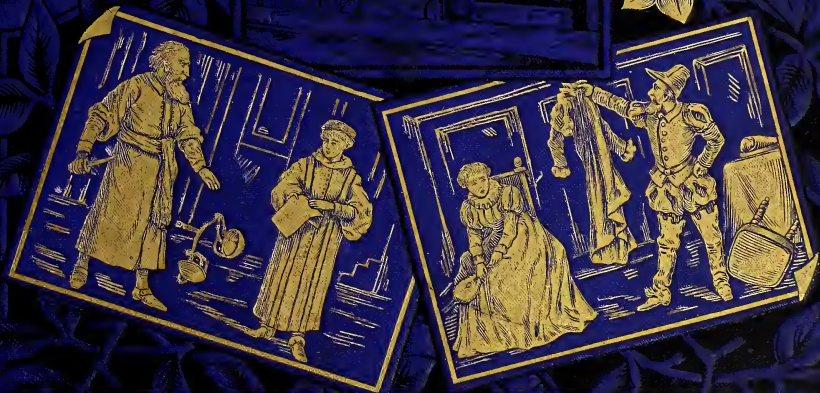
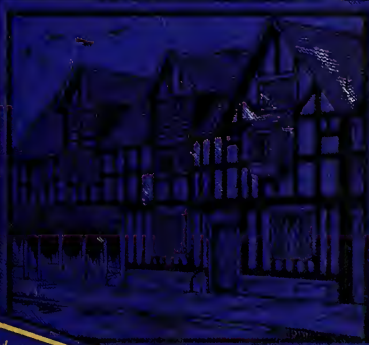


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# SHAKSPEARIAN TALES IN VERSE

BY M<sup>RS</sup> VALENTINE



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Shakspearian Tales  
in Verse

By M<sup>rs</sup> Valentine

Illustrated  
by  
R. Andre.



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ILLUSTRATED

By M<sup>rs</sup> Valentine.

London: H. Wame & Co. : Bedford St. Covent Garden.



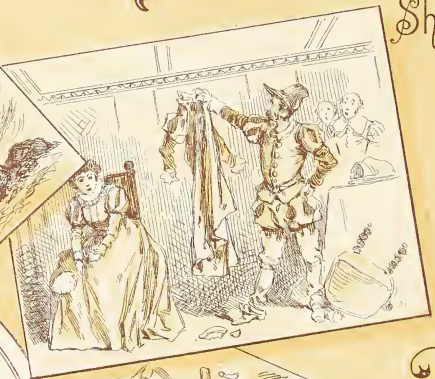
DESIGNS BY ANDRÉ:  
 Chromolithographed by Emrik & Binger:  
 www.libtool.com.cn 15, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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# THE TEMPEST:

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A

BOAT upon a moonlit sea  
Was floating without sail or  
oar;

A stately man within it sat,  
Gazing upon the less'ning shore.

A cherub child was on his knee,  
Clasped closely by his circling  
arm,

Who, by her little tender words,  
E'en then his troubled soul  
could charm.

The Duke of Milan thus is cast  
Upon the foaming waters wild  
(By his own wicked brother's  
deed),

To perish with his only child.

But God sent aid with dawning  
light,—

A lovely island he descried,  
To whose fair shores, with ver-  
dure clad,

The boat was drifted by the  
tide.



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THE BANISHED DUKE.



He took his infant in his arms,  
And sprang upon the yellow sand,  
And there upon the shore he saw,  
A gibb'ring monster, staring stand.

The only human creature there,  
Who scarcely owned the name of man,  
A speechless monster—but in time  
The duke's strong servant — Caliban.

The banished Prince  
a home soon made  
Within a rosy coral  
cave ;  
And Caliban (as we  
have said)  
Was his uncouth but  
useful slave,

And other servants,  
too, he had ;  
A hundred sprites his  
will obeyed :  
Fairies that dwelt in forest bow'rs,  
Or spirits who on sunbeams played.





For he was skilled in magic arts,  
And could "call spirits from the deep,"  
And bid them hover round his child,  
Or watch beside her mid-day sleep.



And thus within th' enchanted isle,  
The sweet Miranda throve and grew,  
Her father, and the sprites he ruled,  
The only beings that she knew.

No birds nor animals were there ;  
Yet oft beneath the cloudless skies  
Sweet music floated on the air,  
And sang her gentle lullabies.

The years rolled on ; a stately maid  
The young Miranda now had grown,  
And Prospero, for her sweet sake,  
[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
Would fain once more possess a throne.



And Time and Chance now  
stood his friends ;  
A stately ship was off the  
shore ;  
And well he knew his ancient  
foes  
Across the seas that vessel  
bore.  
Now one dear spirit he em-  
ployed,  
Ariel — the airy creature's  
name,—  
Who always loved to do his will,  
And at his slightest summons  
came ;  
But yet his freedom often  
craved,—  
For spirits ever would be  
free,—  
The only gift the duke could give  
His Ariel, was liberty.  
And now the mighty master  
called,  
“ My Ariel, I need thy aid,  
And if thou dost thy duty well,  
With freedom thou shalt be  
repaid.

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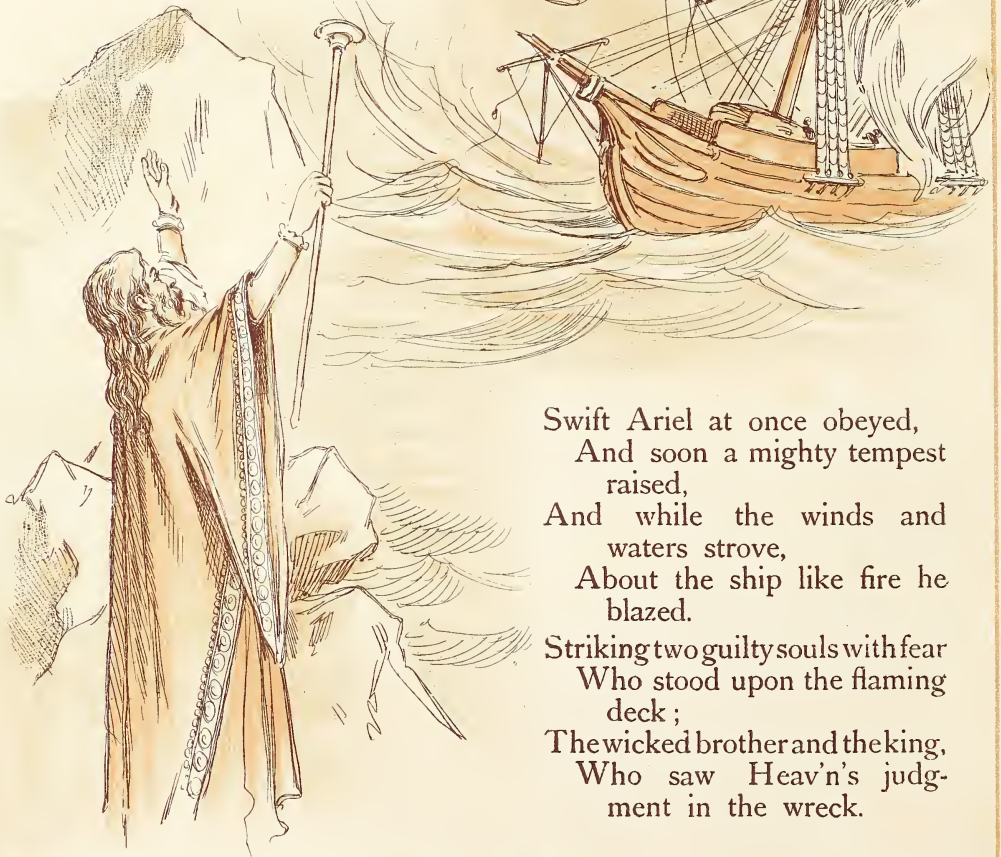


THE RAISING of the STORM:

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“Go! Raise a tempest round  
the Isle,  
And by it let yon ship be  
tossed,—[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
Cast all her crew upon the  
land,  
But do not let a life be lost.”



Swift Ariel at once obeyed,  
And soon a mighty tempest  
raised,  
And while the winds and  
waters strove,  
About the ship like fire he  
blazed.

Striking two guilty souls with fear  
Who stood upon the flaming  
deck ;  
The wicked brother and the king,  
Who saw Heav'n's judg-  
ment in the wreck.



The King of Naples, who had  
joined

With that bad man in awful  
crime,

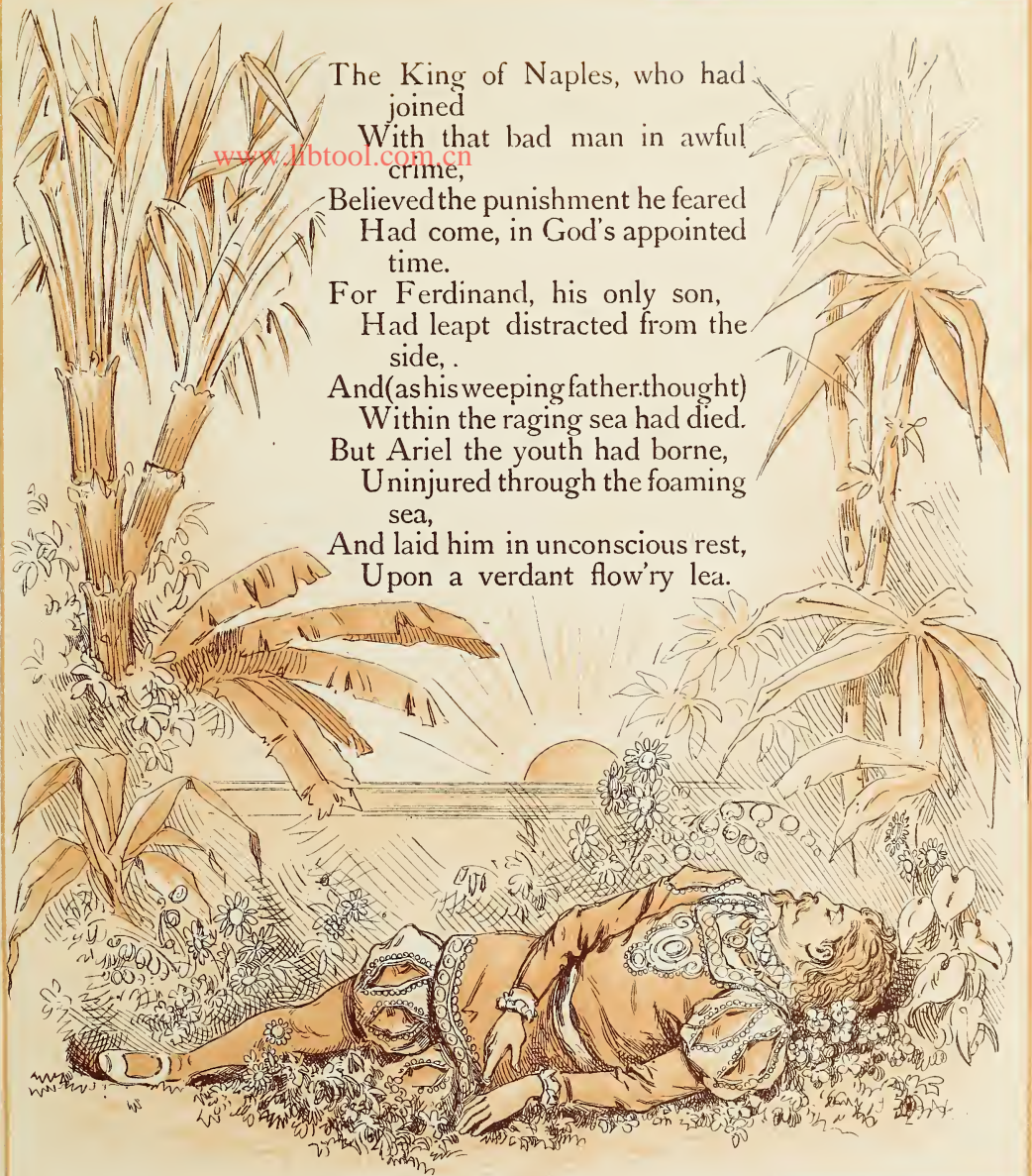
Believed the punishment he feared  
Had come, in God's appointed  
time.

For Ferdinand, his only son,  
Had leapt distracted from the  
side, .

And (as his weeping father thought)  
Within the raging sea had died.

But Ariel the youth had borne,  
Uninjured through the foaming  
sea,

And laid him in unconscious rest,  
Upon a verdant flow'ry lea.







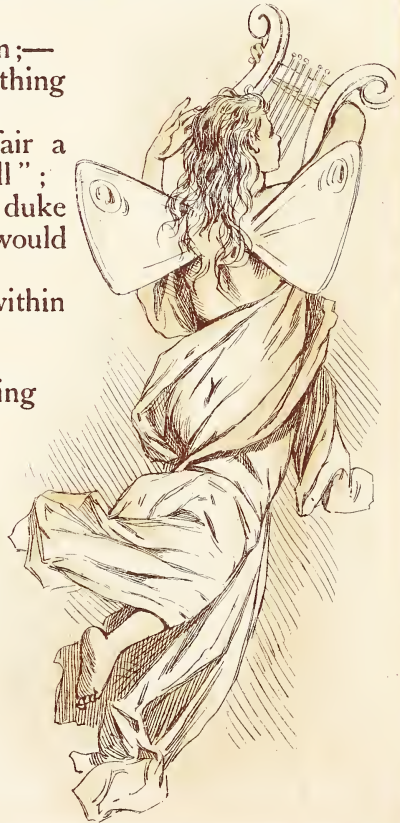
There he awoke to magic strains,  
Which seemed to mourn his father  
dead,  
And following the guiding sound,  
To Prospero's own cell was led.

The fair Miranda there he saw—  
Miranda, who had never known  
The face of any human thing,  
Save her dear father's and her own.

She pitied him;—  
thought "nothing  
ill  
Could in so fair a  
temple dwell";  
But the wise duke  
the youth would  
test,  
Before he came within  
their cell.

He feared lest King  
Alonzo's son  
Might not be  
honest, true, and good,  
So made him powerless by a spell,  
And set him to bear logs of wood.

Miranda, sorry for his fate,  
Would of his labour bear a part,  
And by her generous kindness won  
The captive prince's honest heart.



Prospero watched them both  
unseen,  
And learned to trust his princely  
slave, [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
Released him from his irksome toil,  
And for his wife, Miranda gave.  
Thus in the royal exile's cell,  
The tale of love is told once  
more ;  
And Ferdinand has won his queen,  
Upon th' enchanted Island's  
shore.



Meantime the king and the bad  
duke,  
Who reigned in noble Prosper's  
stead,  
By wand'ring music and sweet  
sounds,  
About the fairy isle were led.  
With them the good Gonzalo went,  
Prospero's tried and faithful friend,  
Who comfort sought to give the  
king,  
For his fair son's untimely end.



THE PRINCE IN SERVITUDE.

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# THE WANDERERS.





Now Caliban was sent for wood ;  
A lazy slave of late he'd grown,  
Unwilling ~~Prospero to serve~~  
Or any law of duty own.

So the great master sent his  
elves

To pinch him, or to give him  
pricks,  
To make him use his lazy  
strength,  
And keep him from malicious  
tricks.

Suddenly, as the wood he bore,  
There came before his startled  
sight,

One that he thought a sprite  
must be,  
Who might, perchance, pinch,  
prick, or bite.

Then thinking if he lay down  
flat,

This strange new elf might  
pass him by,  
Upon the earth he threw himself,  
And in deep slumber feigned  
to lie.





But it was Trinculo he saw  
(And not a spirit as he thought)  
The merry jester of the king,  
Whom chance to this lone spot  
had brought.

Soon after, the ship's butler came,  
Amazed such company to find ;  
The monster lying at their feet  
Was surely not of human kind ?  
So the two shipmates wond'ring  
stood,

And gazed on him in blank  
surprise,  
While he — now trembling with  
affright,—

Loudly to them for mercy cries.  
Then kneeling, kissed the butler's  
feet,  
And prayed him to become his  
king,  
Saying that he would bring him  
fruits,  
And lead him to the freshest  
spring.

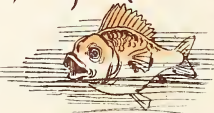
And when the butler gave consent,  
Up from the earth the monster sprang,  
And, reckless of Duke Prosper's power,  
This song of wild defiance sang :

## CALIBAN'S SONG: SHAKESPEARE :



more dams I'll make for fish.

Nor fetch firing

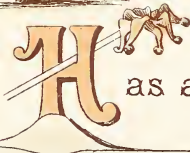


requiring



scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish -

Ban! Ban! Ca - Caliban!



As a new Master - get a new Man! -

The monster next his plans revealed :—  
“While Prospero, his master, slept,  
He—Caliban—should lead these men  
To where the magic books were kept.



These they must seize; then kill  
the duke

While in his quiet sleep he lay—  
Miranda should the butler wed—  
Neither to this dark plot said  
nay!

But Ariel their treason heard,  
And their fell purpose to defeat  
Spread temptingly beside the path,  
Rich garments, for a monarch  
meet.

And while they quarrelled  
o'er the spoil,  
He brought a pack of  
fairy hounds,  
And hunted them the

forest through,  
With shouts and merry  
bugle sounds.

But still the king and the  
bad duke  
Searched smiling plain  
and barren shore,  
For the young prince  
whom still they hoped  
The hungry ocean would  
restore,



THE FAIRY BANQUET.





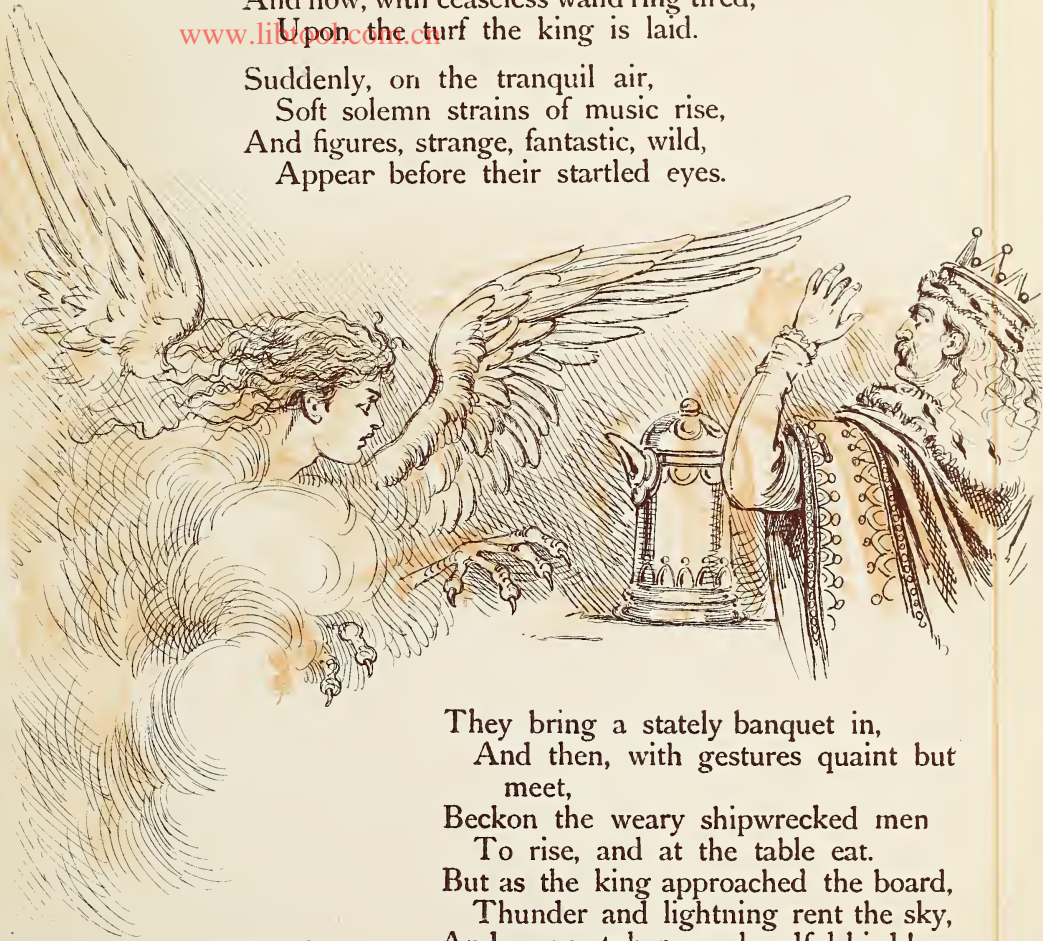
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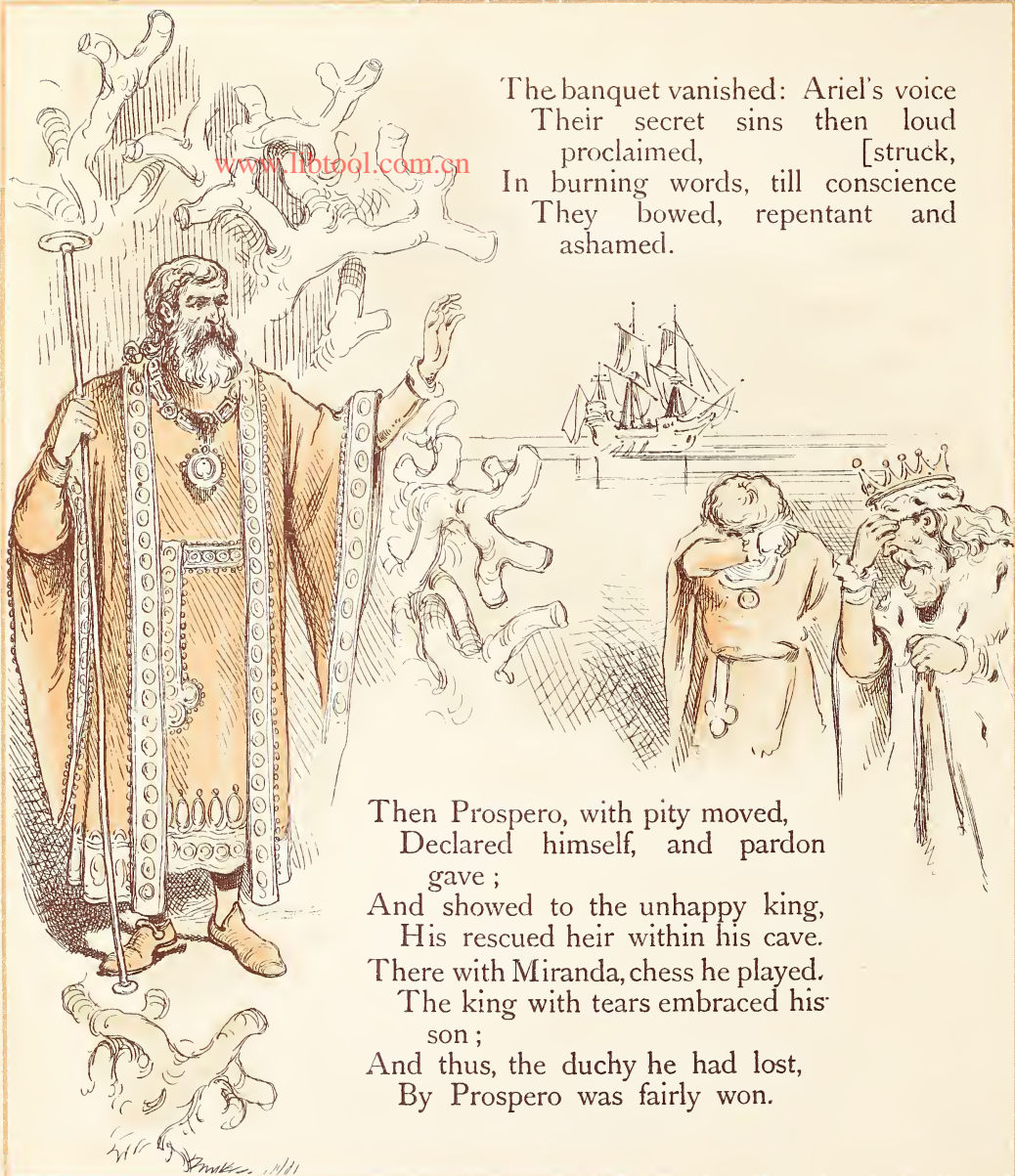
Yet dead they deemed him, for alas!  
They found him not in grove or glade.  
And now, with ceaseless wand'ring tired,  
Upon the turf the king is laid.

Suddenly, on the tranquil air,  
Soft solemn strains of music rise,  
And figures, strange, fantastic, wild,  
Appear before their startled eyes.



They bring a stately banquet in,  
And then, with gestures quaint but  
meet,  
Beckon the weary shipwrecked men  
To rise, and at the table eat.  
But as the king approached the board,  
Thunder and lightning rent the sky,  
And a great harpy—dreadful bird!—  
Was seen upon the food to fly.

The banquet vanished: Ariel's voice  
Their secret sins then loud  
proclaimed, [struck,  
In burning words, till conscience  
They bowed, repentant and  
ashamed.



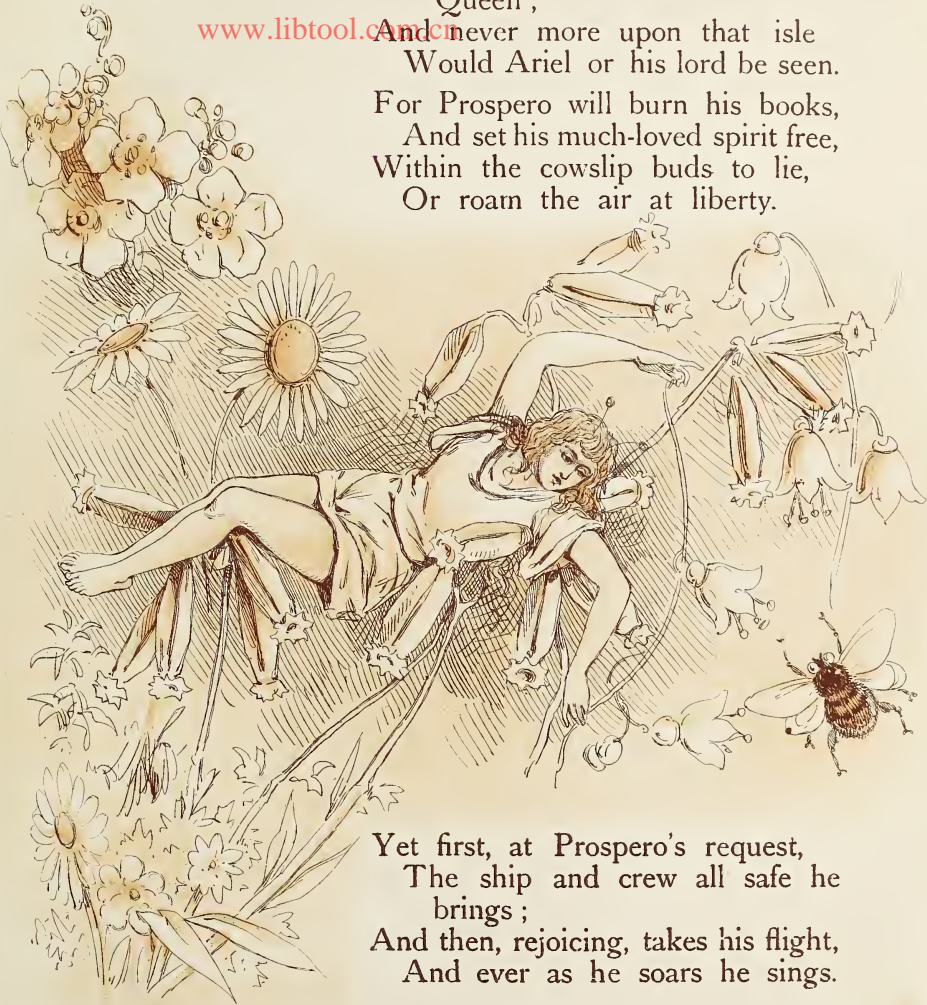
Then Prospero, with pity moved,  
Declared himself, and pardon  
gave ;  
And showed to the unhappy king,  
His rescued heir within his cave.  
There with Miranda, chess he played.  
The king with tears embraced his  
son ;  
And thus, the duchy he had lost,  
By Prospero was fairly won.



His lovely child would wear a crown,  
Of Naples she would be the  
Queen ;

[www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) And never more upon that isle  
Would Ariel or his lord be seen.

For Prospero will burn his books,  
And set his much-loved spirit free,  
Within the cowslip buds to lie,  
Or roam the air at liberty.



Yet first, at Prospero's request,  
The ship and crew all safe he  
brings ;  
And then, rejoicing, takes his flight,  
And ever as he soars he sings.

the LOST PRINCE.

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① ARIEL'S SONG: Shakspeare.

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WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I:

In a Cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when Owls do cry:

On the  
Bats back  
I do fly,



After  
Summer,  
merrily.-

MERRILY! MERRILY! shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough -

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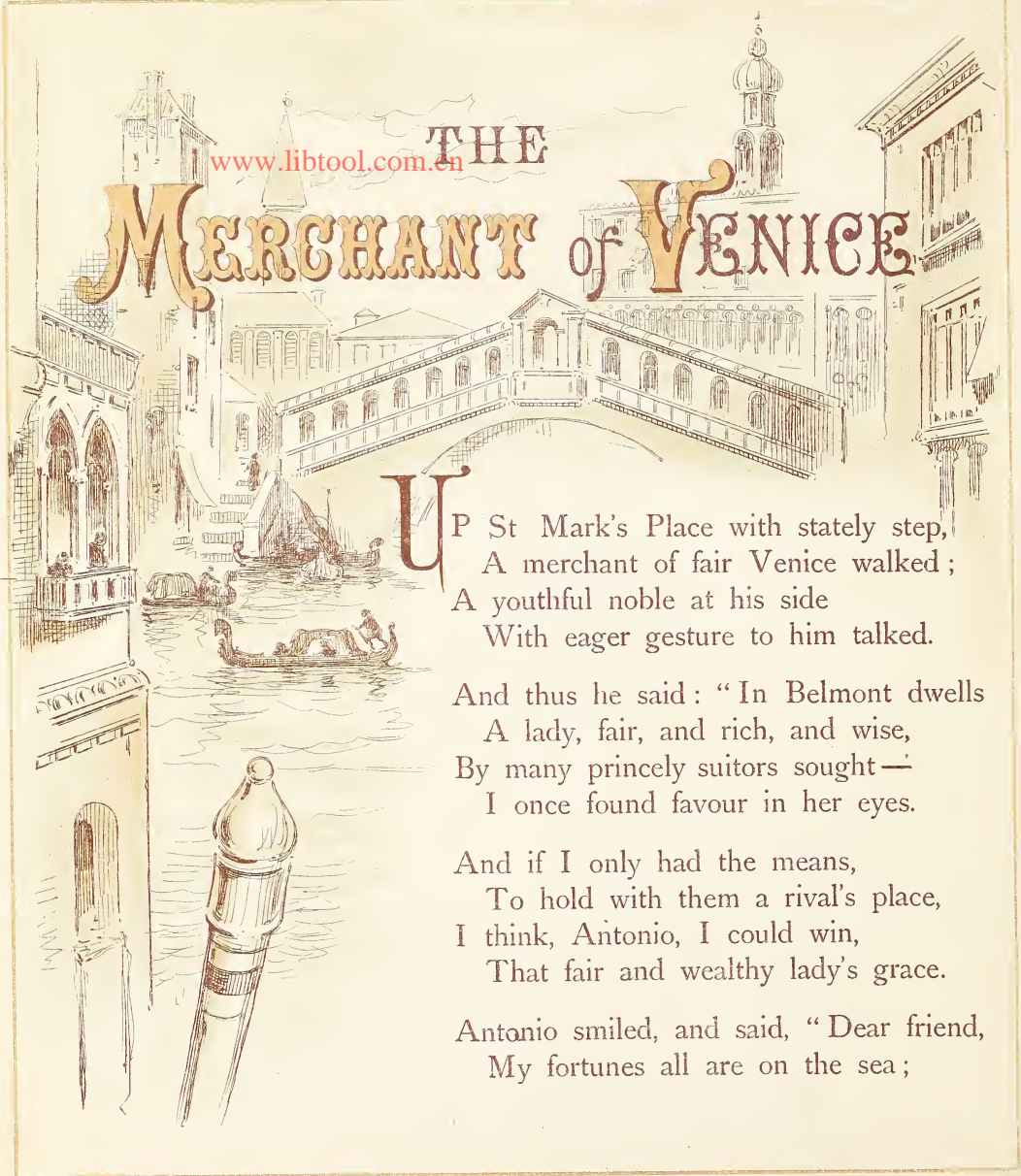
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The  
Merchant of Venice.

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# THE MERCHANT of VENICE



UP St Mark's Place with stately step,  
A merchant of fair Venice walked ;  
A youthful noble at his side  
With eager gesture to him talked.

And thus he said : " In Belmont dwells  
A lady, fair, and rich, and wise,  
By many princely suitors sought —  
I once found favour in her eyes.

And if I only had the means,  
To hold with them a rival's place,  
I think, Antonio, I could win,  
That fair and wealthy lady's grace.

Antonio smiled, and said, " Dear friend,  
My fortunes all are on the sea ;

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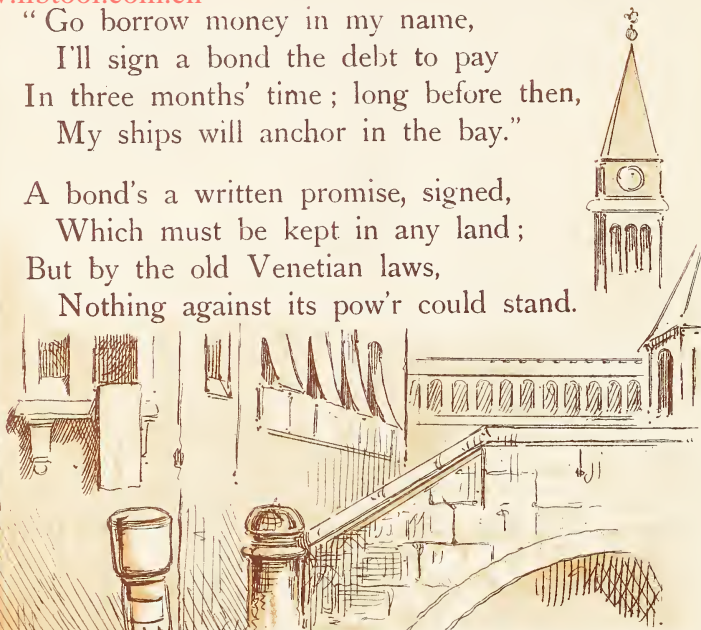


But, still, my credit here is good,  
Few would refuse a loan to me.

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“Go borrow money in my name,  
I'll sign a bond the debt to pay  
In three months' time; long before then,  
My ships will anchor in the bay.”

A bond's a written promise, signed,  
Which must be kept in any land;  
But by the old Venetian laws,  
Nothing against its pow'r could stand.



Bassanio with a grateful heart  
Upon this errand joyous went,  
And quickly found a wealthy Jew,  
Who (for a payment) money lent.

Now, good Antonio, alas!  
That merchant, honest, kind, and true  
(With all who bore the name of Christ)  
Was hated by that wicked Jew.



To do Antonio injury,

Old Shylock had been waiting long ;  
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And now — at last — he saw a chance

To do the “royal merchant” wrong.

So when Antonio appeared,

He said, “the money he would lend,  
If a strange bond — proposed in jest —  
Were first signed by Bassanio’s friend.”

The bond which he proposed was this:

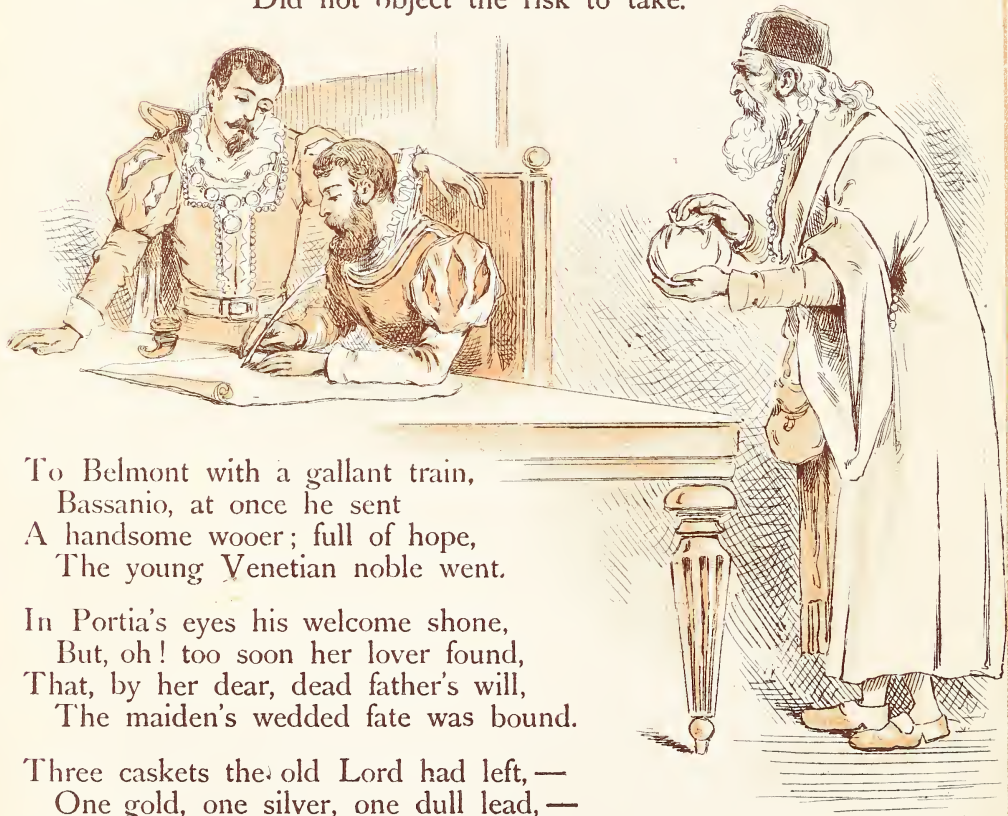
Antonio should the Jew repay  
Whatever sum of gold he lent,  
At noon, upon a certain day.

But if the merchant chanced to fail,  
In due fulfilment of his part,  
Shylock should cut a pound of flesh  
From near the good Antonio’s heart.

Shylock this dreadful bond had framed  
To gratify his deadly hate,  
Hoping that change or chance might make,  
The merchant’s payment come too late.



Bassanio would not have it signed;  
But good Antonio, for his sake,  
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Sure that his ships would soon be home,  
Did not object the risk to take.



To Belmont with a gallant train,  
Bassanio, at once he sent  
A handsome wooer; full of hope,  
The young Venetian noble went.

In Portia's eyes his welcome shone,  
But, oh! too soon her lover found,  
That, by her dear, dead father's will,  
The maiden's wedded fate was bound.

Three caskets the old Lord had left, —  
One gold, one silver, one dull lead, —  
And one of these the man must choose  
Who would the orphan heiress wed.

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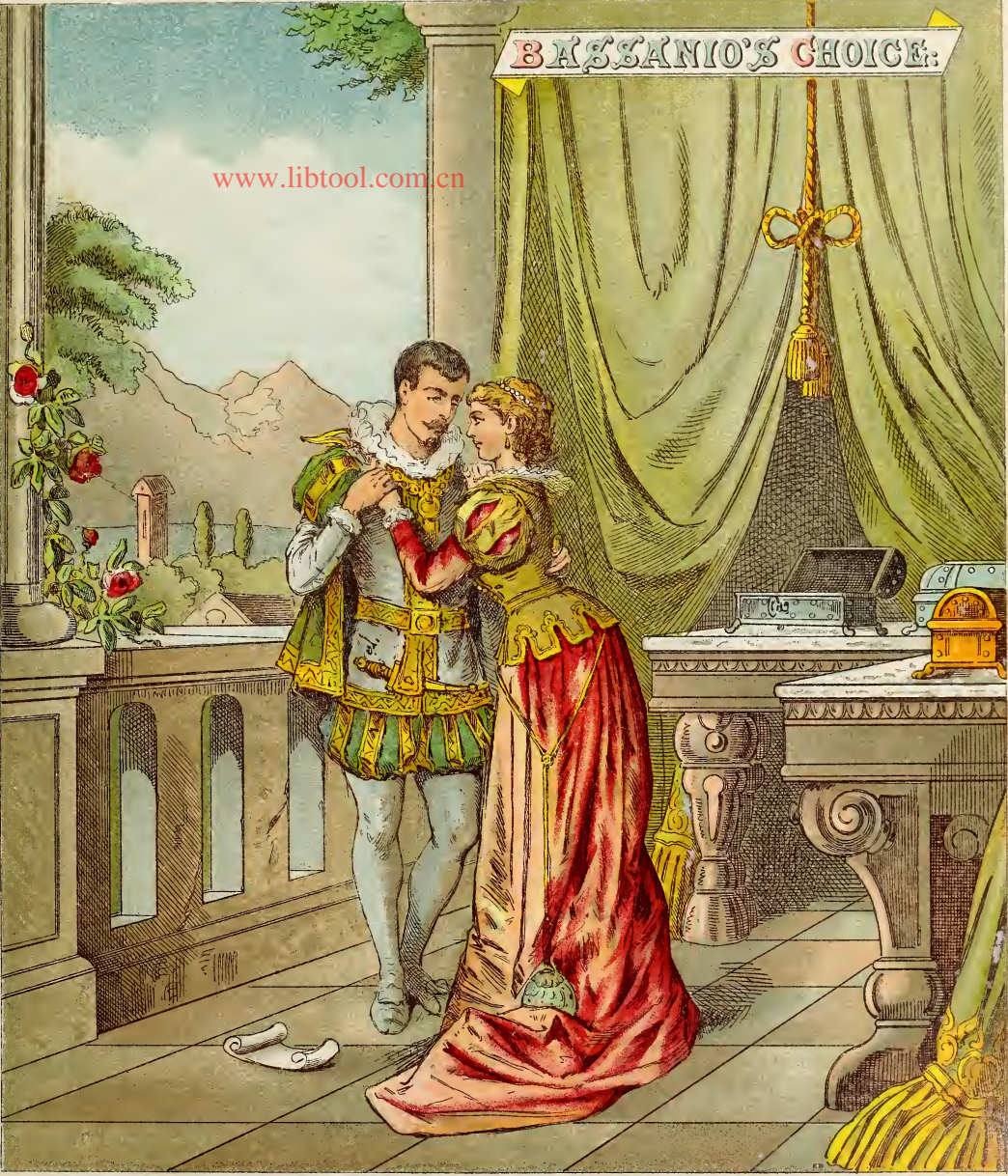


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BASSANIO'S CHOICE:

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And if within the one he choose,

He found fair Portia's likeness laid,  
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She was his wife, and his her wealth, —

Won by the choice which he had made.

Bassanio, with eager love,

At once would seek to try his fate,  
Though Portia (dreading he might lose)  
Would fain awhile have had him wait.

She led him to the painted hall,

Where the three fatal caskets stood,  
And hoped that fortune would be kind,  
To one who was so brave and good.

Awhile in silent thought he stood, —

Then softly murmured, “Men have shed,  
Much blood for silver and for gold!—

I choose the dull but honest lead!”

Portia looked on with silent joy —

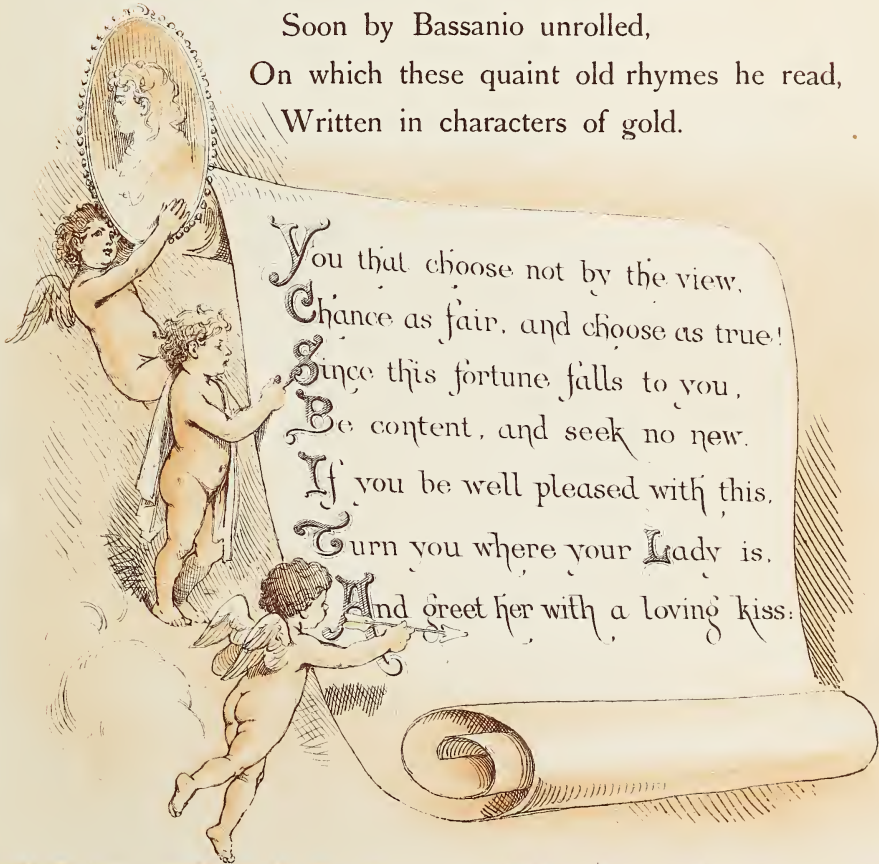
She had seen other suitors choose ;  
And knew, if gold should dazzle him,  
Her handsome lover she would lose.





But he has won! within the box  
Fair Portia's pictured image lies ;  
[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) He turns, and reads the maiden's joy  
In her glad smile and beaming eyes.

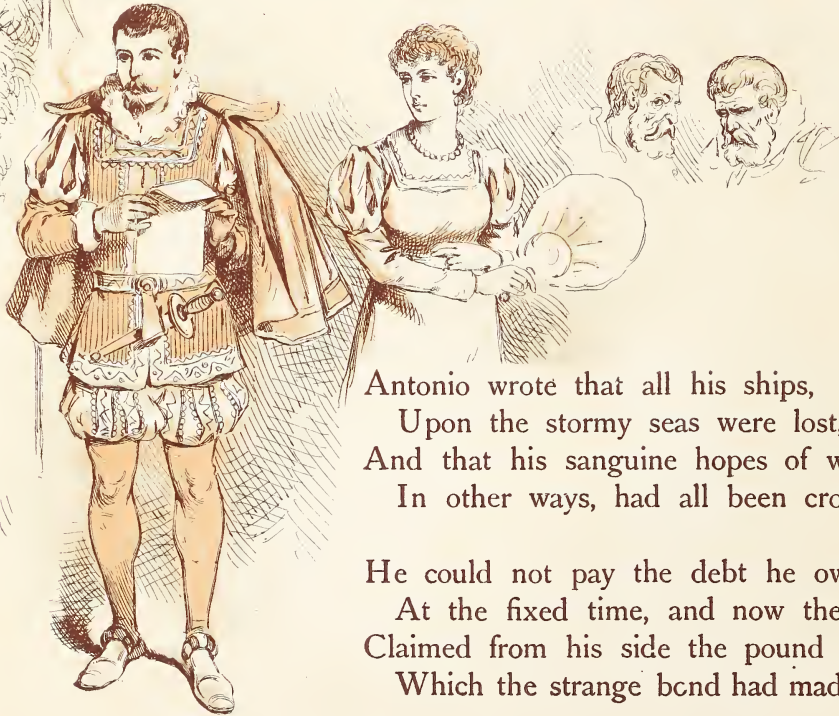
And with the picture was a scroll,  
Soon by Bassanio unrolled,  
On which these quaint old rhymes he read,  
Written in characters of gold.



You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this,  
Turn you where your Lady is,  
And greet her with a loving kiss.


The happy kiss is scarcely given,  
Before within the hall appear  
[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn), who bring from Venice  
Sad tidings to Bassanio's ear.

A letter from Antonio  
They gave his friend, with mournful air,  
And, as Bassanio read, his face  
Grew pale with horror and despair.



Antonio wrote that all his ships,  
Upon the stormy seas were lost,  
And that his sanguine hopes of wealth  
In other ways, had all been crossed.

He could not pay the debt he owed,  
At the fixed time, and now the Jew  
Claimed from his side the pound of flesh,  
Which the strange bond had made his due.



Portia who saw his colour fade,  
Bassanio's cause of grief would know,  
And listened, with most tender eyes,  
To poor Antonio's tale of woe.

"Make me at once your wife," she said,  
"And then to Venice haste away,—  
To save the dear Antonio's life,  
Half of my fortune I would pay."

With warmest gratitude he heard,  
And then (the hurried wedding o'er),  
Away Bassanio swiftly sailed  
To the far-off Venetian shore.

"The city of the Hundred Isles"  
At length with eager eyes he saw,  
Where his Antonio waited still  
The fate decreed him by the law.

Now seated in the Senate house,—  
The Senators all gathered near,—  
The Duke of Venice was prepared  
Antonio's strange case to hear.







NG JUDGE

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On one side the poor merchant stood,  
Patient and calm, glad that his friend,  
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Bassanio (for whom he died),  
Would be beside him to the end.



The Duke had reason'd with  
the Jew,  
But threats and pleadings  
had been vain,  
Nothing his settled purpose  
moved,  
Nor could his cruelty  
restrain.

And now with wolfish look  
of hate,  
Before the Duke they see  
him stand:  
A grey old man, in Jewish  
dress,  
Grasping a sharp knife in  
his hand.

Once more the Duke with  
gentle words  
Told him that men could  
not believe  
That he would dare do such  
a deed,  
And bade him now their  
fears relieve.



Then came Bassanio with a bag,  
And offer'd to the savage Jew  
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A treble payment of the debt,  
For which the penalty was due.

But gold and reasoning were  
vain,  
“I'll have my bond!” he  
fiercely cried,  
“My bond, and nothing but  
my bond,—  
A pound of flesh cut from  
his side.”

“I claim my bond! or deem  
the law  
Is pow'rless in this Christian  
state.”  
The Duke replies, “Hear,  
first, the judge  
Whose coming hither we  
await.”

Just then a letter to the  
Duke  
Is brought — the learnèd  
judge is ill,  
But he has sent to fill his  
place  
A lawyer of the highest  
skill.



“Admit the judge,” the Duke commands;

A graceful youth at once they see  
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Advance and greet the Duke and court,  
And take his seat with dignity.



“I am informed,” the stranger said,

“Of the strange case we  
try to-day:

Antonio, do you own the  
bond?”

“I do,” he said—the Jew  
cried “Ay.”

“Then must the Jew be  
merciful,”

The sweet voice said,

“Yes, he must show  
Some pity to the ruined  
man,

As he God’s mercy hopes  
to know.”

But stubbornly the Jew  
replied,

“My deed be on my head!  
I claim

The forfeiture of my true  
bond,

Or the weak laws of  
Venice blame.”

Then spoke the judge, "Can he not pay  
The money to this cruel Jew?"

"Yes," cried Bassanio, "Ten times more  
Than the three thousand to him due!"



In vain he speaks ; with his  
own life  
Offers, in vain, his friend's  
to buy :

"My bond, and nothing but  
my bond !"  
Is still the cruel Shylock's  
cry.

"And, Shylock, you shall  
have your bond,"  
The judge asserts,— "The  
law is clear."

Shylock exclaims, "O wise  
young judge !  
A Daniel come to judg-  
ment here !"

And sharpens on his sole  
his knife.

"Wait," the judge orders,  
"Till we see  
If one drop of the debtor's  
blood  
By this your bond will  
forfeit be."

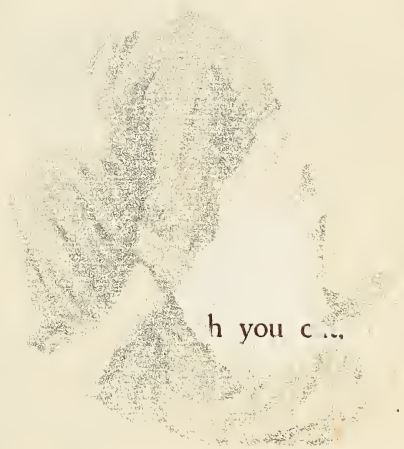


# A PLEA FOR MERCY.

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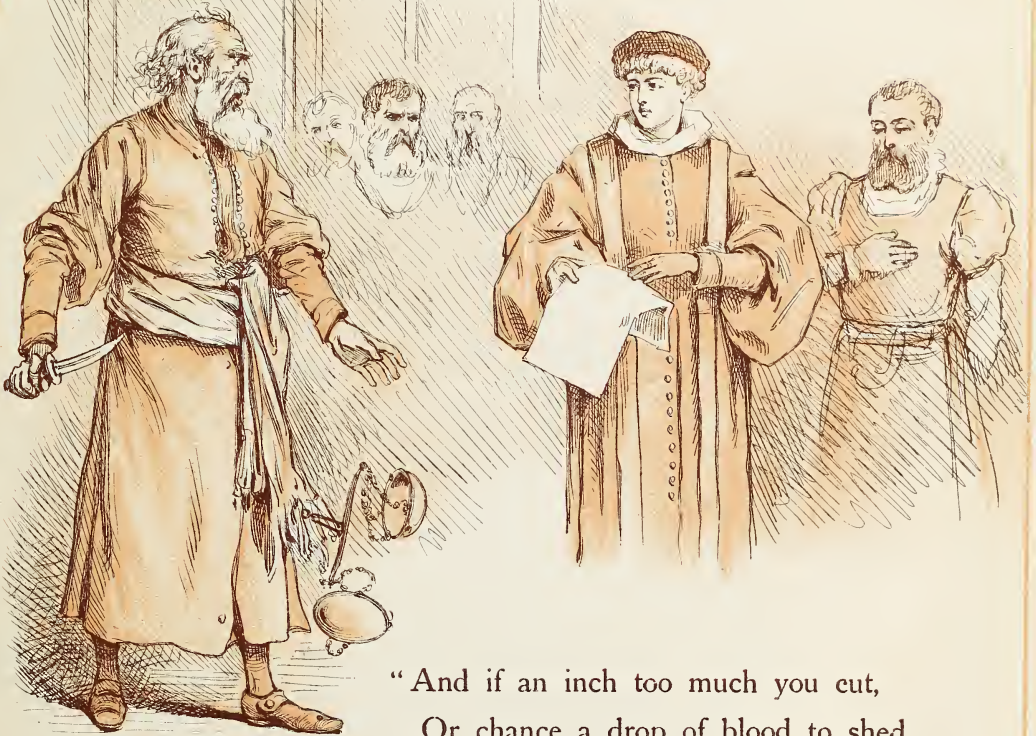
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“No! not a drop is named in it!  
Then not to spill one, prythee, try—  
The Jew who sheds a Christian's blood  
The laws of Venice doom to die!



“And if an inch too much you cut,  
Or chance a drop of blood to shed,  
Your wealth is forfeit to the state,  
Which for the crime will have your head.”

Abashed and foiled the Jew now stands ;

“ Pay me, and I will go,” he cries.

“ No ! you shall only have your bond !”

The lawyer, sternly, then replies.

“ For plotting this good  
merchant's death,  
You have yourself incurred  
his fate —  
Your life is forfeit—and your  
wealth  
Goes to the treasury of the  
state.”

So thus the wicked Jew was  
caught,  
In the same net that he had  
laid  
To kill the good Antonio —  
And had himself to death  
betrayed.

But as a Christian must  
forgive,  
And mercy to the wicked  
show,  
Antonio for Shylock pleads,  
And begs the Duke to let  
him go.



His prayer was heard ; old Shylock's life

They spared, but took his wealth away,  
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And a poor, broken-hearted man,

He went with heavy  
heart away.



Who do you think the lawyer was  
Who thus had saved Antonio's life?  
Portia herself, dress'd like a judge!  
Bassanio's kind and clever wife!

Thus the good merchant was repaid  
For all the love he bore his friend ;  
And better fortune from henceforth  
Did on his latter days attend.



ALONE:

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His argosies — I mean his ships —  
Came back at last ; they were not lost,  
But only upon stormy seas  
For a long time delayed and tossed.

A royal merchant once again,  
He dwelt in Venice all his days,  
And won from those who knew his worth,  
Esteem, and reverence, and praise.



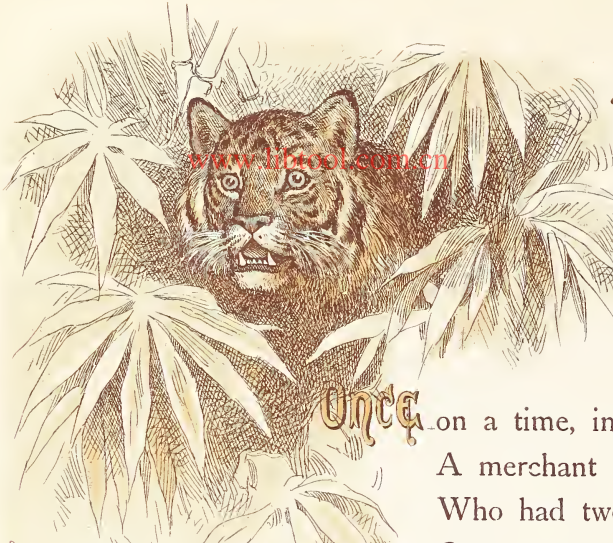
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the TAMING  
of the  
SHREW:

Once on a time, in days gone by,  
A merchant lived in Italy,  
Who had two daughters young and fair,  
One, cause of joy—the other, care.  
For Kate, alas! disturbed his life  
With endless scenes of noisy strife,  
So bad a temper, he felt sure,  
Never tormented man before!  
His other child—Bianca named—  
His love for many virtues claimed;  
But Kate would often scold and beat  
Her sister, though so calm and sweet.  
One day, she tied Bianca's hands,  
But while she held her thus in bands,  
Their father came and set her free  
From Kath'rine's cruel tyranny.



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THE SISTERS:

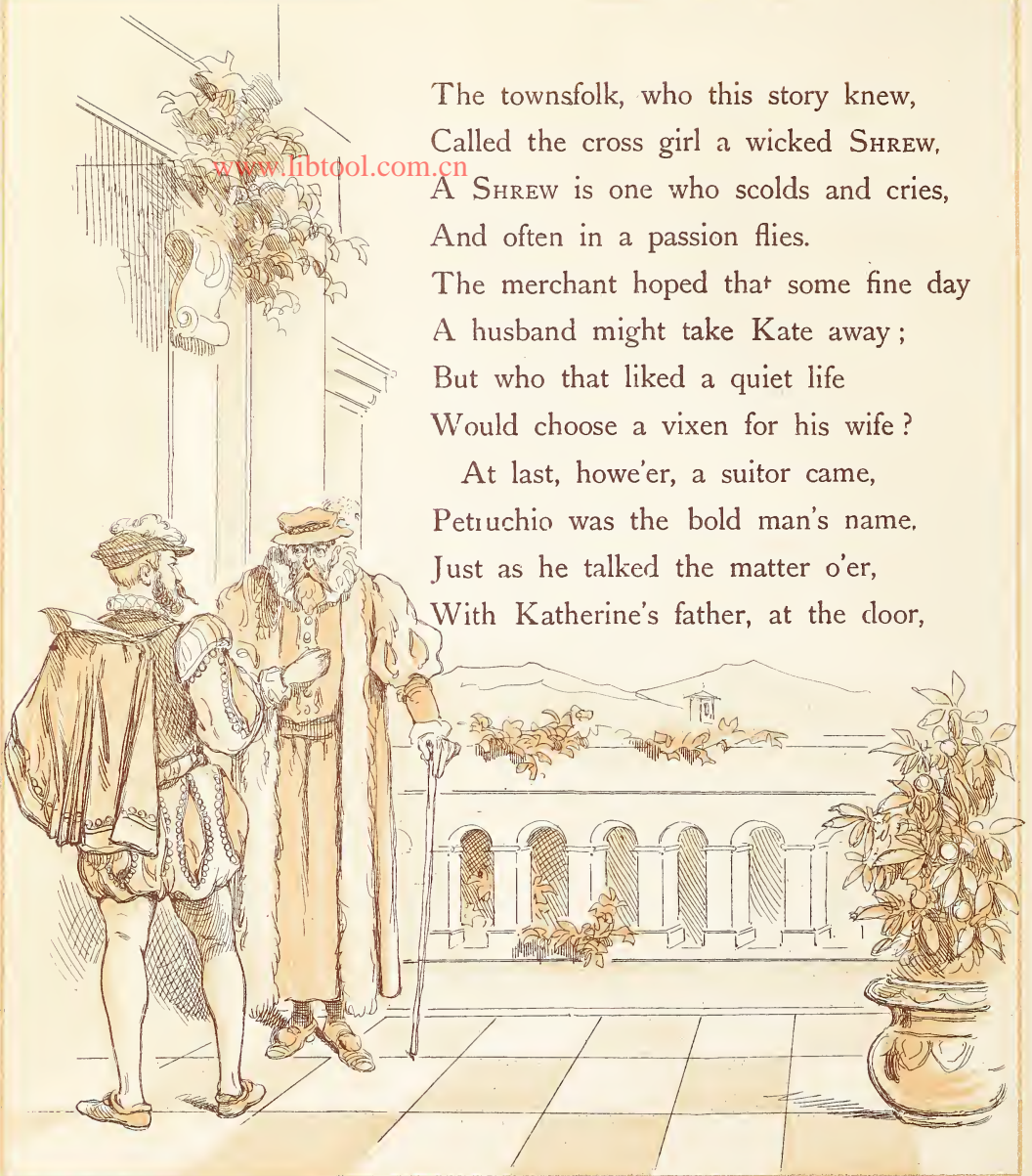
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The townfolk, who this story knew,  
Called the cross girl a wicked SHREW,  
A SHREW is one who scolds and cries,  
And often in a passion flies.

The merchant hoped that some fine day  
A husband might take Kate away ;  
But who that liked a quiet life  
Would choose a vixen for his wife ?

At last, howe'er, a suitor came,  
Petruccio was the bold man's name,  
Just as he talked the matter o'er,  
With Katherine's father, at the door,







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Kate's music master trembling stands,  
A broken lute is in his hands ;  
The merchant, full of sudden fear,  
That some new outbreak they might hear  
(For the poor man looked scared and pale),  
Hastened to stop the dreaded tale,  
And cried, "What, will my daughter be  
A good musician?" Woefully  
The master answered, "I should say  
A better soldier, Sir! To-day  
As I to teach her fing'ring tried,  
And bade her mind her frets, she cried,  
'Frets call you them? then I will fret  
And fume, and you your due shall get!  
With that, her cheeks all fiery red,  
She beat the lute about my head,  
Right through the broken wood it passed,  
And I was in a pillory fast!  
While there she called me every name  
That ready to her anger came."



The father heard him with an air  
Of mingled anger and despair,  
And to his daughter's suitor turned  
(Who thus the maiden's temper learned),  
And said, "This story of the lute  
Will doubtless end your present suit;  
You cannot by your choice abide.  
Go, seek elsewhere a gentler bride."  
"Nay," said Petruchio, "I will woo  
And wed this merry maiden too!  
I like her spirit; give her me  
And we shall live right jovially."  
He wooed her, though she stormed and raved,  
And calmly all her fury braved,  
Until her shrewish rage was done,  
And he a stormy bride had won.  
He bore her off the wedding-day,  
Refusing for the feast to stay,  
And over many a rugged road  
He took her to his own abode.



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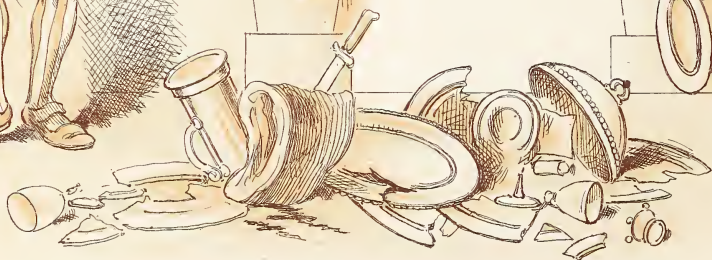


# The Music Lesson.

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Then hungry, weary, cross, the bride  
Sits down to supper by his side.  
Across the board he casts his eyes,  
“What’s this?” with angry voice he cries.  
“Roast mutton, sir.” “Say, mutton burnt,”  
He thunders. “Knaves, have you not learnt  
That I detest meat over-dressed?  
Take this,—and this,—and all the rest;  
So this a bridal feast you call!  
Here, take it, trenchers, cups, and all!”  
Then on the floor the whole he threw,  
And right and left the china flew.







No supper Kath'rine had that night,  
But hungry woke with morning's light,  
And putting haughtiness aside  
Went forth to get her wants supplied.  
Then finding in an empty room  
Grumio, her husband's trusted groom,  
She begged that he would bring her meat—  
No matter what!—that she might eat;  
“For I am really starved,” she said;  
“With brawling only I am fed.  
Go, Grumio, get me any food,  
I care not what, so it be good.”  
“I think,” then said the cunning lad,  
“You would not find a neat's foot bad?”  
“I like it well: go bring it here,”  
She cries. He answers, “Nay, I fear  
Too cold a meat for you t'would be;  
It might not quite with you agree.  
A fine boiled tripe, perhaps, you'd eat,  
Or beef, with mustard, is good meat.”



She said, "For beef I greatly wish,

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) always liked that English dish."

"Aye, but the mustard is too hot,"

He slyly adds, "I had forgot."

Kath'rine replies, "The beef is best

Without it: let the mustard rest.

Either, or both, or what you will—

Unless you wish me hungry still."

"Well, then, the mustard," he replies,

"Without the beef."—With flashing eyes

Kath'rine upon the varlet flies,

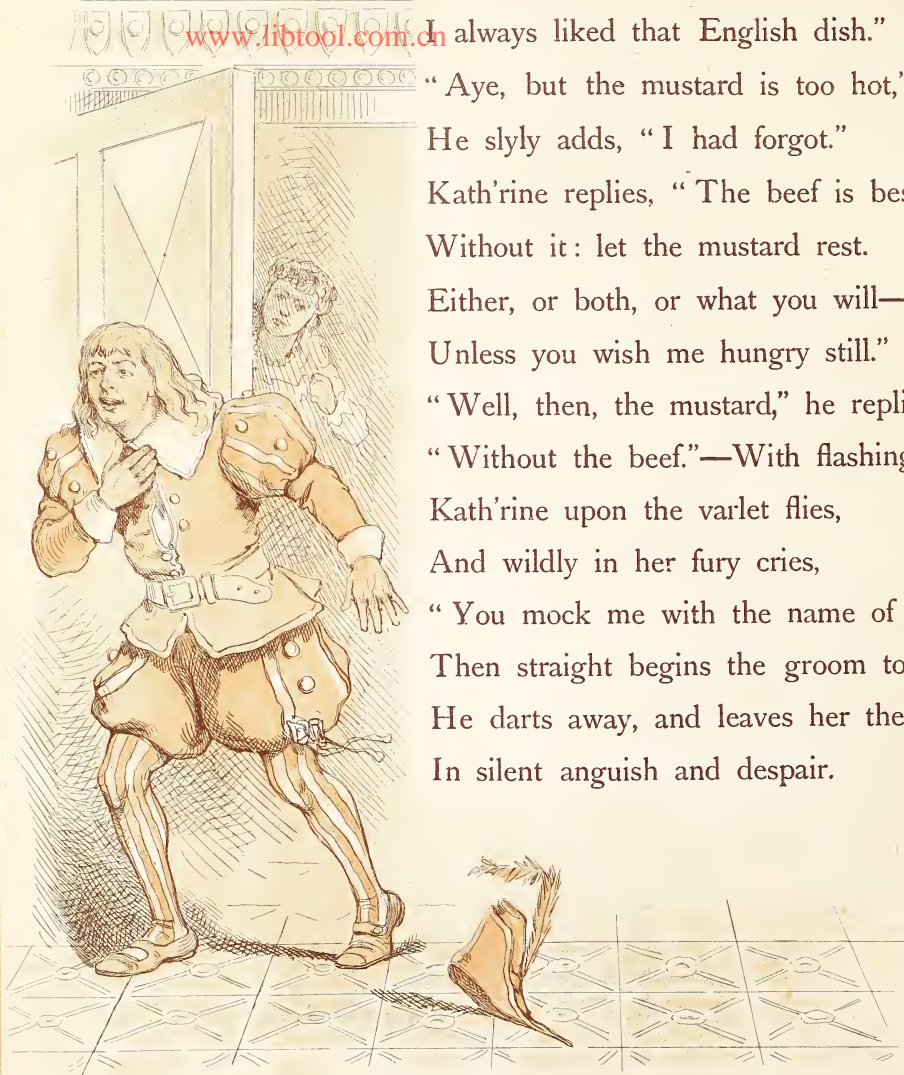
And wildly in her fury cries,

"You mock me with the name of meat!"

Then straight begins the groom to beat.

He darts away, and leaves her there,

In silent anguish and despair.

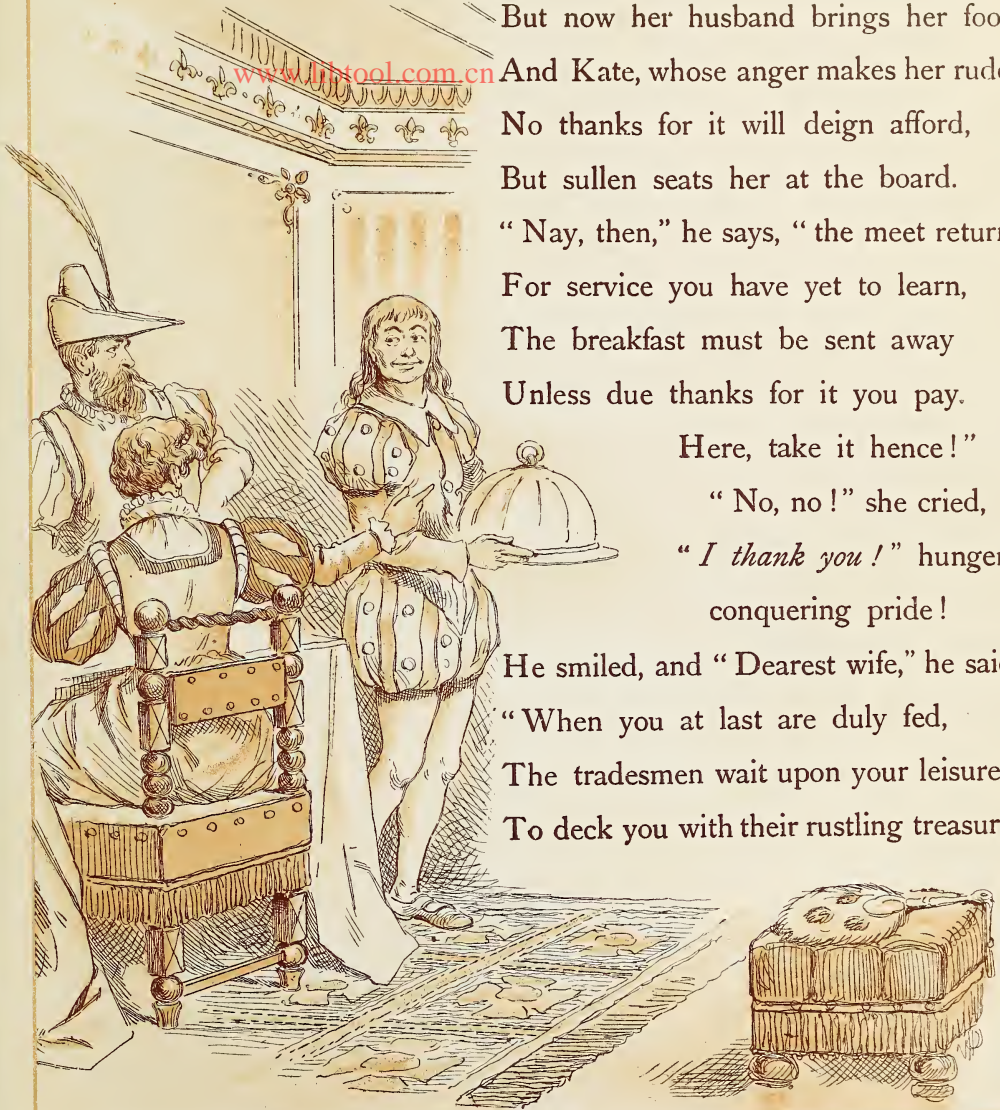


But now her husband brings her food,  
And Kate, whose anger makes her rude,  
No thanks for it will deign afford,  
But sullen seats her at the board.  
“Nay, then,” he says, “the meet return  
For service you have yet to learn,  
The breakfast must be sent away  
Unless due thanks for it you pay.

Here, take it hence!”

“No, no!” she cried,  
“*I thank you!*” hunger  
conquering pride!

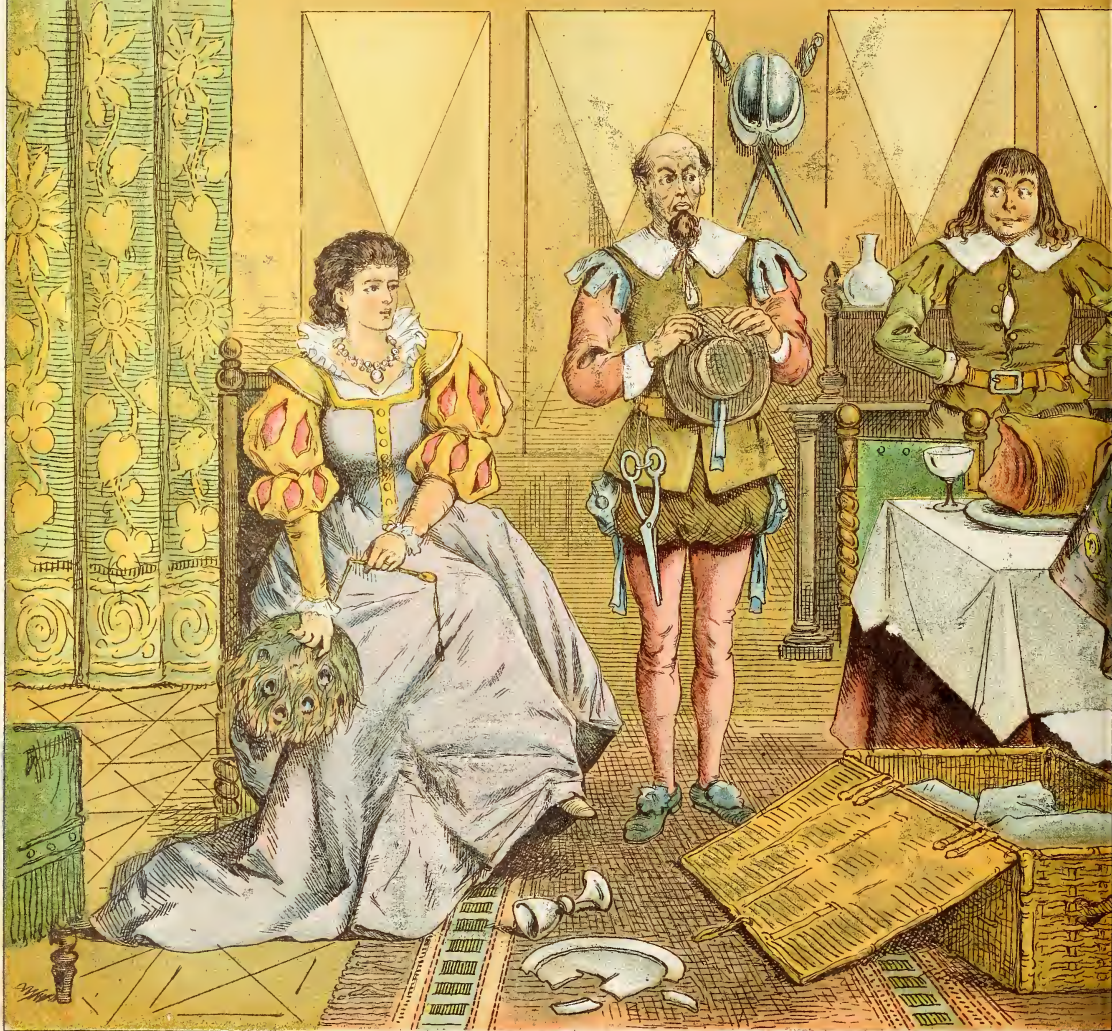
He smiled, and “Dearest wife,” he said,  
“When you at last are duly fed,  
The tradesmen wait upon your leisure,  
To deck you with their rustling treasure.”





The Wedding Trousseau:

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And now the wedding trousseau brought,  
Which in those days the bridegroom bought,  
A cap the haberdasher shows,  
Of costly velvet, lace, and bows.

“What’s this?” the angry bridegroom cries,

“A walnut shell of smallest size?

A knack? a toy? a velvet dish?

Bring larger! we will none of this.”

The startled bride, with flashing eyes,

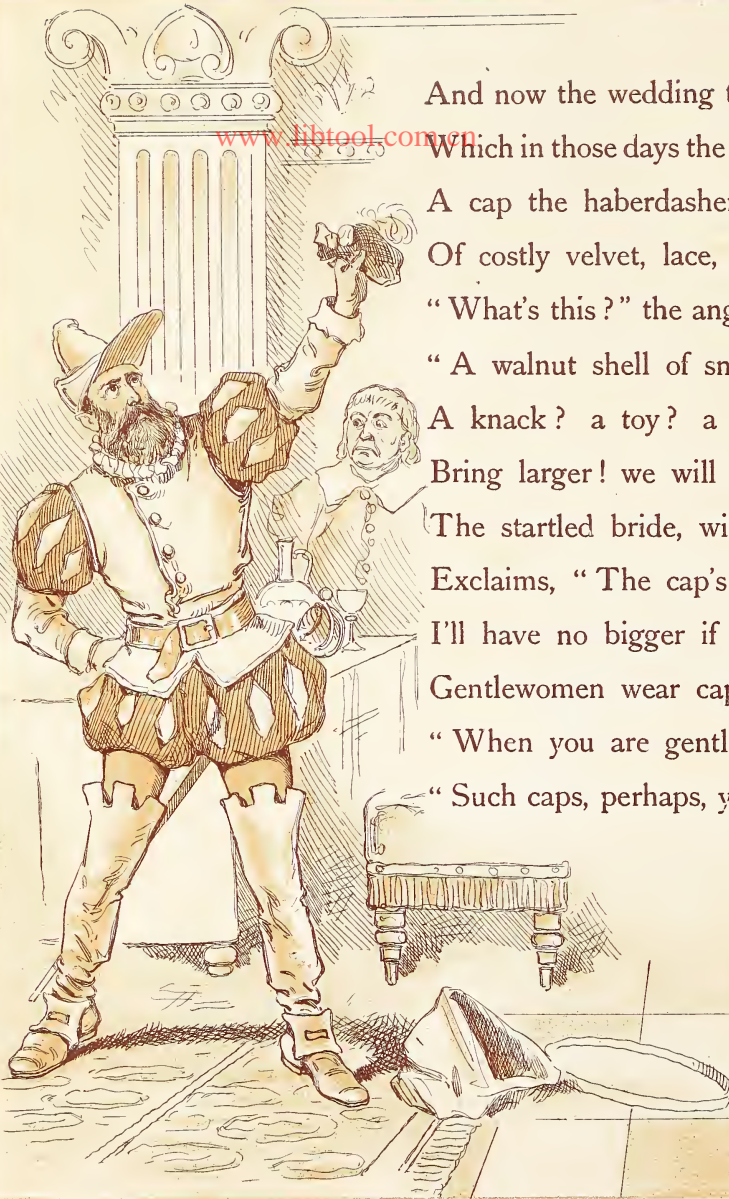
Exclaims, “The cap’s the proper size,

I’ll have no bigger if you please,

Gentlewomen wear caps like these!”

“When you are gentle,” murmured he,

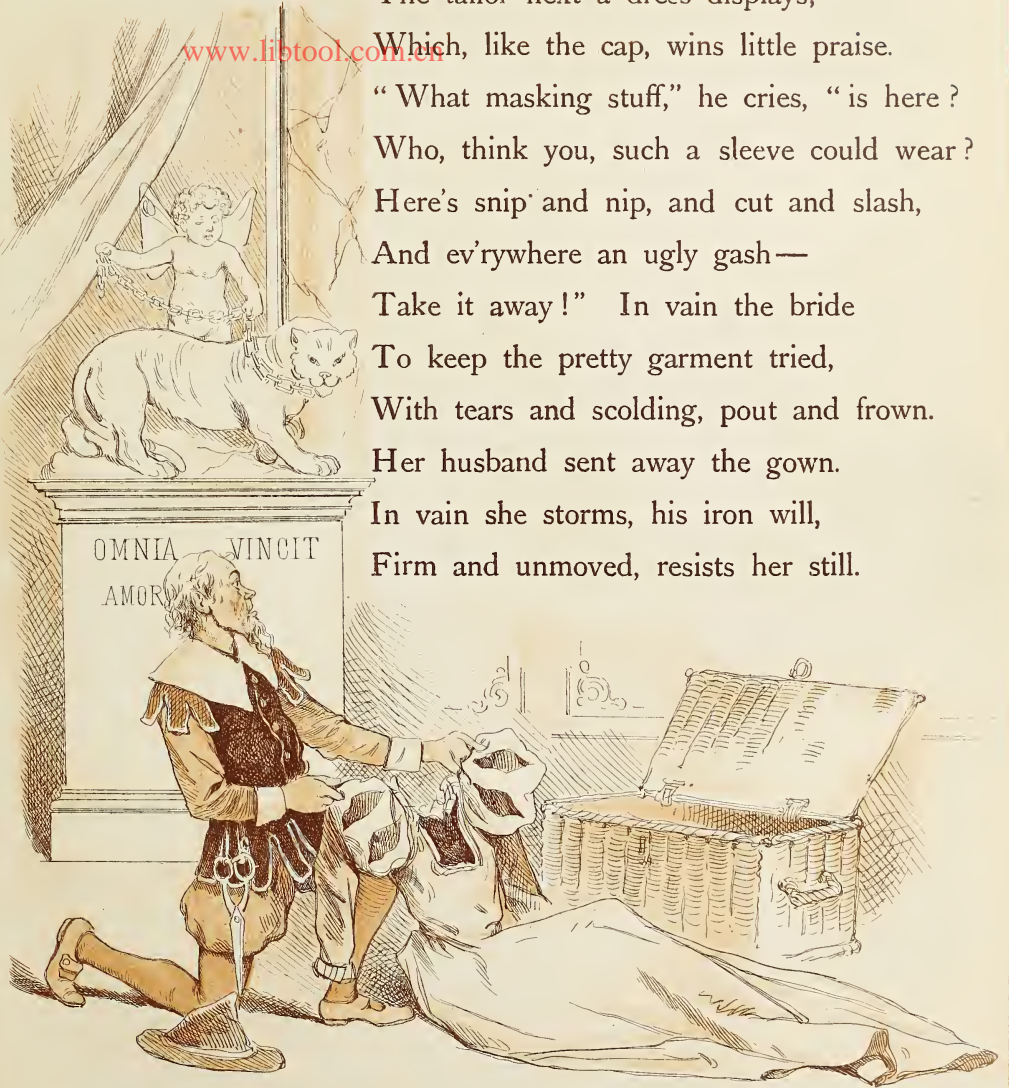
“Such caps, perhaps, your own may be.”





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The tailor next a dress displays,  
Which, like the cap, wins little praise.  
“What masking stuff,” he cries, “is here?  
Who, think you, such a sleeve could wear?  
Here’s snip’ and nip, and cut and slash,  
And ev’rywhere an ugly gash—  
Take it away!” In vain the bride  
To keep the pretty garment tried,  
With tears and scolding, pout and frown.  
Her husband sent away the gown.  
In vain she storms, his iron will,  
Firm and unmoved, resists her still.





Now for her father's house they start,  
And still the bridegroom plays his part.

It was a bright, sunshiny noon.

He cries, "How goodly shines the moon!"

"The moon?" the scornful bride replies,

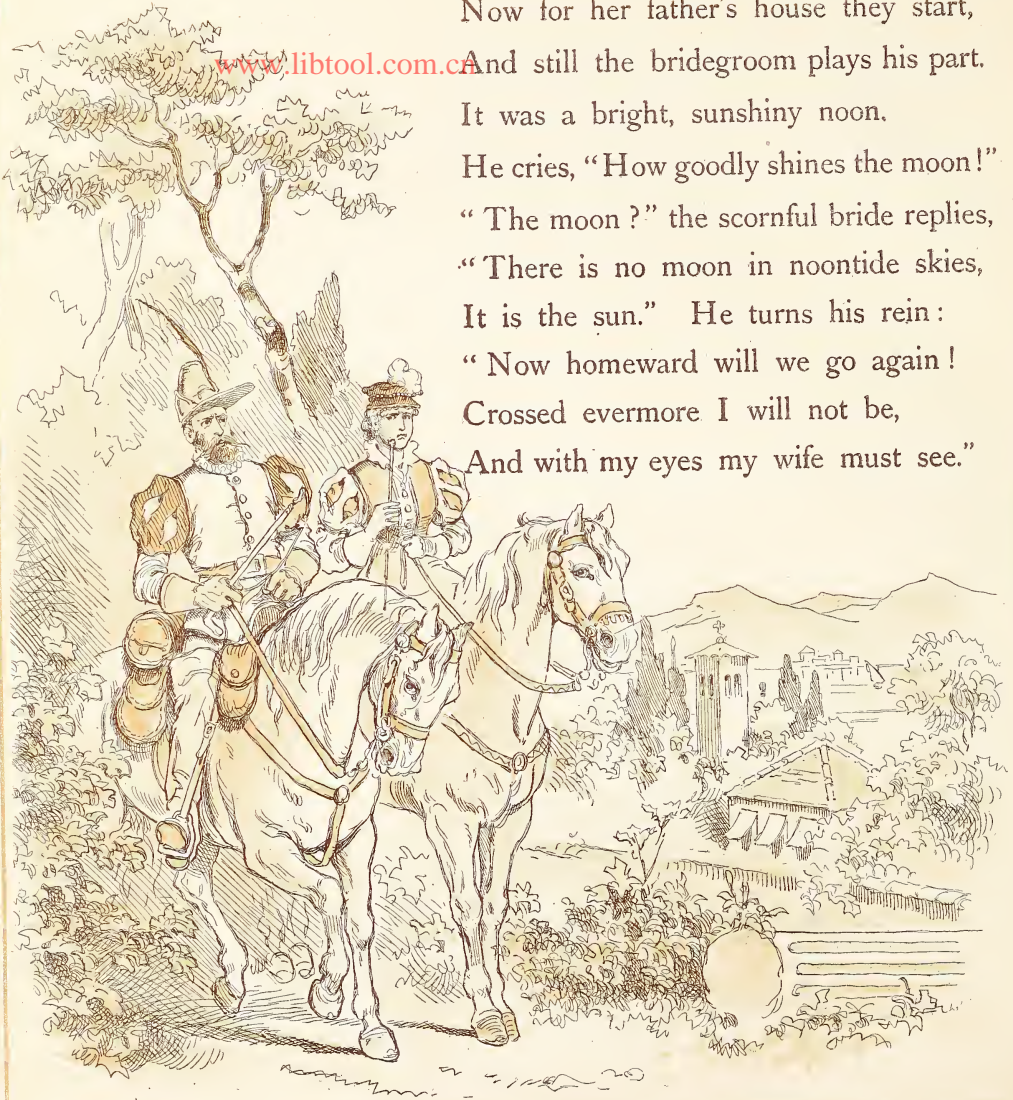
"There is no moon in noontide skies,

It is the sun." He turns his rein:

"Now homeward will we go again!

Crossed evermore I will not be,

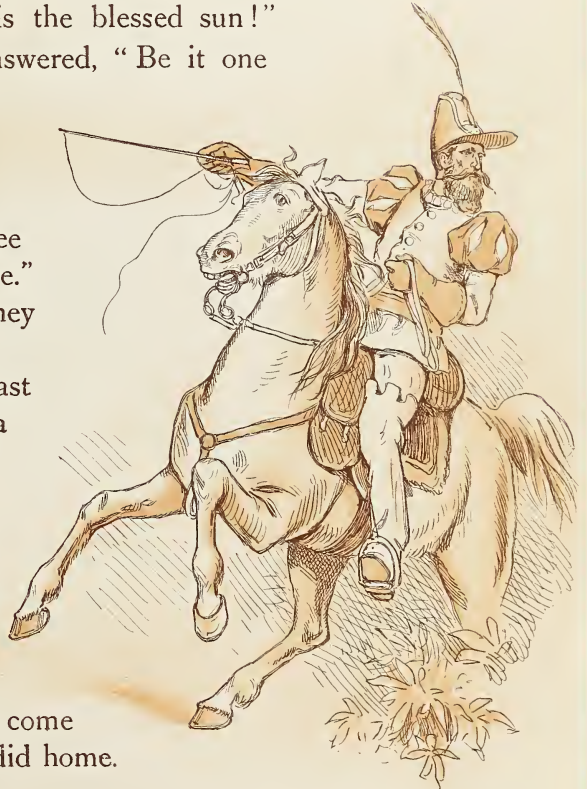
And with my eyes my wife must see."



Petruchio's friend, the bride was near,  
He whispered softly in her ear,  
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"No will but his, sweet lady, know,  
Or we shall never onward go."  
Kate then assents: "It is the moon."  
He frowns and said, "'Tis afternoon.  
You know it is the blessed sun!"  
She meekly answered, "Be it one

Or other, henceforth I will see  
Just as my husband orders me."  
Then forward on their way they  
passed,  
This quarrel being the very last  
And Grumio muttered, with a  
grin,  
"Per Baccho! master's  
sure to win!"

And so at length the pair are come  
To the rich merchant's splendid home.





# THE RIDE TO PADUA:

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A royal feast he held that night,  
To celebrate a double rite,—  
His youngest girl, his joy and pride,  
Had also now become a bride,  
And for the two so lately wed  
A noble banquet he had spread.

When the fair dames had left the board  
Full many a joke and idle word  
Passed round the table; bets were laid,  
And many merry wagers made.  
Petruccio cries, "Now let us see  
Whose wife will most obedient be;  
I bet upon my Kate." They laugh,  
And to her health a goblet quaff,  
Take up at heavy odds his bet,  
And merry o'er the wager get,  
Quite sure they'll win, for well they knew  
His wife had always been a shrew.  
The test was this: each lady fair  
Who had a husband dining there,

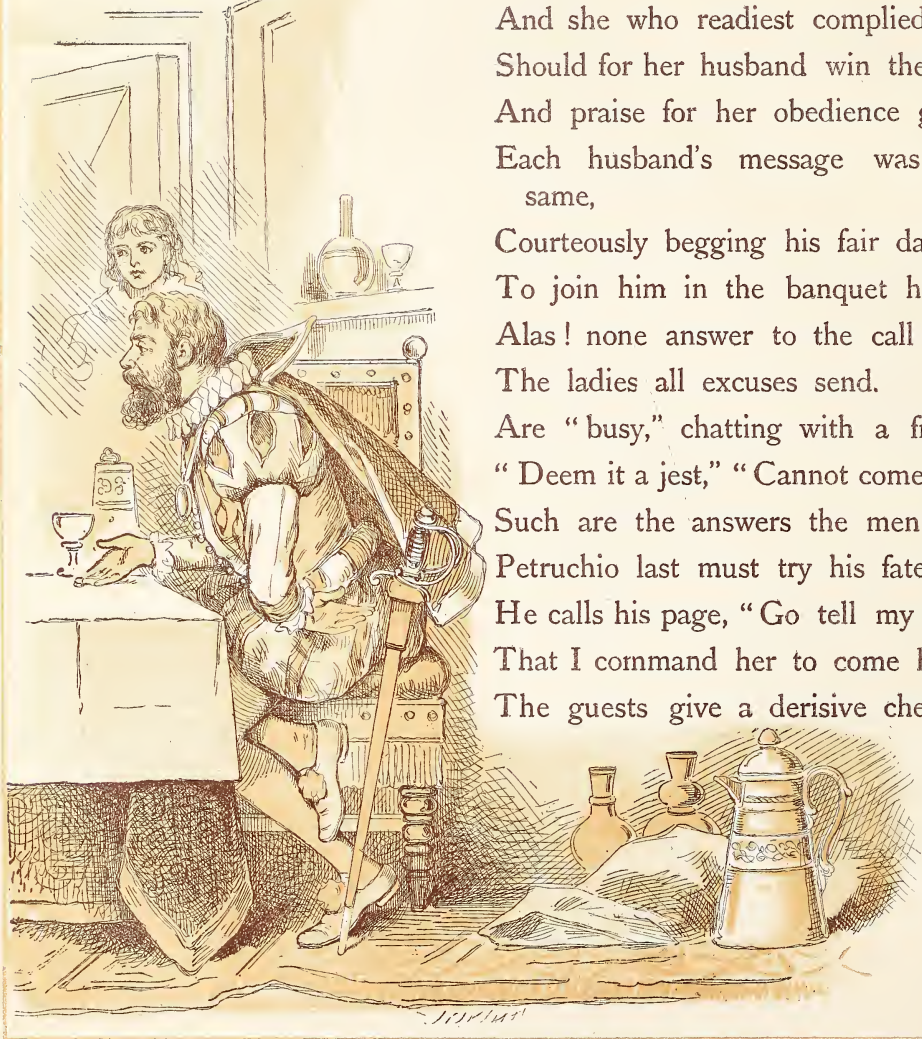




Should straight be summoned to his  
side,

And she who readiest complied  
Should for her husband win the bet,  
And praise for her obedience get.  
Each husband's message was the  
same,

Courteously begging his fair dame  
To join him in the banquet hall.  
Alas! none answer to the call!  
The ladies all excuses send.  
Are "busy," chatting with a friend,  
"Deem it a jest," "Cannot come yet,"  
Such are the answers the men get!  
Petruccio last must try his fate,  
He calls his page, "Go tell my Kate  
That I command her to come here."  
The guests give a derisive cheer,



“Command!” they cry, “She will not come!”

When lo! a wonder strikes them dumb,  
For Kate herself, with meekest air,  
Glides smiling to her husband's chair.

“What is your will with me?” she cries.

With laughter twinkling in his eyes

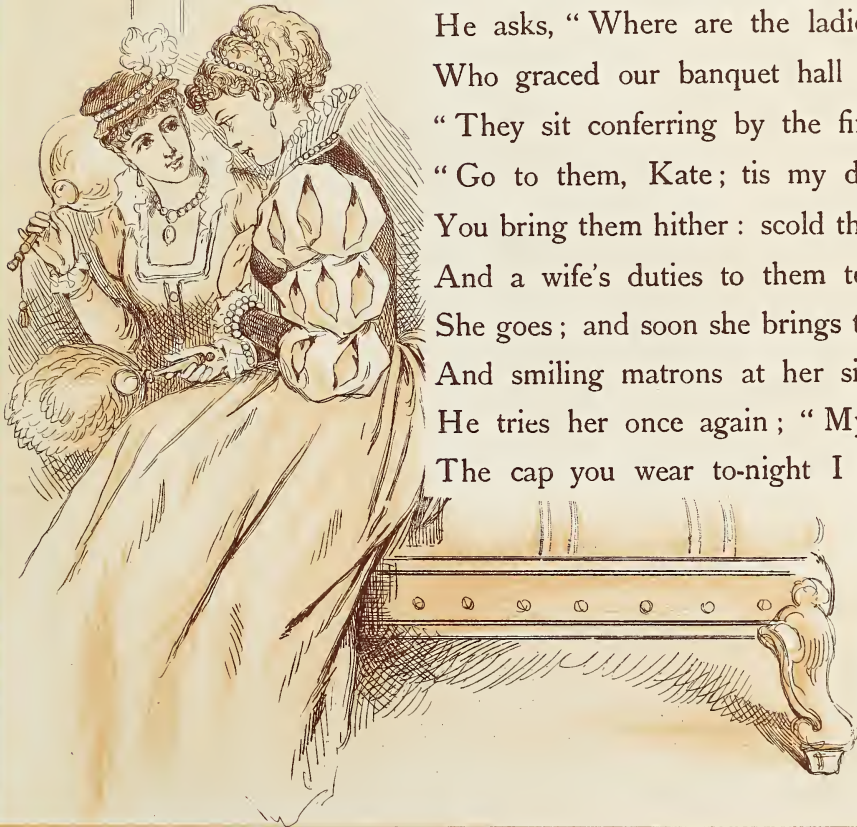
He asks, “Where are the ladies, Kate,  
Who graced our banquet hall of late?”

“They sit conferring by the fire”;

“Go to them, Kate; tis my desire  
You bring them hither: scold them well,  
And a wife's duties to them tell.”

She goes; and soon she brings the bride  
And smiling matrons at her side.

He tries her once again; “My Kate,  
The cap you wear to-night I hate.”





A Model Wife.

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“Prythee, sweet, throw the trash away!”  
With her, to hear is to obey;  
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The pretty cap lies on the ground,  
And loud applause re-echoes round.  
The merchant spoke: “My worthy son,  
Fairly the wager thou hast won,  
And I have gained another child,  
Once fierce,—now gentle, sweet, and mild!  
To her, in this same happy hour,  
I give a second wedding dower.  
Our friends will own 'tis justly due  
To him who thus has TAMED A SHREW.”





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# The Winters Tale:

The sea ran high, the winter wind  
Wailed o'er a desert, rocky shore,  
Up which a grave and stately man  
A little sleeping infant bore.

His brow was sad, his eyes were dim;  
In truth, he had great cause to grieve,  
For he had sworn that hapless babe  
Alone upon the land to leave.

With no one near the child to watch,  
As helpless on the earth it lay,  
Exposed to rain, and wind, and snow,  
And to the savage beasts of prey.

Its father was a cruel King,  
Who, angry with his blameless wife,  
Had sworn that she should surely die,  
Nor would he spare her baby's life.



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A ROUGH KULIABY :

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But Lord Antigonus knelt down,  
Mercy for the poor babe to crave,  
And the stern King in anger cried,  
“What will you do its life to save?”

“Whatever you command, my king,”  
He answered then, “I gladly swear  
To do or suffer for its sake,  
If the poor innocent you’ll spare.”

Then the false King this order spoke:  
“The hated infant you must bear  
To a far-off and desert land,  
And leave it to wild Nature’s care.

“Go! bear her hence!”—And, for the sake  
Of that rash oath which he had sworn,  
Poor Lord Antigonus, with grief,  
The little Princess here has borne.

A desolate and dreary spot  
Upon this shore the noble found,  
And, grieving sadly for its fate,  
He laid the infant on the ground.

“Blossom, lie there!” he sadly said;  
“And here beside thee on the earth  
I place a casket full of gold,  
And papers which will tell thy birth.”

While he thus spoke, a savage growl  
Was borne upon the wintry air;  
He turned; his danger saw, and fled,  
Chased by a fierce and hungry bear.



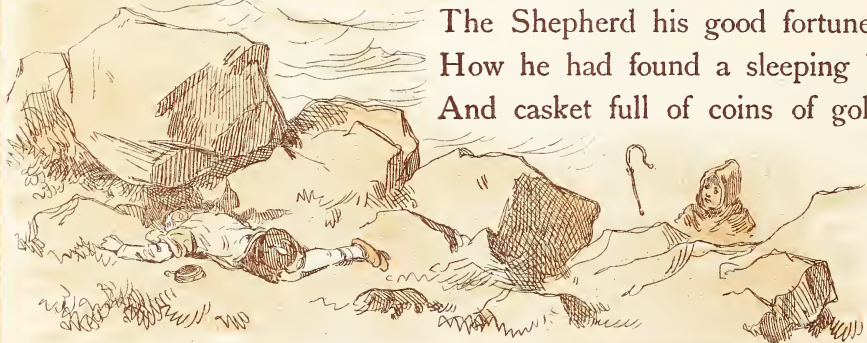
Meantime, upon the desert plain,  
Unharm'd the little infant lay,  
Till, seeking for some wand'ring sheep,  
A poor old Shepherd came that way.

With pity moved, he raised the child,  
And, looking in its sleeping face,  
Wondered if fairies had been there,  
And left a changeling in the place.

Just then his son came rushing up,  
His honest face with terror pale,  
And, scarcely knowing what he said,  
Told a most strange and piteous tale.

Of how he saw a gallant ship  
Engulfed within the raging sea—  
And how a bear had killed a man  
Who vainly sought from it to flee.

When the Clown's awful tale was o'er,  
The Shepherd his good fortune told—  
How he had found a sleeping babe,  
And casket full of coins of gold.





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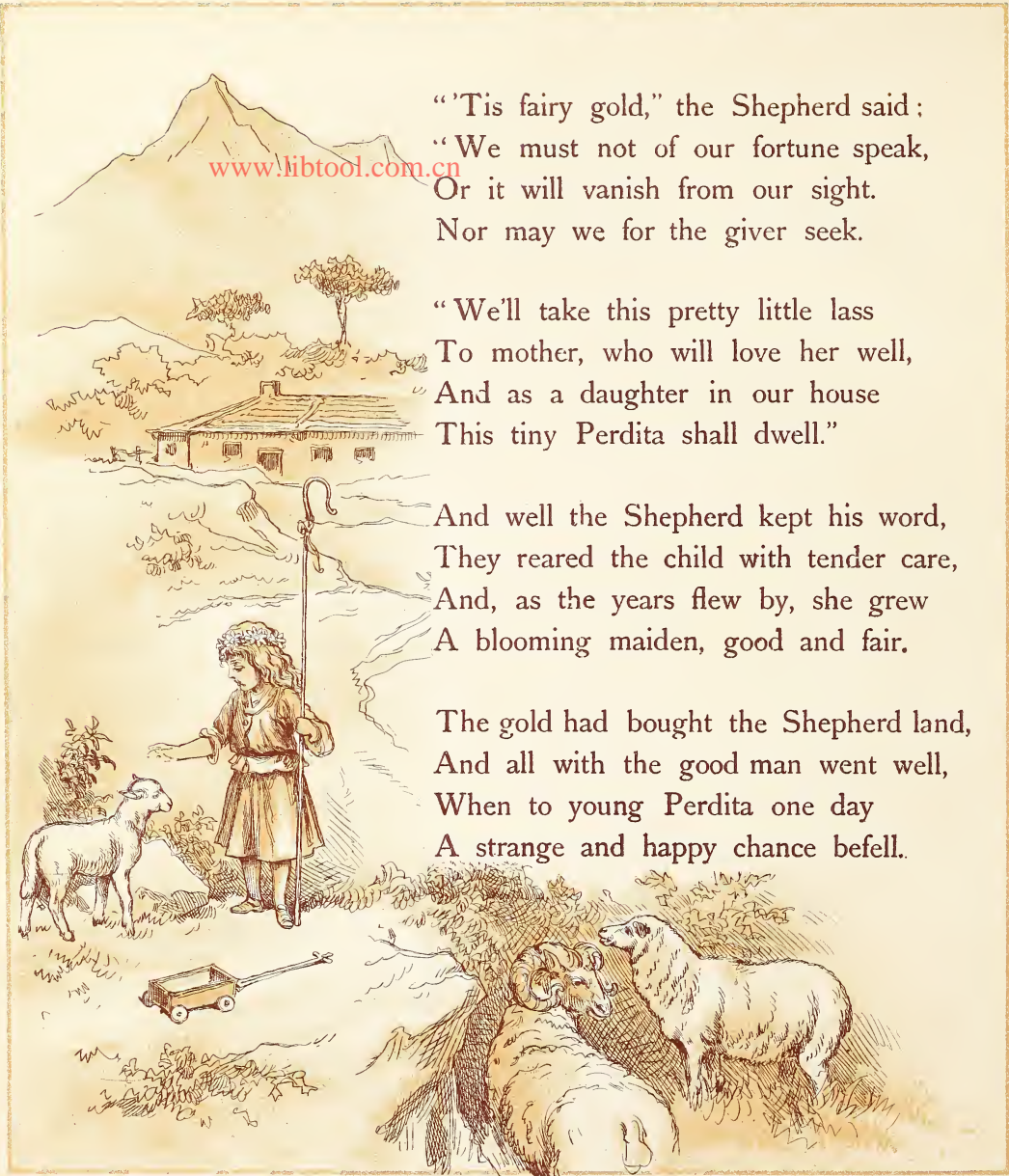


THE SHEPHERD'S FORTUNE:

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“’Tis fairy gold,” the Shepherd said :  
“We must not of our fortune speak,  
Or it will vanish from our sight.  
Nor may we for the giver seek.

“We’ll take this pretty little lass  
To mother, who will love her well,  
And as a daughter in our house  
This tiny Perdita shall dwell.”

And well the Shepherd kept his word,  
They reared the child with tender care,  
And, as the years flew by, she grew  
A blooming maiden, good and fair.

The gold had bought the Shepherd land,  
And all with the good man went well,  
When to young Perdita one day  
A strange and happy chance befell.


A gallant falcon took its flight  
One morn across her father's ground ;  
In search of it, its owner came,  
And 'midst the flow'rs the maiden found.

Amidst the lilies there she stood,  
The roses blooming on her cheek,  
And, seeing her, Prince Florizel  
Forgot the bird he came to seek.

He loved her from that very hour,  
And as a shepherd clad would come,  
With dog and crook, at evening's close,  
To woo her in her rustic home.

And now the shearing times had come,  
The sheep are from their wool released,  
And, thankful for his growing gains,  
The Shepherd held a shearing feast.





And Perdita to ev'ry guest  
Gave nosegays of the brightest flow'rs,  
That lingered still in summer's lap,  
And decked its swiftly-fleeting hours.  
Amongst the merry rural throng  
Two unknown guests the Shepherd brought,  
And bade his daughter kindly greet  
The strangers who their friendship sought.

She welcomed them with sunny smiles,  
And gave them flowers with playful grace,  
And much they wondered one so fair  
Should dwell in such a humble place.  
Beside her stood Prince Florizel,  
Princely in person as in birth,  
Eager to do the maiden's will,  
And share with her the rustic mirth.





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He led her forth to join the dance,  
Nor greater than his love would seem—  
The younger stranger smiled and said,  
“This is the queen of curds and cream.”

But now a Pedlar joined the guests,  
Bearing a basket of gay wares,  
Laces and ribbons, pins and scent,  
And trinkets sold at country fairs.

Around him the glad maidens came,  
To view his ribbons and his lace,  
To buy a brooch or amber pin,  
Or mirror to behold their face.

But when his ballads they would try  
The Clown the merry party took  
Away from the grave stranger guests,  
Who ill, he thought, their noise would brook.

# The Shearing Feast:

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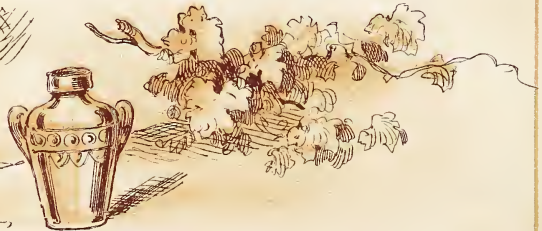


With laughter and gay shouts they went ;  
Perdita with the Prince remained,  
Who, leading her before the group  
Of elders, her white hands retained,

And said. " Before you, rev'rend men,  
And you, old father, now I stand,  
To beg for a most precious gift—  
Your lovely daughter's snowy hand.

" Were I the mightiest monarch crowned,  
Or fairest prince that eye had seen,  
Or wisest and most learnèd known,  
Yet Perdita should be my queen."

The Shepherd said, " And you, my child,  
Love you as well this gentle youth ? " —  
She blushed and answered, " In his words  
I pray you read my equal truth."





“A bargain!” the old Shepherd cried;  
Give me your hands; these friends un-  
known  
Are witnesses; and I will give  
A dowry equalling your own.”

“Oh, that must in her virtue be,”  
The unknown Prince amused replied;  
“But now before these rev’rend men  
Let our betrothal knot be tied.”

Then one of the grave strangers spoke,  
“Have you no father, my good youth,  
Who should be present when you pledge  
The bridal oath of lasting truth?”

“I have a father,” said the Prince,  
“But he must not this matter know.”  
“Let him, my son,” the Shepherd urged,  
“His blessing on the match bestow.”

“Nay, he must not,” the Prince declared ;  
[www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) Now hear me claim my fairest bride  
And swear to her”—“Nay, pause rash boy!”  
A voice of thunder near him cried.



He turned, and gazed in silent awe,  
For there the King, his father, stood,  
Revealed by casting off his cloak,  
And throwing back the heavy hood.

“No bride of thine,” that stern King said,  
“Shall ever from a sheepcot come :  
Never again this spot approach—  
Or never dare come near thy home.

“For crown of mine shall never rest  
Upon thy most unworthy head !  
For thee—thou fair but low born-maid,  
Who to great wrong thy Prince hast led.

“I’ll have thy beauty scratched with briars,  
And made more homely than thy state,  
And, if the Prince thou still should’st seek,  
A cruel death shall be thy fate.”





“For thee, old churl, though  
much displeas’d,  
We leave thee in thy cabin free.”  
Then the King turned, with  
scornful air,  
And left them, frowning heavily.

The other stranger lingered still ;  
Camillo was that noble’s name,  
Who, long ago, from his own  
land  
With Florizel’s stern father came.

And now he reasoned with the  
Prince,  
Urging him to forsake his love ;  
But neither reason, threats, or  
prayers  
His steadfast constancy could  
move.

Finding his words were all in  
vain,  
Camillo urged the Prince to fly,  
Advising him to take his love  
At once to distant Sicily.

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“The king,” he said, “will gladly see

The son of one who was his friend,

And in my own Sicilian home  
My Prince some happy days  
may spend.”

The Prince approved of his advice,

He had a vessel in the bay,  
Well stored for sea, in which  
his bride

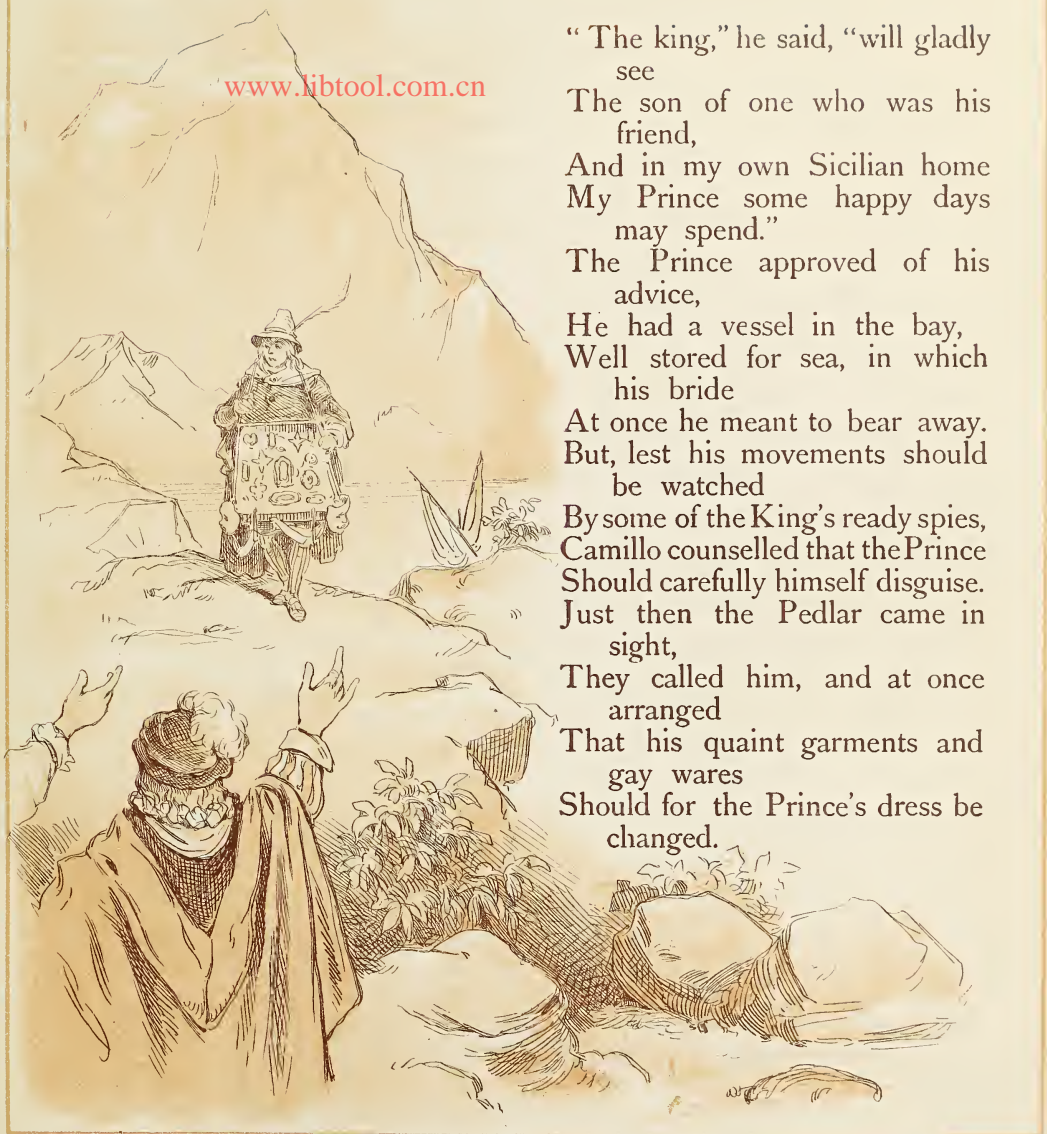
At once he meant to bear away.  
But, lest his movements should  
be watched

By some of the King’s ready spies,  
Camillo counselled that the Prince  
Should carefully himself disguise.  
Just then the Pedlar came in  
sight,

They called him, and at once  
arranged

That his quaint garments and  
gay wares

Should for the Prince’s dress be  
changed.







Perdita in her lover's cloak  
And hat, Camillo, careful, hides,  
And thus towards the ship they go—  
The Pedlar near the cot abides.

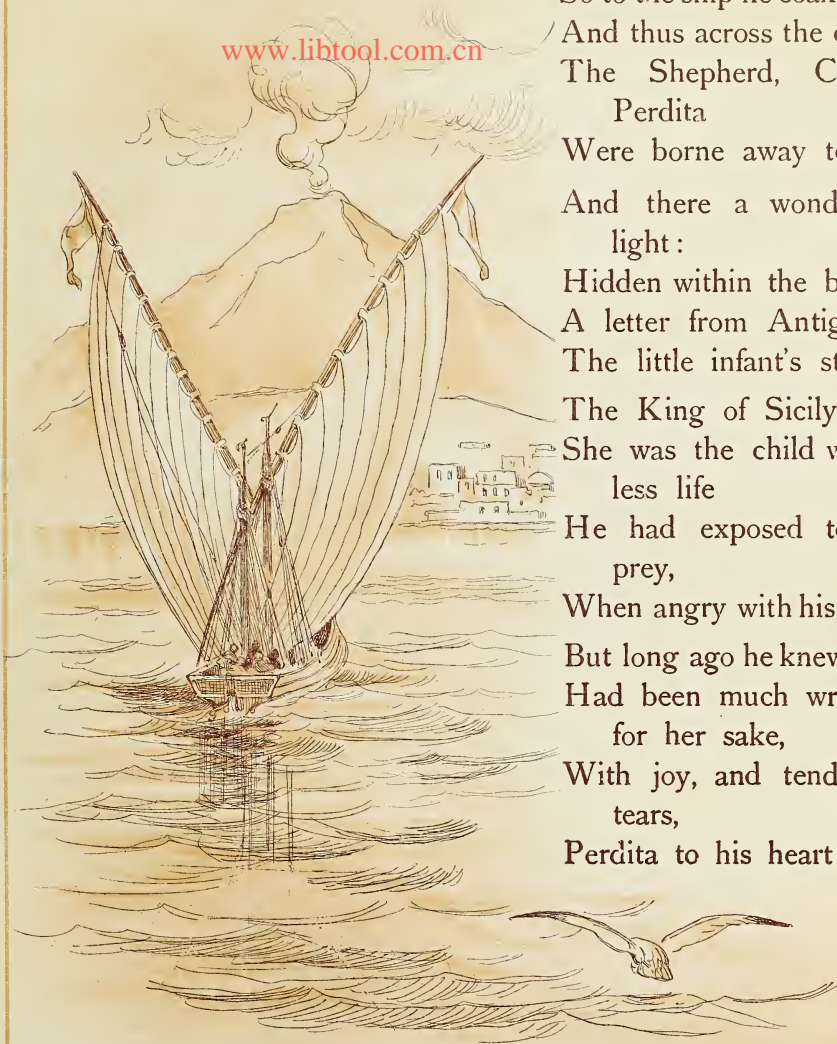
And here, after a time, he saw  
The Shepherd and his son appear,  
Bearing a bundle and a box,  
With looks of mingled hope and fear.

The Pedlar, in his rich attire,  
By neither of the two was known,  
So, putting on a lordly air,  
He bade the men their purpose own.

It was to carry to the King  
The box and bundle, and to say  
That Perdita was none of theirs,  
But a poor foundling castaway.

The Pedlar was a cunning rogue ;  
He guessed that this strange shep-  
herd's tale,  
And papers — which they could not  
read—  
Might much Prince Florizel avail.

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So to the ship he coaxed the pair,  
And thus across the dancing sea  
The Shepherd, Clown, and  
Perdita

Were borne away to Sicily.

And there a wonder came to  
light :

Hidden within the box of gold,  
A letter from Antigonus  
The little infant's story told.

The King of Sicily then knew  
She was the child whose harm-  
less life

He had exposed to beasts of  
prey,

When angry with his gentle wife.

But long ago he knew the Queen  
Had been much wronged, and  
for her sake,

With joy, and tenderness, and  
tears,

Perdita to his heart could take.



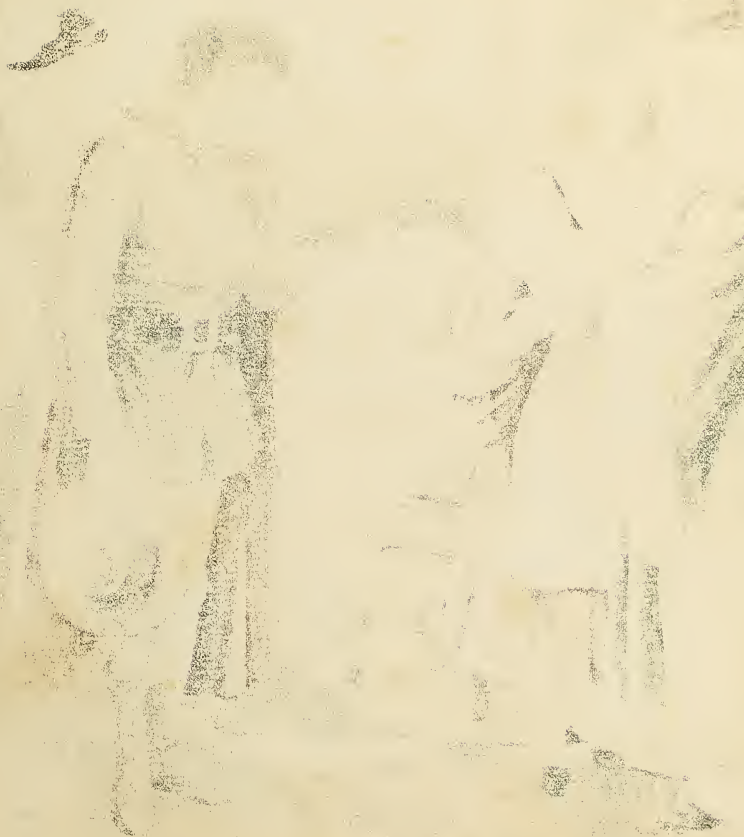
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The wife whom he had mourned as dead.  
He found, had secretly survived ;  
And, to crown all this sudden joy,  
Camillo and his King arrived.

A joyful bridal then they held,  
The bells rang out o'er hill and dale,  
And the old Shepherd gladly told,  
To all who cared, his Winter's Tale.





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