Mabel Atkinson
from her old friends
Mr. & Mrs. George Chance.
November 1899.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE

PLATE I

"KILL CLAUDIO"

Much Ado About Nothing, act iv., scene i.

The Comedies of William Shakespeare with many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey

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Volume II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE TEMPEST

LIST OF PHOTOGRAVURES

Much Ado About Nothing

As You Like It

The Comedy of Errors

The Tempest

Much Ado About Nothing

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of* Florence, *favorite to* Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favorite likewise of* Don Pedro.
LEONATO, *Governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE } *Followers of* Don John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES } *Two foolish Officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *Niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

Much Ado About Nothing

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter* LEONATO, *Governor of Messina*, IMOGEN *his wife*, HERO *his daughter*, *and* BEATRICE *his niece*, *with a* Messenger.

LEONATO. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. Oh, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He had done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath helped to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all

the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: and he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and* John the Bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it fully, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: be happy, lady! for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn-coat: but it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted, and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: but keep your way in God's name; I have done.

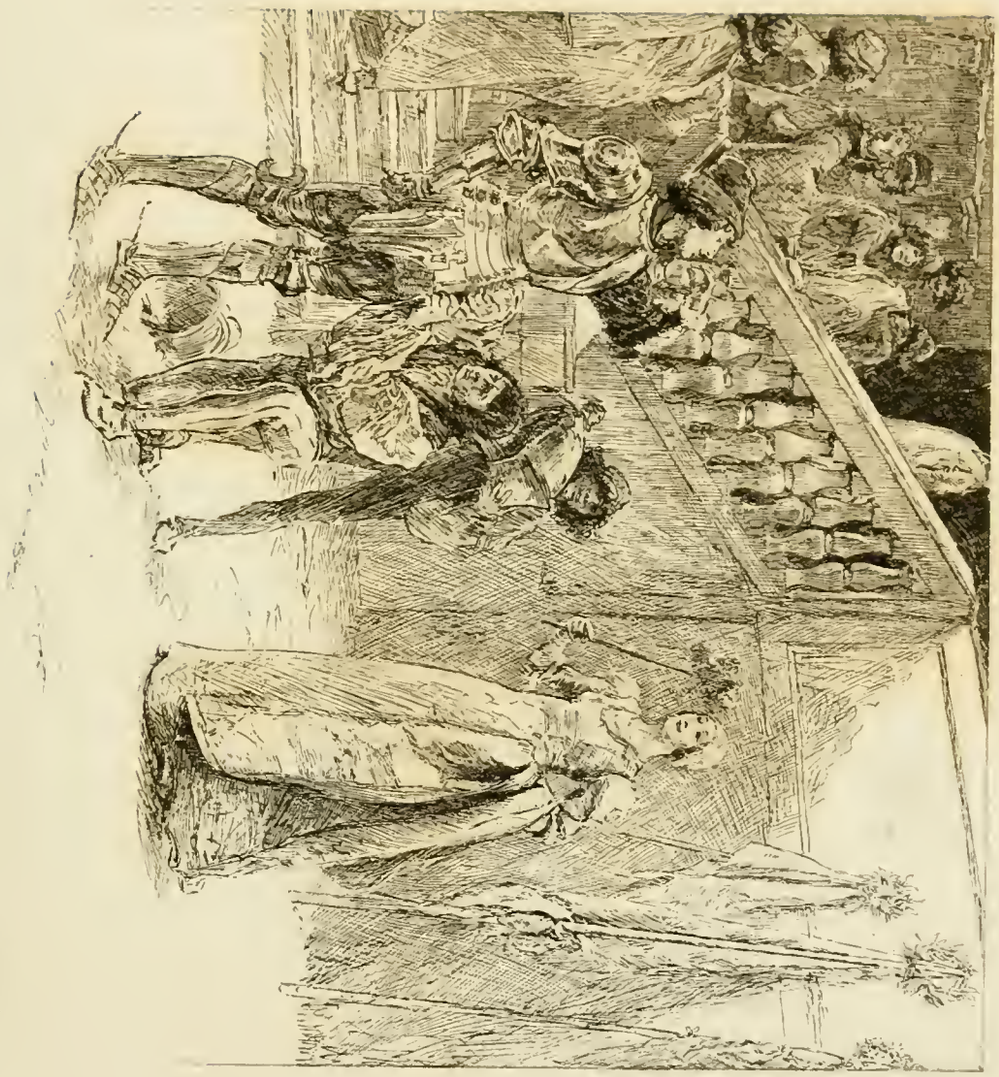
Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay

PLATE 2

"WHAT, MY DEAR LADY DISDAIN! ARE YOU YET LIVING?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act i., scene i.



here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it, your grace, lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple, true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December. But

I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro *and* John the Bastard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance—he is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try: *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, *Here is a good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake, too, then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail

him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it—

Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her.
Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* LEONATO *and an* Old Man, *brother to* LEONATO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Old. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Old. As the events stamp them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleashed alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appears itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go, you, and tell her of it.

Cousins, you know what you have to do. Oh, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* Sir JOHN THE BASTARD, *and* CONRADE *his companion.*

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in

the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who, which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter* LEONATO, *his brother, his wife,* HERO *his daughter, and* BEATRICE *his niece, and a kinsman.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Bro. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Bro. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns;* but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more

than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day's long.

Bro. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *As it please you:* but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Balthazar, *or* Dumb John, *maskers with a drum.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Love.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

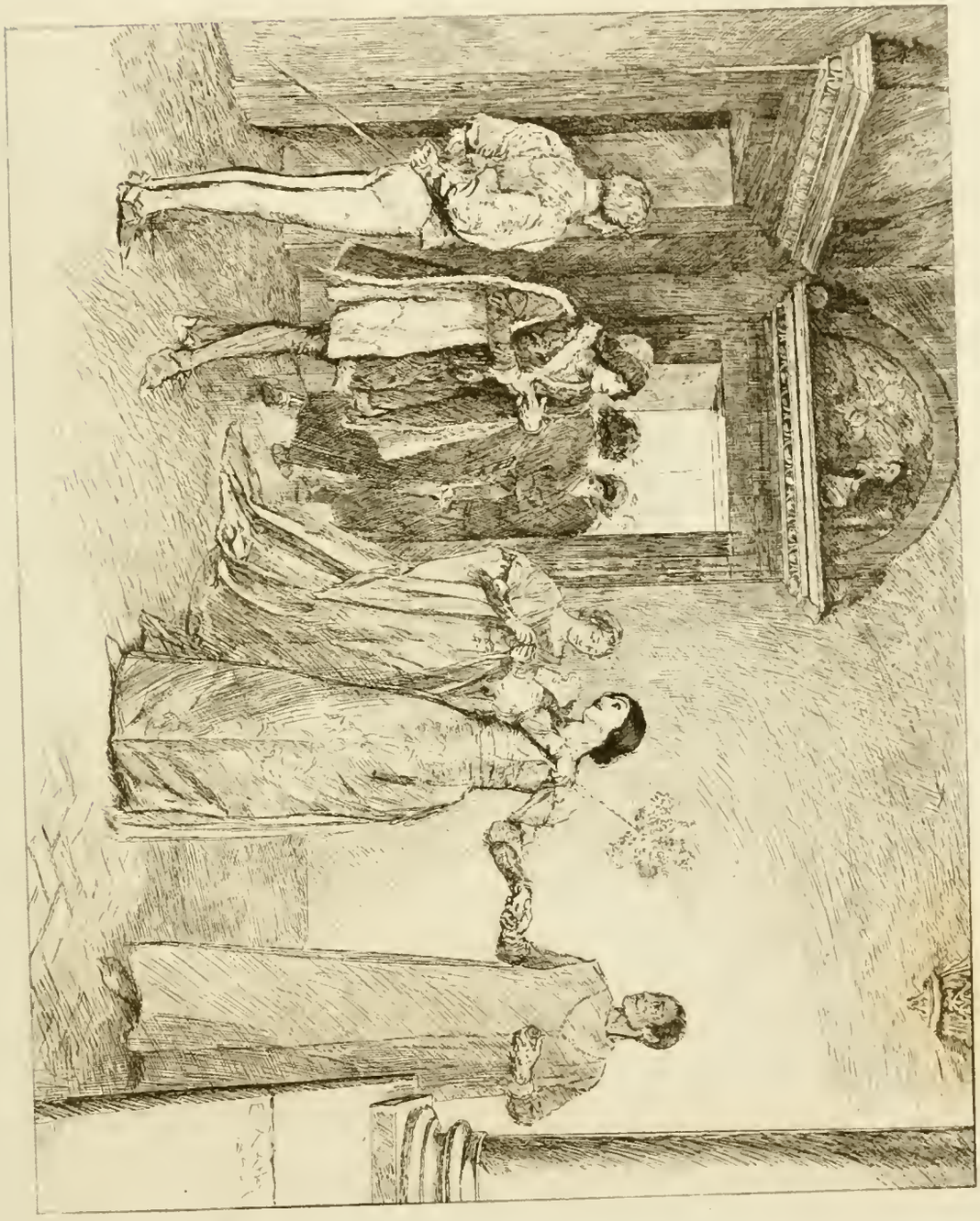
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well unless you

PLATE 3

"WILL YOU HAVE *ME*, LADY?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene i.



were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mummer, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales;* well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester—a very dull fool—his only gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

Music for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt manet* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio:
'Tis certain so; the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover;

so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man. 'Twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him and, I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. Oh, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her: she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE, LEONATO, HERO.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pygmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure this lady tongue. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

Prince. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. Oh, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Prince. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Prince. And you, too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Prince. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know; thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then, find me a meet hour to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match) and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

PLATE 4

"ONLY TO DESPITE THEM, I WILL ENDEAVOUR ANYTHING"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene ii.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* BENEDICK *alone.*

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir. [*Exit.*

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, *aud* Jack Wilson.

Prince. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
Prince. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. Oh, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.
Prince. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. Oh, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice,
To slander music any more than once.
Prince. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos;
Yet will he swear he loves.
Prince. Nay, pray thee come,
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Prince. Why these are very crochets that he speaks.
Note notes, forsooth, and noting!
Bene. Now, divine air, now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money when all's done.

THE SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Prince. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

Prince. Do so; farewell. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. Oh, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit!

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Prince. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Prince. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me. I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Prince. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!

Claud. That.

Leon. Oh! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses. *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Prince. And he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. Oh, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Prince. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have doff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Prince. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Prince. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

Prince. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prince. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prince. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your

niece. Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Prince. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prince. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me? why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain

awe a man from the career of his humor? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter* HERO *and two* Gentlemen, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites

Made proud by princes that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it; there will she hide
her
To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin.

Enter BEATRICE.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

PLATE 5

"SIGH NO MORE, LADIES"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene iii.

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man.
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable;
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak
She would mock me into air; Oh, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death to die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may impoison liking.
Urs. Oh, do not do your cousin such a wrong;
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy. Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day—to-morrow. Come, go in.
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [*Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such,
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Enter* Prince, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

Prince. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go towards Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

Prince. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What, sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Prince. Nay, he rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring and now governed by stops.

Prince. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Prince. She shall be buried with her face upward.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prince. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN THE BASTARD.

Bast. My lord and brother, God save you.

Prince. Good den, brother.

Bast. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Prince. In private?

Bast. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath helped to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestowed!

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

Bast. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse. Think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince. I will not think it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

Prince. Oh, day untowardly turned!

Claud. Oh, mischief strangely thwarting!

Bast. Oh, plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* DOGBERRY *and his* Compartner *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

Watch 1. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Watch 2. Both which, master constable—

Dogb. You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Watch 2. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch 2. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch 2. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought

to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night; and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

PLATE 6

"AGAINST MY WILL, I AM SENT TO BID YOU COME IN TO DINNER"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene iii.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty! sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometimes like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometimes like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night.—I tell this tale vilely. I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation,

shame her with what he saw overnight, and send her home again without a husband.

Watch 1. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

Watch 2. Call up the right master-constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Watch 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters, never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HERO *and* MARGARET *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. Oh, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours. Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine,

quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, *a husband:* and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in *the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, and it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good-morrow, coze.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love;* that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye *Light o' love* with your heels?—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. Oh, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill, hey-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God, help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning. I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coze, good Meg, good Ursula.

PLATE 7

"SHE'S LIMN'D, I WARRANT YOU"

Much Ado About Nothing, act iii., scene i

SCENE V.—*Enter* LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decernes you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but in faith honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living; that is, an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges; well, God's a good man; and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread. But

God is to be worshipped. All men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir; our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance. [*Exit.*

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

Dogb. Go, good partner; go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol. We are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a *non com.* Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the goal. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter* PRINCE, BASTARD, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prince. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again.
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid
By these exterior shows?—But she is none.
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity.

Claud. I know what you would say. If I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it
You seem to me as Diane in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
Prince. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True, O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
Prince. Why, then, you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?
Bast. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar?
Leon. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the reward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
Oh, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smeared thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her: why, she—Oh, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient. For my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
Beat. Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! Oh, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little, for I have only been silent

so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental zeal doth warrant
The tenure of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it;
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—Oh, my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature;
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here, the princess, left for dead,
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall, on her behalf,
Change slander to remorse; that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accused her.

No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live. This wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure. [*Exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as

you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

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

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go.

Bene. Beatrice—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? Oh, that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour?—O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? A proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice—

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! Oh, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead, and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter the* Constables, BORACHIO, *and the* Town Clerk *in gowns.*

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Cowley. Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Cowley. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Kemp. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is you name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Kemp. Write down — master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Kemp. Write down—Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable—

Kemp. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Const. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. Oh, villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch 2. This is all.

PLATE 8

"DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY PLACE?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act iv., scene ii.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examinaation. [*Exit.*

Const. Come, let them be opinioned.

Sexton. Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.

Kemp. God's my life! where's the sexton? Let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them—thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away! you are an ass! you are an ass!

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not ye I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. Oh, that I had been writ down an ass. [*Exit.*

ACT V

Scene I.—*Enter* Leonato *and his* Brother.

Broth. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel;
Nor let no comfort delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs doth suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,

And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wag, cry hem when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words,
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore, give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Broth. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince *and* Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the prince and Claudio, hastily.

Prince. Good-den, good-den.

Claud. Good-day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords?
Prince. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord;
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.
Prince. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Broth. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors.
Oh, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
Prince. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Can'st thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Broth. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first.
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence.
Nay, as I am a gentleman I will.
Leon. Brother—
Broth. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!
Leon. Brother Anthony—
Broth. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple.
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother Anthony—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Prince. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord—
Prince. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick.

Leon. No? Come, brother, away; I will be heard.
Broth. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Prince. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good-day, my lord.

Prince. Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

Prince. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

Prince. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels. Draw, to pleasure us.

Prince. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

Prince. By this light he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge.

Bene. You are a villain. I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Prince. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him. He hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Prince. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit. True, says she, a a fine little one. No, said I, a great wit. Right, says she, great gross one. Nay, said I, a good wit. Just, said she, it hurts nobody. Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise. Certain, said she, a wise gentleman. Nay, said I, he hath the tongues. That I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night which he foreswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues. Yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

Prince. Yea, that she did. But yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all, and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Prince. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina. You have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

Prince. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prince. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Prince. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, *and* Borachio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Prince. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come, you, sir; if Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Prince. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord?

Prince. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Const. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Prince. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Prince. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to

this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prince. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Prince. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Const. 2. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter LEONATO.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me sees his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men.
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.
Prince. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live—
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night.
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claud. Oh, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.
Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Const. Moreover, sir (which, indeed, is not under white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass. I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk

of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Const. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Broth. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Prince. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* BENEDICK *and* MARGARET.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth —it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencers' foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit; Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vise; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean, in singing; but in loving—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. Oh, stay but till then!

Beat. *Then*, is spoken. Fare you well now, and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy; and now tell me, how doth your cousin.

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

PLATE 9

"DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES WAS THE HERO THAT HERE LIES"

Much Ado About Nothing, act v., scene iii.

Enter URSULA.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* CLAUDIO, Prince, *and three or four with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies.
Death, in guerdon of her wrong,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Claud. Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight.
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Lord. Now unto thy bones good-night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

Prince. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good-morrow, masters; each his several way.
Prince. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* LEONATO, BENEDICK, MARGARET, URSULA, Old Man, Friar, HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
O. Man. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And when I send for you come hither mask'd.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
O. Man. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

Enter Prince *and* Claudio, *with* Attendants,

Prince. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good-morrow, prince; good-morrow, Claudio.
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
Prince. Good-morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter Brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar.
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife;
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer,
One Hero died; but I do live,
And surely as I live I am a maid.
Prince. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar, which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle and the prince and Claudio
Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore you were wellnigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter. Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Prince. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince: a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. If a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my word: therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend that one tipped with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

As You Like It

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUKE, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *Brother to the* Duke, *and Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in*
JAQUES } *his banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon* Frederick.
CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
OLIVER }
JAQUES } *Sons of* Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO }
ADAM }
DENNIS } *Servants to* Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN }
SYLVIUS } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A Person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished* Duke.
CELIA, *Daughter to* Frederick.
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

As You Like It

ACT I

Scene I.—*Enter* Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will; but a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. Oh, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

PLATE 10

"WILT THOU LAY HANDS ON ME, VILLAIN?"

As You Like It, act i., scene i.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please. You shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you. You shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. 'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. Oh, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but

he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport, neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's; fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though

nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clown. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clown. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clown. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clown. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clown. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Clown. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Clown. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little

wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clown. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clown. Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence—

Cel. With bills on their necks. Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there

is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clown. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Clown. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young. Yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, you have challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother-earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Char. No, I warrant your grace you shall not en-

treat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after. You should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Wrestle.*

Ros. Oh, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well-breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away.
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd,
If you do keep your promises in love;
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me. One out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

Oh, poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown,
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous. What he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter.

PLATE II

"HE CALLS US BACK. MY PRIDE FELL WITH MY FORTUNES"

As You Like It, act i., scene ii.

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake.
And on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind. Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, *with* Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin;
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me; my father was no traitor.
Then good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* Duke, &c.
Cel. Oh, my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this, heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other manish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter* Duke Senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords *like Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Ami. I would not change it; happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,

Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* Oh yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'*Tis right*, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'*Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* Duke *with* Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess's gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young master? — Oh, my gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, Oh, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonnie priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother (no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do.
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,

PLATE 12

"MISTRESS, DISPATCH YOU WITH YOUR SAFEST HASTE"

As You Like It, act i., scene iii.

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. Oh, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having. It is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *and* Clown, *alias* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Clown. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Clown. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Clown. Ay, now I am in Arden. The more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then never love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clown. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Clown. Nay, I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Clown. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clown. Halloo, you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clown. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; Good-even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing.
Come; more; another stanza. Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while! the duke will drink under this tree! he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company.
I think of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see, &c.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Ami. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam? no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter* Duke Sen. *and* Lord, *like outlaws.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.
1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ? What a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What ! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock.
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. Oh, noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. Oh, worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have,
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

PLATE 13

ORLANDO AND ADAM

As You Like It, act ii., scene iv.

Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet I am inland-bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. And you will not be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have?
Your gentleness shall force, more than your force
Move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But, whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter ORLANDO *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden, and let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.—*Enter* Duke, Lords, *and* Oliver.

Duke. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ORLANDO.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Clown. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends;

that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clown. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clown. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clown. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clown. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone; those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Clown. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clown. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clown. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep. And would you have us kiss tar? The courtiers' hands are perfumed with civet.

Clown. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh; indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than

tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clown. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Clown. That is another simple sin in you—to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Clown. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butterwomen's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clown. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clown. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a meddler; then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the meddler.

Clown. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel.
Why should this desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide, enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd

PLATE 14

IN THE FOREST

As You Like It, act ii., scene iv.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!

Cel. How now! back friends; shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Clown. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore about his neck; change you color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it? quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd love's tree, when it drops forth fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry halloo! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal.

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accoutrements—as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do. And the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress. And I set him every day to woo me, at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him. And this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and, by-the-way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* CLOWN, AUDREY, *and* JAQUES.

Clown. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! What features!

Clown. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. Oh, knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clown. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Clown. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clown. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clown. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clown. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Clown. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness!

PLATE 15

JAQUES

As You Like It, act ii., scene v.

sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clown. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods; right. Many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Horns, even so; poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clown. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clown. Good-even, good master *What ye call't.* How do you, sir? You are very well met. Goddild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clown. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his

curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clown. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clown. Come, sweet Audrey,
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good master Oliver, Not, oh, sweet Oliver, oh, brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee. But wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour. Your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a

nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is;* besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him; he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover, as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. Oh, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now, counterfeit to swoon, why, now, fall down!
Or, if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now, show the wound mine eyes hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. Lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

PLATE 16

"IT IS TEN O'CLOCK. THUS MAY WE SEE, QUOTH HE, HOW THE WORLD WAGS"

As You Like It, act ii., scene vi.

Sil. Oh, dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.
Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though, you have no beauty,
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too;
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe.

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlos once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy. Yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him.
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good-day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, and you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and

PLATE 17

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND, ORLANDO"

As You Like It, act iv., scene i.

almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say — I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, Will you, Orlando.

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. Oh, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser the waywarder. Make the doors upon a wom-

an's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so—come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or, rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind, rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* JAQUES *and* Lords, Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

MUSIC, SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it;
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain.

Enter SILVIUS.

He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
To sleep. Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand. I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter.
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers! why, she defies me
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. [*reads.*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
War'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

While the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—

Meaning me, a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me.
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!
Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured. Well, go your way to her (for I see love

hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her: That if she loves me, I charge her to love thee. If she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years. The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But to Orlando. Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so.
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By-and-by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As, how I came into that desert place.

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede?—sweet Ganymede?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man?
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I do confess it.
Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited.
I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—
Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

PLATE 18

AUDREY

As You Like It, act v., scene i.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* Clown *and* AUDREY.

Clown. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clown. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Clown. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good-even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good-even, William.

Will. And good-even to you, sir.

Clown. Good-even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Clown. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clown. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Clown. *Thank God;* a good answer.
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Clown. *So, so,* is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so, so.
Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clown. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Clown. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Clown. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Clown. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon; which is, in the vulgar, leave, the society; which, in the boorish, is, company, of this female; which, in the common, is, woman; which, together, is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with police; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

Clown. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say, with me, I love Aliena; say, with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent.
Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I
Invite the duke, and all his contented followers.
Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you,
Here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true: there never was anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's Thrasonical brag of, *I came, saw, and overcome.* For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no

sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.
Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To show the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede,
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Why do you speak too, *why blame you me to love you?*
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. I will help you if I can. I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. I will satisfy

you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you love Rosalind, meet; as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* Clown *and* AUDREY.

Clown. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clown. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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

PLATE 19

"YOU DO LOVE THIS MAID?"

As You Like It, act v., scene i

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that life was but a flower,
In spring-time, &c.

Clown. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clown. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Duke Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.
You say if I bring in your Rosalind
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Clown. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clown. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clown. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Clown. God'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir; an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clown. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clown. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the quip modest. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the reproof valiant. If, again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the counter-check quarrelsome. And so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clown. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clown. Oh, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you

the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance, the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an if. I know when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

STILL MUSIC.

Hymn. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, why then, my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion;
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.

Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
  If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part.
You and you are heart in heart.
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason, wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
  O blessèd bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
  High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot.
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:
Play, music; and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

2 *Bro.* He hath.

Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath:
Your patience, and your virtue well deserves it.
You to a love that your true faith doth merit.
You to your land, and love, and great allies.
You to a long and well-deserved bed.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights. [*Exit.*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the

lord the prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exit.*

The Comedy of Errors

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SOLINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE — *twin brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholuses.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE — *twin brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, *friend to* Antipholus of Syracuse.
PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA — *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *Wife to* Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *her Servant.*
A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

The Comedy of Errors

ACT I

SCENE I. — *Enter the* DUKE OF EPHESUS, *with the* MERCHANT OF SYRACUSE, GAOLER, *and other attendants.*

MERCHANT. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus?
Mer. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon we came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep

Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none,—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came—oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Mer. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst.

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Mer. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doomed to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Mer. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS EROTES, *a* Merchant, *and* DROMIO.

E. Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

E. Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bedtime;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

E. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exeunt.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who failing there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

PLATE 20

"GO BEAR IT TO THE CENTAUR"

The Comedy of Errors, act i., scene ii.

E. Dro. Oh,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper,—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
E. Dro. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* E. Dromio.
Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'erwrought of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage:
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II

Scene I.—*Enter* Adriana, *wife to* Antipholis Sereptus, *with* Luciania, *her sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty.
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' doors.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try —
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well

feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad.
But sure he's stark-mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred marks in gold.
'*Tis dinner-time*, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he.
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he.
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he.
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold*, quoth he.
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master: *I know*, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;* so that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders; for, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating. Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face.

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,
Else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS EROTES.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation, and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.—

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that and that.

[*Beats* Dromio.

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest,
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; and you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first—for flouting me; and then wherefore—for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones, too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones, then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in trying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it. Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

PLATE 21

"WHAT MEAN YOU, SIR?"

The Comedy of Errors, act i., scene ii

Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you.
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine
Whose weakness, married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme;
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land—Oh, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue:
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.
S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own form.
S. Dro. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd,
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *his man* DROMIO, ANGELO *the Goldsmith, and* BALTHAZAR *the Merchant.*

E. Ant. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all:
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You should keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant. You are sad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Oh, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jem!

S. Dro. Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late, and so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Enter ADRIANA.

Adr. Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

S. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: Oh, let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this, your long experience of your wifedom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
Forever hous'd where it gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;
There will we dine; this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there; good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* LUCIANA, *with* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-strings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false—what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us not believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

PLATE 22

"WHY, MISTRESS, SURE MY MASTER IS HORN-MAD"

The Comedy of Errors, act ii., scene i

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
  Comfort my sister, cheer her; call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
  When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
  S. Ant. Sweet mistress (what your name is else I know not,
  Nor by what wonder do you hit on mine),
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not,
  Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
  Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
  The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
  To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
  Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
  Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
  Far more, far more to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
  To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
  Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bud I'll take thee, and there lie;
  And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
  Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
  Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
  S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how I do not know.
  Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
  S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
  Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
  S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
  Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.
  S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.
S. Ant. No.
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?
S. Dro. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?
S. Dro. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
S. Ant. What is she?
S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.
S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir:—but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich

aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and I think if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal:
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Enter a* Merchant, Goldsmith, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS *from the* Courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone:
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy rope!
[*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well held up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money:
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Gold. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. And if I have not, sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may return without your money.

Gold. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—
E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send by me some token.
E. Ant. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you?
Gold. The money that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Gold. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation:
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Gold. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer,
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir, you hear the suit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard: and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

PLATE 23

"AY, AY, ANTIPHOLUS, LOOK STRANGE AND FROWN"

The Comedy of Errors, act ii., scene ii.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
S. Dro. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in tartar-limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me, at whose suit?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

S. Dro. Oh, yes: If any hour meet a sergeant, he turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a bass-viol in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band: one

that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, God give you good rest.

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy *Delay*. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and therefore comes that the wenches say, God damn me. That's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

PLATE 24

"LET MY MASTER IN, LUCE"

The Comedy of Errors, act iii., scene i.

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail; a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; and if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly, pride, says the peacock. Mistress that you know. [*Exit.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *with a* Gaoler.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus.
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.—How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, *and a* Schoolmaster *called* PINCH.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or

rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats* DROMIO.

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
E. Dro. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is t good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou has suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold?
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

PLATE 25

"TEACH ME, DEAR CREATURE"

The Comedy of Errors, act iii., scene ii.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
E. Ant. What, will you murder me, thou gaoler thou?
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!
E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry the devil.
Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Exeunt manet Officer, ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan.

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
[*Run all out.*
Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.*
S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter the* Merchant *and the* Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Gold. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *again.*

Gold. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA LUCIANA, Courtesan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
S. Dro. Run, master, run! for God's sake take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it.
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayest his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls;
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast;
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again,
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Mer. By this I think the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Gold. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Gold. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus *and the* Merchant of Syracuse, *bareheaded*, with Headsman *and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'rately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mes. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true;

I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible;
Even now we housed him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke; oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mer. Fath. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

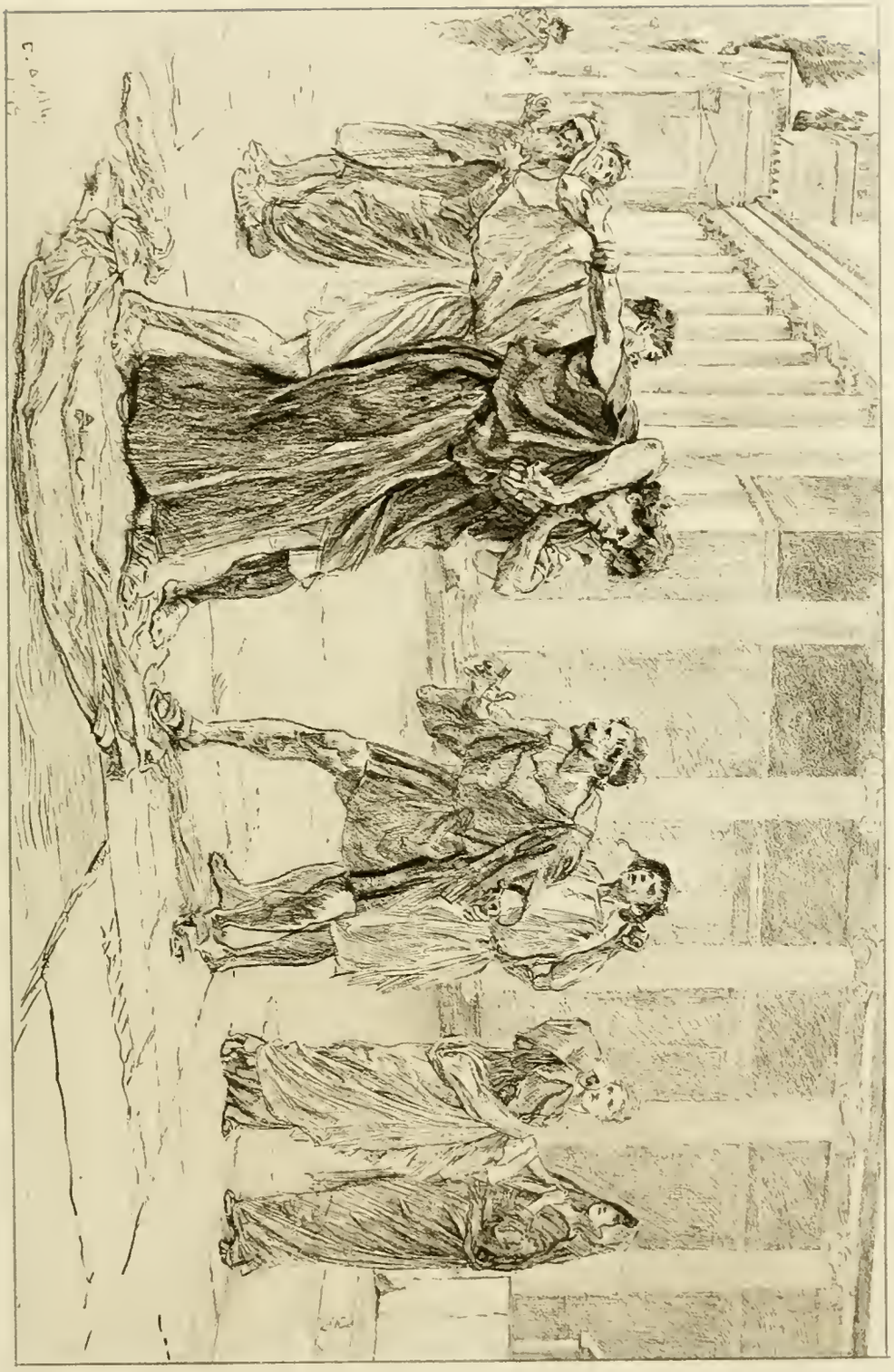
Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

PLATE 26

"OH, BIND HIM, BIND HIM, LET HIM NOT COME NEAR ME"

The Comedy of Errors, act iv., scene iv.



Gold. Oh, perjured woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My liege, I am advisèd what I say:
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which God he knows I saw not. For the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as 'twere outfacing me,
Cries out I was possess'd. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
Gold. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him:
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
Gold. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first foreswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you,
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad he would not plead so coldly.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
E. Dro. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched that ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go, call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the* Abbess.
Mer. Fath. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Mer. Fath. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Mer. Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you,
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Mer. Fath. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Mer. Fath. Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Mer. Fath. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Mer. Fath. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Mer. Fath. Not know my voice! O Time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear;
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Mer. Fath. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so, of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
S. Ant. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
S. Dro. Oh, my old master, who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons;
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Mer. Fath. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

PLATE 27

"METHINKS YOU ARE MY GLASS, AND NOT MY BROTHER"

The Comedy of Errors, act v., scene i.

Duke. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Gold. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Gold. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt omnes, manet the two* DROMIOS *and two* Brothers.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio;
Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay; then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

The Tempest

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ALONZO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Prospero.
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers } *Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

The Tempest

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a* Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

MASTER. Boatswain.

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Mast. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir! bestir! [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

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

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINANDO, GONZALO, *and others.*

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

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

Gonz. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exit.*

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

A cry within. Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

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

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

Boats. Work you, then.

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

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

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

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

PLATE 28

THE SHIPWRECK

The Tempest, act i., scene i.

Gonz. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is theirs.
Seb. I'm out of patience.
Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopped rascal; would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gonz. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused noise within.*
Mercy on us!
We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!
Ant. Let's all sink with the king.
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.
Pros. Be collected.
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. Oh, woe the day!
Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter), who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
But three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess; no worse issued.
Mir. Oh, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, where we heaved thence;
But blessedly helped hither.
Mir. Oh, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And wrapped in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Oh, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit—
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact—like one
Who, having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. Oh, the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me), nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it. There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pros. Oh! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infuse with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd, which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heaven thank you for't! And now I pray you, sir
(For still 'tis beating in my mind), your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence

PLATE 29

"WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE?"

The Tempest, act i., scene ii.

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel;
Then all a-fire with me. The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid,
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ariel. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ariel. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more.
Ariel. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ariel. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ariel. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ariel. Yes; Caliban, her son.

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

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

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

Ariel. Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

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

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

Pros. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't; go hence
With diligence. [*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

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

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*within*]. There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Enter Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ariel. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall for that vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou stroked'st me, and made much of me; wouldst give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oho, oho!—would it had been done.
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Mir. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill, I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
Deserved more than a prison.

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

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, pray thee.—
I must obey; his art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave, hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Enter FERDINAND *and* ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

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

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

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

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

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond'.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have—such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. It goes on, I see.
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend.—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, Oh, you wonder,
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly, a maid.
Fer. My language? heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong—a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir; one word more.
They are both in either's powers. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. Oh, dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pros. What, I say!
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!
Pros. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then most humble. I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss; the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariel. To th' syllable.
Pros. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter* ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One—tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd
That's offer'd, comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done! The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you're pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new dyed than stain'd with salt water.

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

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

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

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

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since Widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.
Ant. Oh, Widow Dido; ay, Widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day
I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. Oh, thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.
Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Borne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure.
No sovereignty.
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying among his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the Golden Age.
Seb. Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—
Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given?
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go to sleep, and hear us.
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts;
I find they are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it;
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

PLATE 39

TRINCULO AND CALIBAN

The Tempest, act ii., scene ii.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
Not myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? Oh, what might? No more;
And yet, methinks I see it in thy face
What thou shouldst be; the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so; to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. Oh,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd), hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. Oh, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post
(The man i' the moon's too slow), till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make
A chough of as deep a chat. Oh, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good-fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. Oh, but one word.

Enter ARIEL *with music and song.*

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth,
For else his project dies, to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king.
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. Oh, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake. Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one, too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is sure i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* CALIBAN *with a burden of wood (a noise of thunder heard).*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me.
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

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

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here—a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver There would this monster make a man;

any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion: hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore.—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*] *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too. But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me. Oh!

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

Cal. The spirit torments me. Oh!

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

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

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

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

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

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

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

Trin. Stephano,

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

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

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull

thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

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

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. Oh, Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

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

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

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

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

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

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

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

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

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; and I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee to clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king, and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

[CALIBAN *sings drunkenly.*

Farewell, Master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish,*
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.

Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom! heyday, freedom!

Ste. Oh, brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter* FERDINAND (*bearing a log*).

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busyless, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA *and* PROSPERO.

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

Fer. Oh, most dear mistress,

PLATE 31

FERDINAND MEETS MIRANDA

The Tempest, act iii., scene i.

The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda.—Oh, my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But you, oh, you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty

(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

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

Mir. Do you love me?

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

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heaven rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

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

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

Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now, farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand! thousand! [*Exeunt.*
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, TRINCULO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

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

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

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in

case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

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

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

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

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

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

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

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer that, by his cunning, hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

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

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.

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

Ste. That's most certain.

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

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

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

Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.

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

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

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that.
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

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

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

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

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax, my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

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

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen (save our graces!), and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my master.

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

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason—
Any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em:
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

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

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness.
If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. Oh, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster; not I.

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

PLATE 32

CALIBAN, STEFANO, AND TRINCULO
(ARIEL INVISIBLE)

The Tempest, act iii., scene ii.

Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

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

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *&c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through fourth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

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

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

Seb. The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the king, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to-night; no more.
Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia,
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders
(For certes, these are people of the island),
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

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

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at-stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember

(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child. For which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.

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

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

Alon. Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. Oh, Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her of,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke;
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ariel. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.
Ariel. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so*, *so*,
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe.
Do you love me master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ariel. Well I conceive. *Exit.*
Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir,

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.
[*Soft music.*
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air. The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and, with her sovereign grace, [*Juno descends.*
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: here peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,

And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandall'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars' hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Ceres. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

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

SONG.

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

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

PLATE 33

THE BANQUET

The Tempest, act iii., scene iii.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

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

Pros. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

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

Pros. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done; avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.
Fer., Mir. We wish you peace. [*Exit.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee.—Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Thy thought I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ariel. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins. At last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ariel. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel *laden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

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

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

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

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. Oho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery: O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet (monster). Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ariel. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pros. *Fury! Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ariel. Hark, they roar.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* PROSPERO (*in his magic robes*) *and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ariel. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar. Graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Here enters ARIEL *before; then* ALONZO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO. *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. Oh, good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Did thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[ARIEL *sings, and helps to attire him.*

SONG.

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

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art.
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.

Ariel. I drink the air before me and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

PLATE 34

THE SPELL

The Tempest, act v., scene i

For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he or no
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood: and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all;
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No:
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says 'tis past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pros. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
Oh, heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth: their words
Are natural breath. But howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom, since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

PLATE 35

MIRANDA AND FERDINAND

The Tempest, act v., scene i.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. Oh, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! Oh, brave new world
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one. She
Is the daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers.
But oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? Oh, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

Oh, look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.
Ariel. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awake'd; straightway at liberty,
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ariel. Was't well done?
Pros. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly single, I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents. Till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free.
Untie the spell.—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster Coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like. One of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. Oh, touch me not. I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell.
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass

PLATE 36

PROSPERO AND ARIEL

The Tempest, act v., scene i.

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these, our dear beloved, solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel—chick—
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom-got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;

But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. [*Exit.*

END OF VOL. I.