ʒə sʒi læ bũ:n ekəlje:; ʒe
gəʒe də: mo: dã:glðe: vitəmã:. kũ:mã:(t) apəle:-vu: 15
ləz ũ:glə ?

ælis.] læz ũ:glə ? nu: læz apəlũ: “de næilz.”²

kæθerin.] “de næilz.” eku:tə; ditə-mðe si ʒe
parlə bj̃i: : “de hænd,” “de fiŋgerz,” e “de næilz.”

ælis.] sɛ: bj̃i: di, madamə; il ɛ: fə:r bũ:n 20
ã:glðe:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mðe lã:glðe: pu:r læ bra:.

ælis.] “de ærm,”³ madamə.

kæθerin.] e læ ku:də ?

ælis.] “delbo:.”⁴

25

kæθerin.] “delbo:.” ʒə mã: fɛ: la repetisjũ:
də tu: læ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) apr̃i:⁵ de:z a
prezã:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kũ:mə ʒə
pã:sə.

30

kæθerin.] ɛksky:zə-mðe, alisə; eku:tə: “dænd,”
“de fiŋgerz,” “de næilz,” “dærmæ,”⁶ “de bilbo:.”

ælis.] “delbo:,” madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seɲə:r djə, ʒə mã:n ubli:ə ! “delbo:.”
kũ:mã:(t) apəle:-vu: læ kəl ?⁷

¹ Or f̃i:(ɲ)grəz (cf. p. 107, note 2).

² næilz (cf. ib.).

³ arm.

⁴ delbo.

⁵ apr̃i: (if we read “appr̃is”).

⁶ darmə.

⁷ ku:.

35 *Alice.* De Neck,¹ Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton
40 de Sin. www.libtool.com.cn

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité²
vous pronouciés³ les mots auſi droict, que les⁴
Natifs d'Angleterre.

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houſe
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.

5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruifed armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled

Front:

10 And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.

But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportiuie trickes,
15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maiesty,

¹ Nick.

² verite.

³ pronouciés.

⁴ le.

ælis.] “de nek,” madamə.

35

kæθerin.] “de nik.” e læ mǣ:tū:?

ælis.] “de tfin.”

kæθerin.] “de sin.” læ kəl, “de nik;” læ mǣ:tū:,
“de sin.”

40

ælis.] wi. so:f vōtr ū:nœ:r, ā: verite, vu:
prōnū:sje: læ: mo:(z) o:si drōs kæ læ: natif dā:glōtærə.

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent
mæ:d glō:rīus sumer bij dis sun ov jork;
ænd a:l de kluwdz dæt luwrd upon uwr huws
in de di:p bu:zom ov de o:sīæn berid.
nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wid vikto:rīus wre:dz; 5
uwr briuzed ærmz huḡ up for moniuments;
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændzd tu meri mi:tinjz
uwr dredful mærtʃez tu delijftful me(:)ziurz.
grim-vizædzd wær hæθ smu:dd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntinj bærbed sti:dz 10
tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,
hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃæmber
tu de læsivūs ple:ziḡ ov æ liut.
but ij, dæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiḡ-glæs; 15
ij, dæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton¹ ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable;
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 30 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alablafter innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.

¹ wonton.

tu strut befo:r æ wænton æmbliŋ nimf;
 ij, ðæt æm kurtæild ov ðis fæir proporſion,
 tfe:ted ov fe:tiur bij diſembliŋ næ:tiur,
 deformd, unfiniſt, www.beforomijtijm 20
 intu ðis bre:diŋ world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,
 ænd ðæt so:læ:mli ænd unfæ:ſionæb,l
 ðæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij ðem;
 hwij, ij, in ðis we:k piŋŋ tijm ov pe:s,
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi de tijm, 25
 unles tu si: mij ſædo: in ðe sun
 ænd deſkænt on mijn oun deformiti:
 ænd ðe:rfo:r, ſins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,
 tu entertæin ðe:z fæir wel-ſpo:k,n dæiz,
 ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin 30
 ænd hæ:t ðe ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov ðe:z dæiz.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

ðe tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,
 ðe mo:st ærtſ di:d ov pitius mæsæker
 ðæt ever jit ðis lænd wæz gilti ov.
 diŋton ænd foreſt, hwu: ij did ſuborn
 tu du: ðis pi:s ov riuθful butſeri, 5
 a:lbi:(i)t ðæi wer fleſt vilæinz, bludi dogz,
 melted wið tendernes ænd kijnd kompæſion
 wept lik tu: tſildren in ðæir de(:)θs sæd ſto:ri.
 “o: ðus,” kwoθ diŋton, “læi ðe dzent,l bæ:bz:”
 “ðus, ðus,” kwoθ foreſt, “girdliŋ o:n ænuðer 10
 wiðin ðæir ælæblæſter inoſent ærmz:
 ðæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ ſta:k,
 ænd in ðæir ſumer beuti kiſt e:tf uðer.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 15 Which once¹(quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Cat. RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,
 Rescue:²

The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:
 His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for
 a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to
 a Horse.

Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 Fiue haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

¹ one *F*, once *Q*.

² Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line*.

æ bu:k ov præi,rz on dæir pilo: læi;
 hwitf o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd; 15
 but o:! de dirvil"—dær de vilæin stopt;
 hwen dijton ðus tould on: twi smuder
 de mo:st replenifed swit wurk ov næ:tiur,
 dæt from de prijm kreæ:sion e:r ʃi fræ:md."
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wid konsiens ænd remors; 20
 dæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left dem bo:θ,
 tu be:r dis tijdiŋz tu de bludi kiŋ.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,
 reskiu!

de kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz ðen æ mæn,
 dæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændʒer:
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on furt hi fijts,
 si:kiŋ for ritʃmond in de θro:t ov de(:)θ. 5
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els de dæi iz lost!

ritʃærd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ
 hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ
 hors.

ritʃærd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij lijf upon æ kæst,
 ænd ij wil stænd de hæzærd ov de dij: 10
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritʃmondz in de fi:ld;
 fijv hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

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FAREWELL!¹ A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
 The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
 355 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
 360 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
 Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
 365 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
 370 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
 Neuer to hope againe.

¹ Farewell?.

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

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færwel! æ loŋ færwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!
 dis iz de stæ:t ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furð
 de tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,
 ænd be:rz hiz blufiŋ onorz ðik upon him;
 de ðird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kilifi frost, 855
 ænd hwen hi ðiŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli
 hiz gre:tnes iz æ-rijpniŋ, nips hiz rut,
 ænd den hi fa:lz, æz ij du:. ij hæv ventiu:rd,¹
 lijk lit,l wænton boiz dæt swim on blæderz,
 dis mæni sumerz in æ sex ov glo:ri, 860
 but fær bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd
 æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi:
 we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu de mersi
 ov æ riud stre:m, dæt must for ever hijd mi:
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov dis world, ij hæ:t ji: 865
 ij fi:l mij hæ:rt niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretsfed
 iz dæt pur:mæn dæt hæŋz on prinsez færvorz!
 ðer iz, bitwikst dæt smi:jl wi wu:ld æspijr tu,
 dæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd ðæir riuin,
 mo:r pæŋz ænd fe:rz den wæ:rz or wimen hæ:v: 870
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

¹ Or venterd.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

www.libtool.com.cn NAY, go not from vs thus:
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
 135 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
 140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'ft (great
 Sonne)

The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curfes:
 145 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
 To th'infuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
 Thou hast affected the fine¹ ftraines of Honor,
 150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
 And yet to charge² thy Sulphure with a Boul
 That should but riue an Oake. Why do'ft not speake?
 Think'ft thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
 155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

¹ fine.² change.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

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næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: dæt uwr rekwest did tend
 tu sæ:rv ðe ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi
 ðe volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu miȝt kondem us,
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 185
 iz, dæt iu rekonsijl ðem: hwijl ðe volse:z
 mæi sæi “dis mersi wi hæv foud;” ðe ro:mænz,
 “dis wi rese:vd;” ænd e:ɽʃ in e:ðer sijð
 giv ðe a:l-hæil tu ði:, ænd krij “bi: blest
 for mæ:kiȝ up ðis pe:s!” ðuw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

ðe end ov wærz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,
 dæt, if ðuw koȝker ru:m, ðe benefit
 hwitʃ ðuw ʃælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutʃ æ næ:m,
 hwu:z repetiʃon wil bi dogd wið kursez;
 hwu:z kronik,l ðus writ: “ðe mæn wæz no:b,l, 145
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz
 tu ðinsiuiȝ æ:dʒ æbhord.” spe:k tu mi:, sun:
 ðuw hæst æfekted ðe fiȝn stræinz ov onor,
 tu imitæ:t ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz: 150
 tu te:r wið θunder ðe wijd ʃi:ks o ðæir
 ænd jit tu ʃærdʒ ðij sulfur wið æ boult
 dæt ʃu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?
 θiȝkst ðuw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn
 stil tu remember wroȝz? dæ:ter, spe:k iu: 155
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piȝ. spe:k ðuw, boi:

Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
 160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
 When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
 Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
 165 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'ft from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
 Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees
 170 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
 Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
 175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petitio.¹ with more strength
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
 18 0 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
 I am husht vntill our City be afire,
 And then Ile speak a litle.¹

¹ & then ile speak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps dij tſijldiſnes wil mu:v him mo:r
 den kæn uwr re:z,nz. derz no: mæn in de world
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (h)st never in dij lijf 160
 foud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,
 hwen ſi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond bru:d,
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,
 lo:d,n wid onor. sæi mij rekwests undꝛust,
 ænd spurn mi bæ:k': but if it bi: not so:, 165
 duw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plæ:ḡ di:,
 dæt duw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitf
 tū æ muderz pært bilonꝛ. hi turnz æwæi:
 duwn, læ:diz; let us ſæ:m him wid uwr kni:z.
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriolæ:nus lonꝛ mo:r prijd 170
 den piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;
 dis iz de læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,
 ænd dij æmoḡ uwr ne:borz:² næi, bihoulds:
 dis boi, dæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:ſip, 175
 duz re:z,n uwr petiſion wid mo:r streḡḡ
 den duw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go: :
 dis felo: hæd æ volsæen tu hiz muder;
 hiz wijf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd hiz tſijld
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispætſ:
 ij (æ)m huft until uwr siti bi: æfijr, 180
 ænd den ijl spe:k æ lit,l.

¹ Or næiborz.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

25 *Rom.* www.libtool.com.cn She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meffenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes

30 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beltrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refufe thy name:

35 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake
at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,

40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part¹

Belonging to a man.² O be some other name!

What's in a name? that³ which we call a *Rose*,
By any other word would smell as sweete,

45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title. *Romeo*,⁴ doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

¹ N. a., n. f., O be some other name *QF.* ² *Line ending here QF.* ³ What? in a names that. ⁵ title *Romeo*,.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

ro:mëo:.] www.libtool.com.cn Ji spe:ks: 25

o:, spe:k ægæin, brijt ændz,l! for ðuw ært
 æz glori:rus tu ðis nijt, bi:(i)ŋ o:r mij hed,
 æz iz æ wiŋged mesendzer ov he(:)vn
 untu ðe hwijt-uturned wundriŋ iŋz
 ov mortælz ðæt fa:l bæc tu gæ:z on him 30
 hwen hi bistrijdz ðe læ:zi puŋiŋ kluwdz
 ænd sæilz upon ðe bu:zom ov ðe æir.

dziuliet.] o: ro:mëo:, ro:mëo:! hwe:rfo:r ært ðuw
 ro:mëo:?

denij dij fæder ænd refiuz ðij næ:m;
 or, if ðuw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv, 35
 ænd ijl no loŋger bi: æ kæpiulet.

ro:mëo:.] ŋæl ij he:r mo:r, or ŋæl ij spe:k æt
 ðis?

dziuliet.] tiz but dij næ:m ðæt iz mij enemi;
 ðuw ært dijselŋ, ðou not æ muwntægiu.
 hwæts muwntægiu? it iz nor hænd, nor fut, 40
 nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uder pært
 bilongŋiŋ tu æ mæn. o:, bi: sum uder næ:m!
 hwæts in æ næ:m? ðæt hwitŋ wi ka:l æ ro:z
 bij æni uder word wu:ld smel æz swit;
 so: ro:mëo: wu:ld, we(:)r hi not ro:mëo: ka:ld, 45
 retæin ðæt de:r perfeksi:on hwitŋ hi ouz
 widuwt ðæt tijt,l. ro:mëo:, dof ðij næ:m,
 ænd for ðij næ:m hwitŋ iz no pært ov di:
 tæ:k a:l mijselŋ.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence fourth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

· · · · · *Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on
my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
90 Doest thou Loue me? ¹ I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear't,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laughs, ² oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour ³ light,
100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue more cunning ⁴ to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard't ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed ⁵ Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant
Moone,

¹ me *om.* *F*, me *Q*. ² laught. ³ behauour *F*, h. *Q*.
⁴ coying *F*, more cunning *Q*. ⁵ blessed *om.* *F*, bl. *Q*.

ro:mëo:.] ij tæ:k di æt dij word:
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50
 hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

. www.libtool.com.cn
 dziuliet.] duw knoust ðe mæsk ov nijt iz on 85
 mij fæ:s,

els wu:ld æ mæid,n bluf bipæint mij tʃi:k
 for ðæt hwitʃ duw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-nijt.
 fæin wu:ld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij
 hwæt ij hæv spo:k: but fæ:rwel kompliment!
 dust duw luv mi: ? ij kno: duw wilt sæi "ij," 90

ænd ij wil tæ:k dij word: jit, if duw swe:rst
 duw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luvæz perdzjuriz,
 ðæi sæi, dzo:v læfs. o: dzent,l ro:meo:,
 if duw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:
 or if duw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95

ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi ði næi,
 so duw wilt wu:; but els, not for ðe world.
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,
 ænd ðærfo:r duw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vior lijt:
 but trust mi:, dzent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100

den do:z ðæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændz.
 ij fu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændz, ij must konfes,
 but ðæt duw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,
 mij triu luvz pæsion: ðærfo:r pærdon mi:,
 ænd not impiut ðis jil:diŋ tu lijt luv, 105

hwitʃ ðe dærk nijt hæθ so: diskuvered.
 ro:mëo:.] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuv
 ðæt tips wið silver a:l ðe:z friut-tri: tops—
 dziuliet.] o:, swe:r not bij ðe mu:n, ðinkonstænt
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaft that thy Loue proue likewife variable.

Rom. What fhall I fweare by?

Iul. www.libtool.com.cn Do not fweare at all:
Or if thou wilt fweare by thy gracious felfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
115 And Ile beleeeue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli. Well do not fweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rafh, too vnaduif'd, too fudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to be
120 Ere one can fay, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as fweete repofe and reft,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breft.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me fo vnfatisfied?

Iuli. What fatisfaction can't thou haue to
night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow
for mine.

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ft
request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would'ft thou withdraw it? For what
purpose Loue? ¹

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wifh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

* * *

¹ For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

ðæt munθli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110

lest ðæt dij luv pru:v lijkwiʒ væ:rɪæb,l.¹

ro:mëo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r bij?

dziuliet.] www.libtodd.com swe:r æt a:l;

or, if ðuw wilt, swe:r bij dij græ:sɪus self,

hwitʃ iz ðe god ov mij ijdolætri,

ænd ijl biliv di:.

115

ro:mëo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—

dziuliet.] wel, du not swe:r a:ldou ij dʒoi in di:,

ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov ðis kontrækt tu-nijt:

it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;²

tu: lijk ðe lijtniŋ, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi "it lijt,nz." swit, gud nijt!

120

ðis bud ov luv, bij sumerz rijpniŋ bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beutɪus fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swit repo:z ænd rest

kum tu dij hært æz ðæt wiðin mij brest!

ro:mëo:.] o:, wilt ðuw le:v mi so: unsætisfijd? 125

dziuliet.] hwæt sætisfæksɪon kænst ðuw hæ:v
tu-nijt?

ro:mëo:.] ðekstʃændʒ ov ðij luvz fæiθful vuw
for mijn.

dziuliet.] ij gæ:v di mijn bifo:r ðuw didst
rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:mëo:.] wu:ldst ðuw wiθdra: it? for hwæt 130
purpos, luv?

dziuliet.] but tu bi fræŋk, ænd giv it di ægæin.

ænd jit ij wiʃ but for ðe θiŋ ij hæ:v:

mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz ðe se:,

mij luv æz di:p; ðe mo:r ij giv tu di:,

ðe mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

135

* * *

¹ Or væriæb(,)l.

² sud,n.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
 My dreames presage some ioyfull news at hand:
 My bodomes Lord¹ sits lightly in his throne:
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd² spirit,
⁵ Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
¹⁰ Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe posselt,
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bru. ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.
¹⁵ Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me
 in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I
²⁰ say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

¹ L.² thisan day an vccustom'd.

ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust de flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,
 mij dre:mz presæ:dz sum dzoiful niuz æt hænd:
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit
 lifts mi æbu:v de gruwnd wið tʃe:rful θouts. 5
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—
 strændz dre:m, dæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ lijf wið kisez in mij lips,
 dæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.
 æh mi: ! huw swi:rt iz luv itself pozest, 10
 hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritiʃ in dzoi!

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luverz! he:r
 mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sijlent, dæt iu mæi he:r:
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15
 mijn onor, dæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, dæt iu mæi
 de beter dzudz. if ðer bi: æni in dis æsembli,
 æni ðe:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, dæt
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les den hiz.¹ if 20
 den dæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst
 se:zær, dis iz mij ænswer:—not dæt ij luvd se:
 zær les, but dæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu
 ræder se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd dij a:l slæ:vz,

¹ Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?
 35 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere
 so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any,
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
 80 The euill that men do, liues after them,
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
 85 And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
 So are they all; all Honourable men)
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.
 90 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
 Whole Ranfomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den ðæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:- 25
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæt; ij
 redzois æt it; æz hi wæz vælǣnt, ij onor him;
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisius, ij sliu him, der iz terrz
 for hiz luv; dzoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisiōn. hwu: iz he:r 30
 so bæ:s ðæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud ðæt
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl ðæt wil not 35
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

.
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.
 ðe i:vil ðæt men du: livz æfter ðem; 80
 ðe gud iz oft intered wið ðæir bo:nz;
 so let it bi; wi se:zær. ðe no:b,l briutus
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85
 he:r, under le:rv ov briutus ænd ðe rest—
 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dzust tu mi:: 90
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dzen(e)ræl koforz fil:
 did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95
 hwen ðæt ðe pur hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

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 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
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 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij
 redzois æt it; æz hi wæz vælǣent, ij onor him;
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisi:us, ij bliu him der iz te:rz
 for hiz luv; dzoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisi:on. hwu: iz he:r 30
 so bæ:s dæt wuld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
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 iur e:rz;

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 de i:vil dæt men du: livz æfter ðem; 80
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 so let it bi: wi se:zær. de no:b,l briutus
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus falt,
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85
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 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—
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 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dzust tu mi: 90
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dzen(e)ræl kofertz fil:
 did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95
 hwen dæt de pur hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
 O Iudgement! thou art¹ fled to brutish Beasts,
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

.
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
 125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Cloffet, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
 Which (pardon me)² I do not meane to reade,

¹ are.

² (Which pardon me).

æmbiſion fu:ld bi mæ:d ov sterner ſtuf:
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbiſi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 iu a:l did si: dæt on de lūperkæl 100
 ij θrijs prezented him æ kiſli kruwn,
 hwitſ hi did θrijs refiuz: wæz diſ æmbiſion?
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbiſi-us;
 ænd, ſiur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 ij ſpe:k not tu diſpru:v hwæt briutus ſpo:k, 105
 but he:r ij æm tu ſpe:k hwæt ij du kno:.
 iu a:l did luv him ons, not widuwt ka:z:
 hwæt ka:z wiθholdz iu ðen, tu murn for him?
 o: d;ud;ment! ðuw ært fled tu briutiſ be:ſts,
 ænd men hæv loſt ðeir re:z,n. be:r wið mi:; 110
 mij hært iz in de kofin ðe:r wið ſe:zær,
 ænd ij muſt pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.

 but jesterdæi de word ov ſe:zær mijt
 hæv ſtu(:)d ægæiſt ðe world: nuw li:z hi ðe:r,
 ænd no:n ſo pu:r tu du: him reverens. 125
 o: mæſterz, if ij we(:)r diſpo:zd tu ſtur
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dz,
 ij fu:ld du: briutus wroſ, ænd kæſi:us wroſ,
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l mæn.
 ij wil not du: dem wroſ; ij ræder tſu:z 130
 tu wroſ ðe ded, tu wroſ mi:ſelf ænd iu,
 ðen ij wil wroſ ſuſ onoræb,l mæn.
 but he:rz æ pærtſment wið ðe ſe:l ov ſe:zær;
 ij fuwnd it in hi:z klozet, ti:z hi:z wil:
 let but ðe komonz he:r diſ teſtæment— 135
 hwitſ, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsar's* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
 Vnto their issue.

.
 145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

.
 Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

.
 You will compell me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

.
 If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember
 175 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd.

ænd ðæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz
 ænd dip ðæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blud,
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,
 ænd, dijn, mensjon it widin ðæir wilz, 140
 bikwe:ðjn it æz æ ritf legæsi
 untu ðæir isiu.

.
 hæ:v pæ:sjens, dzent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it; 145
 it iz not mit iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;
 ænd bi:jn men, he:rjn ðe wil ov se:zær,
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:
 tiz gud iu kno: not ðæt iu ær hiz hæirz; 150
 for if iu fu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

.
 wil iu bi pæ:sjent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?
 ij hæv orfot mijsel self tu tel iu ov it: 155
 ij fe:r ij wrojn ðe onoræb,l men
 hwuz: dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

.
 iu wil kompel mi, ðen, tu re:d ðe wil?
 ðen mæ:k æ rjn æbuwt ðe korps ov se:zær,
 ænd let mi fo: iu him ðæt mæ:d ðe wil.
 fjæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

.
 if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu fed ðem nuw.
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember
 ðe first tijm ever se:zær put it on 175
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vnijn, in hiz tent,
 ðæt ðæi hi overkæ:m ðe nervi-ij:
 lurk, in ðis plæ:s ræn kæsïus dæger ðru:
 si: hwæt æ rent ðe envïus kæskæ mæ:d:
 ðru: ðis ðe wel-biluvæd briutus stæbd; 180

And as he pluck'd his curf'd Steele away:
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burft his Mighty heart,
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
 Whil't bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
 The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

 Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
 215 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
 220 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,
 æz rufiŋ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd
 if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændz,l: 185
 dzud5, o: iu godz, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!
 ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;
 for hwen ðe no:b,l sé:zær sa: him stæb,
 ingrætitiud, mo:r stroŋ ðen træitorz ærmz,
 kwijt væŋkwift him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært; 190
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflig up hiz fæ:s,
 i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,¹
 hwitf a:l ðe hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz ðe:r, mij kuntrimen!
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel duwn, 195
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n flurift over us.
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l
 ðe dint ov piti: ðe:z ær græ:sūs drops.
 kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? luk iu he:r, 200
 he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wid træitorz.

 gud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stur iu up
 tu sutf æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215
 ðæi ðæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:
 hwæt prijevæt gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,
 ðæt mæ:d dem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,
 ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts: 220
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

¹ Or staty:æ; "statue" being treated as a F. word.
 Or else stætiue, i. e. "statua," the L. form.

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
 That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
 That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
 225 For I haue neyther wit, nor¹ words, nor worth,
 Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
 To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
 I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
 Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum
 mouths,
 230 And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
 In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

 FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. WHERE haft thou beene, Sifter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sifter, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
 5 And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: Giue
 me, quoth I.²

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
 But in a Syue Ile thither layle,

¹ writ nor.

² Giue me, quoth I *a separate line.*

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,
 ðæt luv mij frend; ænd ðæt ðæi kno: ful wel
 ðæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:
 for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurð, 225
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor ðe puwr ov spe:tʃ,
 tu stur menz blod: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;
 ij tel iu ðæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz du kno:;
 ʃo: iu swit se:zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum
 muwdz,
 ænd bid dem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230
 ænd briutus æntoni, ðer we(:)r æn æntoni
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zæzæz ðæt ʃuld mu:v
 ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

[Thunder. enter ðe θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?

sekond witʃ.] kilij swijn.

θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r duw?

first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp
 ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv
 mi:," kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint ði:, witʃ!" ðe rump-fed runion krijz.

her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster od tijger:

but in æ siv ijl ðeder sæil,

- And like a Rat without a taylor,
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
 1. Th'art kinde.
 3. And I another.
 1. I my felfe haue all the other,
 15 And the very Ports they blow,
 All the Quarters that they know,
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.
 I will¹ dreyne him drie as Hay:
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
 20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
 He shall liue a man forbid:
 Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
 Though his Barke cannot be loft,
 25 Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
 Looke what I haue.
 2. Shew me, shew me.
 1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
 30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the Sea and Land,
 Thus doe goe, about, about,
 35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
 Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

* * *

¹ Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt widuwt æ tæil,
 ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du: 10
 sekond witsf.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.
 first witsf.] dært kijnd.
 θird witsf.] ænd ij ænuder.
 first witsf.] ij mijselƿ hæ:v a:l de uder,
 ænd de veri ports dæi blo:, 15
 a:l de kwærterz dæt dæi kno:
 id sƿmænz kærd.
 ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:
 sli:p ƿæl ne:der nijt nor dæi
 hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid; 20
 hi ƿæl liv æ mæn forbid:
 we:ri sevnijts nijn tijmz nijn
 ƿæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:
 ðou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,
 jit it ƿæl bi tempest-tost. 25
 lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.
 sekond witsf.] ƿo: mi:, ƿo: mi:.
 first witsf.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots θum,
 wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum widin.
 θird witsf.] æ drum, æ drum! 30
 mækbeθ duθ kum.
 a:l.] de wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,
 po:sterz ov de se: ænd lænd,
 ðus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:
 θrijs tu ðijn ænd θrijs tu mijn 35
 ænd θrijs ægæin, tu mæ:k up nijn.
 pe:s! de tƿærmz wuwnd up.

*

*

*

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Macb. IF it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well,

It were done quickly: If th'Assaffination
Could trammell vpon the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
5 Might be the be all, and the end all: Heere,¹
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
10 To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinlman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
15 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
20 The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
25 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. How now? What Newes? ²

¹ end all. Heere., ² How now? What Newes? *a separate line.*

ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, ðen
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if ðæsæsina:sion
ku:ld træm,l up ðe konsekwens, ænd kætf
wid hiz surse:s sukses; ðæt but ðis blo:
mijt bi ðe bi:a:l ænd ðe end-a:l: he:r, 5
but he:r, upon ðis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,
wi:ld dzump ðe lijf tu kum. but in ðe:z kæ:sez
wi stil hæv dzudzment he:r; ðæt wi but te:tf
bludi instruksionz, hwitf, bi:ŋ ta:t, return
tu plæ:ŋ dinventor: ðis i:v,n-hænded dzustis 10
komendz dingre:dïens ov uwr poiz,nd tfælis
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdzekt,
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst ðe di:d; ðen, æz hiz ho:st,
hwu: fu:ld ægæinst hiz murderer fut ðe do:r, 15
not be:r ðe knijf mijself. bisijdz, ðis duŋkæn
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, ðæt hiz vertiuz
wil ple:d lijk ændzelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst
ðe di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,
strijdij ðe blæst, or he(:)v,nz tferiubin, horst
upon ðe sijtles kurïorz¹ ov ðe æir,
fæl blo: ðe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,
ðæt te:rz fæl druwn ðe wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25
tu prik ðe sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli
va:ltij æmbisïon, hwitf o:rle:ps itself
ænd fa:lz on ðuder.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

¹ kurïerz.

La. He has almost slept: why haue you left
the chamber?

30 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this
Buſinelle:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
35 Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou appear'd
40 To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do¹ more, is none.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:
35 I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

¹ no.

læ:di.] hi hæz¹ a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left
de tʃæmber?

mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi:? 30

læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?

mækbeθ.] wi wil prosid no furder in dis biznes:

hi hæθ² onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout
gould,n opinʒonz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðæir niuest glos,
not kæst æsijd so su:n.

35

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drunʃk
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?

ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu luk so gri:n ænd pæ:l

æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from dis tijm

sutʃ ij ækuwnt dij luv. ært ðuw æferd

tu bi de sæ:m in ðijn oun ækt ænd vælor

40

æz ðuw ært in dezijr? wu:ldst ðuw hæ:v ðæt

hwitʃ ðuw esti:mst de ornæment ov lijf,

ænd liv æ kuwærd in ðijn oun esti:m,

letij "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"

lijk de pu:r kæst id ædæ(:)dʒ?

45

mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:

ij dæ:r du: a:l ðæt mæi bikum æ mæn:

hwu: dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

iz dis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bifo:r mi:,
de hænd,l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ di:.

ij hæ:v ði: not, ænd jit ij si: ði: stil.

35

¹ hi:z. ² hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vifion, fenfible
 To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Minde, a falfe Creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-opprefsed Braine?
 40 I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'ft me the way that I was going,
 And fuch an Inftrument I was to vfe.
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences⁷
 45 Or elfe worth all the reft: I fee thee ftill;
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
 Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:
 It is the bloody Bufineffe, which informes
 Thus to mine Eyes

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Macb.
 HOW do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not fo ficke my Lord,
 As fhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
 That keepe her from her reft.
Macb. Cure her of¹ that:
 40 Can'ft thou not Minifter to a minde diseas'd,
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
 And with fome fweet Obliuious Antidote
 Cleanfe the ftufft bofome, of that perillous ftuffe
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

¹ Cure of.

ært ðuw not, fæ:tæl vizjōn, sensib,l
 tu fi:līj æz tu sijt? or ært ðuw but
 æ dæger ov ðe mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sjōn,
 prosī:dīj from ðe heit-opresed bræin?
 ij si: ði: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l 40
 æz ðis hwitf nuw ij dra:
 ðuw mærfælst mi ðe wæi ðæt ij wæz goi:ij;
 ænd sutf æn instriment ij wæz tu iuz.
 mijn ijz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o ðuder sensez,
 or els wurθ a:l ðe rest; ij si: ði: stil, 45
 ænd on ðij blæ:d ænd dudzon guwts ov blud,
 hwitf wæz not so: bifo:r. ðerz no: sutf θi:ij:
 it iz ðe bludi biznes hwitf informz
 ðus tu mijn ijz

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeθ.]
 huw duz iur pæ:sjēnt, doktor?
 doktor.] not so sik, mij lord,
 æz si iz trub,ld wið θik-kumi:ij fænsiz,
 ðæt ki:p her from her rest.
 mækbeθ.] kiur her ov ðæt.
 kænst ðuw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd, 40
 pluk from ðe memori æ ru:ted soro:,
 ræ:z uwt ðe writ,n trub,lz ov ðe bræin
 ænd wið sum swi:t oblivjūs æntido:t
 klens ðe stuft bu(:)zom ov ðæt per(i)lus stuf
 hwitf wæiz upon ðe hært? 45

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too solid Flesh, would melt,
 130 Thaw, and refolue it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 135 Fie on't! Oh fie,¹ 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in
 Nature
 Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not beteeme² the windes of heauen
 Vilit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!³
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,
 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine
 Vnkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

¹ Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q*₂. ² be-
 teene *F*, beteeme *Q*₂. ³ *No stop Q*₂*F*.

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

o:, dæt dis tu: tu: solid flef wuld melt,
 0a: ænd rezolv itself intu æ deu! 130

or dæt de everlæstij hæd not fikst
 hiz kænnon gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!
 huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l
 si:mz tu mi a:l de iusez ov dis world!
 fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135
 dæt grouz tu si:d; 0ijz ræŋk ænd gro:s in
 næ:tiur

pozes it mi:rli. dæt it fu:ld kum tu dis!
 but tu: mun0s ded: næi, not so mutf, not tu:
 so ekselent æ kij: dæt wæz, tu dis,
 hijpe:r0on tu æ sæ:tir; so luvij tu mij muder 140

dæt hi mijt not biti:m de wijndz ov he(:)vn
 vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)r0!
 must ij remember? hwij, fi wu:ld hæŋ on him,
 æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun
 bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, wiðin æ mun0— 145
 let mi not 0ijnk ont—fræilti, dij næ:m iz wumæn!—
 æ lit,l mun0, or e:r ðo:z fu:z wer ould
 wið hwitf fi foloud mij pu:r fæderz bodi,
 lijk nijobe:, a:l te:rz:—hwij fi, i:vn fi:—
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, dæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 150
 wu:ld hæv murnd loŋger—mærid wið mijn uŋk,l,

mij fæderz bruder, but no mo:r lijk mij fæder
 ðen ij tu herkiule:z: wiðin æ mun0:

Ere yet the falt of moft vnrighteous Teares
 155 Had left the flufhing of her gauled eyes,
 She married.

* * *

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ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
 The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
 65 Of each new hatch't,¹ vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but referue thy iudgement:
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purfe can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the beft ranck and ftation,
 Are moft² felect and generous chief³ in that.
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft lofes both it felfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This aboue all; to thine owne felfe be true:
 And it muft follow, as the Night the Day,
 80 Thou canft not then be falle to any man.

* * *

¹ vn hatch't *F*, new hatch't *Q*₂. ² Are of a moft. ³ cheff.

e:r jit ðe sa:lt ov mo:st unrijtũs te:rz
 hæd left ðe flufjñ ov her galed i:z, 155
 jñ mærid.

* * *

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ACT I. SCENE III.

giv dij ðouts no: tuŋ,
 nor æni unproporsjond ðout hiz ækt. 60
 bi: duw fæmiljær, but bij no: me:nz vulgær.
 ðe frendz ðuw hæst, ænd ðæir ædopsjion trijd,
 græp,l dem tu dij soul wid hu:ps ov sti:l;
 but du: not dul dij pa:m wid entertæinment
 ov e:tf niu-hætst, unfledzd komræ:d. biwæ:r 65
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,
 be:rt ðæt dopo:zed mæi biwæ:r ov di:
 giv ev(e)ri mæn dijn e:r, but feu dij vois;
 tæk e:tf mænz sensjur, but rezerv dij dzudzment.
 kostli dij hæbit æz dij purs kæn bij, 70
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritf, not ga:di;
 for ðe æpærel oft proklæimz ðe mæn,
 ænd ðæi in fræns ov ðe best ræŋk ænd stæ:sjion
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dzen(e)rus, tji:f in ðæt.
 ne:ðer æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:; 75
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,
 ænd borðjñ dulz ðe edz ov huzbændri.
 dis æbuv a:l: tu dijn oun self bi: triu,
 ænd it must folo:; æz ðe nijt ðe ðæi,
 duw kænst not den bi fa:ls tu æni mæn. 80

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,
 No more; and by a sleepe, to lay we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
 Deuoutly to be wifh'd. To dye, to sleepe,
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we haue fhuffel'd¹ off this mortall coile,
 Muft giue vs pawfe. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of fo long life:
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppreffors wrong, the proude² mans Contumely,
 The pangs of difpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
 The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
 75 When he himfelfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles
 beare
 To grunt and fweat vnder a weary life,
 But that the dread of fomewhat after death,
 The vndifcouered Countrey, from whose Borne
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare thofe illes we haue,
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Confcience does make Cowards of vs all,
 And thus the Natiue hew of Refolution

¹ fhuffel'd.² poore *F*, proude *Q*₂.

ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: ðæt iz ðe kwestiōn:
 hweder tiz no:bler in ðe mijnd tu sufer
 ðe sliŋz ænd ærouz ov luvtræ:dgius fortiun,
 or tu tæ:k ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trub,lz,
 ænd bij opo:ziŋ end ðem. tu dij: tu sli:p; 60
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæi wi end
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe þuwzænd nætiuræl foks
 ðæt fles iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:sion
 devuwtli tu bi wiŋt. tu dij, tu sli:p;
 tu sli:p: pertŋens tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz ðe rub; 65
 for in ðæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum
 hwen wi hæv suf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,
 must giv us pa:z: ðe(:)rz ðe respekt
 ðæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loŋ lijf;
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r ðe hwips ænd skornz ov tijm, 70
 ðopresorz wroŋ, ðe pruwð mænz kontium(e)li,
 ðe pæŋz ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z delæi,
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz
 ðæt pæ:sient merit ov ð(e) unwurði tæ:ks,
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwije:tus mæ:k 75
 wid æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri lijf,
 but ðæt ðe dre(:)d ov sumθiŋ æfter de(:)θ,
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born 80
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r ðo:z ilz wi hæ:v
 ðen flij tu uderz ðæt wi kno: not ov?
 ðus konsiens ðuz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:l;
 ænd ðus ðe næ:tiv hiu ov rezolusion

85 Is licklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loofe the name of Action.

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* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

Ham. SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:
 5 Nor do not law the Ayre too much with¹ your
 hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie
 Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may lay) the Whirle-
 winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie
 ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who
 (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but
 inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noife: I could haue
 15 such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your
 owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this
 speciall obseruance: That you ore-*step*² not the
 modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done,
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

¹ with *om. F*, with *Qq*. ² ore-*ltop F*, ore-*lsteppe Q2*.

iz siklid o:r wið ðe pæ:l kæst ov θout, 85
 ænd enterprijez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment
 wið ðis regærd ðæir kurænts turn æwæi,
 ænd lu:z ðe næ:m ov æksion.

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* *
 * . *

ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k ðe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij
 pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on ðe tuŋ: but if
 iu muwð it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd
 æz liv ðe tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor
 du: not sa: ðe æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, ðus, 5
 but iuz a:l dzentli; for in ðe veri torent, tem-
 pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, ðe hwirl-wijnd ov
 pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns
 ðæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu
 ðe soul tu si: æ robustius periwig-pæ:ted felo: 10
 te:r æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split
 ðe e:rz ov ðe gruwndliŋz, hwu: for ðe mo:st
 pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dum-
 souz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt
 for o:rduiŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi
 iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur
 oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut ðe æksion 20
 tu ðe word, ðe word tu ðe æksion; wið ðis
 spesjæl observæns, ðæt iu o:rstep not ðe mo-
 desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz
 from ðe purpo:s ov plæiij, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now,
 this ouerdone, or come tardie off, though it make
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard
 others praise, and that highly (not to speake it
 prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,¹
 haue so ftruttred and bellowed, that I haue thought
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-
 rently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go
 50 make you readie.

* * *

¹ or Norman *F*, nor man *Q*₂.

ðe first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r,
 ðe miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun²⁵ .
 fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædz, ænd ðe veri æ:dz
 ænd bodi ov ðe tîjm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw
 dis overdun, or kum tærdi of, ðou it mæ:k ðe
 unskillful læf, kænnot but mæ:k ðe dziudisius gri:v;
 ðe sensiur ov ðe hwitf o:n must in iur æluwæns³⁰
 o:r wæi æ ho:l ðe:æter ov uderz. o:, ðer bi
 plæierz ðæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærd uderz
 præiz, ænd ðæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli,
 ðæt, ne:ðer hæ:viŋ ðe æksent ov kristiænz nor
 de gæt ov kristiæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so:³⁵
 struted ænd beloud ðæt ij hæv ðout sum ov
 næ:tiurz dzurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not
 mæ:d ðem wel, ðæi imitæ:ted hiumæniti so:
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd ðæt indife-⁴⁰
 rentli wid us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeder. ænd let
 ðo:z ðæt plæi iur klunz spe:k no: mo:r ðen iz
 set down for ðem; for ðer bi: ov ðem ðæt wil
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren⁴⁵
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu;; ðou in ðe me:n tîjm,
 sum nesesæri kwestïon ov ðe plæi bi: ðen tu bi
 konsiderd: ðæts vilænus, ænd fouz æ mo:st
 pitiful æmbisïon in ðe ful ðæt iuzez it. go:,
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE V.

HOW should I your true loue know
 From another one?
 25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,
 And his Sandal shoone.¹

 He is dead and gone Lady,
 30 He is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,
 At his heeles a stone.²

 35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,
 Larded with sweet flowers:
 Which bewept to the graue did go,³
 With true-loue showres.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd⁴ the
 Cokes.
 You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
 5 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
 Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
 That makes ingratefull Man.

¹ *Ll.* 23 to 26 two lines. ² *Ll.* 29 to 32 two lines.

³ did not go *QqF*. ⁴ drown *F*, drown'd *Q*.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw fu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:
 from ænuder o:n?
 bij hiz kok,l hæf ænd stæf, 25
 ænd hiz sændæl fu:n.

 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,
 hi iz ded ænd go:n; 30
 æt hiz hed æ græs-grin turf,
 æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.

 hwijt hiz fruwd æz ðe muwntæin sno:, 35
 lærded wið swit fluwrz;
 hwitf biwept tu ð(e) græ:v did go:
 wið triu-luv fuwrz.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dz! blo:!
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt
 til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz, druwnd ðe koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz,
 va:nt-kurʃorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults, 5
 sindz mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,
 strijk flæt ðe θik rotunditi oð world!
 kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,
 ðæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

.

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no lubscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
 So old, and white as this.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

HOW fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
 Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
 The Fisher-men, that walke¹ vpon the beach
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
 That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight
 Topple downe headlong.

* * *

¹ walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.

rumb, l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!
 nor ræin, wijnd, thunder, fijr, ær mij dæ:terz: 15
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wið unkijndnes;
 ij never gæ:rv iu kijndun, kæl d iu t fildren,
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: den let fæ:l
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:rv,
 æ pu:r, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn: 20
 but jit ij kæl iu servil ministerz,
 dæt wil wið tu: pernišus dæ:terz dzoin
 iur hij indzenderd bæ:t, lz gæinst æ hed
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst onz ijz so lo:!
 de krouz ænd t fufs dæt wiŋ de midwæi æir
 fo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t, lz: hæf wæi duwn
 hæŋz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15
 mi θiŋks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:
 de fiŋermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tf,
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,
 diminift tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi
 a:lmo:st tu: smæl for sijt: de murm(u)riŋ surdz, 20
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd, l peb, l t fæ:fs,
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd de defisient sijt
 top, l duwn hedloŋ.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lear. HOWLE, howle, howle, howle: ¹ O you ²
are men of stones,
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vse them so,
 That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
 260 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
 She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,
 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
 Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? ³

Alb. Fall and cease.

265 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
 It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
 That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
 270 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
 What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

.
 305 *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,
no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
 Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

¹ *The fourth howle in Q only.* ² *your.* ³ *Full stop.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tunz ænd iʒ, iʒd iuz dem so:
dæt he(:)v,nz va:lt fu:ld kræk. fi:z go:n for ever!
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz; 260
fi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;
if dæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin ðe sto:n,
hwij, ðen fi livz.

kent.] iz ðis ðe promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov dæt horor?

æ:l bæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] ðis feðer sturz; fi livz! if it bi: so:, 265
it iz æ tʃæns hwitʃ duz redi:m a:l sorouz
dæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murð(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!
ij miȝt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw fi:z go:n for ever! 270
korde:lǣæ, korde:lǣæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!
hwæt ist ðuw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,
dzent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pur fu:l iz hæŋd! no:, no:, 305
no: lijf!

hwij fu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,
ænd ðuw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? ðuwlt kum no mo:r,
never, never, never, never, never!
præi iu, undu: ðis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!¹ Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoft, O let him paffe, he
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
315 Stretch him out longer.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me :
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
130 From yeare to yeare: the Battailes,² Sieges, Fortunes,³
That I haue pafst.
I ran it through, euen from my boyifh daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I fpoke of moft difaftrous chances:
135 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth fcapcs i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Infolent Foe,
And fold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiftorie.
140 Wherein of Antars vaft, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and⁴ Hills, whole heads⁵
touch heauen,
. It was my hint to fpeake. Such was my Proceffe,

¹ her? ² Battaile. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*) ³ Fortune. ⁴ and om. ⁵ head.

du iu si: dis? lu:k on her, lu:k, her lips, 310
 lu:k de:r, lu:k de:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært: ij pridi:, bre:k!

edgær.] lu:k up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not hiz go:st: o:, let him pæs!

hi: hæ:ts him

dæt wu:ld upon de wræk ov dis tuf world

stretf him uwt loyger. 315

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;
 stil kwestiond mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,
 from je:r tu je:r, de bæt,lz, si:dʒez, fortiunz, 130
 dæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it θru:, i:vn from mij boiif dæiz,
 tud veri mo:ment dæt hi bæd mi tel it;
 hwe:rin ij spo:k ov mo:st dizæstrus tʃæensez,
 ov mu:viŋ æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld, 135

ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tf,
 ov bi:iŋ tæ:k,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:
 ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempsiön dens
 ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:
 hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l, 140
 ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutf he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutf wæz mij pro:ses;

And of the Canibals that each others eate,
 The *Anthropophagi*,¹ and men whose heads
 145 Do grow² beneath their shoulders. These things
 to heare,
 Would *Desdemona* serioulyly incline:
 But still the house Affaires would draw her thence:³
 Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'ld⁴ come againe, and with a greedie eare
 150 Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 155 But not intentiuelly:⁵ I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
 That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes:⁶
 160 She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heauen had made her such a man. She
 thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
 165 I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.

* * *

¹ *Antropophagae*. ² Grew. ³ hence. ⁴ She'ld.
⁵ instinctiuelly. ⁶ kisses.

ænd ov de kænibælz dæt e:tf uderz e:t,
 de ænθropofædzij, ænd men hwu:z hedz
 du gro: bine:ð¹ dæir foulderz. de:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:r iusli iŋklijn.
 but stil de huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her dens:
 hwitf ever æz fi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,
 fi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di eir
 devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitf ij obzerviŋ, 150
 tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz
 tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært
 dæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædz dilæit,
 hwe:rov bij pærs,lz fi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,
 but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155
 ænd oft,n did biŋijl her ov her te:rz,
 hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k
 dæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:ij dun,
 fi gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov sijz:
 fi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160
 twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:
 fi wiʃt fi hæd not hærd it, jit fi wiʃt
 dæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: fi θæŋkt
 mi:,
 ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend dæt luvd her,
 ij fu:ld but te:tf him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165
 ænd dæt wu:ld wu: her. upon ðis hint ij spæ:k:
 fi luvd mi: for de dændzerz ij hæd pæst,
 ænd ij luvd her dæt fi did piti ðem.
 ðis o:nli iz de witʃ-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

* * *

¹ Or bine:θ.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
155 Delighted them in any¹ other Forme,
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

340 I PRAY you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you
speake,²
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
345 Of one, not easily lealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd
Eyes,
Albeit vn-vfed to the melting moode,

¹ them: or any.

² Then . . . speake, *a new line*.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

æ-læs, iæ:go:,

hwæt fæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?
 gud frend, go: tu winn, for, bij, dis, lijt, ov he(:)vn, 150
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,
 e:d(e)r¹ in disku:rs ov θout or æktūæl di:d,
 or dæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,
 delijted dem in æni uder form; 155
 or dæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,
 ænd ever wil—dou hi du fæ:k mi of
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,
 kumfort forswear mi:! unkiyndnes mæi du: mutf;
 ænd hiz unkiyndnes mæi defert mij lijf, 160
 but never tæint mij luv.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 340

hwæn iu fæl de:z unluki di:dz relæt,
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθiŋ eksteniūæt,
 nor set down out in mælis: den must iu spe:k

ov o:n dæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dzeliūs, but bi:iŋ wrout 345
 perplekst in de ekstrem; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,
 lijk de bæ:s indīæn, θriu æ perl æwæi
 ritfer den a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,

a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu de meltiŋ mu:d,

¹ *Hardly* e:r.

350 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
 Their Medicinable gumme.

 I kift thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kilfe.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
 Burnt on the water: the Poop was beaten Gold,
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
 The Windes were Loue-ficke with them. The Owers
 were Siluer,¹
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,² where we see
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
 With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
 To glow³ the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
 210 And what they vndid did.

 Her Gentlewomen,⁴ like the Nereides,
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

¹ Loue-ficke. With them the Owers were Siluer
 (With *beginning a new line*). ² Venns. ³ gloue.

⁴ Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bïæn tri:z 350
 ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

.
 ij kist di: er ij kild di:; no; wæi but di:s;
 kilij mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

ðe bærdz ði sæt in, lijk æ burnift θro:n,
 burnt on ðe wæter: ðe purp wæz be:t,n gould;
 purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfumed ðæt
 ðe wijndz wer luv-sik wið ðem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitf tu ðe tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200
 ðe wæter hwitf ðæi be:t tu folo: fæster,
 æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,
 it begerd a:l deskripsiön: ði did lij
 in her pævilïon—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—
 o:r-piktiuriñ ðæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si: 205
 ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tʃ sijð her
 stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijliñ kiupidz,
 wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m
 tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tʃi:ks hwitf ðæi did ku:l,
 ænd hwæt ðæi undid did. 210

.
 her dzent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,
 so mæni mermæidz, tended her id i:z,
 ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædorniñz: æt ðe helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adiacent Wharffes. The Citty cast
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
 220 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whissing to th'ayre:¹ which but for vacancie,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
 The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men
 290 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

¹ to'th'ayre.

æ si:mij mermæid sti:rz: de silk,n tæk,l
 swel wið ðe tutfez ov do:z fluwr-soft hændz, 215
 ðæt jærli fræ:m ðe ofis. from ðe bærdz
 æ strændz inviz(i)bl perfium hits ðe sens
 ov ðe ædzæ:sent hwærfs. ðe siti kæst
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n, 220
 hwis(t)lij tu ðæir; hwitf but for væ:kænsi,
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v
 imortæl loŋgiŋz in mi:: nuw no mo:r
 ðe dzius ov e:dzipts græ:p fæl moist ðis lip: 285
 jær, jær, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok
 ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitf ðe godz giv men
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædz pru:v mij tijt,l!
 ij (æ)m fiŋr ænd æir; mij uder elements
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?
 kum ðen, ænd tæk ðe læst wærmθ ov mij lips.
 færwel, kijnd tfærmæn; ijræs, loŋ færwel.

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
 And Phœbus gins arife,
 His Steeds to water at those Springs
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their Golden eyes
 With euery thing that pretty is,
 My Lady sweet arife:¹
 80 Arife, arife.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seeft him,
 A little witneffe my obedience. Looke
 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
 70 The innocent Manfion of my Loue (my Heart:)
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
 Thy Mafter is not there, who was indeede
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, ftrike,
 Thou mayft be valiant in a better caufe;
 75 But now thou seem'ft a Coward.

.

Why, I muft dye:
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-flaughter,
 There is a prohibition fo Diuine,
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my
 heart:

¹ *ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

[son.]
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hærk, hærk! de lærk æt he(:)vnz gæ:t sinz,

ænd fe:bus ginz æri:z,

hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z sprin:z

on tʃælist fluw:rz ðæt lijz;

25

ænd wi:nki:n mæ:ri-budz bigin

tu o:p ðæir gould,n ijz:

wið ev(e)ri θi:n ðæt priti iz,

mij læ:di swi:t, æri:z:

æri:z, æri:z.

30

* * *

ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: ðuw onest:

du: ðuw dij mæsterz bidi:n: hwen ðuw si:st him,

æ lit,l witnes mij obe:dĩens: lu:k!

ij dra: ðe sword mijsself: tæk it, ænd hit

ðe in(o)sent mænsion ov mij luv, mij hært:

70

fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θi:nz but gri:f:

dij mæster iz not ðe:r, hwu: wæz indi:d

ðe ritʃez ov it: du: hiz bidi:n; strijk

ðuw mæist bi vælĩænt in æ beter ka:z;

but nuw ðuw si:mst æ kuwærd.

75

.

hwij, ij must dij;

ænd if ij du: not bij dij hænd, ðuw ært

no: servænt ov dij mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter

ðer iz æ prohibision so: divijn

ðæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært. 80

Something's a-for't:¹ Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
 Beleue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,
 Nor the furious Winters rages,
 260 Thou thy worldly task haft don,
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
 Golden Lads, and Girles all muft,
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to duft.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
 Care no more to cloath and eate,
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
 The Scepter, Learning, Phylicke muft,
 All follow this and come to duft.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arui. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arui. Thou haft finish'd Ioy and mone.

¹ a-foot.

sumθiŋz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;
 obe:dient æz ðe skæbærd. hwæt iz he:r?
 ðe skriptiurz ov ðe lo:æl le:onæ:tus,
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,
 korupterz ov mij læt! iu jæi no mo:r 85
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. ðus mæi purr fu:lz
 bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: ðou ðo:z ðæt ær bitræid
 du fi:l ðe treiz,n færppli, jit ðe træitor
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo:

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:rŋus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe he:rt oð sun,
 nor ðe fiurŋus winterz ræ:dgez;
 ðuw ðij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260
 ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n ðij wæ:dgez:
 gould,n lædz ænd gŋrlz a:l must,
 æz tŋimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe frwn oð gre:t;
 ðuw ært pæst ðe tijrænts stro:k; 265
 kæ:r no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;
 tu ði: ðe ri:d iz æz ðe o:k:
 ðe septer, lerniŋ, fizik, must
 a:l folo: ðis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rŋus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe lijtniŋ-flæf, 270
 ærvirægus.] nor ða:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;
 gijde:rŋus.] fe:r not slænder, sensiur ræf;
 ærvirægus.] ðuw hæst finiŋt dzo:i ænd mo:n:

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
275 Configne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcifor harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghoft vnlaid forbearre thee.

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.

280 *Both.* Quiet confumation haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must
 konsijn tu ði:, ænd kum tu dust. 275

gijde:rīus.] no: eksorsijzer hærm ði:!

ærvirægus.] nor no wifkræft tǣarm ði:!

gijde:rīus.] go:st unlæid forber ði:!

ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r ði:!

bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:sion hæ:v;
 ænd renuwned bi: ðij græ:v! 280

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