Nath. Chulmley Esq.r

LOND

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakespear.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING

A Midsummer-Night's DREAM.
Merchant of VENICE.
As you LIKE it.
Taming of the SHREW.
All's WELL that ends WELL.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; or, What you will.
The WINTER'S TALE.

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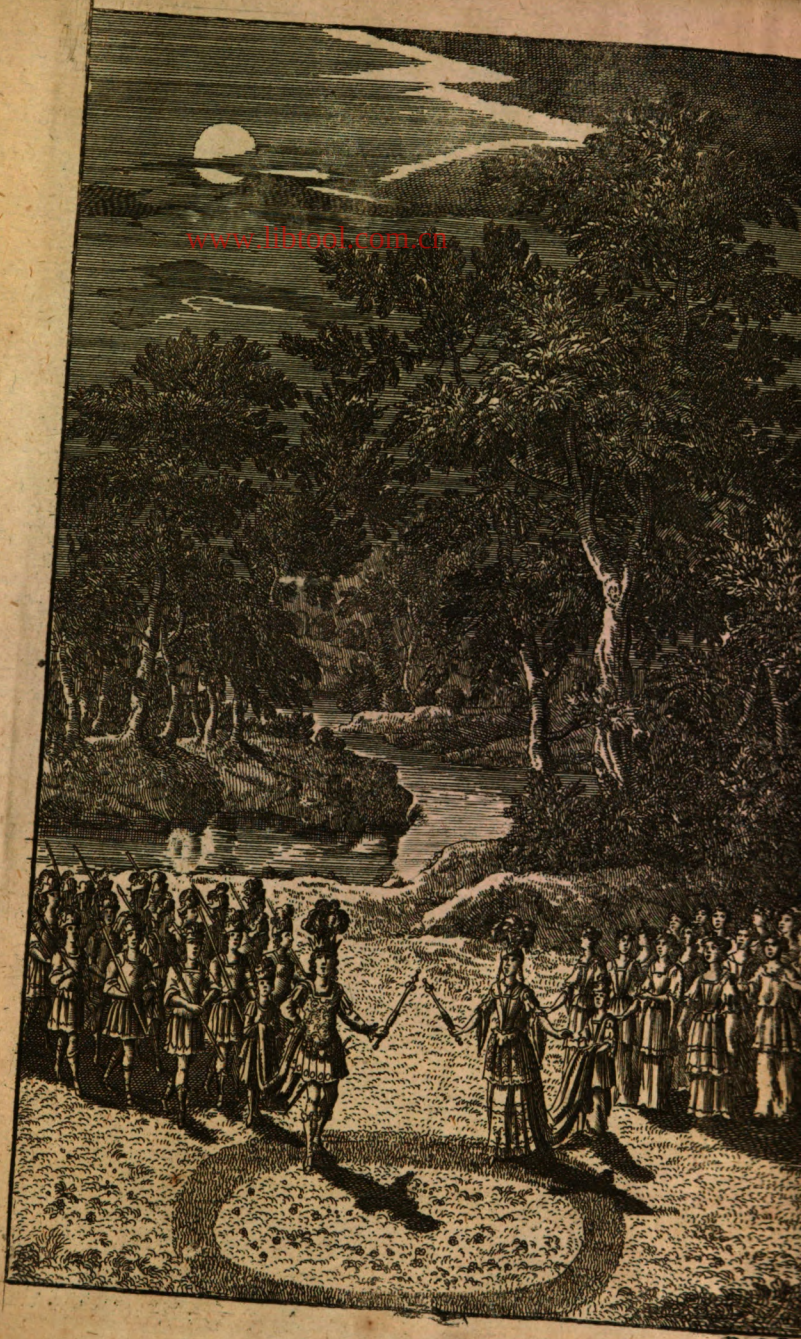


A Midſummer-Night's DREAM.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

THeseus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lysander, *in Love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in Love with* Hermia.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theseus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lysander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, } *Fairies.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

A

A

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus *and* Hippolita, *with Attendants.*

THESEUS.

OW, fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour
Draws on apace; four happy Days bring in
Another Moon: But oh, methinks, how slow
This old Moon wanes! She lingers my Desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young Man's Revenue.

Hip. Four Days will quickly steep themselves in Nights,
Four Nights will quickly dream away the Time:
And then the Moon, like to a Silver Bow,
New bent in Heaven, shall behold the Night
Of our Solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up the *Athenian* Youth to Merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of Mirth,
Turn Melancholly forth to Funerals:

The pale Companion is not for our Pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my Sword,
And won thy Love, doing thee Injuries:
But I will wed thee in another Key,
With Pomp, with Triumph, and with Revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the News with thee?
Ege. Full of Vexation, come I, with Complaint
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius. My noble Lord,
This Man hath my Consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lysander. And, my gracious Duke
This hath bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child:
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her Rhimes,
And interchang'd Love-tokens with my Child:
Thou hast, by Moon-light, at her Window sung,
With feigning Voice, Verses of feigning Love,
And stoll'n the Impression of her Fantasie,
With Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Gawds, Conceits,
Knacks, Trifles, Nosegays, Sweet-meats, Messengers
Of strong Prevailment in unharden'd Youth;
With Cunning hast thou filch'd my Daughter's Heart,
Turn'd her Obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn Harshness. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the antient Privilege of *Athens*,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her Death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that Case.
The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair Maid.
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your Beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax
By him imprinted; and within his Power,
To leave the Figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her.

Her. So is *Lysander.*
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your Father's Voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.
The. Rather your Eyes must with his Judgment look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what Power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my Modesty
In such a Presence here to plead my Thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this Case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to die the Death, or to abjure
For ever the Society of Men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your Desires,
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your Father's Choice,
You can endure the Livery of a Nun,
For Aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To live a barren Sister all your Life,
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitless Moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their Blood,
To undergo such Maiden Pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the Virgin Thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,
E'er I will yield my Virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd Yoak
My Soul consents not to give Sovereignty.
The. Take time to pause, and by the next New Moon,
The sealing Day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlasting Bond of Fellowship,
Upon that Day either prepare to die,
For Disobedience to your Father's Will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Diana*'s Altar to protest,
For aye, Austerity and single Life.
Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed Title to my certain Right.

Lys. You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lysander*! true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my Love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my Right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possest: My Love is more than his;
My Fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these Boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my Right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made Love to *Nedar*'s Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her Soul; and she, sweet Lady, doats,
Devourly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant Man.
The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof;
But being over-full of Self-affairs,
My Mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm your self,
To fit your Fancies to your Father's Will;
Or else the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no Means we may extenuate)
To Death, or to a Vow of single Life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what Cheer, my Love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along,
I must employ you in some Business
Against our Nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.
Ege. With Duty and Desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lysander and *Hermia*.

Lys. How now, my Love? Why is your Cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of Rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the Tempest of mine Eyes.
Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,

Could

Could ever hear by Tale or History,
The Course of true Love never did run smooth.
But either it was different in Blood——
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to Love.
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years——
Her. O Spight! too old to be engag'd too young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of Merit——
Her. O Hell! to chuse Love by another's Eye.
Lys. Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death, or Sickness, did lay Siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,
Brief as the Lightning in the collied Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And e'er a Man hath Power to say, Behold,
The Jaws of Darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright Things come to Confusion.
Her. If then true Lovers have been ever crost,
It stands as an Edict in Destiny:
Then let us teach our Trial Patience,
Because it is a customary Cross,
As due to Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,
Wishes and Tears, poor Fancy's Followers.
Lys. A good Persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*,
I have a Widow-Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great Revenue, and she hath no Child;
From *Athens* is her House remov'd seven Leagues,
And she respects me as her only Son:
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that Place, the sharp *Athenian* Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steal forth thy Father's House to Morrow Night;
And in the Wood, a League without the Town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do Observance for a Morn of *May*,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good *Lysander*,
I swear to thee, by *Cupid*'s strongest Bow,
By his Best Arrow with the Golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus* Doves,
By that which knitteth Souls, and prospers Love,

 And

And by that Fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the false *Trojan*, under Sail, was seen;
By all the Vows that ever Men have broke,
In number more than ever Women spoke,
In that same Place thou hast appointed me,
To Morrow truly will I meet with thee,
Lys. Keep promise Love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter *Helena*.

Her. God speed fair *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you fair; O happy fair!
Your Eyes are Load-stars, and your Tongue's sweet Air,
More tunable than Lark to Shepherd's Ear,
When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O were Favour so,
Your Words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, e'er I go,
My Ear should catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,
My Tongue should catch your Tongue's sweet Melody.
Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look, and with what Art
You sway the Motion of *Demetrius* Heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your Frowns would teach my Smiles such (Skill.
Her. I give him Curses, yet he gives me Love.
Hel. O that my Prayers could such Affection move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is none of mine.
Hel. None but your Beauty, would that Fault were mine.
Her. Take Comfort; he no more shall see my Face,
Lysander and my self will fly this Place.
Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.
O then, what Graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a Heav'n into Hell?
Lys. *Helen*, to you our Minds we will unfold,
To Morrow Night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her Silver Visage in the wat'ry Glass,
Decking with Liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,

A Time that Lovers Flights doth still conceal,
Through *Athens* Gate have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I
Upon faint Primrose-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsel swell'd;
There my *Lysander* and my self shall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our Eyes,
To seek new Friends and strange Companions.
Farewel sweet Play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good Luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keep Word, *Lysander*, we must starve our Sight
From Lovers Food, 'till Morrow deep Midnight.
[*Exit* Hermia.

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* doats on you. [*Exit* Lysander.

Hel. How happy some, o'er othersome can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that; *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all but he doth know.
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia*'s Eyes,
So I, admiring of his Qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to Form and Dignity;
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment taste;
Wings and no Eyes, Figure unheedy hast.
And therefore is Love said to be a Child,
Because in Choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For e'er *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermia*'s Eyne,
He hail'd down Oaths that he was only mine.
And when this Hail some Heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and Showers of Oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s Flight:
Then to the Wood will he to Morrow Night
Pursue her; and for this Intelligence
If I have Thanks, it is a dear Expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my Pain,
To have his Sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Straveling.

Quin. Is all our Company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Quin. Here is the Scrowl of every Man's Name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutchess, on his Wedding-day at Night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors; and so grow on to a Point.

Quin. Marry, our Play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of Work I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scrowl. Masters spread your selves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask some Tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the Audience look to their Eyes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all split to raging Rocks, and shivering Shocks shall break the Locks of Prison-Gates, and *Phibbus*'s Carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the Foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* Vein, a Tyrant's Vein; a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a Beard coming.

Quin.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my Face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little Voice, *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my Lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* your *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby*'s Mother.

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You *Pyramus*'s Father; my self, *Thisby*'s Father; *Snug*, the Joiner, you the Lion's part; and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's Part written? Pray you if it be give it me, for I am slow of Study.

Quin. You may do it Extempore, for it is nothing but Roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any Man's Heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every Mother's Son.

Bot. I grant you Friend, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more Discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roar and 'twere any Nightingal.

Quin. You can play no Part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd Man, a proper Man as one shall see in a Summer's Day; a most lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I best to play it in?

Quin.

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your Straw-colour Beard, your Orange-tawny Beard, your Purple-in-grain Beard, or your *French*-colour'd Beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French*-Crowns have no Hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But Masters here are your Parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to Morrow Night; and meet me in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town, by Moonlight, there we will Rehearse; for if we meet in the City, we shall be dog'd with Company, and our Devices known. In the mean time I will draw a Bill of Properties, such as our Play wants. I pray you fail not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut Bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck *or* Robin-goodfellow *at another.*

Puck. HOW now Spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over Hill, over Dale, through Bush, through
Over Park, over Pale, through Flood, through Fire, (Briar,
I do wander every where, swifter than the Moon's Sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her Orbs upon the
The Cowslips tall her Pensioners be, (Green.
In their gold Coats Spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairy favours,
In those Freckles live their Savours:
I must go seek some Dew-Drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslip's Ear.
Farewel thou Lob of Spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his Revels here to Night,

Take

Take heed the Queen come not within his Sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her Attendant, hath
A lovely Boy stol'n from an *Indian* King,
She never had so sweet a Changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the Child
Knight of his Train, to trace the Forests wild;
But she per-force with-holds the loved Boy,
Crowns him with Flowers, and makes him all her Joy:
And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain clear, or spangled Star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn Cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your Shape and Making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish Sprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the Maidens of the Villageree,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootless make the breathless Huswife chern
And sometime make the Drink to bear no Barme
Miss-lead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm,
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their Work, and they shall have good Luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry Wanderer of the Night:
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed Horse beguile.
Neighing in likeness like a silly Foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted Crab,
And when she drinks, again her Lips I bob,
And on her whithered Dewlop pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest Tale,
Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their Mirth, and neeze and swear,
A merrier Hour was never wasted there.
But room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai.

Fai. And here my Mistress:
Would that we were gone.

Enter Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one Door with his Train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. I'll met by Moon-light,
Proud *Titania.*

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy, skip hence,
I have forsworn his Bed and Company.

Ob. Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy Lady; but I know
When thou wast stoll'n away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sate all Day,
Playing on Pipes of Corn, and versing Love
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of *India*?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd Mistress, and your Warrior Love,
To *Theseus* must be wedded, and you come,
To give their Bed Joy and Prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my Credit with *Hippolita*,
Knowing I know thy Love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering Night
From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished,
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the Forgeries of Jealousie,
And never since the middle Summer's Spring,
Met we on Hill, in Dale, Forest, or Mead,
By paved Fountain, or by rushy Brook,
Or in the beached Margent of the Sea,
To dance our Ringlets to the whistling Wind,
But with thy Brawls thou hast disturb'd our Sport.
Therefore the Winds piping to us in vain,
As in Revenge have suck'd up from the Sea,
Contagious Fogs; which falling in the Land,
Hath every petty River made so proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his Yoak in vain
The Ploughman lost his Sweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, e'er his Youth attain'd a Beard

 The

The Fold stands empty in the drowned Field,
And Crows are fatted with the Murrion Flock,
The Nine-mens-morris is fill'd up with Mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton Green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human Mortals want their Winter here,
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol blest;
Therefore the Moon, the Governess of Floods,
Pale in her Anger, washes all the Air;
The Rheumatick Diseases do abound.
And through this Distemperature, we see
The Seasons alter; hoary-headed Frosts
Fall in the fresh Lap of the Crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyem*'s Chin and Icy Crown,
And odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer Buds
Is as in Mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed World,
By their increase, now knows not which is which
And this same Progeny of Evil comes
From our Debate, from our Dissention,
We are their Parents and Original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling Boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queen. Set your Heart at rest,
The Fairy-land buys not the Child of me.
His Mother was a Votress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* Air by Night
Full often she hath gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow Sands,
Marking th' embarked Traders of the Flood,
When we have laught to see the Sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton Wind:
Which she with pretty and with swimming Gate,
Following (her Womb then rich with my young Squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
To fetch me Trifles, and return again,
As from a Voyage rich with Merchandize.
But she being mortal of that Boy did dye,

And

And for her sake I do rear up her Boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this Wood intend you stay?
Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theseus*'s Wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moon-light Revels, go with us;
If not, shun me and I will spare your Haunts.
Ob. Give me that Boy, and I will go with thee.
Queen. Not for thy fairy Kingdom. Fairies away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exeunt.*
Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this Grove,
'Till I torment thee for this Injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembrest
Since that I sate upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
Uttering such Dulcet and Harmonious Breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,
And certain Stars shot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maid's Musick.
Puck. I remember.
Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain Aim he took
At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,
And loos'd his Love-shaft smartly from his Bow,
As it would pierce a hundred thousand Hearts;
But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery Shaft
Quench'd in the chaste Beams of the wat'ry Moon,
And the Imperial Votress passed on,
In Maiden-Meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little western Flower;
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound,
And Maidens call it, Love in Idleness.
Fetch me that Flower; the Herb I shew'd thee once,
The Juice of it, on sleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly doat
Upon the next live Creature that it sees.
Fetch me this Herb, and be thou here again
E'er the *Leviathan* can swim a League.

Puck.

Puck. I'll put a Girdle about the Earth in forty Minutes.
[*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this Juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
And drop the Liquor of it in her Eyes:
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
Or medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it with the Soul of Love;
And e'er I take this Charm off from her Sight,
(As I can take it with another Herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their Conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this Wood;
And here am I, and Wood within this Wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron; for my Heart
Is true as Steel. Leave you your Power to draw,
And I shall have no Power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your Spaniel, and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your Spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me Leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser Place can I beg in your Love,
(And yet a Place of high Respect with me)
Than to be used as you do your Dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the Hatred of my Spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee,

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your Modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your self
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the Opportunity of Night,
And the ill Counsel of a desart Place,
With the rich Worth of your Virginity.

Hel. Your Virtue is my Privilege; for that
It is not Night when I do see your Face;
Therefore I think I am not in the Night.
Nor doth this Wood lack Worlds of Company,
For you, in my respect, are all the World.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the World is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a Heart as you;
Run when you will, the Story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed!
When Cowardize pursues, and Valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy Questions, let me go;
Or if you follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee Mischief in the Wood.

Hel. Ay, in the Temple, in the Town and Field
You do me Mischief. Fye, *Demetrius*,
Your Wrongs do set a Scandal on my Sex:
We cannot fight for Love, as Men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,
To dye upon the Hand I love so well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph, e'er he do leave this Grove
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy Love.
Hast thou the Flower there? Welcome Wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me;
I know a Bank where the wild Time blows,
Where the Oxslips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over cannopy'd with luscious Woodbine,
With sweet Musk Roses, and with Eglatine,

There

There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the Night,
Lull'd in these Flowers, with Dances and Delight;
And there the Snake throws her enammel'd Skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
And with the Juice of this I'll streak her Eyes,
And make her full of hateful Fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this Grove;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainful Youth; anoint his Eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.
Effect it with some Care, that he may prove
More fond of her than she upon her Love;
And look you meet me e'er the first Cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my Lord, your Servant shall do so. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.

Queen. Come, now a Roundel, and a *Fairy* Song:
Then for the third Part of a Minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the Musk-Rose Buds,
Some war with Reremise for their leathern Wings,
To make my small Elves Coats, and some keep back
The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint Spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen,
Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel *with Melody,*
Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy.

Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long-leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.
Philomel *with Melody, &c.*

1. Fairy.

Hence away; now all is well:
One aloof, stand Centinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true Love take,
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with bristled Hair,
In thy Eye that shall appear;
When thou wak'st, it is thy Dear;
Wake when some vile Thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

Enter Lysander *and* Hermia.

Lys. Fair Love, you faint with wandring in the Woods;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our Way:
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the Comfort of the Day.

Her. Be it so, *Lysander*; find you out a Bed,
For I upon this Bank will rest my Head.

Lys. One Turf shall serve as Pillow for us both,
One Heart, one Bed, two Bosoms, and one Troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my Sake, my Dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O take the Sense sweet of my Innocence,
Love takes the Meaning in Love's Conference;
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one Heart can you make of it:
Two Bosoms interchanged with an Oath,
So then two Bosoms, and a single Troth:
Then by your Side no Bed-room me deny
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my Manners, and my Pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.

But

But gentle Friend, for Love and Curtesie
Lye further off in human Modesty;
Such Separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous Batchelor, and a Maid;
So far be distant, and good night sweet Friend,
Thy Love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet Life end.

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair Prayer say I,
And then end Life when I end Loyalty:
Here is thy Bed, Sleep give thee all his Rest.

Her. With half that Wish, the Wishers Eyes be prest.
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whose Eyes I might approve
This Flower's Force in stirring Love:
Night and Silence; who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my Master said,
Despised the *Athenian* Maid?
And here the Maiden sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty Ground.
Pretty Soul, she durst not lye
Near this Lack-love, this kill Curtesie.
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw
All the Power this Charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let Love forbid
Sleep his Seat on thy Eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to *Oberon.* [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius.*

Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou Darling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy Peril, I alone will go. [*Exit* Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of Breath in this fond Chace,
The more my Prayer, the lesser is my Grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lyes;
For she hath blessed and attractive Eyes.
How came her Eyes so bright? Not with salt Tears;
If so, my Eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:

No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear;
For Beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do as a Monster, fly my Presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling Glass of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s sphery Eyn?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the Ground:
Dead or asleep? I see no Blood, no Wound:
Lysander, if you live, good Sir awake.

Lys. And run thro' Fire I will for thy sweet sake.
[*Waking.*]
Traspirent *Helena*, Nature here shews Art,
That through thy Bosom makes me see thy Heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a Word
Is that vile Name, to perish on my Sword?

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No: I do repent
The tedious Minutes I with her have spent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The Will of Man is by his Reason sway'd,
And Reason says you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their Season;
So I being young, 'till now ripe not to Reason;
And touching now the Point of human Skill,
Reason becomes the Marshal to my Will,
And leads me to your Eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's Stories, written in Love's richest Book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen Mockery born?
When at your Hands did I deserve this Scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young Man,
That I did never, no nor never can
Deserve a sweet Look from *Demetrius*'s Eye,
But you must flout my Insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you Lord of more true Gentleness;

Oh,

Oh, that a Lady of one Man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*, *Hermia* sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a Surfeit of the sweetest Things,
The deepest loathing to a Stomach brings;
Or as the Heresies that Men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my Surfeit and my Heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my Powers address, your Love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast.
Ay me, for Pity, what a Dream was here?
Lysander look, how I do quake with Fear;
Me-thought a Serpent eat my Heart away,
And yet sate smiling at his cruel Prey:
Lysander, what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alack where are you? Speak, and if you hear,
Speak of all Loves; I swound almost with Fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Either Death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bot. ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient Place for our Rehearsal. This green Plat shall be our Stage, this Hauthorn brake our tyring House, and we will do it in Action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter Quince.*

Quin. What say'st thou Bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are Things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a

Sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous Fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the Killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better Assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in Eight and Six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in Eight and Eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves; to bring in, God shield us, a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful Thing; for there is not a more fearful wild Fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his Name, and half his Face must be seen through the Lion's Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours; if you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life; no, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are; and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard Things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a Chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon shine that Night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Quin Yes, it doth shine that Night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a Casement of the great Chamber

Chamber Window, where we play, open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a Bush of Thorns and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the Person of Moonshine; then there is another thing. we must have a Wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the Story, did talk through the Chink of a Wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall. What say you *Bottom?*

Bot. Some Man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome. or some Rough-cast about him, to signify Wall, or let him hold his Fingers thus; and through the Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every Mother's Son, and rehearse your Parts. *Pyramus* you begin; when you have spoken your Speech enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his Cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen Home-spuns have we swaggering here
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor;
An Actor too perhaps, if I see Cause.

Quin. Speak *Pyramus*; *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the Flowers of odious Savour's sweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pyr. Odours savors sweet,
So that thy Breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear,
But hark, a Voice; stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay marry must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a Noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly white of Hue,
Of Colour like the red Rose on triumphant Bryer,
Most brisky *Juvenal*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,
As true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s Tomb.

Quin. *Ninus* Tomb, Man; why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your Part at once,

once, Cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your Cue is past; it is never tire.

Enter Pyramus.

This. O, as true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted; pray Masters, fly Masters, help. [*The Clowns Exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a Round,
Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Briyer;
Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound,
A Hog, a headless Bear, sometime a Fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore and burn,
Like Horse, Hound, Hog, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom *with an Ass Head.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a Knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

Bot What do you see? You see an Ass-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their Knavery, this is to make an Ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this Place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid.
The Woosel Cock, so black of hue,
With Orenge-tawny Bill,
The Throstle will his Note so true.
The Wren and little Quill.

Queen. What Angel wakes me from my flowry Bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plain-song Cuckow gray,
Whose Note full many a Man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.
For, indeed, who would set his Wit to so foolish a Bird? Who would give a Bird the Lye, tho' he cry Cuckow never so?

Queen.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle Mortal, sing again,
Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy Note;
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,
So is mine Eye enthralled to thy Shape,
And thy fair Virtues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, Reason and Love keep little Company together, now a-days. The more the pity, that some honest Neighbours will not make them Friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as Wise as thou art Beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: But if I had Wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this Wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no,
I am a Spirit of no common Rate;
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed Flowers doth sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal Grosness so,
That thou shalt like an airy Spirit go.

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, *and four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I,
4 *Fair.* And I, Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his Walks, and Gambole in his Eye,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The Honey Bags steal from the Humble Bees,
And for Night Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes,
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise:
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping Eyes,
Nod to him Elves, and do him Courtesies.

1 *Fair*

1 *Fair.* Hail Mortal, Hail.
2 *Fair.* Hail.
3 *Fair.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your Worship's Mercy heartily, I beseech your Worship's Name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more Acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*; if I cut my Finger, I shall make bold with you. Your Name, honest Gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress *Squash* your Mother, and to Master *Peasecod* your Father. Good Master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more Acquaintance too. Your Name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master *Mustardseed*, I know your Patience well: That same cowardly Giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a Gentleman of your House. I promise you, your Kindred hath made my Eyes water e'er now. I desire more of your Acquaintance, good Master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watry Eye,
And when she weeps, weep every little Flower,
Lamenting some enforced Chastity.
Tye up my Lover's Tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King of Fairies solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her Eye,
Which she must dote on in Extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my Messenger: How now mad Spirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Mistress with a Monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated Bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping Hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for Bread upon *Athenian* Stalls,
Were met together to Rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* Nuptial Day.
The shallowest thick Skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their Sport

Forsook

Forsook his Scene, and entred in a Brake,
When I did him at this Advantage take,
An Ass's Nole I fixed on his Head;
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my Mimick comes; When they him spy,
As wild Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated Choughs, many in sort,
Rising and Kawing at the Gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky;
So at his sight, away his Fellows fly,
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He Murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their Sense thus weak, lost with their Fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For Briars and Thorns at their Apparel snatch,
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an Ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian* Eyes
With the Love Juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the Woman, but not this the Man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay Breath so bitter on your bitter Foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to Curse,
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep.
Being o'er Shoes in Blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too.
The Sun was not so true unto the Day
As he to me, Would he have stollen away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and so displease
Her Brother's Noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*.

It

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,
So should a Murtherer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the Murtherer look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the Heart with your stern Cruelty:
Yet you the Murderer look as bright and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering Sphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? Where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'd rather give his Carkass to my Hounds.
Her. Out Dog, out Cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of Maiden's Patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among Men.
Oh! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou a look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch:
Could not a Worm, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it, for with doubler Tongue
Than thine, thou Serpent, never Adder stung.
Dem. You spend your Passion on a mispriz'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lysander*'s Blood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A Privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated Presence part I. See me no more,
Whether he be dead or no. [*Exit*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce Vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So Sorrows heavinesS doth heavier grow:
For Debt that Bankrupt sleep doth Sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy Love-Juice on some true Love's sight:
Of thy Misprision must perforce ensue
Some true Love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then Fate o'er-rules, that one Man holding Troth
A Million fail, confounding Oath on Oath.
Ob. About the Wood go swifter than the Wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.
All Fancy-sick she is, and pale of Cheer,

With

With sighs of Love, that costs the fresh Blood dear;
By some Illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his Eyes against she doth appear.
Puck. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than Arrow from the *Tartar*'s Bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s Archery,
Sink in Apple of his Eye,
When his Love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the Sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for Remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy Band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the Youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a Lover's Fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what Fools these Mortals be!
Ob. Stand aside: The noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be Sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter Lysander *and* Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and Derision never come in Tears.
Look when I vow, I weep, and Vows so born,
In their Nativity all Truth appears:
How can these things in me seem Scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of Faith to prove them true.
Hel. You do advance your Cunning more and more,
When Truth kills Truth, O devilish holy Fray!
These Vows are *Hermia*'s. Will you give her o'er?
Weigh Oath with Oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your Vows to her and me, put in two Scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as Tales.
Lys. I had no Judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, Goddess, Nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my Love, shall I compare thine Eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show,
Thy Lips, those kissing Cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* Snow,
Fann'd with the Eastern Wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This Princess of pure white, this seal of Bliss.

Hel. O Spight, O Hell, I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your Merriment:
If you were civil, and knew Courtesie,
You would not do me thus much Injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in Souls to mock me too?
If you are Men, as Men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my Parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your Hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprize,
To conjure Tears up in a poor Maid's Eyes,
With your Derision: None of Nobler sort
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor Soul's Patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s Love I yield you up my part;
And your's of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my Death.

Hel. Never did Mockers waste more idle Breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that Love is gone.
My Heart to her, but as Guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the Faith thou dost not know,

Lest to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy Dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark Night, that from the Eye his Function takes,
The Ear more quick of Apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing Sense,
It pays the Hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine Eye, *Lysander*, found,
Mine Ear, I thank it, brought me to that Sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom Love doth press to go?
Her. What Love could press *Lysander* from my side?
Lys. *Lysander*'s Love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the Night,
Than all yon fiery O's and Eyes of Light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know
The Hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: It cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this Confederacy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false Sport in spight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful Maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me, with this foul Derision?
Is all the Counsel that we two have shar'd,
The Sisters Vows, the Hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed Time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All School-days Friendship, Childhoods Innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our Needles, created both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an Union in partition;
Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,
So with two seeming Bodies, but one Heart,
Two of the first Life, Coats of Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one Crest.

And will you rend our ancient Love asunder,
To join with Men in scorning your poor Friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our Sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the Injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my Eyes and Face?
And made your other Love, *Demetrius*,
Who even but now did spurn me with his Foot,
To call me Goddess, Nymph, Divine, and Rare,
Precious, Celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your Love, so rich within his Soul,
And tender me, forsooth, Affection,
But by your setting on, by your Consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with Love, so fortunate?
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad Looks,
Make Mouths upon me when I turn my Back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet Jest up:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any Pity, Grace, or Manners,
You would not make me such an Argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which Death or Absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my Excuse;
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*,

Hel. O Excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy Threats have no more strength than her weak Praise.
Helen, I love thee, by my Life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

 Lys.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, Sir, seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame Man, go.
Lys. Hang off thou Cat, thou Burre; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a Serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude
What change is this, sweet Love?
Lys. Thy Love? Out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed Medicine; O hated Poison, hence.
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.
Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my Word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your Bond; for I perceive
A weak Bond holds you; I'll not trust your Word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what News, my Love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since Night you lov'd me; yet since Night you left me:
Why then you left me, O the gods forbid!
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my Life,
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.
Her. O me, you Jugler, you Canker-blossom,
You Thief of Love; what have you come by Night,
And stollen my Love's Heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no Modesty, no maiden Shame,
No touch of Bashfulness? What will you tear
Impatient Answers from my gentle Tongue?
Fie, fie, you Counterfeit, you Puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that ways go the Game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our Statures; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his Esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my Nails can reach unto thine Eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, Gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in Shrewishness;
I am a right Maid for my Cowardize:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she's something lower than my self,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! Hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your Counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that in Love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth into this Wood:
He follow'd you, for Love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me,
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my Folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish Heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she will not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. She was a Vixen when she went to School;
And though she be but little she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys.

Lys. Get you gone, you Dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hindring Knot-grass made,
You Bead, you Acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your Services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of Love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.
Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose Right
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee Cheek by Jowl.
[*Exit* Lysander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You Mistress, all this Coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you,
Nor longer stay in your curst Company.
Your Hands than mine are quicker for a Fray,
My Legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy Negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy Knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook:
Did not you tell me I should know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on?
And so far blameless proves my Enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s Eyes;
And so far am I glad, it did so sort,
As this their Jangling I esteem a Sport.
Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seek a Place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the Night,
The Starry Welkin cover thou anon
With drooping Fog, as black as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy Tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter Wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till o'er their Brows, Death-counterfeiting Sleep
With leaden Legs and batty Wings doth creep;
Then crush this Herb into *Lysander*'s Eye,
Whose Liquor hath this virtuous Property,
To take from thence all Error, with its Might,
And make his Eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this Derision
Shall seem a Dream, and fruitless Vision;
And back to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With League, whose date 'till Death shall never end.
Whiles I in this Affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed Eye release
From Monsters view, and all things shall be Peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For Night's swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora*'s Harbinger;
At whose approach, Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; Damned Spirits all,
That in Cross-ways and Floods have Burial,
Already to their wormy Beds are gone,
For fear lest Day should look their Shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from Light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd Night.

Ob. But we are Spirits of another sort;
I with the Morning-Love have oft made sport,
And like a Forester the Groves may tread,
Even 'till the Eastern Gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed Beams,
Turns into yellow Gold his salt-green Streams.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay,
We may effect this Business yet e'er Day. [*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*, lead them up and down. Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?*
Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, Villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer Ground.

Enter

Enter Demetrius

Dem. Lysander, speak again;
Thou Run-away, thou Coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some Bush: Where dost thou hide thy Head?
Puck. Thou Coward, art thou begging to the Stars,
Telling the Bushes that thou look'st for Wars,
And wilt not come? Come Recreant, come thou Child,
I'll whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd
That draws a Sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my Voice, we'll try no Manhood here. [*Exe.*
Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; [*Shifting places.*
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle Day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray Light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this Spight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, Coward why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: For well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the Face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy Face by Day-light see.
Now go thy way: Faintness constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold Bed,
By Day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary Night, O long and tedious Night,
Abate thy Hours, shine Comforts from the *East*,
That I may back to *Athens* by Day-light,
From these that my poor Company detest,
And Sleep, that sometimes shuts up Sorrow's Eye,
Steal me a while from mine own Company. [*Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both Kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad,

Cupid is a knavish Lad.
Thus to make poor Females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in Woe.
Bedabbled with the Dew, and torn with Briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My Legs can keep no Pace with my Desires:
Here will I rest me 'till the break of Day;
Heav'ns shield *Lysander*, if they mean a Fray. [*Lyes down.*
Puck, On the Ground sleep sound,
I'll apply to your Eye, gentle Lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the Juice on* Lysander's *Eye.*
When thou wak'st thou tak'st
True Delight in the Sight of former Lady's Eye,
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man should take his own,
In your waking shall be known.
Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The Man shall have his Mare again, and all be well. [*Ex.* Puck.
[*They sleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

Queen. COme, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable Cheeks do coy,
And stick Musk Roses in thy sleek-smooth Head,
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom* ?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my Head, *Peaseblossom.* Where's Monsieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good Monsieur get your Weapons in your Hand. and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee on the Top of a Thistle, and good Monsieur bring me the Honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much in the Action, Monsieur; and good Monsieur have a Care the Honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a Honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your News, Monsieur *Mustard*; Pray you leave your Curtesie, good Monsieur.

Must. What's your Will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch, I must to the Barbers, Monsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the Face. And I am such a tender Ass, if my Hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some Musick, my sweet Love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good Ear in Musick, let us have the Tongs and the Bones.

Musick Tongs, Rural Musick.

Queen. Or say, sweet Love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly a Peck of Provender; I would munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great Desire to a Bottle of Hay: Good Hay, sweet Hay hath no Fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy
That shall seek the Squirrels Hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bet. I had rather have a handful of dried Pease. But I pray you let none of your People stir me, I have an Exposition of Sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Arms;
Fairies be gone, and be always away:
So doth the Woodbine the sweet Hony-suckle
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*;
Seest thou this sweet Sight?
Her Dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the Wood,
Seeking sweet Favours for this hateful Fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy Temples then had rounded
With Coronet of fresh and fragrant Flowers,
And that same Dew which sometime on the Buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient Pearls,
Stood now within the pretty Flouriets Eyes,

 Like

Like Tears that did their own Disgrace bewail.
When I had at my Pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild Terms begg'd my Patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling Child,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land;
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful Imperfection of her Eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed Scalp
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
But as the fierce Vexation of a Dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's *Bud, or* Cupid's *Flower,*
Hath such Force and blessed Power.

Now, my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon*! what Visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamoured of an Ass.
Ob. There lies your Love.
Queen. How came these Things to pass?
Oh how mine Eyes do loath this Visage now!
Ob. Silence a while; *Robin* take off his Head,
Titania, Musick call, and strike more dead
Than common Sleep. Of all these find the Sense.
Queen. Musick, ho Musick; such as charmeth Sleep.
Musick still.
Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own Fools Eyes peep.
Ob. Sound Musick; come my Queen, take Hand with me,
And rock the Ground whereon these Sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in Amity,
And will to Morrow Midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* House triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair Posterity:
There shall these Pairs of faithful Lovers be
Wedded with *Theseus* all in Jollity.

Puck.

Puck. Fair King attend and mark,
I do hear the Morning Lark.
Ob. Then my Queen in Silence sad,
Trip we after the Night's Shade;
We the Globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandring Moon.
Queen. Come my Lord, and in our Flight,
Tell me how it came this Night,
That I sleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lye still.*
With these Mortals on the Ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind Horns.*

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita *and all his Train.*
Thes. Go one of you, find out the Forester,
For now our Observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the Day,
My Love shall hear the Musick of my Hounds:
Uncouple in the Western Valley, let them go,
Dispatch I say, and find the Forester.
We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's Top,
And mark the Musical Confusion
Of Hounds, and Eccho in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the Bear
With Hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding. For besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder.
Thes. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each. A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*:
Judge when you hear. But soft, what Nymphs are these?
Ege. My Lord, this is my Daughter here asleep.
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder of this being here together.

Thes.

Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The right of *May*, and hearing our Intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But speak *Egeus*, is not this the Day
That *Hermia* should give Answer of her Choice?
Ege. It is, my Lord.
Thes. Go bid the Huntsmen wake them with their Horns.
Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.
Thes. Good Morrow Friends; Saint *Valentine* is past:
Begin these Wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my Lord.
Thes. I pray you all stand up:
I know you two are Rival Enemies.
How comes this gentle Concord in the World,
That Hatred is so far from Jealousy,
To sleep by Hate, and fear no Emnity.
Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our Intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the Peril of the *Athenian* Law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law upon his Head:
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your Wife, and me of my Consent;
Of my Consent that she should be your Wife.
Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their Stealth,
Of this their Purpose hither to the Wood.
And I in Fury hither follow'd them
Fair *Helena* in Fancy follow'd me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what Power,
But by some Power it is, my Love
To *Hermia*, melted as the Snow,
Seems to me now as the Remembrance of an idle Guade,
Which in my Childhood I did doat upon:
And all the Faith, the Virtue of my Heart,
The Object and the Pleasure of mine Eye,

Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed e'er I did see *Hermia*;
But like a Sickness did I loath this Food;
But as in Health come to my natural Taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Fair Lovers you are fortunately met;
Of this Discourse we shall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your Will,
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These Couples shall eternally be knit:
And for the Morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd Hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a Feast in great Solemnity.
Come *Hippolita*. [*Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These Things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off Mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted Eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel;
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems so to me,
That we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father,

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the Way let us recount our Dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[Bottom *wakes*.

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus*----Hey ho, *Peter Quince! Flute* the Bellows-mender! *Snout* the Tinker! *Starveling*! God's my Life! Stol'n hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a Dream past the Wit of Man to say what Dream it was: Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound this Dream. Methought I was, there is no Man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had. But Man is but a patch'd Fool, if he will offer to say what methought

methought I had. The Eye of Man hath not heard, the Ear of Man hath not seen; Man's Hand is not able to taste, his Tongue to conceive, nor his Heart to report what my Dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no Bottom; and I will sing it in the latter End of a Play before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snowt *and* Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottom's* House? Is he come Home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

This. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd. It goes forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a Man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

This. No, he hath simply the best Wit of any Handycraft Man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best Person too; and he is a very Paramour for a sweet Voice.

This. You must say, Paragon; a Paramour is (God bless us) a Thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the *Temple*, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; If our Sport had gone forward, we had all been made Men.

This. O sweet Bully *Bottom*; thus hath he lost Six pence a Day during his Life; he could not have 'scap'd Six pence a Day; and the Duke had not given him Six pence a Day for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it. Six pence a Day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these Hearts?

Quin. Bottom, O most courageous Day! O most happy Hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse Wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a Word of me; all I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together, good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbons to your Pumps, meet presently at the Palace, every Man look o'er his Part; for the short and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have clean Linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion pare his Nails, for they shall hang out for the Lion's Claws; and most dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet Breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more Words; away, go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus *and his Lords.*

Hip. 'TIS strange, my *Theseus*, that these Lovers speak of.

Thes. More strange than true. I never may believe
These Antick Fables, nor these Fairy Toys;
Lovers and Madmen have such seething Brains,
Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
Than cool Reason ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact:
One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;
That is the Madman. The Lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt*.
The Poet's Eye in a fine Frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n
And as Imagination bodies forth the Forms of Things
Unknown; the Poet's Pen turns them to Shapes,
And gives to Airy Nothing a local Habitation,
And a Name. Such Tricks hath strong Imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some Joy.
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy:
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,
How easie is a Bush suppos'd a Bear?

Hip.

Hip. But all the Story of the Night told over,
And all their Minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than Fancies Images,
And grows to something of great Constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Thes. Here come the Lovers, full of Joy and Mirth.
Joy, gentle Friends, Joy and fresh days of Love
Accompany your Hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your Royal Walks, your Board, your Bed.

Thes. Come now, what Masks, what Dances shall we have,
To wear away this long Age of three Hours,
Between our after-supper and Bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of Mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no Play
To ease the Anguish of a torturing Hour?
Call *Egeus.*

Ege. Here, mighty *Theseus.*

Thes. Say, what Abridgment have you for this Evening?
What Mask? What Musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some Delight?

Ege. There is a Brief how many Sports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

Lys. The Battel with the Centaur, to be sung
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.

Thes. We'll none of that. That have I told my Love,
In glory of my Kinsman *Hercules.*

Lys. The Riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,
Tearing the *Thracian* Singer in their Rage.

Thes. That is an old Device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the Death of
Learning, late deceas'd in Beggary.

Thes. That is some Satyr keen and critical,
Not sorting with a Nuptial Ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus*,
And his Love *Thisby*; very tragical Mirth.

Thes.

Thes. Merry and Tragical? Tedious and Brief? That is, hot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow. How shall we find the Concord of this Discord?

Ege. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten Words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play;
But by ten Words, my Lord, it is too long.
Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play
There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted.
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
Made mine Eyes water; but more merry Tears
The passion of loud Laughter never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard-handed Men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their Minds till now;
And now have toiled their unbreathed Memories
With this same Play, against your Nuptials.

Thes. And we will hear it.

Ege. No, my Noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the World,
Unless you can find sport in their Intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel Pain,
To do you Service.

Thes. I will hear that Play: For never any thing
Can be amiss, when Simpleness and Duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your Places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to see Wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And Duty in his Service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle Sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them Thanks for nothing.
Our Sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor Duty cannot do, noble Respect
Takes it in Might, not Merit.
Where I have come, great Clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,
Throttle their practis'd Accent in their Fears,

And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Sweet,
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful Duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling Tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence.
Love therefore, and Tongue-tide Simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my Capacity.

Ege. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Thes. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

Enter Quince *for the Prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their Show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This Fellow doth not stand upon his Points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt; he knows not the stop. A good Moral, my Lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his Prologue, like a Child on the Recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His Speech was like a tangled Chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Tawyer *with a Trumpet before them.*

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, *and* Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this Show,
But wonder on, 'till Truth make all things plain.
This Man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-cast, doth present
Wall, the vile Wall, which did these Lovers sunder:
And through Wall's Chink, poor Souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no Man wonder.

This

This Man with Lanthorn, Dog, and Bush of Thorn,
Presenteth Moon-shine: For, if you will know,
By Moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woo.
This grizly Beast, which *Lion* hight by Name,
The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by Night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her Mantle she did fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody Mouth did stain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet Youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisby*'s Mantle slain;
Whereat, with Blade, with bloody blameful Blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody Breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry Shade,
His Dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one *Lion* may, when many Asses do.

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befal,
That I, one *Snout* by name, present a Wall:
And such a Wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied Hole or Chink;
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so:
And this the Cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful Lovers are so whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest Partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the Wall: Silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd Night! O Night with hue so black!
O Night, which ever art when Day is not!
O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s Promise is forgot.

And thou, O Wall, thou sweet and lovely Wall,
That stands between her Father's Ground and mine,
Thou Wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall,
Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine Eyn.
Thanks, courteous Wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see.
O wicked Wall, through whom I see no Bliss,
Curst be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Thes. The Wall, methinks, being sensible, should Curse again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*
Is *Thisby*'s cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the Wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat. I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O Wall, full often hast thou heard my Moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry Lips hath often kiss'd thy Stones;
Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,
To spy and I can see my *Thisby*'s Face. *Thisby?*

This. My Love thou art, my Love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers Grace.
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen*, 'till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile Wall.

This. I kiss the Wall's hole, not your Lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s Tomb meet me straightway?

This. Tide Life, tide Death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so:
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Thes. Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the sillicst Stuff that e'er I heard.

Thes. The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

Hip.

Hip. It must be your Imagination then, and not theirs.

Thes. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for Excellent Men. Here comes two noble Beasts, in a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moon-shine.

Lion. You Ladies, you, whose gentle Hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest Rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's Dam:
For if I should as Lion come in Strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Thes. A very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience.

Dem. The very best at a Beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very Fox for his Valour.

Thes. True, and a Goose for his Discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord? for his Valour cannot carry his Discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Thes. His Discretion I am sure cannot carry his Valour; for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well: Leave it to his Discretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the Horns on his Head.

Thes. He is no Crescent, and his Horns are invisible, within the Circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present:
My self the Man i'th' Moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest error of all the rest: The Man should be put into the Lanthorn: How is it else the Man i' th' Moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the Candle;
For you see it is already in Snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this Moon; would he would Change.

Thes. It appears by his small Light of Discretion, that he is in the Wane; but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the

Lanthorn is the Moon; I, the Man in the Moon; this Thorn Bush, my Thorn Bush; and this Dog, my Dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the Lanthorn; for they are in the Moon. But silence; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninny*'s Tomb; where is thy Love?

Lion. Oh. [*The* Lion *roars*, Thisby *runs off*.

Dem. Well roar'd *Lion*.

Thes. Well run *Thisby*.

Hip. Well shone *Moon*.

Truly the *Moon* shines with good grace.

Thes. Well mouth'd *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny Beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering Streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisby*'s sight.
But stay: O spight! but mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you see! How can it be!
O dainty Duck! O Deer!
Thy Mantle good; what stain'd with Blood!
Approach you Furies fell:
O Fates! Come, come: Cut Thred and Thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thes. This Passion, and the Death of a dear Friend,
Would go near to make a Man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my Heart, but I pity the Man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wild hath here Deflour'd my Dear:
Which is——No, no——which was the fairest Dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with Cheer.
Come Tears, confound: Out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus*.
Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the Sky,

Tongue

Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No Die, but an Ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an Ace, Man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Ass.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-shine* is gone, before *Thisby* comes back, and finds her Lover?

Enter Thisby.

Thes. She will find him by Star-light.
Here she comes; and her Passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet Eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my Love? What, dead, my Dove?
O *Pyramus* arise:
Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A Tomb
Must cover thy sweet Eyes.
These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose,
These yellow Cowslip Cheeks
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan.
His Eyes were green as Leeks.
O Sisters three, come, come to me,
With Hands as pale as Milk;
Lay them in gore, since you have shore
With Sheers, this Thread of Silk.
Tongue not a word; Come trusty Sword;
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue:
And farewell Friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thes. *Moon-shine* and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to bear a Bergomask Dance, between two of our Company?

Thes. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisby*'s Garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone. [*Here a Dance of Clowns.*

The Iron Tongue of Midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to Bed, 'tis almost *Fairy* time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming Morn,
As much as we this Night have over-watch'd.
This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy Gate of Night. Sweet Friends to Bed.
A Fortnight hold we this Solemnity,
In nightly Revel, and new Jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lion roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whilst the heavy Ploughman snoars,
All with weary Task fore-done.
Now the wasted Brands do glow,
Whilst the Scritch-Owl, scritching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lyes in Woe
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Now it is the time of Night,
That the Graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecates* team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following Darkness like a Dream,
Now are Frolick; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed House.
I am sent with Broom before,
To sweep the Dust behind the Door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their Train.*

Ob. Through the House give glimmering Light,
By the dead and drowsie Fire,

Every

Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as light as Bird from Brier,
And this Ditty after me, Sing and Dance it trippingly.
Queen. First rehearse this Song by roat,
To each Word a warbling Note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this Place.

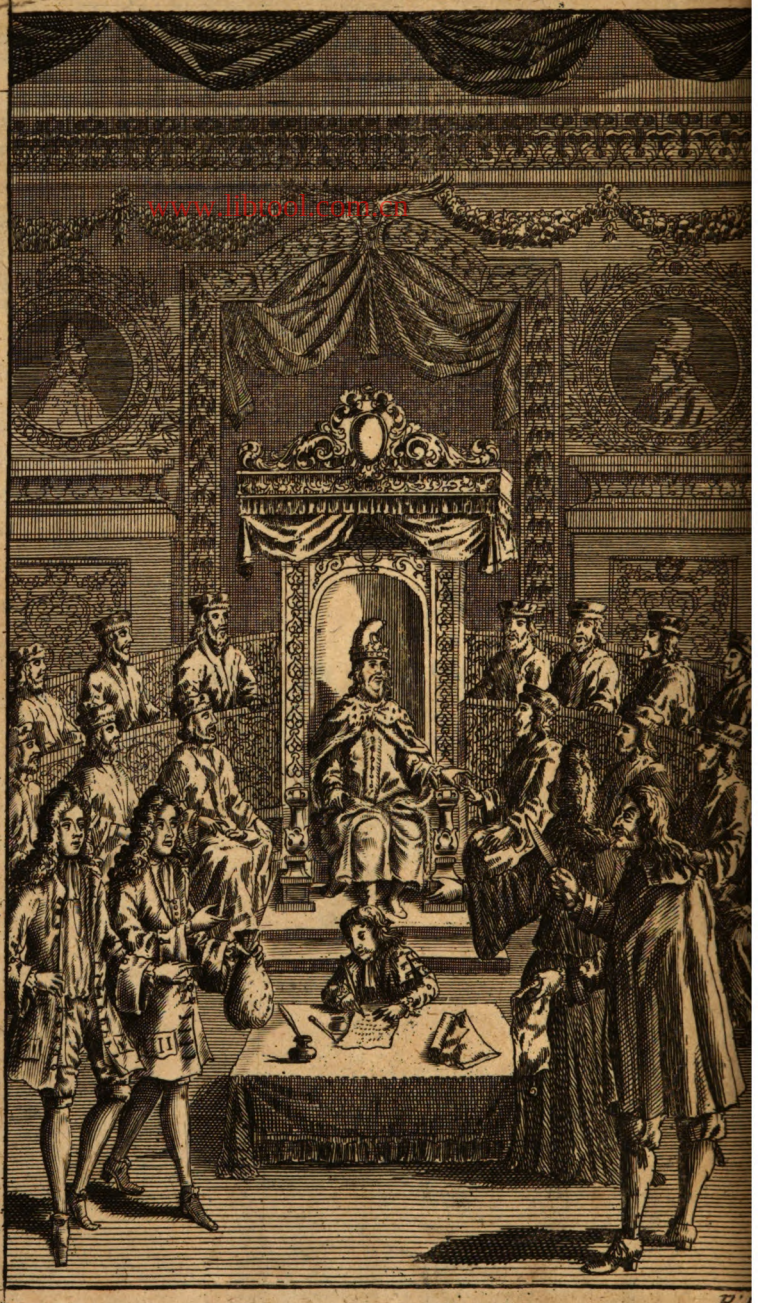
The SONG.

Now until the break of Day,
Through this House each Fairy *stray.*
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall Blessed be;
And the Issue there create,
Ever shall be Fortunate;
So shall all the Couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the Blots in Nature's Hand
Shall not in their Issue stand;
Never Mole, Hare-lip, nor Scar,
Nor mark Prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativity,
Shall upon their Children be.
With this Field Dew consecrate,
Every Fairy *take his Gate,*
And each several Chamber bless,
Through this Palace with sweet Peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the Owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by Break of Day.

Puck. If we, Shadows, have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but Slumbred here,
While these Visions did appear.
And this weak and idle Theam,
No more yielding but a Dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you Pardon, we will mend.

And

And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned Luck,
Now to 'ſcape the Serpent's Tongue,
We will make Amends e'er long:
Elſe the *Puck* a Liar call.
So good Night unto you all.
Give me your Hands, if we be Friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore Amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*



THE MERCHANT OF *VENICE*.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE *of* Venice.

Morochius, *a* Moorish *Prince.* } *Suiters to*
Prince of Arragon. } Portia.

Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.

Bassanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.

Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Bassanio.
Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, *in love with* Jessica.

Shylock, *a* Jew.

Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*

Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.

Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.

Portia, *an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.*

Nerissa, *Confident to* Portia.

Jessica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Servants to* Portia, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

The

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Anthonio Solarino *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

N ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it;
What Stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn; and ſuch a want-wit Sadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my ſelf.

Sal. Your Mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the Flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That Curtſie to them, do them Reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven Wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch Venture forth,
The better Part of my Affections would
Be with my Hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the Graſs, to know where ſits the Wind,
Peering in Maps for Ports, and Peers, and Roads;
And every Object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my Ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal.

Sal. My Wind cooling my Broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a Wind too great might do at Sea.
I should not see the sandy Hour-glass run,
But I should think of Shallows and of Flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in Sand,
Vailing her high Top lower than her Ribs,
To kiss her Burial: Should I go to Church
And see the holy Edifice of Stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous Rocks?
Which touching but my gentle Vessel's Side,
Would scatter all her Spices on the Stream,
Enrobe the roaring Waters with my Silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the Thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the Thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to think upon his Merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no, I thank my Fortune for it,
My Ventures are not in one Bottom trusted,
Nor to one Place; nor is my whole Estate
Upon the Fortune of this present Year:
Therefore my Merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in Love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in Love neither! then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange Fellows in her Time:
So that will evermore peep through their Eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a Bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar Aspect,
That they'll not shew their Teeth in way of Smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the Jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better Company.

Sola.

Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier Friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your Worth is very dear in my Regard:
I take it your own Buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' Occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good Morrow, my good Lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our Leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at Dinner Time,
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much Reſpect upon the World:
They loſe it that do buy it with much Care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the World but as the World, *Gratiano*;
A Stage where every Man muſt play his Part;
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool
With Mirth and Laughter; let old Wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with Wine,
Than my Heart cool with mortifying Groans:
Why ſhould a Man, whoſe Blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandſire cut in *Alablaſter*?
Sleep when he walkes, and creep into the Jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my Love that ſpeaks:
There are a ſort of Men, whoſe Viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding Pond,
And do a wilful Stilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an Oponion
Of Wiſdom, Gravity, profound Conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am, Sir, an Oracle;
And when I ope my Lips, let no Dog bark.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed Wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe Ears,

Which

Which hearing them, would call their Brothers Fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholly Bait,
For this Fool Gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till Dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise Men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me Company but two Years more,
Thou shalt not know the Sound of thine own Tongue.

Anth. Fare you well; I'll grow a Talker for this Gear.

Gra. Thanks i'faith; for Silence is only commendable
In a Neats Tongue dry'd, and a Maid not vendible. [*Exit.*

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any Man in all *Venice*: his Reasons are two Grains of Wheat hid in two Bushels of Chaff; you may seek all Day e'er you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the Search.

Anth. Well; tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage,
That you to Day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have disabled mine Estate,
By something shewing a more swelling Port
Than my faint Means would grant continuance to;
Nor do I now make Moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble Rate; but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off from the great Debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the most in Mony, and in Love,
And from your Love I have a Warranty
To unburthen all my Plots and Purposes,
How to get clear of all the Debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
And if it stands as you your self still do,
Within the Eye of Honour, be assur'd
My Purse, my Person, my extreamest Means
Lye all unlock'd to your Occasions.

Bass.

Baſſ. In my School-Days, when I had loſt one Shaft,
I ſhot his Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed Watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this Child-hood Proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure Innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful Youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another Arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt Debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but Time
To wind about my Love with Circumſtance;
And out of doubt you do to me more Wrong,
In making Queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me, what ſhould I do,
That in your Knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: Therefore ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that Word,
Of wondrous Virtues; Sometimes from her Eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs Meſſages;
Her Name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s Daughter, *Brutus Portia*:
Nor is the wide World ignorant of her Worth;
For the four Winds blow in from every Coaſt
Renowned Sutors; and her ſunny Locks
Hang on her Temples like a golden Fleece,
Which makes her Seat of *Belmont Cholchos* Strond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the Means
To hold a rival Place with one of them,
I have a Mind preſages me ſuch Thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my Fortunes are at Sea,
Neither have I Mony, nor Commodity
To raiſe a preſent Sum? therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do;

That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where Mony is, and I no question make
To have it of my Trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont.*

Three Caskets are set out, one of Gold, another of Silver, and another of Lead.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. By my Troth, *Nerissa*, my little Body is weary of this great World.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your Miseries were in the same Abundance as your good Fortunes are; and yet, for ought I see, thay are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no small Happiness to be seated in the Mean; Superfluity comes sooner by white Hairs, but Competency lives longer.

Por. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor Mens Cottages, Princes Palaces: It is a good Divine that follows his own Instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The Brain may devise Laws for the Blood, but a hot Temper leaps o'er a cold Decree; such a Hare is Madness the Youth, to skip o'er the Meshes of good Counsel the Cripple. But this Reason is not in Fashion to chuse me a Husband: O me, the Word, chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the Will of a living Daughter curb'd by the Will of a dead Father: Is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your Father was ever Virtuous, and holy Men at their Death have good Inspirations; therefore the Lottery that he hath devised in these three Chests of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof, who chuses his Meaning, chuses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what Warmth is there in your Affection towards any of these Princely Suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them, and according to my Description, level at my Affection.

Ner. First there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his Horse, and he makes it a great Appropriation to his own good Parts that he can shoo him himself: I am much afraid my Lady his Mother plaid false with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the County *Palentine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, and you will not have me, chuse: He hears merry Tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly Sadness in his Youth. I had rather to be married to a Death's Head with a Bone in his Mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le Bonn*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a Man; in truth I know it is Sin to be a Mocker; but he! why he hath a Horse better than the *Neapolitan's*, a better bad Habit of Frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every Man in no Man, if a Tassel sing, he falls straight a Capring; he will fence with his own Shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty Husbands; if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to Madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and swear that I have a poor Penny-worth in *English*; he is a proper Man's Picture, but alas who can converse with a dumb Show? How odly he is suited! I think he bought his Doublet in *Italy*, his round Hose in *France*, his Bonnet in *Germany*, and his Behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly Charity in him, for he borrow'd a Box of the Ear of the *English-man*, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his Surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s Nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the Morning when he is sober, and most vildly in the Afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a Man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a Beast; and the worst Fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nor. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right Casket, you should refuse to perform your Father's Will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep Glass of *Rhenish* Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devil be within, and the Temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, e'er I will be marry'd to a Spunge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their Determination, which is indeed to return to their Home, and to trouble you with no more Suits, unless you may be won by some other sort than your Father's Imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Per. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my Father's Will: I am glad this Parcel of Wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very Absence, and wish them a fair Departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, Lady, in your Father's time, a *Venetian*, a Scholar and a Soldier that came hither in Company of the Marquiss of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the Men that ever my foolish Eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy Praise.

Ent

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four Strangers seek you, Madam, to take their Leave; and there is a Fore-runner come from a fifth, The Prince of *Morocco*, who brings Word the Prince his Master will be here to Night.

Por. If I could bid the Fifth welcome with so good Heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I should be glad of his Approach; if he have the Condition of a Saint, and the Complexion of a Devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come *Nerissa*, Sirrah go before; whiles we shut the Gate upon one Wooer, another knocks at the Door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice.*

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats, well.

Bass. Ay Sir, for three Months.

Shy. For three Months, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* shall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your Answer?

Shy. Three thousand Ducats for three Months, And *Anthonio* bound.

Bass. Your Answer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good Man.

Bass. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good Man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his Means are in supposition: He hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other Ventures he hath squandred Abroad. But Ships are but Boards, Sailers but Men; there be Land Rats, and Water Rats, Water Thieves and Land Thieves, I mean Pyrates; and then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds, and Rocks; the Man is notwithstanding sufficient; three thousand Ducats, I think I may take his Bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Jew. I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me; may I speak with *Anthonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell Pork, to eat of the Habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the Devil into; I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
What News on the *Ryalto*; who comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Jew. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low Simplicity
He lends out Mony *Gratis*, and brings down
The Rate of Usance here with us in *Venice*;
If I can catch him once upon the Hip,
I will feed fat the antient Grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rails
Even there where Merchants most do congregate,
On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift,
Which he calls Interest. Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present Store,
And by the near Guess of my Memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the Gross
Of full three thousand Ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my Tribe,
Will furnish me; but soft, how many Months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior, [*To* Anth.
Your Worship was the last Man in our Mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of Excess,
Yet to supply the ripe Wants of my Friend,
I'll break a Custom. Is he yet possest
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand Ducats.

Anth. And for three Months,

Shy.

Shy. I had forgot, three Months you told me so;
Well then, your Bond: But let me see, but hear you,
Methoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.
Anth. I did never use it.
Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban*'s Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wise Mother wrought in his behalf,
The third Possesser, ay, he was the third.
Anth. And what of him, did he take Interest?
Shy. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himself were compromiz'd
That all the Ewelings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob*'s Hire; the Ewes being rank,
In end of Autumn turned to the Rams;
And when the Work of Generation was
Between these woolly Breeders, in the Act
The skilful Shepherd pil'd me certain Wands,
And in the doing of the Deed of Kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in Yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs and those were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And Thrift is Blessing, if Men steal it not.
Anth. This was a Venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing not in his Power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the Hand of Heav'n:
Was this inserted to make Interest good?
Or is your Gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, Signior.
Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil Soul producing holy Witness,
Is like a Villain with a smiling Cheek,
A goodly Apple rotten at the Heart,
O what a godly Outside Falshood hath!
Shy. Three thousand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three Months from twelve, then let me see the Rate.
Anth. Wel', *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a Time and oft,
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my Monies and my Usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance in the Badge of all our Tribe;
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* Gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my Help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have Monies; you say so,
You that did void your Rheume upon my Beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger Cur
Over your Threshold: Monies is your Suit,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog Mony? is it possible
A Cur should lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a Bondman's Key
With bated Breath, and whispering Humbleness,
Say this: Fair Sir, you spet on me on *Wednesday* last;
You spurn'd me such a Day; another time
You call'd me Dog; and for these Curtesies
I'll lend you thus much Monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Mony, lend it not
As to thy Friend, for when did Friendship take
A Breed of barren Metal of his Friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'st with better Face
Exact the Penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you storm.
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love,
Forget the Shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present Wants, and take no Doit
Of Usage for my Monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were Kindness.

Shy. This Kindness will I show;
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry Sport

 If

If you repay me not on such a Day,
In such a Place, such Sum or Sums as are
Express'd in the Condition, let the Forfeit
Be nominated for an equal Pound
Of your fair Flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your Body it pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in Faith, I'll seal to such a Bond,
And say there is much Kindness in the *Jew*.

Bas. You shall not seal to such a Bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my Necessity.

Anth. Why fear not Man, I will not forfeit it;
Within these two Months, that's a Month before,
This Bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond,

Shy. O Father *Abraham*, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard Dealing teaches them suspect
The Thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his Day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the Forfeiture?
A Pound of Man's Flesh taken from a Man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As Flesh of Muttons, Beefs, or Goats. I say,
To buy his Favour, I extend this Friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my Love I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this Bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will go and purse the Ducats straight:
See to my House, lest in the fearful Guard
Of an unthrifty Knave, and presently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*. This *Hebrew* will turn
Christian, he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair Terms, and a Villain's Mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My Ships come home a Month before the Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Belmont.*

Enter Morochius *a Tawny-Moor all in White, and three or four Followers accordingly, with* Portia, Nerissa, *and her Train. Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. MIsslike me not for my Complection,
The shadowed Livery of the burnish'd Sun,
To whom I am a Neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest Creature Northward born,
Where *Phœbus* Fire scarce thaws the Isicles,
And let us make Incision for your Love,
To prove whose Blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, Lady, this Aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the Valiant, by my Love I swear,
The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this Hue,
Except to steal your Thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of Choice I am not solely led
By nice Direction of a Maiden's Eyes:
Besides, the Lottery of my Destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his Wit to yield my self
His Wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your self, Renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any Comer I have look'd on yet
For my Affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my Fortune: By this Scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a *Persian* Prince,
That won three Fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would o'er-stare the sternest Eyes that look,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the Earth,
Pluck the young sucking Cubs from the She-Bear,
Yea, mock the Lion when he roars for Prey,

To

To win the Lady. But alas, the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Which is the better Man? the greater Throw
May turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his Rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And dye with grieving.

Por. You must take your Chance,
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to Lady afterward
In way of Marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come bring me unto my Chance.

Por. First forward to the Temple, after Dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good Fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me blest or cursed'st among Men, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice.*

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly, my Conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my Master: The Fiend is at my Elbow, and attempts me, saying to me, *Job, Launcelot Job*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Job*, or good *Launcelot Job*, use your Legs, take the start, run away: My Conscience says no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*, take heed, honest *Job*, or as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Job*, do not run, scorn running with thy Heels: Well, the most couragious Fiend bids me pack, *Via* says the Fiend, away says the Fiend, for the Heav'ns rouse up a brave Mind, says the Fiend, and run. Well, my Conscience hanging about the Neck of my Heart, says very wisely to me, My honest Friend *Launcelot*, being an honest Man's Son, or rather an honest Woman's Son——for indeed my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kind of taste——Well, my Conscience says, *Launcelot* budge not; budge, says the Fiend; budge not, says my Conscience; Conscience, say I, you counsel well; Fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be rul'd by my Conscience

ence I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my Maſter, who, God bleſs the Mark, is a kind of Devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I ſhould be ruled by the Fiend, who, ſaving your Reverence, is the Devil himſelf. Certainly the *Jew* is the very Devil Incarnation, and in my Conſcience, my Conſcience is a kind of hard Conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*; the Fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, Fiend, my Heels are at your Commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo *with a Basket.*

Gob. Maſter Young-man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Maſter *Jew*'s!

Laun. O Heav'ns, this is my true begotten Father, who being more than ſand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try Confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter *Jew's?*

Laun. Turn upon your Right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your Left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s Houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whither one *Launcelot* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot*? Mark me now, now will I raiſe the Waters; talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No Maſter, Sir, but a poor Man's Son, his Father, tho' I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor Man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of young Maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your Worſhip's Friend and *Launcelot.*

Laun. But I pray you *Ergo*, old Man, *Ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your Maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo Maſter *Launcelot*, talk not of Maſter *Launcelot* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtinies, and ſuch odd Sayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch Branches of Learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to Heaven.

Gob.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the Boy was the very Staff of my Age, my very Prop.

Laun. Do I look like a Cudgel or a Hovel-post, a Staff or a Prop? Do you know me, Father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young Gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my Boy, God rest his Soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, Father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your Eyes you might fail of the knowing me: It is a wise Father that knows his own Child. Well, old Man, I will tell you News of your Son, give me your Blessing, Truth will come to light, Murder cannot be hid long, a Man's Son may, but in the end Truth will not.

Gob. Pray you Sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelot* my Boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your Blessing; I am *Launcelot*, your Boy that was, your Son that is, your Child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my Son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: But I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s Man, and I am sure *Margery* your Wife is my Mother.

Gob. Her Name is *Margery* indeed, I'll be sworn if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own Flesh and Blood: Lord worship'd might he be! what a Beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy Chin, than Dobbin my Phil-horse has on his Tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's Tail grows backward. I am sure he had more Hair on his Tail than I have on my Face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how dost thou and thy Master agree? I have brought him a Present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My Master's a very *Jew*: Give him a Present! give him a Halter: I am famish'd in his Service. You may tell every Finger I have with my Ribs. Father I am glad you are come, give me your Present to one Master *Bassanio*,

who

who indeed gives rare new Liveries; If I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any Ground. O rare Fortune, here comes the Man; to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Bassanio *with a Follower or two.*

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that Supper be ready at the farthest by five of the Clock: See these Letters deliver'd, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my Lodging.

Laun. To him, Father.

Gob. God bless your Worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my Son, Sir, a poor Boy.

Laun. Not a poor Boy, Sir, but the Rich *Jew*'s Man that would, Sir, as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great Infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.

Laun. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he, saving your Worship's Reverence, are scarce Catercousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my Father, being I hope an old Man, shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a Dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your Worship, and my Suit is——

Laun. In very brief, the Suit is impertinent to my self, as your Worship shall know by this honest old Man; and, though I say it, though old Man, yet poor Man my Father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy Suit;
Shylock, thy Master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be Preferment,
To leave a rich *Jew*'s Service, to become
The Follower of so poor a Gentleman.

Laun. The old Proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylock* and you, Sir, you have the Grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out; give him a Livery,
More guarded than his Fellows: See it done.

Laun. Father in, I cannot get a Service, no; I have ne'er a Tongue in my Head; well, if any Man in *Italy* have a fairer Table which doth offer to ſwear upon a Book, I ſhall have good Fortune; go too, here's a ſimple Line of Life, here's a ſmall trifle of Wives, alas, fifteen Wives is nothing, eleven Widows and nine Maids is a ſimple coming in for one Man, and then to 'ſcape Drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my Life with the edge of a Feather Bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes: Well, if *Fortune* be a Woman, ſhe's a good Wench for this gere. Father come, I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling. [*Exit* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt eſteem'd Acquaintance, hie thee, gone.

Leon. My beſt Endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*.

Baſſ. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a Suit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont*.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt: But hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of Voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch Eyes as ours appear not Faults;
But where they are not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal, pray thee take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of Modeſty
Thy ſkipping Spirit, leſt through thy wild Behaviour
I be miſconſtru'd in the Place I go to,
And loſe my Hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, hear me,
If I do not put on a sober Habit,
Talk with Respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear Prayer-books in my Pockets, look demurely,
Nay, more, while Grace is saying, hood mine Eyes
Thus with my Hat, and sigh and say, Amen;
Use all the observance of Civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to Night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to Night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest Suit of Mirth, for we have Friends
That purpose Merriment: But fare you well,
I have some Business.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:
But we will visit you at Supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our House is Hell, and thou a merry Devil
Did'st rob it of some taste of Tediousness;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee,
And *Launcelot*, soon at Supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Master's Guest,
Give him this Letter, do it secretly,
And so farewel: I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; Tears exhibit my Tougue, most beautiful Pagan, most sweet *Jew*; if a Christian did not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; But adieu, these foolish Drops do somewhat drown thy manly Spirit: Adieu. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot*.
Alack, what hainous Sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?
But though I am a Daughter to his Blood,
I am not to his Manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep Promise, I shall end this Strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving Wife. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in Supper-time,
Diſguiſe us at my Lodging, and return all in an Hour.

Gra. We have not made good Preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke as yet of Torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a Clock, we have two Hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the News?

Enter Launcelot *with a Letter.*

Laun. And it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the Hand, in faith 'tis a fair Hand,
And whiter than the Paper it writ on,
Is, the fair Hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry to bid my old Maſter the *Jew* to Sup to Night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jeſſica*
I will not fail her, ſpeak it privately.
Go, Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Mask to Night?
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano* at *Gratiano*'s Lodging
Some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jeſſica*?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Father's Houſe,
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
What Page's Suit ſhe hath in readineſs;
If e'er the *Jew* her Father come to Heav'n,
It will be for his gentle Daughter's ſake;
And never dare Misfortune croſs her Foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is Iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.

Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Fair *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy Eyes shall be thy Judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*;
What *Jessica*! Thou shalt not Gormandize
As thou hast done with me —— What *Jessica*!
And sleep, and snore, and rend Apparel out.
Why *Jessica*, I say.

Laun. Why *Jessica*!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your Worship was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to Supper, *Jessica*,
There are my Keys: But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for Love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. *Jessica*, my Girl,
Look to my House, I am right loth to go,
There is some ill a brewing towards my Rest,
For I did dream of Mony-Bags last Night.

Laun. I beseech you Sir go, my young Master
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Mask, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my Nose fell a bleeding on Black Munday last, at six a Clock i'th' Morning, falling out that Year on Ash-Wednesday was four Year in the afternoon.

Shy. What are their Masks? Hear you me, *Jessica*,
Lock up my Doors, and when you hear the Drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd Fife,
Clamber not you up to the Casements then,
Nor thrust your Head into the publick Street
To gaze on Christian Fools with varnish'd Faces;
But stop my House's Ears, I mean my Casements,
Let not the sound of shallow Foppery enter
My sober House. By *Jacob*'s Staff I swear,

I have

I have no mind of Feasting forth to Night:
But I will go; go you before me, Sirrah:
Say I will come.
Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Mistress, look out at a Window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a *Jew*'s Eye. [*Exit* Laun.
Shy. What says that Fool of *Hagar*'s Off-spring? ha.
Jes. His Words were Farewel Mistress, nothing else.
Shy. The Patch is kind enough, but a huge Feeder:
Snail-slow in profit, but sleeps by day
More than the wild Cat; Drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed Purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, shut Doors after you, fast bind, fast find,
A Proverb never stale in thrifty Mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewel; and if my Fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a Daughter lost. [*Exit.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in Masquerade.*

Gra. This is the Pent-house under which *Lorenzo* desired us to make a stand.
Sal. His Hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For Lovers ever run before the Block.
Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pigeons fly
To steal Loves Bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged Faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a Feast
With that keen Appetite that he sits down?
Where is the Horse that doth untread again
His tedious Measures with the unbated Fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more Spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a Younker or a Prodigal
The skarfed Bark puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet Wind;
How like a Prodigal she doth return
With over-wither'd Ribs and ragged Sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet Wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet Friends, your Patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my Affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the Thieves for Wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my Father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica *above in Boy's Cloaths.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your Tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certain, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this Casket, it is worth thy pains.
I am glad 'tis Night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty Follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a Boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my Torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a Candle to my Shame?
Th y in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an Office of discovery, Love,
A d I should be obsc r'd,

Lor. So you are, Sweet,
Even in the lovely Garnish of a Boy; but come at once,
For the close Night doth play the Run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio*'s Feast.

Jes. I will make fast the Doors, and gild my self
With some more Ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my Hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew*.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine Eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self;
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant Soul.

Enter

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our masking Mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*
Anth. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine a Clock, our Friends all stay for you,
No Mask to Night, the Wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more Delight
Than to be under Sail, and gone to Night. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Belmont.*

Enter Portia *with* Morrochius *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the Curtain, and discover
The several Caskets to this Noble Prince.
Now make your Choice. [*Three Caskets are discovered.*
Mor. The first of Gold, who this Inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many Men desire.
The second Silver, which this Promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do chuse the right?
Por. The one of them contains my Picture, Prince,
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my Judgment, let me see,
I will survey the Inscriptions back again;
What says this Leaden Casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give for what? for Lead?
This Casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair Advantages:
A golden Mind stoops not to shows of Dross,
I'll then nor give nor hazard ought for Lead.
What says the Silver with her Virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deſerves; pauſe there, *Morrochius*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beeſt rated by the eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the Lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve——why that's the Lady.
I do in Birth deſerve her, and in Fortunes,
In Graces, and in Qualities of Breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but chuſe here?
Let's ſee once more this Saying grav'd in Gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many Men deſire.
Why that's the Lady, all the World deſires her:
From the four Corners of the Earth they come
To Kiſs this Shrine, this mortal breathing Saint.
The *Hircanian* Deſarts and the vaſt Wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as Thorough-Fares now
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The Watery Kingdom, whoſe ambitious Head
Spits in the Face of Heav'n, is no Bar
To ſtop the foreign Spirits, but they come,
As o'er a Brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contain her heav'nly Picture.
Is't like that Lead contains her? 'Twere Damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her Searcloth in the obſcure Grave;
Or ſhall I think in Silver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd Gold;
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe than Gold! They have in *England*
A Coin that bears the Figure of an Angel
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an Angle in a Golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my Form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the Gold Casket.*

Mor. O Hell! What have we here, a carrion Death,
Within whoſe empty Eye there is a written Scrowl:

All that glisters is not Gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a Man his Life hath sold,
But my Outside to behold:
Gilded Timber do Worms infold;
Had you been as Wise as Bold,
Young in Limbs, in Judgement old,
Your Answer had not been inscrol'd,
Fare you well, your Suit is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and Labour lost,
Then farewel Heat, and welcome Frost:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a Heart
To take a tedious leave: Thus Lovers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: Draw the Curtains, go;
Let all of his Complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Venice.*

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. Why Man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The Villain *Jew* with Outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio*'s Ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the Ship was under Sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a *Gondalo* were seen together
Lorenzo and his Amorous *Jessica*:
Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.
Sola. I never heard a Passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the Dog *Jew* did utter in the Streets;
My Daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian Ducats!
Justice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter;
A sealed Bag, two sealed Bags of Ducats,

Of double Ducats, stoln from me by my Daughter.
And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter; Justice, find the Girl,
She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.
Sal. Why all the Boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his Day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
A Vessel of our Country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Sola. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the Earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: He answered, do not so,
Slubber not Business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Jew*'s Bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of Love,
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such fair ostents of Love
As shall conveniently become you there;
And even there, his Eye being big with Tears,
Turning his Face, he put his Hand behind him
And with Affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio*'s Hand, and so they parted.
Sola. I think he only loves the World for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced Heaviness
With some Delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Belmont.*

Enter Nerissa *and a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the Curtain straight,
The Prince of *Arragon* hath ta'en his Oath,
And comes to his Election presently.

Enter Arragon, *his Train,* Portia, *Flor. Cornets.*
The Caskets are discover'd.

Por. Behold there stand the Caskets, noble Prince,
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our Nuptial Rights be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more Speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by Oath to observe three things;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right Casket, never in my Life
To woo a Maid in way of Marriage:
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my Choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these Injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, Fortune now
To my Heart's Hope; Gold, Silver, and base Lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer e'er I give or hazard.
What says the Golden Chest, ha, let me see;
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many Man desire.
What many Men desire——that *Many,* may be meant
By the fool Multitude that chuse by Show,
Not learning more than the fond Eye doth teach,
Which pryes not to th'Interior; but like the Martlet
Builds in the Weather on the outward Wall,
Even in the Force and Road of Casualty,
I will not chuse what many Men desire,
Because I will not jump with common Spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous Multitudes.
Why then to thee thou silver Treasure-house,
Tell me once more, what Title thou dost bear;
Who chuseth me shall get as much as he deserves;

And

And well said too, for who shall go about
To Cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the Stamp of Merit? let none presume
To wear an undeserved Dignity:
O that Estates, Degrees, and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear Honour
Were purchast by the Merit of the Wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that Command?
How much low Peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true Seed of Honour? And how much Honour
Pickt from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my Choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume Desert; give me a Key for this,
And instantly unlock my Fortunes here.

Por. Too long a Pause for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the silver Casket.*

Ar. What's here? the Portrait of a blinking Idiot,
Presenting me a Schedule? I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my Hopes and my deserving?
Who chuseth me shall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a Fool's Head?
Is that my Prize? Are my Deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct Offices,
And of opposed Natures.

Ar. What is here?

The Fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that Judgment is
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be that Shadows kiss,
Such have but a Shadow'd Bliss:
There be Fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what Wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your Head:
So be gone Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more Fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

With

With one Fool's Head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'll keep my Oath,
Patiently to bear my Wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the Candle sing'd the Moth:
O these deliberate Fools! when they do chuse,
They have the Wisdom by their Wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient Saying is no Heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by Destiny.

Por. Come, draw the Curtain, *Nerissa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your Gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify th' Approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible Regreets;
To wit, besides Commends and courteous Breath,
Gifts of rich Value; yet I have not seen
So likely an Ambassador of Love.
A Day in *April* never came so sweet,
To show how costly Summer was at Hand,
As this Fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day Wit in praising him:
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid*'s Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE *Venice.*

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Sala. NOW, what News on the *Rialto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Antonio* hath a Ship of rich Lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the Place; a very dangerous Flat, and fatal, where the Carcasses of many a tall

Ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my Gossip's Report be an honest Woman of her Word.

Sola. I would she were a lying a Gossip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her Neighbours believe she wept for the Death of a third Husband; but it is true, without any Slips of Prolixity, or crossing the plain High-way of Talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*——O that I had a Title good enough to keep his Name Company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? Why the end is, he hath lost a Ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his Losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the Devil cross my Prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*. How now *Shylock*, what News among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my Daughter's Flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my Part knew the Tailor that made the Wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the Bird was fledg'd, and then it is the Complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the Devil may be her Judge.

Shy. My own Flesh and Blood to rebel,

Sola. Out upon it, old Carrion, Rebels it at these Years?

Shy. I say, my Daughter is my Flesh and Blood.

Sal. There is more Difference between thy Flesh and hers, than between Jet and Ivory; more between your Bloods, than there is between red Wine and Renish: But tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any Loss at Sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad Match, a Bankrupt, a Prodigal, who dare scarce shew his Head on the *Ryalto*, a Beggar! that was us'd to come so smug upon the Mart; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to call me Usurer; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to lend Mony for a Christian Courtesie; let him look to his Bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his Flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait Fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my Revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me half a Million, laught at my Losses, mokt at my Gains, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my Bargains, cool'd my Friends, heated mine Enemies; and what's the Reason? I am a *Jew*: Hath not a *Jew* Eyes? hath not a *Jew* Hands, Organs, Dimensions, Senses, Affections, Passions? Fed with the same Food, hurt with the same Weapons, subject to the same Diseases, heal'd by the same Means, warm'd and cool'd by the same Winter and a Summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a Christian, what is his Humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his Sufferance be by a Christian Example? Why Revenge. The Villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the Instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my Master *Anthonio* is at his House, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sola. Here comes another of the Tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the Devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what News from *Genoua*? Hast thou found my Daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Frankford*; the Curse never fell upon our Nation 'till now, I never felt it till now; two thousand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious Jewels. I would my Daughter were dead at my Foot, and the Jewels in her Ear; would she were hearst at my Foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin; No News of them; why so? and I know not how much is spent in the Search: why then Loss upon Loss, the Thief gone with so much, and so much to find

find the Thief, and no Satisfaction, no Revenge, nor no ill Luck stirring, but what lights a my Shoulders, no Sighs but a my breathing, no Tears but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other Men have ill Luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*——

Shy. What, what, ill Luck, ill Luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Sailors that escap'd the Wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*; good News, good News; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your Daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one Night fourscore Ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a Dagger in me; I shall never see my Gold again; fourscore Ducats at a Sitting, fourscore Ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s Creditors in my Company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me, *Tuball*; it was my *Turqoise*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor; I would not have given it for a Wilderness of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a Fortnight before, I will have the Heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what Merchandise I will: Go, *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue; go, good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue, *Tuball*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE,

SCENE II. *Belmont.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants.*
The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you tarry, pause a Day or two
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your Company; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not lose you, and you know your self,
Hate counsels not in such a Quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a Maiden hath no Tongue but Thought,
I would detain you here some Month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be, so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a Sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your Eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would say: But first mine, then yours;
And so all yours. O these naughty Times
Puts Bars between the Owners and their Rights:
And so tho' yours, not yours, prove it so,
Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to poize the Time,
To eche it, and draw it out in Length,
To stay you from Election.

Bass. Let me chuse:
For as I am I live upon the Rack.

Por. Upon the Rack, *Bassanio,* then confess
What Treason is there mingled with your Love.

Bass. None but that ugly Treason of Mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my Love:
There may as well be Amity and Life,
'Tween Snow and Fire, as Treason and my Love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the Rack,
Where Men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me Life, and I'll confess the Truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass.

Baſſ. Confeſs and Love,
Had been the very Sum of my Confeſſion.
O happy Torment, when my Torturer
Doth teach me Anſwers for Deliverance:
But let me to my Fortune and the Caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all-aloof,
Let Muſick ſound while he doth make his Choice;
Then if he loſe, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in Muſick. That the Compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my Eye ſhall be the Stream
And watry Death-bed for him: He may win,
And what is Muſick then? Then Muſick is
Even as the Flouriſh, when true Subjects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet Sounds in break of Day,
That creep into the dreaming Bridegroom's Ear,
And ſummon him to Marriage. Now he goes
With no leſs Preſence, but with much more Love
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for Sacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* Wives,
With bleared Viſages come forth to view
The Iſſue of th' Exploit. Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live, with much, much more Diſmay
I view the Fight, than thou that mak'ſt the Fray.
[*Muſick within.*

A Song whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the Heart, or in the Head:
How begot, how nouriſhed?
It is engendred in the Eyes,
With Gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, Bell.
All. *Ding, dong, Bell.*

Bass. So may the outward Shows be least themselves.
The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
In Law what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious Voice,
Obscures the Show of Evil? In Religion
What damned Error, but some sober Brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a Text,
Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament?
There is no Vice so simple, but assumes
Some Mark of Virtue on his outward Parts;
How many Cowards, whose Hearts are all as false
As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins
The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
Who inward searcht, have Livers white as Milk
And these assume but Valour's Excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on Beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the Weight,
Which therein works a Miracle in Nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden Locks
Which makes such wanton Gambols with the Wind
Upon supposed Fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second Head;
The Scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the gilded Shore
To a most dangerous Sea; the beauteous Scarf
Veiling an *Indian* Beauty; in a Word,
The seeming Truth which cunning Times put on
To entrap the Wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy Gold,
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common Drudge
'Tween Man and Man; but thou, thou meager Lead,
Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought;
Thy Paleness moves me more than Eloquence,
And here chuse I, Joy be the Consequence.

Por. How all the other Passions fleet to Air,
As doubtful Thoughts, and rash embrac'd Despair,
And shuddring Fear, and green-ey'd Jealousie.
O Love be moderate, allay thy Extasie;
In measure rain thy Joy, scant this Excess,
I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less,

For fear I surfeit. [*Opening the leading Casket.*

Bass. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s Counterfeit. What Demy-God
Hath come so near Creation? Move these Eyes?
Or whether riding on the Balls of mine
Seem they in Motion? Here are sever'd Lips
Parted with Sugar Breath; so sweet a Bar
Should sunder such sweet Friends: Here in her Hairs
The Painter plays the Spider, and hath woven
A golded Mesh t' intrap the Hearts of Men
Faster than Gnats in Cobwebs: But her Eyes,
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have Power to steal both his,
And leave it self unfinish'd: Yet look how far
The Substance of my Praise doth wrong this Shadow
In underprising it; so far this Shadow
Doth limp behind the Substance. Here's the Scrowl,
The Continent and Summary of my Fortune.

You that chuse not by the View,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this Fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your Fortune for your Bliss,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiss.

A gentle Scrowl; Fair Lady, by your Leave, [*Kissing her.*
I come by Note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a Prize,
That thinks he hath done well in Peoples Eyes;
Hearing Applause and universal Shout,
Giddy in Spirit, still gazing in a Doubt,
Whether those Peals of Praise be his or no;
So thrice fair Lady stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see, my Lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
Such as I am; tho' for my self alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wish,

To

To wish my self much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty Times my self,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand Times
More rich, that to stand high in your Account,
I might in Virtues, Beauties, Livings, Friends,
Exceed Account; but the full Sum of me
Is Sum of nothing; which to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd Girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn, happier then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle Spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King,
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
Of this fair Mansion, Mistress of my Servants,
Queen o'er my self, and even now; but now
This House, these Servants, and this same my self
Are yours my Lord, I give them with this Ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the Ruin of your Love,
And be my Vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all Words;
Only my Blood speaks to you in my Veins,
And there is such Confusion in my Powers,
As after some Oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased Multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of Joy
Expressed, and not expressed; but when this Ring
Parts from this Finger, then parts Life from hence;
O then be bold to say, *Bassanio*'s dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our Wishes prosper,
To cry Good Joy, good Joy, my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the Joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours mean to solemnize

The Bargain of your Faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my Heart, so thou canst get a Wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you have got me one.
My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd for Intermission.
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you:
Your Fortuue stood upon the Caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the Matter falls:
For wooing Herd, until I sweat again,
And swearing 'till my very Roof was dry,
With Oaths of Love, at last, if Promise last,
I got a Promise of this fair one here,
To have her Love, provided that your Fortune
Atchiev'd her Mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is so, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good Faith?

Gra. Yes Faith my Lord.

Bass. Our Feast shall be much honoured in your Marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first Boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that Sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* Friend, *Salanio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither.
If that the Youth of my new Interest here
Have Power to bid you welcome. By your Leave
I bid my very Friends and Country-men,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your Honour: For my part, my Lord,
My Purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. E'er I ope this Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good Friend doth.
Sal. Not sick, my Lord, unless it be in Mind:
Nor well, unless in Mind: His Letter there
Will shew you his Estate.

Bassanio *opens the Letter.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond Stanger, bid her welcome.
Your Hand, *Salanio*; what's the News from *Venice*?
How doth that Royal Merchant, good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our Success:
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the Fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the Fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd Contents in yond same Paper,
That steals the Colour from *Bassanio*'s Cheek:
Some dear Friend dead, else nothing in the World
Could turn so much the Constitution
Of any constant Man. What, worse and worse!
With Leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,
And must freely have the half of any thing
That this same Paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet *Portia*!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st Words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my Love to you,
I freely told you, all the Wealth I had
Ran in my Veins. I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true; and yet dear Lady,
Rating my self at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My State was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For indeed
I have engag'd my self to a dear Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his meer Enemy,
To feed my Means. Here is a Letter, Lady;
The Paper as the Body of my Friend,
And every Word in it a gaping Wound,
Issuing Life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
Have all his Ventures fail'd! What, not one hit!

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessel 'scape the dreadful Touch
Of Merchant-marring Rocks?
Sal. Not one, my Lord:
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present Mony to discharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A Creature that did bear the Shape of Man,
So keen and greedy to confound a Man.
He plies the Duke at Morning and at Night,
And doth impeach the Freedom of the State,
If they deny him Justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest Port have all perfuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious Plea
Of Forfeiture, of Justice, and his Bond.
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s Flesh,
Than twenty times the Value of the Sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If Law, Authority, and Power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear Friend that is thus in Trouble?
Bass. The dearest Friend to me, the kindest Man,
The best condition'd, and unweary'd Spirit
In doing Courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* Honour more appears
Than any that draws Breath in *Italy*.
Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew*?
Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the Bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this Description
Shall lose a Hair through my *Bassanio*'s Fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me Wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your Friend:
For never shall you lye by *Portia*'s Side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold

To

To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true Friend along;
My Maid *Nerissa*, and my self mean time,
Will live as Maids and Widows: Come away,
For you shall hence upon my Wedding-day.
Bid your Friends welcome, show a merry Cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the Letter of your Friend.

Bass. reads. *Sweet* Bassanio, *my Ships have all miscarry'd, my Creditors grow cruel, my Estate is very low, my Bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all Debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my Death; notwithstanding use your Pleasure: If your Love do not persuade you to come, let not my Letter.*

Por. O Love! dispatch all Business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good Leave to go away,
I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
No Bed shall e'er be guilty of my Stay,
Nor Rest be Interposer 'twixt us two. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: Tell me not of Mercy.
This is the Fool that lends out Mony *Gratis*.
Goaler, look to him,

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my Bond; speak not against my Bond:
I have sworn an Oath that I will have my Bond.
Thou call'st me Dog before thou hadst a Cause;
But since I am a Dog, beware my Fangs:
The Duke shall grant me Justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty Goaler, that thou art so fond
To come Abroad with him at his Request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my Bond: I will not hear thee speak
I'll have my Bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd Fool,
To shake the Head, relent, and sigh and yield
To Christian Intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my Bond. [*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable Cur
That ever kept with Men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs Prayers:
He ſeeks my Life; his Reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his Forfeitures
Many that have at times made Moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the Duke will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the Courſe of Law;
For the Commodity that Strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the Juſtice of the State,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the City
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
Theſe Griefs and Loſſes have ſo bated me.
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a Pound of Fleſh
To Morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well, Goaler, on; pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his Debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont.*

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a Servant of* Porria's.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your Preſence,
You have a noble and a true Conceit
Of God-like Amity, which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the Abſence of your Lord:
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this Honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend Relief to,
How dear a Lover of my Lord, your Husband,
I know you would be prouder of the Work,
Than cuſtomary Bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now; for in Companions
That do converſe and waſte the Time together,
Whoſe Souls do bear an equal Yoke of Love,
There muſt be needs a like Proportion
Of Lineaments, of Manners, and of Spirit; Which

Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*,
Being the Bosom-lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the Cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the Semblance of my Soul
From out the state of hellish Cruelty.
This comes too near the praising of my self;
Therefore no more it: Here are other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your Hands,
The Husbandry and Manage of my House,
Until my Lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward Heav'n breath'd a secret Vow,
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until her Husband and my Lord's return.
There is a Monastery two Miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this Imposition.
The which my Love and some Necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my Heart.
I shall obey you in all fair Commands.

Por. My People do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my self.
So fare you well 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair Thoughts and happy Hours attend on you.

Jes. I wish your Ladyship all Heart's Content.

Por. I thank you for your Wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: Fare you well, *Jessica*. [*Ex.* Jes. & Lor
Now, *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same Letter,
And use thou all the Endeavour of a Man,
In speed to *Mantua*; see thou render this
Into my Cousin's Hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And look what Notes and Garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common Ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: Waste no time in Words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por.

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*, I have Work in hand
That you yet know not of: We'll see our Husbands
Before they think of us?

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a Habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any Wager,
When we are both Accoutred like Young Men,
I'll prove the prettier Fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver Grace,
And speak between the Change of Man and Boy,
With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing Steps
Into a manly Stride, and speak of Frays,
Like a fine bragging Youth; and tell quaint Lies,
How honourable Ladies sought my Love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not do withal: Then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny Lies I'll tell.
Then Men shall swear I have discontinued School
Above a Twelve-month. I have within my Mind
A thousand raw Tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to Men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole Device
When I am in my Coach, which stays for us
At the Park Gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure Twenty Miles to Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: For look you, the Sins of the Father are to be laid upon the Children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my Agitation of the Matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are Damn'd: There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of Bastard-hope neither,

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s Daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of Bastard-hope indeed; so the Sins of my Mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by Father and Mother; Thus when you shun *Sylla*, your Father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your Mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my Husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the Price of Hogs; if we grow all to be Pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a Rasher on the Coals for Mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my Husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow Jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my Wife into Corners:

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no Mercy for me in Heav'n, because I am a *Jew*'s Daughter: And he says, you are no good Member of the Commonwealth; for in converting *Jews* to Christians, you raise the Price of Pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the Commonwealth than you can the getting up of the Negro's Belly: The *Moor* is with Child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* should be more than Reason: But if she be less than an honest Woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every Fool can play upon the Word! I think the best Grace of Wit will shortly turn into Silence, and Discourse grow commendable in none only but Parrats. Go in, Sirrah, bid them prepare for Dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all Stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a Wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare Dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only Cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my Duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole Wealth of thy Wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain Man in his plain Meaning: Go to thy Fellows, bid them cover the Table, serve in the Meat, and we will come in to Dinner

Laun. For the Table, Sir, it shall be served in; for the Meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to Dinner, Sir, why let it be as Humours and Conceits shall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear Discretion, how his Words are suited!
The Fool hath planted in his Memory
An Army of good Words; and I do know
A many Fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickſie Word
Defie the Matter: How cheer'st thou, *Jessica?*
And now, good Sweet, say thy Opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio*'s Wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright Life.
For having such a Blessing in his Lady,
He finds the Joys of Heav'n here on Earth:
And if on Earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to Heav'n.
Why, if two gods should play some heav'nly Match
And on the Wager lay two earthly Women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Hath not her Fellow.

Lor. Even such a Husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a Wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my Opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: First let us go to Dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a Stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for Table-talk;
Then howsome'er thou speak'st, 'mongst other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE *Venice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Senators,* Anthonio, Bassanio, *and* Gratiano.

Duke. WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer

A ſtony Adverſary, an inhuman Wretch,
Uncapable of Pity, void and empty
From any dram of Mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rigorous Courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful Means can carry me
Out of his Envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My Patience to his Fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of Spirit
The very Tyranny and Rage of his.
Duke. Go one and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the Door: He comes, my Lord.
Enter Shylock.
Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our Face.
Shylock, the World thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this Faſhion of thy Malice
To the laſt Hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy Merey and Remorſe more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent Cruelty,
Which is a Pound of this poor Merchant's Fleſh.
Thou wilt not only loſe the Forfeiture,
But touch'd with human Gentleneſs and Love,
Forgive a moiety of the Principal,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enough to preſs a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiſeration of his State
From braſſy Boſoms, and rough Hearts of Flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To Offices of tender Courteſie.
We all expect a gentle Anſwer, *Jew*.
Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn
To have the Due and Forfeit of my Bond.
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter, and your City's Freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of Carrion Fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand Ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay it is my Humour, is it anſwered?

What

What if my House be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it brain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some Men there are love not a gaping Pig,
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat,
And others, when the Bag-pipe sings i' th' Nose,
Cannot contain their Urine for affection.
Masterless Passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your Answer.
As there is no firm reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pig,
Why he a harmless necessary Cat,
Why he a woollen Bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable Shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no Reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A losing Suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no Answer, thou unfeeling Man,
To excuse the current of thy Cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my Answer.

Bass. Do all Men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every Offence is not a Hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you think you question with a *Jew*.
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the main Flood bate his usual height,
Or even as well use Question with the Wolf,
The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: When you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
To wag their high Tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of Heav'n.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, than which what harder,
His *Jewish* Heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have Judgment, and the *Jew* his Will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand Ducats here is Six.
Shy. If every Ducat in Six thouſand Ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for Mercy, rendring none?
Shy. What Judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Which, like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, Marry them to your Heirs?
Why ſweat they under Burthens? Let their Beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their Pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: You will anſwer,
The Slaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The Pound of Fleſh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for Judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?
Duke. Upon my Power I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a Learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
Sal. My Lord, here ſtays without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.
Duke. Bring us the Letters, call the Meſſengers.
Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; What Man, Courage yet?
The *Jew* ſhall have my Fleſh, Blood, Bones, and all,
E'er thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of Blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the Flock,
Meeteſt for Death: The weakeſt kind of Fruit
Drops earlieſt to the Ground, ſo let me,
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.
Enter Neriſſa *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*
Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Cellario*?
Ner. From both,
My Lord, *Cellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy Knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy.

Shy. To cut the Forfeiture from that Bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy soal, but on thy Soul, harsh *Jew*,
Thou mak'st thy Knife keen; but no Metal can,
No, not the Hangman's Ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp Enuy. Can no Prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou Damn'd, inexorable Dog,
And for thy Life let Justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuse themselves
Into the Trunks of Men. Thy currish Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for human Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell Soul fleet,
And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it self in thee: for thy Desires
Are Wolfish, Bloody, Starv'd, and Ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy Wit, good Youth, or it will fall
To endless Ruin. I stand here for Law.
Duke. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A Young and Learned Doctor in our Court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your Answer, whether you'll admit him?
Duke. With all my Heart. Some three or Four of you
Go give him courteous Conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court shall hear *Bellario*'s Letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your Letter I am very Sick: But at the Instant that your Messenger came, in loving Visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his Name is* Balthasar: *I acquainted him with the Case in Controversie, between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the Merchant. We turn'd o'er many Books together: He is furnished with my Opinion, which bettered with his own Learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's Request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of Years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend Estimation: For I never*

knew

knew so young a Body with so old a Head. I leave him to your gracious Acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his Commendation.

Enter Portia, *Dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the Learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did, my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome: Take your Place.
Are you acquainted with the Difference,
That holds this present Question in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the Case.
Which is the Merchant here, and which the *Jew*?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.
Por. Is your Name *Shylock*?
Shy. *Shylock* is my Name.
Por. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow,
Yet in such Rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his Danger, do you not? [*To* Anthonio.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the Bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what Compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis Mightiest in the Mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown:
His Scepter shews the force of temporal Power,
The Attribute to Awe and Majesty,
Wherein doth sit the Dread and Fear of Kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred Sway,
It is enthroned in the Hearts of Kings,
It is an Attribute to God himself;
And earthly Power doth then shew likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' Justice be thy Plea, consider this,

That in the course of Justice none of us
Should see Salvation. We do pray for Mercy,
And that same Prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the Justice of thy Plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict course of *Venice*
Must needs give Sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of my Bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the Mony?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That Malice bears down Truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your Authority.
To do a great Right, do a little Wrong,
And curb this cruel Devil of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no Power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an Error by the same Example
Will rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to Judgment, yea, a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the Bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most Reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy Mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An Oath, an Oath, I have an Oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A Pound of Flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the Merchant's Heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy Mony, bid me tear the Bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the Tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge;
You know the Law, your Exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof

Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul I swear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me.' I stay here on my Bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the Judgment.

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your Bosom for his Knife.
Shy. O noble Judge! O excellent young Man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the Penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy Looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare thy Bosom.
Shy. Ay his Breast,
So says the Bond, doth it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his Heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there Ballances here to weigh the Flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your Charge,
To stop his Wounds, lest he should bleed to Death,
Shy. It is not nominated in the Bond.
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for Charity.
Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the Bond.
Por. Come, Merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your Hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune shews her self more kind
Than is her Custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched Man out-live his Wealth,
To view with hollow Eye and wrinkled Brow
An Age of Poverty. From which lingring Penance
Of such a Misery, doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your Honourable Wife;
Tell her the Process of *Antonio*'s end;
Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in Death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your Friend,
And he repents not that he pays your Debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my Heart.
Bass. *Anthonio*, I am married to a Wife,
Which is as dear to me as Life it self;
But Life it self, my Wife, and all the World,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy Life.
I would lose all, I'd sacrifice them all
Here to this Devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your Wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the Offer.
Gra. I have a Wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in Heav'n, so she could
Intreat some Power to change this currish *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The Wish would make else an unquiet House.
Shy. These be the Christian Husbands. I have a Daughter;
Would any of the Stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her Husband, rather than a Christian. [*Aside.*
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue Sentence.
Por. A Pound of that same Merchant's Flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful Judge.
Por. And you must cut this Flesh from off his Breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it,
Shy. Most learned Judge, a Sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of Blood,
The words expresly are a Pound of Flesh,
Then take thy Bond, take thou thy Pound of Flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are by the Laws of *Venice* Confiscate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright Judge!
Mark *Jew*, O learned Judge!
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy self shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest Justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have Justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge! Mark *Jew*, a learned Judge!
Shy. I take this Offer then, pay the Bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the Mony.
Por. Soft, the *Jew* shall have all Justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the Penalty,
Gra. O *Jew*! an upright Judge, a learned Judge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the Flesh,
Shed thou no Blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a Pound of Flesh: If thou tak'st more
Or less than a just Pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the Substance,
Or the Division of the twentieth part
Of one poor Scruple; nay, if the Scale do turn
But in the estimation of a Hair,
Thou diest, and all thy Goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*.
Now, Infidel, I have thee on the Hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? Take thy Forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my Principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court:
He shall have meerly Justice and his Bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*.
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my Principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the Forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy Peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it:
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*,
The Law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect Attempts,
He seek the Life of any Citizen,
The Party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his Goods, the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,
And the Offender's Life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other Voice;

In which Predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest Proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very Life
Of the Defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The Danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg Mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy self;
And yet thy Wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a Cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's Charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our Spirit,
I pardon thee thy Life before thou ask it:
For half thy Wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness my drive unto a Fine.

Por. Ay, for the State, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my Life and all, pardon not that.
You take my House when you do take the Prop
That doth sustain my House: You take my Life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What Mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?

Gra. A Halter *gratis*, nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my Lord, the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the Fine for one half of his Goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his Death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his Daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this Favour
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he doth record a Gift
Here in the Court of all he dies possess'd
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*, and his Daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The Pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the Deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In Christ'ning thou shalt have two Godfathers.
Had I been Judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the Gallows, not to the Font. [*Exit* Shy.
Duke. Sir, I intreat you with me home to Dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of Pardon;
I must away this Night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke and his Train.*
Bass. Most worthy Gentleman! I and my Friend,
Have by your Wisdom been this Day acquitted
Of grievous Penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand Ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous Pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In Love and Service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My Mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some Remembrance of us as a Tribute,
Not as a Fee: Grant me two things; I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your Gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And for your Love I'll take this Ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more.
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This Ring, good Sir, alas it is a Trifle;
I will not shame my self to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value:
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,

And find it out by Proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in Offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a Beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good Sir, this Ring was given me by my Wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many Men to save their Gifts;
And if your Wife be not a mad Woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She wou'd not hold out Enmity for ever
For giving it to me. Well, Peace be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring.
Let his Deservings, and my Love withal,
Be valued against your Wife's Commandment.
Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto *Anthonio*'s House: Away, make haste. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the Morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s House out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to Night,
And be a day before our Husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano,

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your Company at Dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His Ring do I accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you shew my Youth old *Shylock*'s House.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you,
I'll see if I can get my Husband's Ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the Rings away to Men;
But we'll out-face them and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this Houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Belmont.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. THE Moon ſhines bright. In ſuch a Night as this,
When the ſweet Wind did genty kiſs the Trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a Night,
Troylus methinks mounted the *Troyan* Wall
And ſigh'd his Soul toward the *Grecian* Tents,
Where *Creſſed* lay that Night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night,
Did *Thisby* fearfully o'er-trip the Dew,
And ſaw the Lion's Shadow e'er himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Upon the wide Sea-banks, and waſt her Love
To come again to *Carthage.*
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night.
Medea gather'd the Inchanted Herbs
That did renew old *Æſon.*
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew,*
And with an unthrift Love did run from *Venice,*
As far as *Belmont.*
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her Soul with many Vows of Faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little Shrew)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her,

Jeſ.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no Body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a Man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the Night?

Mes. A Friend.

Lor. A Friend! what Friend? Your Name, I pray you, Friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my Name, and I bring word
My Mistress will before the break of Day
Be here at *Belmont*: She doth stray about
By holy Crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy Wedlock Hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her Maid.
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in I pray thee, *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some Welcome for the Mistress of the House.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola; wo ha, ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola, did you see Mr. *Lorenzo* and Mrs *Lorenzo*? Sola, sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing, Man: Here.

Laun. Sola, where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a Post come from my Master, with his Horn full of good News; my Master will be here e'er Morning.

Lor. Sweet Love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: Why should we go in?
My Friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you,
Within the House, your Mistress is at hand,
And bring your Musick forth into the Air.
How sweet the Moon-light sleeps upon this Bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of Musick
Creep in our Ears; soft Stilness, and the Night
Become the touches of sweet Harmony.
Sit, *Jessica*, look how the Floor of Heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with Patterns of bright Gold;

There's

There's not the ſmalleſt Orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his Motion like an Angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubims;
Such Harmony is in immortal Souls;
But whilſt this muddy Veſture of Decay,
Doth groſly cloſe us in it, we cannot hear it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a Hymn,
With ſweeteſt Touches pierce your Miſtreſs Ear.
And draw her Home with Muſick,

Jeſ. I am never merry when I hear ſweet Muſick.

Muſick.

Lor. The Reaſon is, your Spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton Herd,
Or Race of youthful and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot Condition of their Blood;
If they but hear perchance a Trumpet ſound,
Or any Air of Muſick touch their Ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage Eyes turn'd to a modeſt Gaze
By the ſweet Power of Muſick. Therefore the Poet
Did fain that *Orpheus* drew Trees, Stones, and Floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But Muſick for the time doth change his Nature:
The Man that hath no Muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch Man be truſted. Mark the Muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That Light we ſee is burning in my Hall:
How far that little Candle throws his Beams;
So ſhines a good Deed in a naughty World.

Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the Candle.

Por. So doth the greater Glory dim the leſs;
A Subſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Until a King be by; and then his State
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland Brook
Into the Main of Waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*

Ner.

Ner. It is the Musick, Madam, of your House.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without Repect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by Day.
Ner. Silence bestows the Virtue on it, Madam.
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The Nightingale, if she should sing by Day,
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician than the Wren.
How many things by Season season'd are
To their right Praise and true Perfection?
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd!

Musick ceases.

Lor. That is the Voice.
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me as the blind Man knows the Cuckow, by the bad Voice.
Lor. Dear Lady, welcome Home.
Por. We have been praying for our Husband's welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our Words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their coming.
Por. Go in, *Nerissa*,
Give Order to my Servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your Husband is at hand, I hear a Trumpet:
We are no Tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This Night methinks is but the Day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Absence of the Sun.
Por. Let me give Light, but let me not be light;
For a light Wife doth make a heavy Husband,

And

And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God sort all: You are welcome home, my Lord.
Bass. I thank you, Madam, give welcome to my Friend;
This is the Man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all Sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our House;
It must appear in others ways than Words;
Therefore I scant this breathing Courtesie.
Gra. By yonder Moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the Judge's Clerk: [*To* Nerissa.
Would you were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, Love, so much at Heart.
Por. A Quarrel, hoe, already; what's the Matter?
Gra. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the World like Cutler's Poetry
Upon a Knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the Poesie or the Value?
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till the Hour of Death,
And that it should lye with you in your Grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement Oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's Clerk! but well I know
The Clerk will ne'er wear Hair on's Face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a Man.
Ner. If! if a Woman live to be a Man.
Gra. Now by this Hand I gave it to a Youth,
A kind of Boy, a little scrubbed Boy,
No higher than thy self, the Judge's Clerk,
A prating Boy that begg'd it as a Fee:
I could not for my Heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your Wife's first Gift,
A thing stuck on with Oaths upon your Finger,
And so riveted with Faith unto your Flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him swear

Never

Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his Finger for the Wealth
That the World masters. Now in Faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your Wife too unkind a Cause of Grief;
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left Hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the Boy, his Clerk,
That took some pains in Writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither Man nor Master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my, my Lord?
Nor that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a Lie unto a Fault,
I would deny it; but you see my Finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. And even so void is your false Heart of Truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your Bed
Until I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, 'till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the Strength of your Displeasure.

Por. If you had known the Virtue of the Ring,
Or half her Worthiness that gave the Ring,
Or your own Honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring.
What Man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any Terms of Zeal, wanted the Modesty
To urge the thing held as a Ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some Woman had the Ring.

Bass.

Bass. No, by mine Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
No Woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very Life
Of my dear Friend. What should I say, sweet Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with Shame and Courtesie;
My Honour would not let Ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the Night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my House,
Since he hath got the Jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my Body, nor my Husband's Bed;
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a Night from Home; watch me like *Argos*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine Honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the Doctor for my Bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own Protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young Clerk's Pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy Subject of these Quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced Wrong,
And in the hearing of these many Friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair Eyes,
Wherein I see my self——

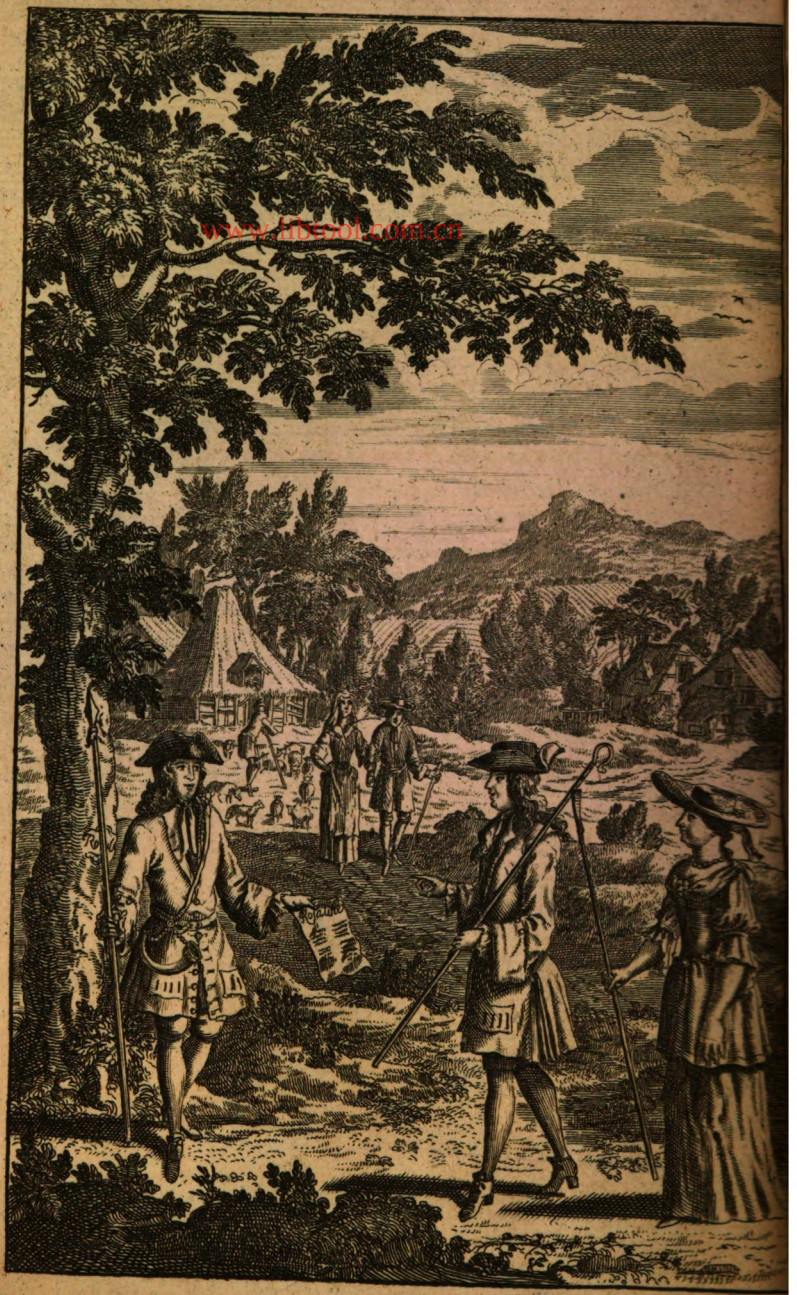
Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine Eyes he doubly sees himself,
In each Eye one; swear by your double self,
And there's an Oath of Credit!

Bass.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this Fault, and by my Soul I ſwear,
I never more will break an Oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my Body for thy Wealth, [*To* Baſſ.
Which but for him that had your Husband's Ring [*To* Por.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My Soul upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break Faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his Surety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this Ring.
Baſſ. By Heav'n it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: Pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed Boy, the Doctor's Clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt Night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of High-ways
In Summer, where the Ways are fair enough:
What, are we Cuckolds e'er we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a Letter, read it at your Leiſure;
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*:
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Neriſſa there her Clerk. *Lorenzo* here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my Houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I have better News in ſtore for you
Than you expect; unſeal this Letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to Harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange Accident
I chanced on this Letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clerk that is to make me Cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the Clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a Man.
Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my Bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my Wife.

Ant.

Ant. Sweet Lady, you have given me Life and Living;
For here I read for certain, that my Ships
Are safely come to *Rhodes*.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?
My Clerk hath some good Comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a Fee.
There do I give to you and *Jessica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a special Deed of Gift,
After his Death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of starved People.
Por. It is almost Morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfy'd
Of these Events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there on Interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first Interrogatory
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next Night she had rather stay,
Or go to Bed, now being two Hours to Day.
But were the Day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's Clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa*'s Ring. [*Exeunt*



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As you Like it.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and Uſurper of his Dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*
Jaques, } *Baniſhment.*

Le Beu, *A Courtier attending on* Frederick.

Oliver, *Eldeſt Son to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a Servant of the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger Brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old Servant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the Fortunes of* Orlando.

Dennis, *Servant to* Oliver.

Charles, *A Wreſtler, and Servant to the Uſurping Duke* Frederick.

Touchſtone, *a Clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

William, *a Clown, in Love with* Audrey.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a Country Curate.*

Roſalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *Daughter to* Frederick.

Phœbe, *a Shepherdeſs.*

Audrey, *a Country Wench.*

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

The SCENE *lyes firſt near* Oliver's *Houſe, and afterwards partly in the Duke's Court, and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

As you Like it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this Fashion bequeath'd 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 Dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me, his Countenance seems to take from me. He let's me feed with his Hinds, bars me the place of a Brother, and as much as in him lyes, 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, tho' yet I know no wise Remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your Brother.

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

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. 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 employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. 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?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. 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 Courtesie 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!

Orla. Come, come, elder Brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay Hands on me, Villain?

Orla. I am no Villain: I am the Youngest Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my Father, and he is thrice a Villain that says such a Father begot Villains. Were thou not my Brother, I would not take this Hand from thy Throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy Tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet Master, be patient, for your Father's Remembrance, be at Accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

 Orla.

Orla. I will not 'till I please: You shall hear me. My Father charg'd you in his Will to give me good Education: You have train'd me up like a Peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all Gentleman-like Qualities; the Spirit of my Father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: Therefore allow me such Exercises as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor Allottery my Father left me by Testament, with that I will go buy my Fortunes.

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

Orla. 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. [*Exit* Orl. *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will Physick 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 to morrow the Wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good Morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new News at the new Court?

Char. There's no News at the Court, Sir, but the old News; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger Brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themselves into a 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 banish'd with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's Daughter her Cousin so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she would have followed their Exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no less beloved of her Unkle, 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 come to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger Brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my Credit, and he that escapes me without some broken Limb, shall acquit him well; your Brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for mine 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 my self notice of my Brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he 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; and 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, to 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

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. Farewel, 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 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. *The Duke's Palace.*

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 were merrier; unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd Father, you must not learn me how to remember my extraordinary Pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Unkle, thy banished Father, had banished thy Unkle, the Duke my Father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my Love to take thy Father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the Condition of my Estate, to rejoyce 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.

Ros. From henceforth I will, Coz, and devise Sports: Let me see, what think you of falling in Love!

Cel. Marry, I prethee 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 the 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 honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's Office to Natures: 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? Tho' Nature hath given us Wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this Argument?

Ros. Indeed, Fortune is there too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's Natural, the cutter off of Nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's Work neither, but Nature's, who perceiving our natural Wits too dull to reason of such Goddesses, hath sent this Natural for our Whetstone: For always the Dulness of the Fool, is the Whetstone of the Wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your Father.

Cel. Were you made the Messenger? (you.

Clo. No by mine Honour, but I was bid to come for

Ros. Where learned you that Oath, Fool?

Clo. 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.

Cel. How prove you that in the great Heap of your Knowledge?

Ros. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your Wisdom.

Clo. 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.

Clo. 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. Prethee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old *Fredrick* your Father loves,

Ros. My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for Taxation one of these Days.

Clo. The more pity that Fools may not speak wisely, what wise Men do foolishly.

Cel. By my Troth thou say'st true; for since the little Wit that Fools have was silenc'd, the little Foolery that wise Men have makes a great Shew: Here comes Monsieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

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-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bon-jour Monsieur le Beu*, what News?

Le Beu. Fair Princess,
You have lost much Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what Colour?

Le Beu. What Colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As Wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a Trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my Rank——

Ros. Thou losest thy old Smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, Ladies: I would have told you of good Wrestling, which you have lost the Sight of.

Ros.

Rosa. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrestling.

Le Beu. 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 Beu. There comes an old Man and his three Sons.

Cel. I would match this beginning with an old Tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young Men of excellent Growth and Presence.

Ros. With Bills on their Necks: Be it known unto all Men by these Presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's Wrestler, which *Charles* in a Moment threw him, and broke three of his Ribs, that there is little Hope of Life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lye, the poor old Man their Father, making such pitiful Dole over them, that all the Beholders take his Part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monsieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Beu. Why this is that I speak of.

Clo. Thus Men grow wiser every Day. It is the first time that ever I heard of breaking of Ribs was Sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his Sides? Is there yet another doats upon Rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

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

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

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, *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 Beu. 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 feign 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 Beu.*

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

Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all Respect and Duty.

Ros. Young Man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrestler?

Orla. No, fair Princess; he is the General Challenger, I come but 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 your self with your own Eyes, or knew your self 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 it our Suit to the Duke, that the Wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you punish me not with your hard Thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your fair Eyes and gentle Wishes go with me to my Trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never Gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my Friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the the World no Injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the World I fill up a Place, which may be better supply'd when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little Strength I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros.

Ros. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your Heart's Desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his Mother Earth?

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

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt 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. [*They Wrastle.*

Ros. O excellent young Man.

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

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How do'st thou, *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.

What is thy Name, young Man?

Orla. Orlando, my Liege, the youngest Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

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 should'st have better pleas'd me with this Deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant Youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

[*Exit Duke.*

Cel. Were I my Father, Coz, would I do this?

Orla. 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,
E'er 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 in 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.
Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better Parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a Quintine, a more liveless 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. [*Ex.* Ros. *and* Cel.
Orla. What Passion hangs these Weights upon my Tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd Conference.
Enter Le Beu.
O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown
Or *Charles*, or something weaker masters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in Friendship counsel you
To leave this Place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High Commendation, true Applause, and Love;
Yet such is now the Duke's Condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.
Orla. I thank you Sir, and pray you tell me this,
Which of these two was Daughter to the Duke,
That here was at the Wrestling?
Le Beu. Neither his Daughter, if we judge by Manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his Daughter;
The other is Daughter to the banish'd Duke,

And

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 Neice,
Grounded upon no other Argument,
But that the People praise her for her Virtues,
And pity her for her old 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. [*Exit.*

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: Fare you well!
Thus may I from the Smoke into the Smother;
From Tyrant Duke, unto a Tyrant Brother:
But heav'nly *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 lam'd with Reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my Child's Father. Oh how full of Briers is this working-Day-world.

Cel. They are but Burs, Cousin, thrown upon thee in Holiday Foolery; if we walk not in the troden 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.

Ros. O they take the Part of a better Wrestler than my self.

Cel. O, a good Wish upon you; you will try in time in despight 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 strange a liking with old Sir *Rowland's* youngest Son?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Son dearly? By this kind of Chase I should hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No Faith, hate him not for my Sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth not he 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 bee'st found
So near our publick 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 my self I hold Intelligence,
Or have Acquaintance with my own Desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
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 it self:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your Mistrust can not 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 banish'd him;

Treason is not inherited, my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our Friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor:
Then good my Liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my Poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Soveraign hear me speak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
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, plaid, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtile 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 past 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 Neice provide your self,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my Word, you die.

[*Exit* Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change Fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more Cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, Cousin,
Prithee be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke
Has banish'd me his Daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the Love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundred? Shall we part, sweet Girl?
No, let my Father seek another Heir.

Therefore

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your Charge upon you,
To bear your Griefs your self, and leave me out:
For by this Heav'n, now at our Sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, 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 my self in poor and mean Attire,
And with a kind of Umber smutch 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 Curtelax upon my Thigh,
A Bore-spear in my Hand, and in my Heart
Lie there what hidden Woman's Fear there will;
We'll have a swashing and a martial Outside,
As many other mannish Cowards have,
That do outface it with their Semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a Man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a Name than *Jove*'s own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*;
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 assaid 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 fitrest 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.

SCENE *a Forest.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foresters.*

Duke Sen. 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 Season's Difference, as the Icie phang
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 venemous,
Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head:
And this our Life exempt from publick Haunt,
Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
Sermons in Stones, and Good in every thing.

Amien. 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 Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us Venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dapled Fools,
Being native Burghers of this desart City,
Should in their own Confines with forked Heads,
Have their round Haunches goar'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 my self,
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an Oak, whose antick Root peeps out

Upo

Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
To the which Place a poor sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
That their Discharge did stretch his leathern Coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose
In piteous Chase; and thus the hairy Fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extreamest Verge of the swift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this Spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand Similies.
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 alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet Friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus Misery doth part
The Flux of Company: Anon a careless Herd
Full of the Pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy Citizens,
'Tis just the Fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken Bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The Body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and through this our Life, swearing that we
Are meer Usurpers, Tyrants; and what's worse,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling Place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this Contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing Deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the Place,
I love to cope him in these sullen Fits,
For then he's full of Matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

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 oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hisperia, the Princess Gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
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 where-ever 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. Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What my young Master, oh my gentle Master,
Oh my sweet Master, O you Memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*? Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do People love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly Home before you.
Know you not, Master, to some kind of Men
Their Graces serve them but as Enemies;

No

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!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy Youth,
Come not within these Doors; within this Roof
The Enemy of all your Graces lives:
Your Brother——no; no Brother, yet the Son,
Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son,
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your Praises, and this Night he means
To burn the Lodging where you use to lye,
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.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my Food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A thievish living on the common Road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the Malice
Of a diverted Blood, and bloody Brother.

Adam. But do not so, I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty Hire I sav'd under your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When Service should in my old Limbs lye 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,
Tho' 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 I 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.

Orla. Oh good old Man, how well in thee appears
The constant Service of the antick World;
When Service sweat for Duty, not for Need!
Thou art not for the Fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for Promotion,
And having that, do choak 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 e'er we have thy youthful Wages spent,
We'll light upon some setled 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 recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my Master's Debter. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind *in Boys Cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdess for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my Spirits?

Clo. 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 cry like a Woman; but I must comfort the weaker Vessel, as Doublet and Hose ought to show it self Courageous to a Petticoat; therefore Courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. 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 Mony in your Purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of *Arden.*

Clown. Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more Fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place; but Travellers must be content.

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 e'er now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Tho' 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 Fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remembrest not the slighted Folly
That ever Love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying 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* Sil.

Ros. Alas poor Shepherd! searching of thy Wound,
I have by hard Adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in Love, I broke my Sword upon a Stone, and bid him take that for coming a Nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the Kissing of her Batlet, and the Cow's Dugs that her pretty chopt 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 all is Mortal in Nature, so is all Nature in Love, mortal to Folly.

Ros.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own Wit, 'till I break my Shins against it.
Ros. *Jove! Jove!* this Shepherd's Passion
Is much upon my Fashion.
Clo. 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.
Clo. Holla; you Clown.
Ros. Peace Fool, he's not thy Kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your Betters, Sir.
Cor. Else they are wretched.
Ros. Peace I say; good Even to you, Friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prethee, Shepherd, if that Love or Gold
Can in this desert Place buy Entertainment;
Bring us where we may rest our selves, 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 a Shepherd to another Man,
And do not sheer the Fleeces that I graze;
My Master is of churlish Disposition.
And little wreaks to find the way to Heav'n
By doing Deeds of Hospitality:
Besides, his Coat, his Flocks, and Bounds of feed
Are now on Sale, and at our Sheep-coat 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 e'er while.
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with Honesty,
Buy thou the Cottage, Pasture, and the Flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel.

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 greenhead Tree,
Who loves to lye 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 prethee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Mounsieur *Jaques.*
Jaq. I thank it; more, I prethee, more,
I can suck Melancholy out of a Song,
As a Weazel sucks Eggs: More, I prethee, more.
Ami. My Voice is rugged, I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing;
Come, come, another Stanzo: Call you 'em Stanzo's?
Ami. What you will, Mounsieur *Jaques.*
Jaq. Nay, I care not for your Names, they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any Man, I'll thank you; but that they call Complement is like th' Encounter of two Dog-Apes. And when a Man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a Penny, and he renders me the beggarly Thanks. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your Tongues.

Ami.

Ami. Well, I'll end the Song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will Dine 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
Heav'n thanks, and make no Boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth Ambition shun
And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
Seeking the Food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall you see, no Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a Verse to this Note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass,
That any Man turn Ass;
Leaving his Wealth and Ease,
A stubborn Will to please,
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;
O I die for Food! Here lye I down,

And

And measure out my Grave. Farewel, kind Master.
Orl. Why how now, *Adam*! no greater Heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little.
If this uncouth Forest yield any thing Savage,
I will either be Food for it, or bring it for Food to thee:
Thy Conceit is nearer Death, than thy Powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold Death a while
At the Arm's end: I will be here with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eat,
I will give thee leave to die. But if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my Labour.
Well said, thou look'st cheerly.
And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest
In the bleak Air. Come, I will bear thee
To some Shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lack of a Dinner;
If there live any thing in this Desart.
Cheerly, good *Adam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [*A Table set out.*

Duke Sen. I think he be transform'd into a Beast,
For I can no where 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 Sen. 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 Sen. Why how now, Monsieur, what a Life is this,
That your poor Friends must woo your Company?
What, you look merrily.
Jaq. A Fool, a Fool, I met a Fool i' th' Forest,
A motley Fool; a miserable World!
As I do live by Food, I met a Fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,

Call

Call me not Fool, 'till Heav'n hath sent me Fortune;
And then he drew a Dial from his Poak,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre Eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a Clock:
Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a Tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That Fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his Dial. O noble Fool,
A worthy Fool. Motely's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What Fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy Fool; one that hath been a Courtier,
And says, if Ladies be young and fair,
They have the Gift to know it: And in his Brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder Bisket
After a Voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
With Observation, the which he vents
In mangled Forms. O that I were a Fool,
I am ambitious for a motley Coat.

Duke Sen. 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 gauled with my Folly,
They most must Laugh: And why, Sir, must they so?
The way is plain, as way to Parish Church;
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, altho' he smart,
Seem senseless of the Bob. If not,
The wise Man's Folly is Anatomiz'd
Even by the squandring Glances of a Fool.
Invest me in the motley, give me leave

To

To speak my Mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul Body of th' infected World,
If they will patiently receive my Medicine.
Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul Sin, in chiding Sin:
For thou thy self hast been a Libertine,
As sensual as the brutish Sting it self,
And all th' imbossed Sores, and headed Evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general World.
Jaq. Why who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the 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 suites
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.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till Necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this Cock come?
Duke Sen. 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, that hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth Civility; yet am I Inland bred,
And know some Nurture: But forbear, I say,

He

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 Sen. What would you have?
Your Gentleness shall force, more than your Force
Move us to Gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for Food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our Table.

Orla. 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 Desart 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 sate at any good Man's Feast;
If ever from your Eye-lids 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 Sen. True is it that we have seen better Days,
And have with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
And sate at good Mens' Feasts, and wip'd our Eyes
Of drops, that sacred Pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minstred.

Orla. 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 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 Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good Comfort.

[*Exit.*

Jaq.

Duke Sen. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful Pageants than the Scene
Wherein we play.

Jaq. All the World's a Stage,
And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one Man in his time plays many parts:
His Acts being seven Ages. At first the Infant,
Newling 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's Eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the Bubble Reputation,
Even in the Canon'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 patt. The sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on side;
His youthful Hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice
Turning again toward childish trebble Pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness, and meer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans Taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable Burthen,
and let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your Fortunes.
Give us some Musick, and good Cousin, sing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,
Thou art not so unkind, as Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green Holly;
Most Friendship is feigning; most Loving meer Folly:
Then heigh ho, the Holly,
This Life is most Jolly,

Frieze, Frieze, thou bitter Sky, that dost not bite so nigh
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp, thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remembred not,
Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. 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.

SCENE *the Palace.*

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 Twelve-month, or turn thou no more
To seek a Living in our Territory.

 Thy

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. *The Forest.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there my Verse, in witness of my Love,
And thou thrice Crowned Queen of Night survey,
With thy chast Eye, from thy pale Sphere above,
Thy Huntress name, that my full Life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Books,
And in their Barks my Thoughts I'll Character,
That every Eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy Virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The fair, the chast, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter Coren *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this Shepherd's Life, Mr. *Touchstone*?

Clown. Truly, Shepherd, in respect of it self, 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. Has't 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 Mony, 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 the 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. Was't 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 have good Manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the Behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you Salute not at the Court, but you Kiss your Hands; that Courtesie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clown. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels, you know, are greasie.

Clown. Why, do not your Courtiers Hands sweat? And is not the Grease of Mutton as wholsome 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 Mens 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 a Bawd to a Bell-weather, and to betray a She-Lamb of a Twelve-month to a crooked Pated old Cuckoldly Ram, out of all reaſonable Match. If thou be'ſt not Damn'd for this, the Devil himſelf will have no Shepherds; I cannot ſee how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes Mr. *Ganimed*, my new Miſtreſs's Brother.

Enter Roſalind *with a Paper.*

Roſ. *From the Eaſt to Weſtern* Inde,
No Jewel is like Roſalind,
Her Worth being mounted on the Wind,
Through all the World bears Roſalind.
All the Pictures faireſt Lind,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no Face be kept in mind,
But the moſt fair Roſalind.

Clown. I'll Rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: It is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Roſ. Out Fool.

Clown. For a taſte.

If a Hart doth 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 Meat hath ſowreſt Rind,
Such a Nut is Roſalind.

He that sweetest Rose will find,
Must find Loves prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of Verses; why do you infect your self with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull Fool, I found them on a Tree.

Clown. Truly, the Tree yields bad Fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a Medler; than it will be the earliest Fruit i'th' Country; for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right Vertue of the Medler.

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 a Desart 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
This Quintessence of every sprite,
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd,
That one Body should be fill'd
With all the Graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's *Cheeks, but not her Heart,*
Cleopatra's *Majesty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *Modesty.*
Thus Rosalind *of many parts,*
By heav'nly Synod was devis'd,

Of

Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n 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 cry'd, 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, tho' not with Bag and Baggage, yet with Scrip and Scrippage. [*Exit* Cor. *and* Clown.

Cel. Didst thou hear these Verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more Feet than the Verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the Feet might bear the Verses.

Ros. Ay, but the Feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the Verse, and therefore stood lamely in the Verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy Name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these Trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: For look here what I found on a Palm-tree; I was never so berhim'd since *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a Man?

Cel. And a Chain that you once wore, about his Neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for Friends to meet; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hoping.

Ros. Good my Complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a Man, I have a Doublet and a Hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South Sea of discovery. I prethee tell me, who is it, quickly, and speak apace? I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed 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 prethee 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 trip'd up the Wrestler's Heels, and your Heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; speak, sad Brow, and true Maid.

Cel. I'faith, Coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando*?

Cel. *Orlando*.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my Doublet and Hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantua*'s Mouth first; 'tis a Word too great for any Mouth of this Age's size: To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a Catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in Man's Apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atoms 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.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* Tree, when it drops forth such Fruit.

Cel. Give me Audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the Ground.

Cel. Cry halla, to thy Tongue, I prethee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Heart.

Cel. I would sing my Song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a Woman, when I think I must speak: Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your Company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too, for your Society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better Strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more Trees with writing Love-Songs in their Barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind* is your Love's name?

Orla. Yes, Just.

Jaq. I do not like her Name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was Christen'd.

Jaq. What Stature is she of?

Orla. 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.

Orla. Not so: But I answer you right, painted Cloth, from whence you have studied your Questions?

Jaq. You have a nimble Wit; I think it was made of

Ata-

Atalanta's Heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our Mistress the World, and all our Misery.

Orla. I will chide no Brother in the World but my self, against whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in Love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best Vitue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the Brook, look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own Figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior Love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your Departure: Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy Laquey, and under that Habit play the Knave with him: Do you hear, Forester.

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a Clock?

Orla. 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.

Orla. And why not the swift Foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir: Time travels in divers Places, 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.

Orla. I prethee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage, and the Day it is Solemniz'd: If the interim be but a sennight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. 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

not ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: The one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious Penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom 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.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With Lawyers in the Vacation; for they ſleep between Term and Term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty Youth?

Roſ. With this Shepherdeſs, my Siſter; here in the Skirts of the Foreſt, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orla. Are you Native of this Place?

Roſ. As the Cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. 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 Unkle 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. 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.

Orla. 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's fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my Phyſick, 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.

Orla.

Orla. I am he that is so Love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your Remedy.

Ros. There is none of my Unkle'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.

Orla. 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 no Beard, is a younger Brother's Revenue; Then your Hose should be ungarter'd, your Bonnet unbanded, your Sleeve unbutton'd, your Shoo untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless Desolation; but you are no such Man, you are rather Point device in your Accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the Lover of any other.

Orla. 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?

Orla. I swear to thee, Youth, by the white Hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in Love, as your Rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither Rhime nor Reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a Madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark House, and a Whip, as mad Men do: And the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the Lunacy is so ordinary, that the Whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by Counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Love, his Mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish Youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of Tears full of Smiles; for every Passion something, and for no Passion truly any thing, as Boys and Women are for the most part

part Cattle of this Colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave this 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 meerly Monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your Liver as clear as a sound Sheep's Heart, that there shall not be one Spot of Love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, Youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every Day to my Cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the Faith of my Love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the Forest you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my Heart, good Youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: Come Sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the Man yet? Doth my simple Feature content you?

And. Your Features, Lord warrant us; what Features?

Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a Thatch't House.

Clo. 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.

And. I do not know what Poetical is; is it honest in Deed and Word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the truest Poetry is the most feigning, and

and Lovers are given to Poetry; and what they swear in Poetry, may be said as Lovers, they do feign.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical?

Clo. 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.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou were hard-favour'd; for Honesty coupled to Beauty, is to have Honey a Sauce to Sugar.

Jaq. A material Fool.

And. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away Honesty upon a foul Slut, were to put good Meat into an unclean Dish.

And. I am not a Slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy Foulness; Sluttishness may come hereafter: But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this Place of the Forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this Meeting.

And. Well, the Gods give us Joy.

Clo. 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 tho'? 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 honourable than the bare Brow of a Batchelor; and by how much Defence is better than no Skill, so much is a Horn more precious than to want.

 Enter

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this Tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappel

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the Woman?

Clo. I will not take her on Gift of any Man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the Marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good Even, good M. What ye call't: How do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your last Company, I am very glad to see you, even a Toy in Hand here Sir: Nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the Ox hath his Bow, Sir, the Horse his Curb, and the Falcon his Bells, so Man hath his Desire; and as Pigeons bill, so Wedlock would be nibling.

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 Pannel, and like Timber, warp, warp.

Clo. 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.

Clo. Come, sweet *Andrey*,
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry:
Farewel good Mr. *Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: But wind away, be gone I say; I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no mattter; ne'er a fantastical Knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do I prethee, 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 Chesnut 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 chaste 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 Confirmer of false Reckonings; he attends here in the Forest on the Duke your Father.

Ros. I met the Duke Yesterday, and had much question with him: He askt 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.

Cel. O that's a brave Man, he writes brave Verses, speaks brave Words, swears brave Oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the Heart of his Lover, as a puisny Tilter, that spurs his Horse but on one Side, breaks his Staff like a noble Goose; but all's brave that Youth mounts, and Folly guides: Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and Master, you have oft enquir'd
After the Shepherd that complain'd of Love,
Whom 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 plaid
Between the pale Complection of true Love,
And the read Glow of Scorn and proud Disdain;
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come let us remove,
The Sight of Lovers feedeth those in Love:
Bring us to this Sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busie 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 th' accustom'd Sight of Death makes hard,
Falls not the Ax 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 Murther in mine Eyes;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That Eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward Gates on Atomies,
Should be call'd Tyrants, Butchers, Murtherers,

Now, I do frown on thee with all my Heart,
And if mine Eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swound, why now, fall down,
Or if thou can'st not, oh for Shame, for Shame,
Lie not, to say mine Eyes are Murtherers.
Now shew the Wound mine Eye 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, is there no such force in Eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You met 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 thou not 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? 'ods my little Life,
I think she means to tangle mine 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

'Tis not her Glass, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her self more proper
Than any of her Lineaments can show her.
But Mistress, know your self, down on your Knees,
And thank Heav'n, fasting, for a good Man's Love;
For I must tell you friendly in your Ear,
Sell what 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 fall'n in love with your Foulness, and she'll
Fall in love with my Anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answers thee with frowning Looks, I'll sauce
Her with bitter Words: Why look you so upon me?

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; tho' all the World could see,
None could be so abus'd in Sight as he.
Come to our Flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Deed Shepherd, now I find thy Saw of Might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first Sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: What say'st thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where-ever 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 Recompence,
Than thine own Gladneſs that thou art imploy'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my Love,
And ſuch a Poverty of Grace attends it,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous Crop
To glean the broken Ears after the Man
That the main Harveſt reaps: Loſe now and then
A ſcattered Smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the Youth that ſpoke to me e'er while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the Bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, tho' 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
I 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 remembred, 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.

SCENE *the Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I Prithee, pretty Youth, let be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholly 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.

Ro. Why then 'tis good to be a Poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholars Melancholly, which is Emulation; nor the Muſicians, which is fantaſtical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Soldiers, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is political; nor the Ladies, which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all theſe; but it is a Melancholly of mine own, compounded of many Simples, extracted from many Objects, and indeed the ſundry Contemplations of Travels in which my often Rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous Sadneſs.

Roſ. A Traveller! by my Faith you have great Reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own Lands, to ſee other Mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich Eyes and poor Hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd 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.

Orla. Good Day, and Happineſs, dear *Roſalind.*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, and you talk in blank Verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewel, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange Suits; disable all the Benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that Countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondallo. 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.

Orla. 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 clapt him o'th' Shoulder, but I'll warrant him Heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my Sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

Orla. Of a Snail?

Ros. Ay, of a Snail; for tho' 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.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why Horns; which such as you are fain to beholding to your Wives for; but he comes armed in his Fortune, and prevents the Slander of his Wife.

Orla. 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 Holyday Humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your very, very *Rosalind*.

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take Occasion

to

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.

Orla. How if the Kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to Entreaty, and there begins new Matter.

Orla. 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.

Orla. What, of my Suit?

Ros. Not out of your Apparrel, and yet out of your Suit.

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. 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.

Orla. Then in mine own Person I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney; the poor World is almost six thousand Years old, and in all this time there was not any Man died in his own Person, *videlicet*, in a Love Cause: *Troilus* had his Brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* Club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the Patterns of Love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair Year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not been for a hot Midsummer-night; for, good Youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellespont*, and being taken with the Cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish Chroniclers of that Age found it was *Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all Lies, Men have died from time to time, and Worms have eaten them, but not for Love.

Orla. 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 Flie; but come now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on Disposition; and ask what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes Faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What saist thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. 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.

Orla. 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*?

Orla. I will,

Ros. But when.

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for Wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for Wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your Commission, But I do take thee *Orlando* for my Husband: Th crea Girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a Woman's Thought runs before her Actions.

Orla. So do all Thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her

Orla. 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 j alous of thee than a *Barbary* Cock-Pigeon over his Hen, more clamorous than a Parrot against Rain; more new-fangled than an Ape; more giddy in my Desires than a Monkey; I will weep for nothing like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my Life she will do as I do.

Orla. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the Wit to do this; the wiser,

wiser, the waywarder: Make the Doors upon a Woman's Wit, and it will out at the Casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the Key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the Chimney.

Orla. 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.

Orla. And what Wit could Wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seek you there: You shall never find her without her Answer, unless you take her without her Tongue. O that Woman, that cannot make her fault her Husband's occasion, let her never nurse her Child her self, for she will breed it like a Fool.

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear Love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at Dinner, by two a 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 flatttering Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come Death: Two o'th' Clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all the 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.

Orla. 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* Orla.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our Sex in your Love-prate; we must have your Doublet and Hose pluck'd over your Head, and shew the World what the Bird hath done to her own Nest.

Ros.

Ros. O Coz, Coz, Coz, my pretty little Coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in Love; but it cannot be sounded: My Affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour Affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madness, that blind rascally Boy, that abuses every ones 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, *Lords, and Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd 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?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, 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 burthen;
Take thou no scorn to wear the Horn,
It was a Crest e'er 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

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a Clock?
And here much *Orlando.*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure Love and troubled Brain,

Enter Sylvius,

He hath ta'en his Bow and Arrows, and is gone forth
To sleep: Look who comes here.

Syl. My Errand is to you, fair Youth,
My gentle *Phebe* 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 tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless Messenger.

Ros. Patience her self 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 Phenix: 'Od's my will,
Her Love is not the Hare that I did hunt,
Why writes she so to me? Well, Shepherd, well,
This is a Letter of your own device.

Syl. 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 Free-stone 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.

Syl. Sure it is hers,

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel Stile,
A Stile for Challengers; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to Christian; Woman's gentle Brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude Invention,

Such

Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their Effect
Than in their Countenance; will you hear the Letter?

Syl. 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 Women rail thus.

Syl. 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?
Whiles the Eye of Man did woo me,
That could do no Vengeance to me.
Meaning me a Beast.
If the Scorn of your bright Eyne
Have power to raise such Love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild Aspect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love,
How then might your Prayers move?
He that brings this Love to thee,
Little knows that 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.

Syl. 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 Strings 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 love me, I charge her to love thee: If she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true Lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more Company. [*Exit* Syl.

Enter

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where in the Purlews of this Forest stands
A Sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
Cel. West of this place down in the Neighbour bottom,
The rank of Osiers, by the murmuring Stream
Left on your Right-hand, bring you to the place;
But at this hour the House doth keep it self,
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: But the Woman low,
And browner than her Brother. Are not you
The Owner of the House I did enquire 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 befel! he threw his Eye aside,
And mark what Object did present it self
Under an old Oak, whose Boughs were moss'd with Age,
And high Top bald with dry Antiquity;
A wretched ragged Man, o'er-grown with Hair,
Lay sleeping on his Back; about his Neck
A green and gilded Snake had wreath'd it self,
Who with her Head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his Mouth; but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
And with indented glides did slip away

Into

Into a Bush, under whose Bushes shade
A Lioness, with Udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching Head on Ground, with Catlike watch
When that the sleeping Man should stir; for 'tis
The Royal Disposition of that Beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the Man,
And found it was his Brother, his elder Brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speak of that same Brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural,
That liv'd 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 purpos'd so:
But Kindness nobler ever than Revenge,
And Nature stronger than his just Occasion,
Made him give Battel to the Lioness:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable Slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his Brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my Conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody Napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desart 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 strip'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,

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his Wound,
And after some small space, being strong at Heart,
He sent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell this Story, that you might excuse
His broken Promise, and to give this Napkin,
Dy'd in his Blood, unto the Shepherd Youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on Blood.

Cel. There is no more in it: Cousin *Ganimed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you take him by the Arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, Youth; you a Man?
You lack a Man's Heart,

Ros. I do so, I confess it.
Ah, 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 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*.

Ros. I shall devise something; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Forest.*

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a most vile *Martext*. 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.

Clo. 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 Ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good Ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good Ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good Ev'n, gentle Friend. Cover thy Head, cover thy Head; nay, prethee be cover'd. How old are you, Friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe Age: Is thy Name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair Name. Was't born i'th' Forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: A good Answer:
Art Rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. 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.

Clo. 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

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.

Clo. Give me your Hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have. For it is a Figure in Rhetorick, 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?

Clo. 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 Poyson with thee, or in Bastinado, or in Steel; I will bandy with thee in Faction, I will o'errun thee with Policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. 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.

Orla. You have my Consent.
Let your Wedding be to Morrow; thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's consented Followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you,
Here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, Brother.

Orla. And you, fair Sister.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy Heart in a Scarf.

Orla. It is my Arm.

Ros. I thought thy Heart had been wounded with the Claws of a Lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the Eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your Brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound, when he shew'd me your Handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater Wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: There was never any thing so sudden, but the Fight of two Rams, and *Cæsar*'s Thrasonical Brag, of, I came, saw, and overcame: For your Brother, and my Sister, no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the Reason; no sooner knew the Reason, but they sought the Remedy; and in these Degrees have they made a Pair of Stairs to Marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before Marriage; they are in the very Wrath of Love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to Morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into Happiness through another Man's Eyes; by so much the more shall I to Morrow be at the Height of Heart-Heaviness, by how much I shall think my Brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to Morrow I cannot serve your Turn for *Rosalind*?

Orla. 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 what you are; neither do I labour for a greater Esteem than may in some little Measure draw a Belief from you to do your self 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, converst 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* you shall marry her. I know into what Streights 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.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober Meanings?

Ros. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best Array, bid your Friends: For if you will be married to Morrow, you shall, and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the Letter that I wrie to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: It is my Study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful Shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this Youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of Sighs and Tears,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no Woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of Faith and Service;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*
Orla. And I for *Rosalind.*
Ros. And I for no Woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of Fantasies
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 *Ganimed.*
Orla. 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?
Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, Why blame you me to love you?
Orla. 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 satisfy'd 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.
Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To Morrow is the joyful Day, *Audrey*: to Morrow will we be married.
Aud. I do desire it with all my Heart; and I hope it is no dishonest Desire, to desire to be a Woman of the World. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's Pages.

Enter

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only Prologues to a bad Voice.

3 *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 rang 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 the Spring time, &c.

Between the Acres of the Rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
Theſe pretty Country-folks would lye,
In the Spring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that a Life was but a Flower,
In the Spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the Note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your Voices. Come, *Andrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando,* that the Boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Sylvius, *and* Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our Compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind,* [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?
Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her?
[*To* Orlando.
Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.
Ros. You say you'll Marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phe.
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your self to this most faithful Shepherd.
Phe. So is the Bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe,* if she will? [*To* Syl.
Syl. Tho' to have her and Death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter;
You, yours, *Orlando,* to receive his Daughter:
Keep you your word, *Phebe,* that you'll marry me;
Or else refusing me, to wed this Shepherd.
Keep your word, *Sylvius,* that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these Doubts all even. [*Exit* Ros. *and* Celia.
Duke Sen. I do remember in this Shepherd-Boy,
Some lively touches of my Daughter's Favour.
Orla. 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,
Who he reports to be a great Magician,

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obscured in the Circle of this Forest. *Jaq.*

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 call'd Fools.

Clo. 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.

Clo. If any Man doubt that, let him put me to my Purgation; I have trod a Measure, I have flatter'd a Lady, I have been politick 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?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the Quarrel was upon the seventh Cause.

Jaq. How the seventh Cause? Good my Lord, like this Fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very very well.

Clo. 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-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor Humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no Man else will. Rich Honesty dwells like a Miser, Sir, in a poor House, as your Pearl in your Oyster.

Duke Sen. By my Faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. 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?

Clo. 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 call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my Judgment: This is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is

call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome; And so the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his Beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd Swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in Print, by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners. I will name you the Degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the Parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook Hands, and swore Brothers. Your If is the only Peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare Fellow, my Lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his Folly like a Stalking-Horse, and under the Presentation of that he shoots his Wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind *in Woman's Cloths, and* Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there Mirth in Heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke receive thy Daughter,
Hymen *from Heav'n 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 my self; for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*
To you I give my self; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my Daughter.

Orla.

Orla. 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 n'eer wed Woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace hoa; 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 your selves with questioning:
That Reason, Wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O blessed Bond of Board and Bed!
'Tis Hymen *Peoples ev'ry Town,*
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high Honour and Renown
To Hymen, *God of every Town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear Neice, 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 Jaques de Boyes.
Jaq. de B. 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

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 Enterprize, and from the World;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to them again
That were with him Exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my Life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young Man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy Brothers Wedding;
To one his Lands with-held, and to the other
A Land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this Forest, let us do those Ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy Number
That have endur'd shrewd Days and Nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned Fortune,
According to the measure of their States.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n Dignity,
And fall into our Rustick Revelry:
Play Musick, and you Brides and Bridegrooms all.
With Measure heap'd in Joy, to th'Measurers fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious Life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: Out of these Convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honours I bequeath, [*To the Duke*
Your Patience, and your Virtue well deserves it:
You to a Love that your true Faith doth merit; [*To Orla.*
You to your Land, and Love, and great Allies; [*To Oli.*
You to a long and well-deserved Bed; [*To Syl.*
And you to Wrangling; for thy loving Voyage [*To the Clown.*
Is but for two Months victuall'd: So to your Pleasures:
I am for other than for Dancing Measures.

Duke Sen. 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.

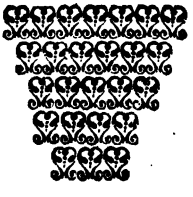
Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin these Rites, As we do trust they'll end in true Delights.

Ros. It is not the Fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good Wine needs no Bush*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good Wine they do use good Bushes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a Beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to Conjure you, and I'll begin with the Women. I charge you, O Women, for the love you bear to Men, to like as much of this Play as pleases you: And I charge you, O Men, for the love you bear to Women, as I perceive by your Simpring, none of you hates them, that between you and the Women, the Play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kiss as many of you as had Beards that pleas'd me, Complexions that lik'd me, and Breaths that I defy'd 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 Courtsie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be plaid.*
Christophero Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Persons of the Play it self are

Baptista, *Father to* Katharina *and* Biancha, *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in Love with* Biancha.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a Suitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, } *Pretenders to* Biancha.
Hortensio, }
Tranio, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old Fellow set up to personate* Vincentio
Katharina, *the Shrew.*
Biancha, *her Sister.*
Widow.
Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petruchio.

SCENE *in the latter End of the third, and beginning of the fourth Act in* Petruchio's *House in the Country; for the rest of the Play in* Padua.

 The

The Taming of the Shrew.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

SLY.

'LL pheeze you, in Faith.

Host. A Pair of Stocks, you Rogue.

Sly. Y'are a Baggage; the *Slies* are no Rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came with *Richard Canqueror*; therefore *Paucus pallabris*, let the World slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the Glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a Deniere: Go by S. *Jeronimy*, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my Remedy; I must go fetch the Headborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, I'll answer him by Law; I'll not budge an Inch, Boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my Hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poor Cur is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, Boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the Hedge Corner, in the coldest Fault;
I would not lose the Dog for twenty Pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meerest Loss,

And

And twice to Day pick'd out the dullest Scent;
Trust me, I take him for the better Dog.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a Dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To Morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one Dead, or Drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a Bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous Beast! how like a Swine he lyes!
Grim Death, how foul and loathsome is thine Image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken Man.
What think you if he were convey'd to Bed,
Wrapt in sweet Cloaths: Rings put upon his Finger;
A most delicious Banquet by his Bed,
And brave Attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the Beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring Dream, or worthless Fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the Jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton Pictures;
Balm his foul Head in warm distilled Waters,
And burn sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweet.
Procure me Musick ready when he wakes,
To make a Dulcet and a Heav'nly Sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive Reverence,
Say, what is it your Honour will command;
Let one attend him with a silver Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another bear the Ewer; a third a Diaper,
And say, will please your Lordship cool your Hands?
Some one be ready with a costly Suit,
And ask him what Apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Lady mourns at his Disease;
Persuade him that he hath been Lunatick,

And

And when he ſays he is poor, ſay that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs;
It will be Paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with Modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we will play our Part,
As he ſhall think by our true Diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his Office when he wakes.

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome noble Gentleman that means,
Travelling ſome Journey, to repoſe him here.

Enter Servant.

How now? Who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your Lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to Night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our Duty.

Lord. With all my Heart. This Fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a Farmer's eldeſt Son;
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your Name; but ſure that Part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome Sport in Hand,
Wherein your Cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to Night;
But I am doubtful of your Modeſties,
Leſt over eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his Honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him: For I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient,

Play. Fear not, my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the verieſt Antick in the World.

Lord. Go Sirrah, take them to the Buttery,
Let them want nothing that the House affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my Page,
And see him dreſt in all suits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkard's Chamber,
And call him Madam, do him Obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my Love,
He bear himself with honourable Action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
Such Duty to the Drunkard let him do,
With soft low Tongue, and lowly Courteſie;
And say; What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wife,
May shew her Duty, and make known her Love;
And then with kind Embracements, tempting Kisses,
And with declining Head into his Bosom,
Bid him shed Tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble Lord restor'd to Health,
Who for this seven Years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and loathsome Beggar:
And if the Boy have not a Woman's Gift
To rain a Shower of commanded Tears,
An Onion will do well for such a Shift,
Which in a Napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a watry Eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon I'll give thee more Instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the Boy will well usurp the Grace,
Voice, Gate, and Action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband,
And how my Men will stay themselves from Laughter,
When they do Homage to this simple Peasant;
I'll in to counsel them: Haply my Presence
May well abate the over-merry Spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into Extreams.

Enter

Enter Sly *with Attendants, some with Apparel, Bason and Ewer, and other Appurtenances.*

Sly. For God's sake a Pot of small Ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your Lordship drink a Cup of Sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these Conserves?

3 *Serv.* What Raiment will your Honour wear to Day?

Sly. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor Lordship: I ne'er drank Sack in my Life? and if you give me any Conserves, give me Conserves of Beef: Ne'er ask me what Raiment I'll wear, for I have no more Doublets than Backs, no more Stockings than Legs, nor no more Shooes than Feet; nay sometimes more Feet than Shooes, or such Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle Humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty Man of such Descent,
Of such Possessions, and so high Esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a Spirit.

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Burton-heath*, by Birth a Pedler, by Education a Card-maker, by Transmutation a Bear-herd, and now by present Profession a Tinker. Ask *Marrian Hacker*, the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen Pence on the Score for Sheer Ale, score me up for the lying'st Knave in Christendom. What I am not bestraught: here's———

1 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your Kindred shun your House,
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacy.
Oh noble Lord, bethink thee of thy Birth,
Call home thy ancient Thoughts from Banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly Dreams:
Look how thy Servants do attend on thee,
Each in his Office ready at thy Beck.
Wilt thou have Musick? Hark, *Appollo* plays, [*Musick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful Bed
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the Ground:
Or wilt thou ride? Thy Horses shall be trapp'd,
Their Harness studded all with Gold and Pearl.
Dost thou love Hawking? Thou hast Hawks will soar
Above the Morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill Eccoes from the hollow Earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy Grayhounds are as swift
As breathed Stags; ay, fleeter than the Roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love Pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running Brook,
And *Citherea* all in Sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her Breath,
Even as the waving Sedges play with Wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the Deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny Wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at the Sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the Blood and Tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Lady far more beautiful,
Than any Woman in this waining Age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the Tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious Floods, o'er-run her lovely Face,
She was the fairest Creature in the World,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet Savours, and I feel soft Things:
Upon my Life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our Sight,
And once again a Pot o'th' smallest Ale.

2 *Man.* Wil't please your Mightiness to wash your Hands?
Oh how we joy to see your Wits restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are?
These fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,

Or

Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen Years! by my Fay, a goodly Nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Man.* Oh yes, my Lord, but very idle Words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly Chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of Door,
And rail'd upon the Hostess of the House,
And say you would present her at the Leet,
Because she bought Stone Jugs, and no seal'd Quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*
Sly. Ay, the Woman's Maid of the House,
3 *Man.* Why Sir, you know no House, nor no such Maid,
Nor no such Men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece.*
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such Names and Men as these,
Which never were, nor no Man ever saw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All, Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Sly. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Sly. Marry I fare well, for here is Cheer enough.
Where is my Wife?
Lady. Here noble Lord, what is thy Will with her?
Sly. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband?
My Men should call me Lord, I am your good Man.
Lady. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all Obedience.
Sly. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. *Alce* Madam, or *Joan* Madam!
Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies.
Sly. Madam Wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen Years and more.
Lady. Ay, and the Time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this Time abandon'd from your Bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants leave me and her alone:
Madam, undress you, and come now to Bed.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a Night or two:
Or if not so, until the Sun be set;
For your Physicians have expresly charg'd,
In Peril to incur your former Malady,
That I should yet absent me from your Bed;
I hope this Reason stands for my Excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long; But I would be loath to fall into my Dream again: I will therefore tarry in despight of the Flesh and the Blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's Players, hearing your Amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy;
For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing so much Sadness hath congeal'd your Blood,
And Melancholly is the Nurse of Frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your Mind to Mirth and Merriment,
Which bars a thousand Harms, and lengthens Life.

Sly. Marry I will, let them play, it is not a Comonty, a *Christmas* Gambold, or a tumbling Trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing Stuff.

Sly. What, Houshold Stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of History.

Sly. Well, we'll see't:
Come, Madam Wife, sit by my Side,
And let the World slip, we shall ne'er be Younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great Desire I had
To see fair *Padua,* Nursery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy,*
The pleasant Garden of great *Italy.*
And by my Father's Love and Leave am arm'd
With his good Will, and thy good Company.
Most trusty Servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happly institute
A Course of Learning, and ingenious Studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave Citizens,
Gave me my Being, and my Father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the World:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii,*

Vincentio's Son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all Hopes conceiv'd
To deck his Fortune with his virtuous Deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of Philosophy
Will I apply to, that treats of Happiness.
By Virtue specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy Mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow Plash to plunge him in the Deep,
And with Satiety seeks to quench his Thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle Master mine,
I am in all affected as your self;
Glad that you thus continue your Resolve,
To suck the Sweets of sweet Philosophy:
Only, good Master, while we do admire
This Virtue, and this moral Discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no Stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* Checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk Logick with Acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common Talk;
Musick and Poesie use to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them as you find your Stomach serves you:
No Profit grows, where is no Pleasure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a Lodging fit to entertain
Such Friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what Company is this?

Tra. Master, some Shew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptista *with* Katharina *and* Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me not farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest Daughter,
Before I have a Husband for the Elder:

If either of you both love *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your Pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?
Kath. I pray you, Sir, is it your Will
To make a Stale of me amongst those Mates?
Hor. Mates Maid, how mean you that?
No Mates, for you;
Unless you were of gentler milder Mould.
Kath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her Heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her Care shall be,
To comb your Noddle with a three-legg'd Stool,
And paint your Face, and use you like a Fool.
Hor. From all such Devils, good Lord, deliver us,
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Hush'd, Master, here's some good Pastime toward,
That Wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's Silence I do see,
Maid's mild Behaviour and Sobriety.
Peace, *Tranio*.
Tra. Well said, Master, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my Girl.
Kath. A pretty Peat, it is best put Finger in the Eye,
And she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my Discontent.
Sir, to your Pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My Books and Instruments shall be my Company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.
Luc. Heark, *Tranio*, thou maist hear *Minerva* speak.
Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange;
Sorry am I that our good Will effects
Bianca's Grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this Fiend of Hell,
And make her bear the Penance of her Tongue?

Bap.

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musick, Instruments, and Poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my House,
Fit to instruct her Youth. If you, *Hortensio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning Men
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own Children, in good bringing up,
And so farewel. *Katherina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed Hours, as tho',
Belike, I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the Devil's Dam: Your Gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Our Love is not so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our Nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our Cake's Dow on both sides. Farewel; yet for the Love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit Man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: But a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our Quarrel yet never brook'd Parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair Mistress, and be happy Rivals in *Bianca*'s Love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry Sir, to get a Husband for her Sister.

Gre. A Husband! a Devil.

Hor. I say a Husband.

Gre. I say a Devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her Father be very rich, any Man is so very a Fool to be married to Hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your Patience and mine to endure her lewd Alarms, why, Man, there be good Fellows in the World, and a Man could light on them, would take her with all her Faults, and Mony enough.

Gre.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her Dowry with this Condition, to be whip'd at the High-cross every Morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten Apples: Come, since this bar in Law makes us Friends, it shall be so forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista*'s eldest Daughter to a Husband, we set his youngest free for a Husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy Man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the Ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best Horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the House of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor. *Manet* Tra. *and* Lucen.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That Love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in Idleness.
And now in plainness to confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest Girl:
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the Heart;
If Love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, Lad; go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy Counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the Maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet Beauty in her Face,
Such as the Daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her Hand,
When with his Knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* Strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her Sister
Began to Scold, and raise up such a Storm,

That

That mortal Ears might hardly endure the Din.
Luc. Tranio, I saw her Coral Lips to move;
And with her Breath she did perfume the Air,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his Trance:
I pray awake, Sir; if you love the Maid,
Bend Thoughts and Wits to atchieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest Sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That 'till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a Maid at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with Suitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning School-masters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Master, for my Hand,
Both our Inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be School-master,
And undertake the teaching of the Maid:
That's your Device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s Son,
Keep House, and ply his Book, welcome his Friends,
Visit his his Countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any House,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our Faces,
For Man or Master: Then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be Master, *Tranio*, in my stead;
Keep House, and Port, and Servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner Man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so; *Tranio*, at once
Uncase thee: Take my colour'd Hat and Cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his Tongue.
Tra. So had you need.

In

In brief, Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he,
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a Slave t'atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded Eye.

Enter Biondello,

Here comes the Rogue. Sirra, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you? Maſter, has my Fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your Cloaths, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? Pray what's the News?

Luc. Sirra, come hither, 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your Manners to the time.
Your Fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my Life,
Puts my Apparel and my Count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a Quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a Man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my Life.
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your Mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith Boy, to have the next Wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt Daughter. But, Sirra, not for my ſake, but your Maſter's, I adviſe you uſe your Manners diſcreetly in all kind of Companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all Places elſe, your Maſter *Lucentio*

Luc. Tranio, let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute,
To make one 'mong theſe Wooers; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my Reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The

The Presenters above speak.

1 *Man.* My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the Play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint *Anne*, do I; a good matter surely. Come's there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of Work, Madam Lady, would 'twere done. [*They sit and mark.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VErona for a while I take my leave,
To see my Friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved Friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is the House:
Here Sirra, *Grumio*, knock I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? Is there any Man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villian, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? Why, Sir, what am I, Sir, That I should knock you here Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this Gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your Knave's Pate.

Gru. My Master is grown quarrelsome:
I should knock you first,
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, Sirra, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and sing it.
[*He rings him by the Ears.*

Gru. Help, Mistress, help, my Master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: Sirra, Villain.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old Friend *Grumio*, and my good Friend *Petruchio*! How do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the Fray? *Contuttile core bene trovato*, may I say.

Hor.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorato Signior mio Petruchio.
Rise, *Grumio*, we will compound this Quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful Cause for me to leave his Service, look you, Sir: He bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a Servant to use his Master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless Villain. Good *Hortensio*,
I bad the Rascal knock upon your Gate,
And could not get him for my Heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the Gate? O Heav'ns! Spake you not these words plain? Sirra, Knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the Gate?

Pet. Sirra, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am *Grumio*'s Pledge:
Why this is a heavy Chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient trusty pleasant Servant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, sweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such Wind as scatters young Men through the World,
To seek their Fortunes farther than at home,
Where small Experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my Father is deceas'd,
And I must thrust my self into this maze,
Happily to Wive and Thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my Purse I have, and Goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the World.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd Wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my Counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: But thou'rt too much my Friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such Friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One

One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s Wife:
As Wealth is burthen of my wooing Dance;
Be she as Foul as was *Florentius* Love,
As Old as *Sybel*, as Curst and Shrew'd
As *Socrates*'s *Zantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas.
I come to Wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his Mind is: Why give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet, or an Aglet Baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a Tooth in her Head, tho' she have as many Diseases as two and fifty Horses; why nothing comes amiss, so Mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in Jest,
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a Wife
With Wealth enough, and Young and Beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerable Curs'd,
And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my State far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not Gold's Effect;
Tell me her Father's Name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As Thunder, when the Clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her Name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding Tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know her not,
And he knew my deceased Father well:
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first Encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the Humour lasts. A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would think Scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score Knaves, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope Tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, and she stand but a little, he will throw a Figure in her Face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more Eyes to see withal than a Cat: You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista*'s House my Treasure is:
He hath the Jewel of my Life in hold,
His youngest Daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Sutors to her, and Rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those Defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Katharine* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Katherine* the Curs'd have got Husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the Curs'd,
A Title for a Maid, of all Titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober Robes,
To old *Baptista* as a School-master.
Well seen in Musick to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this Device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make Love to her,
And unsuspected Court her by her self.

Enter Gremio *and* Lucentio *disguised.*

Gru. Here's no Knavery! See, to beguile the old Folks, Master,
How the young Folks lay their Heads together.
Master, look about you: Who comes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, it is the Rival of my Love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the Note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,

All

All Books of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other Lectures to her:
You understand me, over and beside
Signior *Baptista's* Liberality,
I'll mend it with a Largess. Take your Paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than Perfume itself
To whom they go: What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my Patron, stand you so assured;
As firmly as your self were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a Scholar, Sir.
Gre. Oh this Learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an Ass it is.
Pet. Peace, Sirra.
Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*;
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a School-master for the fair *Bianca*,
And by good Fortune I have lighted well
On this young Man: For Learning and Behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in Poetry,
And other Books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine Musician to instruct our Mistress,
So shall I no whit be behind in Duty
To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my Deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his Bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our Love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you News indifferent good for either,
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Upon agreement from us to his Liking,
Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katharine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her Dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well;
Hortensio, have you told him all her Faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling Scold;
If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, sayest me so, Friend? What Countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my Fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good Days, and long, to see.
Gre. Oh Sir, such a Life with such a Wife were strange;
But if you have a Stomach, to't a God's Name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild Cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little Din can daunt my Ears?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the Sea, puff'd up with Winds,
Rage like an angry Boar, chafed with Sweat;
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the Field?
And Heav'ns Artillery thunder in the Skies?
Have I not in a pitched Battel heard
Loud Larums, neighing Steeds, and Trumpets Clangue?
And do you tell me of a Woman's Tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a Chesnut in a Farmer's Fire?
Tush, tush, fear Boys with Bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. *Hortensio*, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My Mind presumes for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
And bear his Charge of wooing whatsoever.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good Dinner.

Enter Tranio *brave, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the House of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that has the two fair Daughters; is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to——

Tra.

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?
Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no Chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word e'er you go:
Are you a Sutor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any Offence?
Gre. No; if without more Words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the Streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you.
Gre. For this Reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice Love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That she's the Chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly, my Masters: If you be Gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with Patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown,
And were his Daughter fairer than she is,
She may more Sutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s Daughter had a thousand Wooers,
Then well may one more fair, *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a Jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista*'s Daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding Tongue,
As is the other for beauteous Majesty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that Labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides* twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth,
The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her Father keeps from all access of Sutors,
And will not promise her to any Man,

Until the eldest Sister first be Wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the Man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the Ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the Elder, set the Younger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a Sutor,
You must, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may contrive this Afternoon,
And quaff Carouses to our Mistress's Health,
And do as Adversaries do in Law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as Friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent Motion: Fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The Motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a Bondmaid and a Slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other Goods,
Unbind my Hands, I'll pull them off my self,
Yea, all my Raiment, to my Petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;
So well I know my Duty to my Elders.
Kath. Of all thy Sutors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: See thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me Sister, of all the Men alive
I never yet beheld that special Face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest; is it not *Hortensio?*
Bian. If you affect him, Sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.
Kath. Oh then belike you fancy Riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You

You have but jested with me all this while;
I prethee, Sister *Kate*, untie my Hands.
Kath. If that be Jest, then all the rest is so. [*Strikes her.*
Enter Baptista.
Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this Insolence?
Bianca, stand aside; poor Girl, she weeps;
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame, thou Hilding of a devilish Spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Exit* Bian.
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, I see
She is your Treasure, she must have a Husband,
I must Dance bare-foot on her Wedding-day,
And for your Love to her lead Apes in Hell:
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of Revenge. [*Exit* Kath.
Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?
Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the Habit of a mean Man*, Petruchio *with* Hortensio *like a Musician*, Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a Lute and Books.*
Gre. Good morrow, Neighbour *Baptista.*
Bap. Good morrow, Neighbour *Gremio*: God save you Gentlemen.
Pet. And you, good Sir; Pray have you not a Daughter call'd *Katharina*, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a Daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina.*
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave,
I am a Gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her Beauty and her Wit,
Her Affability and bashful Modesty,
Her wonderous Qualities, and mild Behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward Guest
Within your House, to make mine Eye the Witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And for an entrance to my Entertainment, [*Presenting* Hor.
I do present you with a Man of mine,

Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those Sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His Name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my Daughter *Katharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my Grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my Company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? What may I call your Name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my Name, *Antonio's* Son,
A Man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: You are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your Tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor Petitioners speak too. *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse
Your wooing, Neighbours. This is a Gift
Very grateful, I am sure of it: To express
The like kindness my selfs, that have been
More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning [*Presenting* Luc.
In Greek, Latin, and other Languages,
As the other in Musick and Mathematicks;
His Name is *Cambio*; pray accept his Service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*:
Welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir,
Methinks you walk like a Stranger, [*To* Tranio.
May I be so bold, to know the Cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the Boldness is mine own,
That being a Stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a Sutor to your Daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, Fair and Virtuous:
Nor is your firm Resolve unknown to me,
In the Preferment of the eldest Sister.
This Liberty is all that I request,

That

That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the Education of your Daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small Packet of Greek and Latin Books.
If you accept them, then their Worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your Name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, Son to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mighty Man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; You are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the Lute, and you the set of Books,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirra, lead these Gentlemen
To my two Daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well.
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to Dinner. You are passing Welcome,
And so I pray you all to think your selves.
Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my Business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You know my Father well, and in him me,
Left solely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd,
Then tell me, if I get your Daughter's Love,
What Dowry shall I have with her to Wife.
Bap. After my Death, the one half of my Lands,
And in possession twenty thousand Crowns.
Pet. And for that Dowry, I'll assure her of
Her Widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let Specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That Covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her Love: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: For I tell you, Father,
I am peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging Fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their Fury.

Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
Yet extream Gusts will blow out Fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a Babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy Words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as Mountains are for Winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio *with his Head broke.*

Bap. How now my Friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a Soldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me;
I did but tell her she mistook her Frets,
And bow'd her Hand to teach her Fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish Spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she, I'll Fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the Head,
And through my Instrument my Pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute;
While she did call me Rascal, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile Terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the World, it is a lusty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have some Chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my younger Daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my Daughter *Kate* to you.

Per. I pray you do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit* Bap. *Manet* Petruchio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she Rail, when then I'll tell her plain
She Sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she Frown, I'll say she looks as clear

As

As Morning Roses newly-wash'd with Dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a Week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I shall ask the Banes, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good Morrow *Kate*, for that's your Name I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me *Katherine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the Curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my Supper——dainty *Kate*,
For Dainties are all *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*
Take th s of me, *Kate* of my Consolation,
Hearing thy Mildness prais'd in every Town,
Thy Virtues spoke of, and thy Beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My self am mov'd to woo thee for my Wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
You were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable?

Kath. A join'd Stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; Come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such Jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean,

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Kath. Too light for such a Swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should! buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a Buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shall a Buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a Turtle, as he takes a Buzzard.

Pet.

Pet. Come, come you Wasp, I'faith you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my Sting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the Fool could find it where it lyes.
Pet. Who knows not where a Wasp doth wear his Sting? In his Tail.
Kath. In his Tongue.
Pet. Whose Tongue?
Kath. Yours if you talk of Tales, and so farewel.
Pet. What with my Tongue in your Tail.
Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your Arms.
If you strike me you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no Arms.
Pet. A Herald, *Kate*? Oh put me in thy Books.
Kath. What is your Crest, a Coxcomb?
Pet. A combless Cock, so *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kath. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a Craven.
Pet. Nay, come *Kate*; come, you must not look so sower.
Kath. It is my Fashion when I see a Crab,
Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not sower,
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Kath. Had I a Glass I would.
Pet. What, you mean my Face.
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by St. *George* I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you *Kate*. Insooth you 'scape not so,
Kath. I chase you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find Report a very Liar,
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in Speech, yet sweet as spring-time Flowers.
Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look a scance,

Nor

Nor bite the Lip, as angry Wenches will,
Nor hast thou Pleasure to be cross in Talk:
But thou with Mildness entertain'st thy Wooers,
With gentle Conference, soft, and affable.
Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh slanderous World: *Kate*, like the Hazle Twig,
Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue
As Hazle Nuts, and sweeter than the Kernels.
Oh let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go Fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a Grove,
As *Kate* this Chamber with her princely Gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly Speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my Mother-wit.

Kath. A witty Mother, witless else her Son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes, keep you warm.

Pet. Marry so I mean, sweet *Katharine*, in thy Bed:
And therefore setting all this Chat aside,
Thus in plain Terms: Your Father hath consented
That you shall be my Wife; your Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your turn,
For by this Light, whereby I see thy Beauty,
Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no Man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio *and* Tranio.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild Cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other Houshold *Kates*;
Here comes your Father, never make Denial,
I must and will have *Katharine* to my Wife.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my Daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why how now Daughter *Katharine*, in your Dumps?

Kath.

Kath. Call you me Daughter? Now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly Regard,
To wish me wed to one half Lunatick,
A madcap Ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the Matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for Policy,
For she's not forward, but modest as the Dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the Morn;
For Patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her Chastity.
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding Day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.
Gre. Hark: *Petruchio*, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your Speeding? Nay, then good night our part.
Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen, I chuse her for my self,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in Company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh the kindest *Kate*,
She hung about my Neck, and kiss and kiss
She vi'd so fast, protesting Oath on Oath,
That in a Twink she won me to her Love.
Oh you are Novices, 'tis a World to see
How tame when Men and Women are alone,
A meacock Wretch can make the curstest Shrew;
Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy Apparel 'gainst the Wedding Day;
Provide the Feast, Father, and bid the Guests.
I will be sure my *Katharine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your Hands,
God send you Joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be Witnesses.
Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu,
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have Rings and Things, and fine Array,
And kiss me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.
[*Exit* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

Gre.

Gre. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, Gentleman, now I play a Merchant's Part;
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you Gain, or perish on the Seas.
Bap. The Gain I seek, is quiet me the Match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet Catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your younger Daughter,
Now is the Day we have long looked for:
I am your Neighbour, and was Suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than Words can witness, or your Thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so Dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy Love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'Tis Age that nourisheth.
Tra. But Youth in Ladies Eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this Strife;
'Tis Deeds must win the Prize, and he of both
That can assure my Daughter greatest Dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s Love.
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my House within the City
Is richly furnished with Plate and Gold,
Basons and Ewers to lave her dainty Hands:
My Hangings all of *Tirian* Tapestry;
In Ivory Coffers I have stuft my Crowns,
In Cypress Chests my Arras Counterpoints;
Costly Apparel, Tents and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, *Turkey* Cushions bost with Pearl,
Vallens of *Venice* Gold, in Needle-work;
Pewter and Brass, and all things that belong
To House, or Housekeeping: Then at my Farm
I have a hundred Milch-kine to the Pail,
Sixscore fat Oxen standing in my Stalls;
And all things answerable to this Portion.
My self am stuck in Years, I must confess,
And if I die to Morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra.

Tra. That only came well in: Sir, list to me;
I am my Father's Heir, and only Son;
If I may have your Daughter to my Wife,
I'll leave her Houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand Ducats by the Year
Of fruitful Land; all which shall be her Jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Ducats by the Year of Land!
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marsellies* Road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my Father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two Galliasses,
And twelve tight Gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the World
By your firm Promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your Offer is the best;
And let your Father make her the same Assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her Dower?

Tra. That's but a Cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young Men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My Daughter *Katharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this Assurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good Neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirah, young Gamester, your Father were a Fool
To give thee all, and in his waining Age
Set Foot under thy Table: tut, a Toy;
An old *Italian* Fox is not so kind, my Boy. [*Exit.*

Tra.

Tra. A Vengeance on your crafty withered Hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a Card ten:
'Tis in my Head to do my Master good;
I see no Reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a Father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a Wonder: Fathers commonly
Do get their Children; but in this Case of wooing,
A Child shall get a Sire, if I fail not of my Cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the Entertainment
Her Sister *Katharine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But wrangling Pedant, this is
The Patroness of Heav'nly Harmony;
Then give me leave to have Prerogative;
And when in Musick we have spent an Hour,
Your Lecture shall have Leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Ass, that never read so far,
To know the Cause why Musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the Mind of Man
After his Studies, or his usual Pain?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your Harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my Choice:
I am no breeching Scholar in the Schools;
I'll not be tied to Hour, nor pointed Times,
But learn my Lessons as I please my self;
And to cut off all Strife, here sit we down,
Take you your Instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done e'er you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave this Lecture when I am in Tune?
Luc. That will be never: Tune your Instrument.

Bian.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, Son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your Love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my Man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my Port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my Instrument's in tune,

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the Treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic* that, *Simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the Base.

Hor. The Base is right; 'tis the base Knave that jars.

Luc. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is!
Now for my Life that Knave doth court my Love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his Grandfather.
I must believe my Master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that Doubt;
But let it rest. Now *Licio* to you:
Good Master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My Lessons make not Musick in three Parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the Instrument,
To learn the Order of my Fingering,
I must begin with Rudiments of Art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than

Than hath been taught by any of my Trade;
And there it is in Writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.
Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio.*
Bian. *Gamut* I am, the Ground of all Accord,
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s Passion,
Beeme, *Bianca*, take him for thy Lord,
Cfaut, that loves thee with all Affection,
D sol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,
Elami, show Pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut*? Tut, I like it not;
Old Fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true Rules for old Inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your Father prays you leave your Books,
And help to dress your Sister's Chamber up;
You know to Morrow is the Wedding-Day.
Bian. Farewel, sweet Masters both; I must be gone. [*Ex.*
Luc. Faith Mistress, then I have no Cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have Cause to pry into this Pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy Thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandring Eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee that list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed Day
That *Katharine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in-law.
What will be said? what Mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this Shame of ours?
Kath. No Shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my Hand oppos'd against my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you I, he was a frantick Fool,
Hiding his bitter Jests in blunt Behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry Man,

He'll woo a thousand, point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite yes, and proclaim the Banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the World point at poor *Katharina*,
And say, lo there is mad *Petruchio*'s Wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Katharine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my Life *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever Fortune stays him from his Word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would *Katharine* had never seen him tho'
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, Girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an Injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old News, and such News as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not News to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming.

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no Sir.

Bap. What then.

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thy old News?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat and an old Jerken; a Pair of old Breeches thrice turn'd; a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-Cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty Sword ta'en out of the Town-Armory, with a broken Hilt, and Chapeless, with two broken Points; his Horse hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrops of no Kindred, besides posset with the Glanders, and like to mose in the Chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the Fashions, full of Windgalls, sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellows, past Cure of the Fives, stark spoiled with the Staggars, begnawn with the Bots, waid in the Back, and Shoulder-shotten, near leg'd before, and with a half checkt Bit, and a Headstall of Sheep's Leather, which being re-

 strain'd

strain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with Knots; one Girth six times piec'd, and a Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her Name, fairly set down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with Packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh Sir, his Lackey, for all the World comparison'd like the Horse, with a linnen Stock on one Leg, and a kersey Boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue List, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prickt up in't for a Feather: A Monster, a very Monster in Apparel, and not like a Christian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd Humour pricks him to this Fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean Apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his Horse comes with him on his Back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a Penny, a Horse and a Man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantastically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants? who's at Home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well Apparell'd as I wish you were,

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly Company,
As if they saw some wondrous Monument,
Some Comet, or unusual Prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this Habit, shame to your Estate.
An Eye-sore to our solemn Festival.

Tra. And tell us what Occasion of Import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your Wife,
And sent you hither so unlike your self?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my Word,
Tho' in some Part enforced to digress,
Which at more Leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The Morning wears; 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with Words;
To me she's married, not unto my Clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor Accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good Morrow to my Bride,
And seal the Title with a lovely Kiss? [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath some Meaning in his mad Attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better e'er he go to Church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the Event of this. [*Exit.*
Tra. But, Sir, Love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a Man; what e'er he be
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our Turn,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make Assurance here in *Padua*,
Of greater Sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your Hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with Consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow Schol-master
Doth watch *Bianca*'s Steps so narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to steal our Marriage;

Which

Which once perform'd, let all the World say no,
I'll keep mine own, despight of all the World.
Tra. That by Degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our Vantage in this Business:
We'll over-reach the Gray-beard *Gremio.*
The narrow prying Father *Minola,*
The quaint Musician amorous *Licio;*
All for my Master's sake *Lucentio.*

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio,* came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from School.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom say you? 'Tis a Groom indeed,
A grumbling Groom, and that the Girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why he's a Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend.
Tra. Why she's a Devil, a Devil, the Devil's Dam.
Gra. Tut, she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio,* when the Priest
Should ask if *Katharine* should be his Wife?
Ay, by Gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the Book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a Cuff,
That down fell Priest and Book, and Book and Priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.
Tra. What said the Wench, when he rose up again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many Ceremonies done,
He calls for Wine: A Health, quoth he; as if
He had been Aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a Storm; quaft off the Muscadel,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;
Having no other Reason, but that his Beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His Sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the Neck, and kist her Lips
With such a clamorous Smack, that at the Parting
All the Church did Eccho; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very Shame; and after me
I know the Rout is coming: Such a mad Marriage
Never was before. Hark, hark, I hear the Minstrels play;
[*Musick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortensio *and* Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains:
I know you think to dine with me to Day,
And have prepar'd great Store of wedding Cheer;
But so it is, my Haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my Leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to Night?

Pet. I must away to Day, before Night come:
Make it no Wonder; if you knew my Business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous Wife:
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I must hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It may not be

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. it cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my Horse.

Gru. Ay, Sir; they be ready: the Oats have eaten the Horses.

Kath. Nay then
Do what thou canst, I will not go to Day;
No, nor to Morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
The Door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging whiles your Boots are green,
For me, I'll not be gone 'till I please my self:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly Groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee; prethee be not angry.

Kath.

Kath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do:
Father be quiet; he shall stay my Leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal-dinner.
I see a Woman may be made a Fool,
If she had not a Spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the Feast, revel and domineer;
Carowse full Measure to her Maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be Master of what is mine own;
She is my Goods, my Chattels, she is my House,
My Houshold Stuff, my Field, my Barn,
My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;
I'll bring my Action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy Weapon; we are beset with Thieves;
Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a Man:
Fear not, sweet Wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee against a Million. [*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Kath.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with Laughing.
Tra. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.
Luc. Mistress, what's your Opinion of your Sister?
Bian. That being mad her self, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom wants
For to supply the Places at the Table;
You know there wants no Junkets at the Feast: *Lucentio*,
You shall supply the Bridegroom's Place.
And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to Bride it?
Bap. She shall, *Lucentio*: Come, Gentlemen, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, and all foul ways: Was ever Man so beaten? was ever Man so raide? was ever Man so weary? I am sent before to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them: Now were I not a little Pot, and soon hot, my very Lips might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, e'er I should come by a Fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the Fire shall warm my self; for considering the Weather, a taller Man than I will take cold: Holla, holla, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A Piece of Ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a run but my Head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my Master and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore Fire, Fire, cast on no Water.

Curt. Is she so hot a Shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this Frost; but thou know'st Winter tames Man, Woman and Beast; for it hath tam'd my old Master, and my new Mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd Fool; I am no Beast.

Gru. Am I but three Inches? why thy Horn is a Foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a Fire, or shall I complain on thee to our Mistress, whose Hand, she being now at Hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold Comfort, being slow in thy hot Office.

Curt. I prethee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the World?

Gru. A cold World, *Curtis*, in every Office but thine; and therefore Fire: Do thy Duty, and have thy Duty; for my Master and Mistress are almost frozen to Death.

Curt. There's Fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the News.

Gru. Why, *Jack* Boy, ho Boy, and as much News as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of Conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore Fire; for I have caught extream cold.

Where's

Where's the Cook? is Supper ready, the House trimm'd, Rushes strew'd, Cobwebs swept, the Serving-men in their new Fustian, their white Stockings, and every Officer his wedding Garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jil fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gru. First, know my Horse is tired, my Master and Mistress fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine Ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Cur. This 'tis to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible Tale: and this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul Hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress.

Cur. Both on one Horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a Horse.

Gru. Tell thou the Tale. But badst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her Horse fell, and she under her Horse: thou should'st have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the Horse upon her, how he beat me because her Horse stumbled, how she waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the Horses ran away, how her Bridle was burst, how I lost my Crupper; with many things of worthy Memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to the Grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more Shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugersop*, and the rest: Let their Heads be slickly comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsie with their left Legs, and not presume to touch a hair

a hair of my Master's Horse Tail, 'til they kiss their Hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my Master to Countenance my Mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a Face of her own.

Cur. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou it seems, that calls for Company to Countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to Credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-Men

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Jos. What, *Grumio!*

Nick. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old Lad.

Gru. Welcome you; how now you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for Greeting. Now, my spruce Companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our Master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——Cocks Passion, silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be these Knaves? What, no Man at Door to hold my Stirrup, nor to take my Horse? Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Ser. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir,
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd Grooms:
What? no Attendance? no Regard? no Duty?
Where is the foolish Knave I sent before?

Gru. Here Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You Peasant, Swain, you Whoreson, Malt-horse Drudge.
Did not I bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along the rascal Knaves with thee?

Gra. *Nathaniel's* Coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* Pumps were all unpink'd i'th' Heel:
There was no Link to colour *Peter's* Hat,

And

And *Walter*'s Dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly,
Yet as they are, they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, Rascals, go and fetch my Supper in. [*Exit Ser.*
Where is the Lifa that late I led?
Where are those? Sit down *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why when I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my Boots, you Rogue: You Villains, when?
It was the Friars of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you Rogue, you pluck my Foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*: Some Water here; what hoa.

Enter one with Water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I have some Water?
Come *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You whoreson Villain, will you let it fall?
Kat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd Knave:
Come, *Kate*, sit down, I know you have a Stomach,
Will you give Thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1 *Ser.* Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the Meat:
What Dogs are these? where is the rascal Cook?
How durst you, Villains, bring it from the Dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, Trenchers, Cups and all:
[*Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage.*
You heedless Jolt-heads, and unmanner'd Slaves.
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kat. I pray you, Husband, be not so disquiet,
The Meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expresly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are Cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-rosted Flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this Night we'll fast for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own Humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Cur. In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates, and she, poor Soul, knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and sits as one new risen from a Dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my Reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My Faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her Lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no Meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not:
As with the Meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the Bed.
And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets;
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindness,

And

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong Humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis Charity to shew. [*Exit.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, Friend *Licio*, that Mistress *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Master read you first, resolve me that?

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, Master of your Art.

Luc. While you, sweet Dear, prove Mistress of my Heart.

Hor. Quick Proceeders marry; now tell me I pray, you that durst swear that your Mistress *Bianca* lov'd none in the World so well as *Lucentio.*

Tra. Oh despightful Love, unconstant Womankind; I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a Musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this Disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio.*

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire Affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine Eyes are witness of her Lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her Love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
As one unworthy all the former Favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned Oath,
Never to marry with her, tho' she would entreat.
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him,

Hor. Would all the World but he had quite forsworn.
For me, that I may surely keep mine Oath,
I will be Married to a wealthy Widow,

E'er

E'er three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard.
And so farewel, Signior *Lucentio.*
Kindness in Women, not their beauteous Looks,
Shall win my Love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such Grace,
As longeth to a Lover's blessed Case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio.*

Bian. Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio.*

Tra. I'faith he'll have a lusty Widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him Joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio.*

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming School.

Bian. The taming School: What is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and *Petruchio* is the Master,
That teacheth Tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew; and charm her chattering Tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, Master, I have watch'd so long,
That I am Dog-weary; but at last I 'spied
An ancient Angel coming down the Hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a Pedant;
I know not what; but formal in Apparel;
In Gate and Countenance surly, like a Father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my Tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take me your Love, and then let me alone. [*Ex.* Luc. & Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest? *Ped.*

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a Week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me Life.
Tra. What Countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir; marry God forbid;
And come to *Padua*; careless of your Life?
Ped. My Life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis Death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the Cause?
Your Ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
For private Quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have Bills for Mony by Exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you Courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will advise you;
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*.
Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.
Tra. He is my Father, Sir; and sooth to say,
In Count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an Apple doth an Oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*
Tra. To save your Life in this Extremity,
This Favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your Fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:
His Name and Credit shall you undertake,
And in my House you shall be friendly Lodg'd;
Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, Sir: So shall you stay
'Till you have done your Business in the City.
If this be Court'sie, Sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The Patron of my Life and Liberty.

Tra.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you understand,
My Father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a Dowry in Marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptista*'s Daughter here:
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. NO, no, Forsooth, I dare not for my Life.
Kath. The more my Wrong; the more his Spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,
Upon intreaty, have a present Alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with present Charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed, that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for Meat, giddy for lack of Sleep;
With Oaths kept waking, and with Brawling fed;
And that which spights me more than all these Wants,
He does it under name of perfect Love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly Sickness, or else present Death:
I prethee go, and get me some Repast;
I care not what, so it be wholsome Food.
Gru. What say you to a Neat's Foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prethee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too Flegmatick a Meat:
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it is Cholerick:
What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard?
Kath. A Dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I will not; you shall have the Mustard,
Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*. *Kath.*

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the Beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding Slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of Meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my Misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortensio *with Meat.*

Pat. How fares my *Kate?* What, Sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy Spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here Love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy Meat my self, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet *Kate*, this Kindness merits Thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not:
And all my Pains is sorted to no proof.
Here take away the Dish.
Kath. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest Service is repaid with Thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the Meat.
Kate. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are too blame:
Come, Mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you Company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,
Much good do it unto thy gentle Heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now my honey Love,
Will we return unto thy Father's House,
And Revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs, and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and things:
With Scarfs, and Fans, and double change of Brav'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads and all this Knav'ry.
What, hast thou Din'd? The Taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy Body with his ruffling Treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us see these Ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the Gown. What News with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the Cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a Porrenger,
A Velvet Dish; Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why 'tis a Cockle or a Wallnut-shell,
A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen wear such Caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste,
Kath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no Child, no Babe,
Your Betters have endur'd me, say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your Ears.
My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,
Or else my Heart concealing it will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.
Pet. Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry Cap,
A custard Coffin, a Bauble, a silken Pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy Gown, why ay; come, Taylor, let us see't.
O mercy God, what masking Stuff is here?
What? this a Sleeve? 'tis like a Demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an Apple Tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a Censor in a Barber's Shop:
Why what a Devil's name, Taylor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see she's like to have neither Cap nor Gown.
Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Fashion of the Time.
Pet. Marry and did: But if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.
Go hop me over every Kennel home,
For you shall hop without my Custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd Gown,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your Worship means to make a Puppet of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous Arrogance!
Thou lyest, thou Thread, thou Thimble,
Thou Yard, three Quarters, half a Yard, Quarter, Nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter Cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own House with a Skein of Thread!
Away, thou Rag, thou Quantity, thou Remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy Yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her Gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the Gown is made
Just as my Master had direction.
Grumio gave Order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with Needle and Thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: Thou hast brav'd many Men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the Gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tay. Why here is the Note of the Fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The Note lies in's Throat if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied Gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied Gown, sow me in the Skirts of it, and beat me to Death with a Bottom of brown Thread: I said a Gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compast Cape.

Gru. I confess the Cape.

Tay. With a Trunk Sleeve.

Gru. I confess two Sleeves.

Tay. The Sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay there's the Villany.

Gru. Error i'th' Bill, Sir, Error i'th' Bill: I commanded the Sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that

I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little Finger be armed in a Thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the Bill, give me thy mete yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the Gown is not for me.

Gru. You are 'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my Mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy Master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy Life: Take up my Mistress's Gown for thy Master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your Conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the Conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my Mistress's Gown unto his Master's use.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Taylor paid. [*Aside.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy Gown to morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty Words:
Away I say, commend me to thy Master. [*Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your Father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our Purses shall be proud, our Garments poor;
For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich.
And as the Sun breaks through the darkest Clouds,
So Honour peereth in the meanest Habit.
What is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Because his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
Because his painted Skin contents the Eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse
For this poor Furniture, and mean Array.
If thou account'st it Shame, lay it on me,
And therefore Frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To Feast and Sport us at thy Father's House.
Go call my Men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our Horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on Foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a Clock,
And well we may come there by Dinner time.

Kath.

Kath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be Supper-time e'er you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven e'er I go to Horse:
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and e'er I do,
It shall be what a Clock I say it is.
Hor. Why so: This Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Kath. *and* Hor.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the House, please it you that I call.
Ped. Ay what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Near twenty Years ago in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus*:
'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such Austerity as longeth to a Father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your Boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; Sirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your Duty throughly I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy Errand to *Baptista*?
Bion. I told him that your Father was in *Venice*,
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.
Tra. That's a tall Fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptista*; set your Countenance, Sir.

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.
Ped. Soft, Son. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some Debts, my Son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty Cause
Of Love between your Daughter and himself;
And for the good Report I hear of you,

And for the Love he beareth to your Daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good Father's care
To have him match'd, and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some Agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainness and your shortness please me well:
Right true it is, your Son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my Daughter, and she loveth him.
Or both dissemble deeply their Affections;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And pass my Daughter a sufficient Dowry,
The Match is made, and all is done,
Your Son shall have my Daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir, where then do you know best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either Parts Agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my House, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants;
Besides old *Gremio* is hearkning still,
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my Lodging, and it like you, Sir;
There doth my Father lye; and there this Night
We'll pass the Business privately and well:
Send for your Daughter by your Servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender Pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.
Cambio, hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio*'s Wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my Heart. [*Exit.*

Tra.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?
Welcome, one Mess is like to be your Cheer,
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my Master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but 'has left me here behind to expound the Meaning or Morral of his Signs and Tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitful Son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the Supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at St. *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit Assurance; take you Assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum solùm*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest Witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day,

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a Wench married in an Afternoon as she went to the Garden for Parseley to stuff a Rabit, and so may you, Sir: And so adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should we doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more towards our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon.

Kath. The Moon! the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the Moon that shines bright.

Kath. I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's Son, and that's my self,
It shall be Moon, or Star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your Father's House:
Go on, and fetch our Horses back again.
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a Rush Candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the Moon.

Kath. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay then you lye; it is the blessed Sun,

Kath. Then God be blest, it is the blessed Sun,
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not
And the Moon changes even as your Mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be, so, for *Katherine.*

Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl should run;
And not unluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good Morrow, gentle Mistress, where away? [*To* Vin.
Tel me, sweet *Kate,* and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red within her Cheeks:
What Stars do spangle Heav'n with such Beauty,
As those two Eyes become the heav'nly Face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate,* embrace her for her Beauties sake.

Hor. He will make the Man mad to make a Woman of him.

Kath.

Kath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy Aboad?
Happy the Parents of so fair a Child;
Happier the Man whom favourable Stars
Allots thee for his lovely Bedfellow.
Pet. Why how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a Man, old, wrinkled, faded, whithered,
And not a Maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken Eyes,
That have been so bedazled with the Sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old Grandsir, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy Company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistress,
That with your strange Encounter much amaz'd me:
My Name is call'd *Vincentio*, my Dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A Son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his Name?
Vin. *Lucentio*, Gentle Sir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son;
And now by Law, as well as reverent Age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father:
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good Esteem,
Her Dowry wealthy, and of worthy Birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy Arrival be full Joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it else your Pleasure,
Like pleasant Travellers to break a Jest
Upon the Company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee Father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the Truth hereof.
For our first Merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*

Hor.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in Heart.
Have to my Widow, and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one Side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee at Home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, Faith, I'll see the Church a your Back, and then come back to my Mistress as soon as I can. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the Door, this is *Lucentio's* House,
My Father's bears more toward the Market-Place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all Likelihood some Cheer is toward. [*Knock.*

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder.
[Pedant *looks out of the Window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he woud beat down the Gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a Man bring him a hundred Pound or two to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred Pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your Son was belov'd in *Padua*; do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous Circumstances; I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the Door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest, his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out the Window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why how now, Gentleman! why this is flat Knavery to take upon you another Man's Name.

Ped.

Ped. Lay Hands on the Villain, I believe he means to cozen some Body in this City under my Countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together, God send 'em good Shipping: But who is here? Mine old Master *Vincentio*? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, Crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither you Rogue, what have you forgot me?

Bion. Forget you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my Life.

Vin. What, you notorious Villain, did'st thou never see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old Master? Yes, marry Sir, see where he looks out of the Window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a Mad-man will murther me.

Ped. Help, Son, help Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Preethee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the End of this Controversie.

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptista *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? Oh Immortal Gods! Oh fine Villain, a silken Doublet, a velvet Hose, a scarlet Cloak and a copatain Hat: Oh I am undone, I am undone; while I play the good Husband at Home, my Son and my Servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the Matter?

Bap. What, is this Man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your Habit; but your Words shew you a Mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearl and Gold; I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! Oh Villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his Name?

Vin. His Name, as if I knew not his Name: I have brough

brought him up ever since he was three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad Ass, his Name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and Heir to the Lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio!* Oh he hath murthered his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's Name; oh my Son, my Son; tell me. thou Villain, where is my Son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad Knave to the Goal; Father, *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to Goal?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to Prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to Prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be Conycatch'd in this Business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. A way with the Dotard, to Goal with him.

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus Strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous Villain.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exit* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant *as fast as may be.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet Son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended; where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*.
That have by Marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit Suppolers bleer'd thine Eyn.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this Matter so?

Bap.

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought these Miracles. *Bianca's* Love
Made me exchange my State with *Tranio,*
While he did bear my Countenance in the Town:
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished Haven of my Bliss;
What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my Sake.

Vin. I'll slit the Villain's Nose that would have sent me to the Goal.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you marry'd my Daughter without asking my good Will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista,* we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd on this Villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the Depth of this Knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca,* thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My Cake is Dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of Hope of all, but my Share of the Feast. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate,* and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's Home again: Come, Sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a Kiss; now pray thee Love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet *Kate;*
Better once than never, for never too late [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina, Grumio, Hortensio *and Widow*. Tranio's *Servants bringing in a Banquet.*

Luc. AT last, tho' long, our jarring Notes agree,
And time it is when raging War is done,
To smile at 'Scapes and Perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same Kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Katharine*,
And thou *Hortensio* with thy loving Widow;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my House,
My Banquet is to close our Stomachs up
After our great good Cheer: Pray you sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this Kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our Sakes I would that Word were true.

Pet. Now for my Life *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my Sense: I mean *Hortensio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My Widow says, thus she conceives her Tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kiss him for that, good Widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round—I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a Shrew,
Measure's my Husband's Sorrow by his Woe;
And now you know my Meaning.

Kath.

Kath. A very mean Meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred Marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my Office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha, to thee Lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortensio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted Folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and but, an hasty-witted Body
Would say, your Head and But were Head and Horn.
Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better Jest or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my Bush.
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all [*Exit* Bianca, Kath. *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio,*
This Bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,
Therefore a Health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his Master.
Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:
'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a Bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio, Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that Gird, good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And as the Jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now in good Sadness, Son *Petruchio,*
I think thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for Assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife,
And he whose Wife is most obedient,

To

To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the Wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content, what's the Wager?
Luc. Twenty Crowns.
Pet. Twenty Crowns!
I'll venture so much on my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I,
Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what News?
Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you Word
That she is busie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? she's busie, and cannot come: Is that an Answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your Wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my Wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my Wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly Jest in Hand,
She will not come: She bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!
Oh vild, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,
Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.
Hor. I know her Answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.

Pet.

Pet. The fouler Fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my Hollidam, here comes *Katharine.*
Kath. What is your Will, Sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio*'s Wife?
Kath, They sit conferring by the Parlour Fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their Husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit* Kath.
Luc. Here is a Wonder, if you talk of a Wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry, Peace it boads, and Love, and quiet Life,
An awful Rule and right Supremacy:
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;
The Wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their Losses twenty thousand Crowns.
Another Dowry to another Daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my Wager better yet,
And show more Sign of her Obedience,
Her new-built Virtue and Obedience.

Enter Katharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As Prisoners to her womanly Persuasion:
Katharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that Bauble, and throw it underfoot.
[*She pulls off her Cap and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a Cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.
Bian. Fie, what a foolish Duty call you this?
Luc. I would your Duty were as foolish too:
The Wisdom of your Duty, fair *Bianca,*
Hath cost me an hundred Crowns since Supper-time.
Bian. The more Fool you for laying on my Duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee tell these headstrong Women, what Duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind Brow,
And dart not scornful Glances from those Eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy Beauty, as Frosts bite the Meads,
Confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds shake fair Buds,
And in no Sense is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch one Drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Soveraign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy Maintenance: Commits his Body
To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land;
To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,
But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience;
Too little Payment for so great a Debt.
Such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a Woman oweth to her Husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest Will:
What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that Women are so simple,
To offer War where they should kneel for Peace,
Or seek for Rule, Supremacy, and Sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our Bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the World,
But that our soft Conditions, and our Hearts,
Should well agree with our external Parts?
Come, come, you'ar froward and unable Worms,
My Mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My Heart is great, my Reason haply more,
To bandy Word for Word, and Frown for Frown;
But now I see our Launces are but Straws,

Our Strength is weak, our Weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are:
Then vale your Stomachs, for it is no Boot,
And place your Hands below your Husband's Foot:
In token of which Duty, if he please,
My Hand is ready, may it do him Ease.

Pet. Why, there's a Wench: Come on, and kiss me *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old Lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good Hearing when Children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh Hearing when Women are froward.

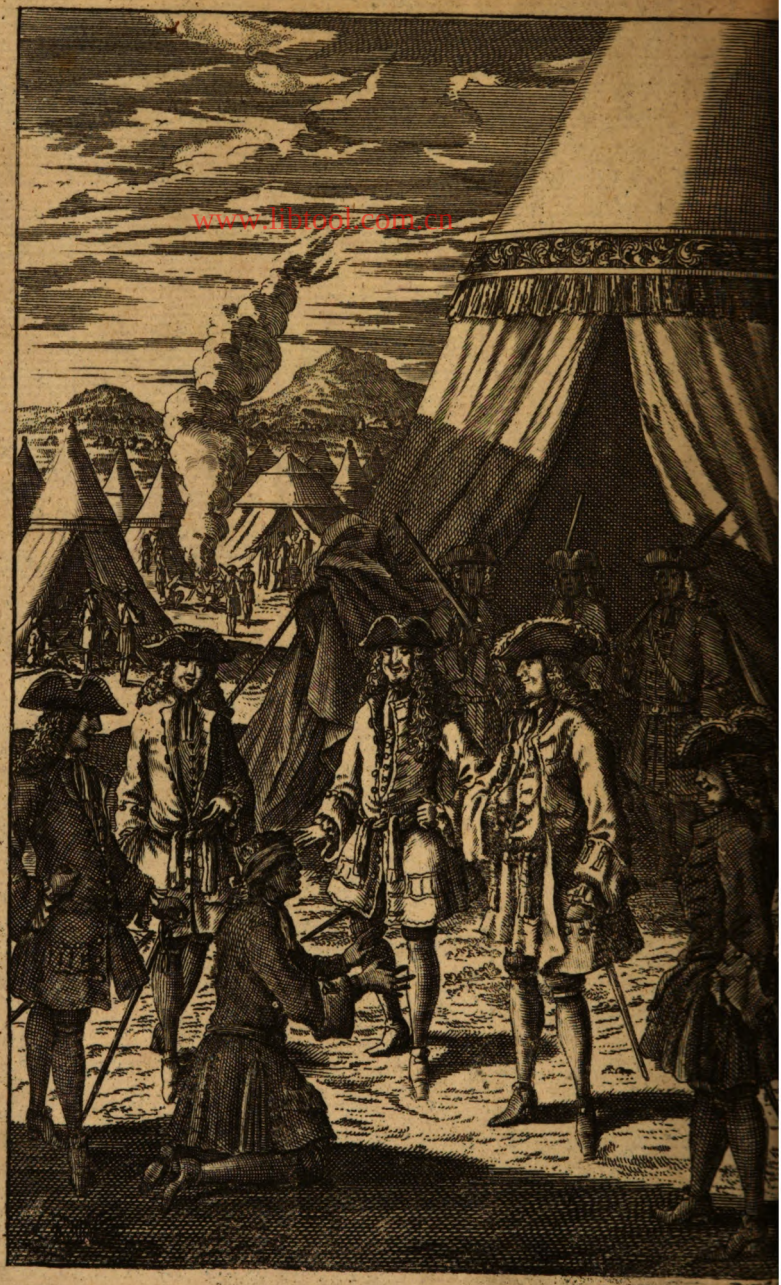
Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed,
We two are married, but you two are sped.
Twas I won the Wager, tho' you hit the White,
And being a Winner, God give you good Night.

[*Exit* Petruchio *and* Kath.

Hor. Now go thy Ways, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a Wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

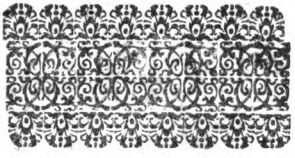
[*Exeunt.*



ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING *of* France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rossilion.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a Parasitical Follower of* Bertram, *a Coward, but Vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.*
Several Young French *Lords, that serve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *War.*

Steward, } *Servants to the Countess of* Rossilion.
Clown, }

Countess of Rossilion, *Mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *Daughter to* Gerrard de Narbon, *a famous Physician, some time since dead.*
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, *Daughter to the Widow.*

Violenta, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

The SCENE *lyes partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuscany.

All's

All's well that Ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rossilion, Helena, *and* Lafeu *in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my Son from me, I bury a second Husband.

Ber. And in going, Madam, I weep o'er my Father's Death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's Command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in Subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a Husband, Madam; you Sir, a Father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his Virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up were it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Physicians, Madam, under whose Practices he hath persecuted Time with Hope, and finds no other advantage in the Process, but only the losing of Hope by Time.

Count. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! How sad a Passage 'tis! whose Skill was almost as great as his Honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made Nature immortal, and Death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living, I think it would be the Death of the King's Disease.

Laf. How call'd you the Man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his Profession, and it was his great Right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was Excellent indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly and mourningly: He was skilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if Knowledge could be ſet up againſt Mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole Child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her Education promiſes her Diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair Gifts fairer; for where an unclean Mind carries virtuous Qualities, there Commendations go with Pity, they are Virtues and Traytors too: In her they are the better for their Simpleneſs, ſhe derives her Honeſty, and atchieves her Goodneſs.

Laf. Your Commendations, Madam, get from her Tears.

Count. Tis the beſt Brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her Praiſe in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her Heart, but the Tyranny of her Sorrows takes all livelihood from her Cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, leſt it be rather thought you affect a Sorrow, than to have——

Hel. I do affect a Sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate Lamentations is the Right of the Dead, exceſſive Grief the Enemy to the Living.

Count. If the Living be Enemy to the Grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy Wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy Father
In Manners as in Shape: Thy Blood and Virtue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy Goodneſs
Share with thy Birth-right. Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: Be able for thine Enemy
Rather in Power than Uſe; and keep thy Friend
Under thy own Life's Key: Be check'd for Silence,
But never tax'd for Speech. What Heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my Prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy Head. Farewel, my Lord,

'Tis

'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his Love.

Count. Heav'n bless him. Farewel, *Bertram.* [*Exit Count.*

Ber. [to *Hel.*] The best Wishes that can be forg'd in your Thoughts, be Servants to you: Be comfortable to my Mother, your Mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you must hold the Credit of your Father. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Laf.

Hel. Oh were that all——I think not on my Father,
And these great Tears grace his Remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My Imagination
Carries no Favour in't, but *Bertram's.*
I am undone, there is no Living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular Star,
And think to wed it; he is so Above me:
In his bright Radiance and Collateral Light
Must I be comforted, not in his Sphere.
Th' Ambition in my Love thus plagues it self;
The Hind, that would be mated by the Lion,
Must dye for Love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a Plague,
To see him ev'ry Hour to sit and draw
His arched Brows, his hawking Eye, his Curls
In our Heart's Table: Heart too capable
Of every Line and Trick of his sweet Favour.
But now he is gone, and my idolatrous Fancy
Must sanctifie his Relick. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way Fool, solely a Coward;
Yet these fix'd Evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtues steely Bones
Look bleak i'th' cold Wind; withal, full oft we see
Cold Wisdom waiting on superfluous Folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on Virginity?

Hel. Ay: You have some stain of Soldier in you; let me ask you a Question. Man is Enemy to Virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails, and our Virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: Unfold us some warlike Resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor Virginity from Underminers, and Blowers up. Is there no military Policy how Virgins might blow up Men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, Man will quicklier be blown up: Marry in blowing him down again, with the Breach your selves made, you lose your City. It is not Politick, in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preserve Virginity. Loss of Virginity, is rational Encrease, and there was never Virgin got, 'till Virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is Metal to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: By being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a Companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the Rule of Nature. To speak on the part of Virginity, is to accuse your Mother; which is most infallible Disobedience. He that hangs himself is a Virgin: Virginity murthers it self, and should be buried in High-ways out of all sanctified Limit, as a desperate Offendress against Nature. Virginity breeds Mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it self to the very Paring, and so dies with feeding its own Stomach. Besides, Virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhabited Sin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but loose by't. Out with't; within ten Years it will make it self two, which is a goodly increase, and the Principal it self not much the worse. Away with it.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a Commodity will lose the Gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old Courtier, wears her Cap out of Fashion, richly suted, but unsutable, just like the Brooch and the Toothpick, which we wear not now: Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, than in your Cheek; and your Virginity, your old Virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd Pears; it looks ill, it eats drily, marry 'tis a wither'd Pear: It was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd Pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my Virginity yet.

There shall your Master have a thousand Loves,
A Mother, and a Mistress, and a Friend,
A Phœnix, Captain, and an Enemy,
A Guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereign,
A Counseller, a Traitress, and a Dear;
His humblest Ambition, proud Humility,
His jarring Concord, and his discord Dulcet,
His Faith, his sweet Disaster; in a world
Of pretty fond adoptious Christendoms
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall——God send him well——
The Court's a learning Place——and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well——'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a Body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer born,
Whose baser Stars do shut them up in Wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our Friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us Thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helen* farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable Star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The Waters have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was Predominant.

Hel. When he was Retrogarde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you Fight.

Par. That's for Advantage.

Hel. So is Running away,
When Fear proposes Safety:
But the Composition that your Valour and Fear makes in you, is a Virtue of a good Wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of Business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect Courtier, in the which my Instruction shall serve to Naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers Counsel, and understand what Advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine Unthankfulness, and thine Ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou hast leisure, say thy Prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy Friends; get thee a good Husband, and use him as he uses thee: So farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our Remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to Heav'n: The fated Sky
Gives us free Scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow Designs, when we our selves are dull.
What Power is it, which mounts my Love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine Eye?
The mightiest Space in Fortune, Nature brings
To join like Likes, and kiss like native Things.
Impossible be strange Attempts to those
That weigh their Pains in Sense, and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her Merit, that did miss her Love?
The King's Disease —— My Project may deceive me,
But my Intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

Flourish

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France *with Letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' Ears,
Have fought with equal Fortune, and continue
A braving War.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
A Certainty vouch'd from our Cousin *Austria*,
With Caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For speedy Aid; wherein our dearest Friend
Prejudicates the Business, and would seem
To have us make Denial.

1 *Lord.* His Love and Wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For amplest Credence.

King. He hath arm'd our Answer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that mean to see
The *Tuscan* Service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A Nursery to our Gentry, who are sick
For Breathing and Exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Rossillion*, my good Lord, young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Father's Face,
Frank Nature rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Father's moral Parts
Maist thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My Thanks and Duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal Soundness now,
As when thy Father and my self in Friendship,
First try'd our Soldiership: He did look far
Into the Service of the Time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steal on,
And wore us out of Act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good Father; in his Youth

He

He had the Wit, which I can well observe
To Day in our young Lords; but they may jest
'Till their own Scorn return to them unnoted;
E'er they can hide their Levity in Honour:
So like a Courtier, no Contempt nor Bitterness
Were in his Pride, or Sharpness; if they were,
His Equal had awak'd them, and his Honour
Clock to it self, knew the true Minute when
Exception bid him speak; and at that time
His Tongue obey'd his Hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as Creatures of another Place,
And bow'd his eminent Top to their low Ranks,
Making them proud of his Humility,
In their poor Praise he humbled: Such a Man
Might be a Copy to these younger Times;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now,
But Gores backward.

Ber. His good Remembrance, Sir,
Lyes richer in your Thoughts, than on his Tomb:
So in Approof lives not his Epitaph,
As in your Royal Speech.

King. Would I were with him; he would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now) his plausive Words
He scatter'd not in Ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,
(This his good Melancholy oft began
On the Catastrophe and Heel of Pastime:
When it was out) Let me not live, quoth he,
After my Flame lacks Oil, to be the Snuff
Of younger Spirits, whose apprehensive Senses
All but new Things disdain; whose Judgments are
Meer Fathers of their Garments; whose Constancies
Expire before their Fashions: This he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too,
Since I, nor Wax, nor Honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my Hive,
To give some Labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lack your first.

King. I fill a Place I know't; how long is't, Count,

Since

Since the Physician at your Father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an Arm; the rest have worn me out
With several Applications: Nature and Sickness
Debate it at their Leisure. Welcome, Count,
My Son's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your Majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this Gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the Care I have had to even your Content, I wish might be found in the Calender of my past Endeavours, for then we wound our Modesty, and make foul the Clearness of our Deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

Count. What do's this Knave here? Get you gone, Sirrah; the Complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my Slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not Folly to commit them, and have Ability enough to make such Knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor Fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam,
'Tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the Rich are damn'd; but if I had your Ladyship's good Will to go to the World, *Isbel* the Woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a Beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this Case.

Count. What Case?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s Case and mine own; Service is no Heritage, and I think I shall never have the Blessing of God, 'till I have Issue a my Body, for they say Barns are Blessings.

Count. Tell me the Reason why thou wilt marry?

Clo. My poor Body, Madam, requires it, I am driven on by the Flesh, and he must needs go that the Devil drives.

Count.

Count. Is this all your Worship's Reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy Reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the World know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked Creature, as you and all Flesh and Blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy Marriage sooner than thy Wickedness.

Clo. I am out of Friends, Madam, and I hope to have Friends for my Wife's Sake.

Count. Such Friends are thine Enemies, Knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great Friends, for the Knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that ears my Land, spares my Team, and gives me leave to in the Crop; if I be his Cuckold, he's my Drudge; he that comforts my Wife, is the Cherisher of my Flesh and Blood; he that cherisheth my Flesh and Blood, loves my Flesh and Blood; he that loves my Flesh and Blood is my Friend: *Ergo*, he that kisses my Wife is my Friend. If Men could be content to be what they are, there were no fear in Marriage, for young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyjam* the Papist, howsome'er their Hearts are sever'd in Religion, their Heads are both one, they may joul Horns together like any Deer i' th' Herd.

Count. Thou wilt ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious Knave.

Clo. A Prophet, I Madam, and I speak the Truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeat, which Men full true shall find, your Marriage comes by Destiny, your Cuckow sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come o you, of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my Gentlewoman I would speak with her, *Hellen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair Face the Cause, quoth she.
Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy*?
Fond done, done fond, was this King *Priam*'s Joy?
With that she sighed as she stood, *bis*,
And gave this Sentence then; among nine bad if one be good,
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Count.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the Song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good Woman in ten, Madam, which is the purifying a th' Song: Would God would serve the World so all the Year, we'd find no Fault with the Tithe Woman if I were the Parson; one in ten, quoth a'! and we might have a good Woman born but o'er every blazing Star, or at an Earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well; a Man may pray his Heart out e'er a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir Knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That Man that should be at a Woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' Honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the Surplis of Humility over the black-Gown of a big Heat: I am going, Forsooth, the Business is for *Hellen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith I do; her Father bequeath'd her to me, and she her self, without other Advantages, may lawfully make Title to as much Love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self, her own Words to her own Ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any Stranger Sense. Her Matter was, she lov'd your Son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such Difference betwixt their two Estates; Love no God, that would not extend his Might, only where Qualities were level: Complain'd against the Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpris'd without Rescue in the first Assault or Ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter Touch of Sorrow that e'er I heard Virgin exclaim in, which I held it my Duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence in the Loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this Honesty, keep it to your self; many Likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the Ballance, that I could never believe

 nor

nor misdoubt: Pray you leave me, stall this in your Bosom, and I thank you for your honest Care; I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young;
If ever we are Nature's, these are ours; this Thorn
Doth to our Rose of Youth rightly belong,
Our Blood to us, this to our Blood is born,
It is the Show and Seal of Nature's Truth,
Where Love's strong Passion is impreſt in Youth;
By our Remembrances of Days forgone,
Such were our Faults, or then we thought them none;
Her Eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

Hel. What is your Pleasure, Madam?

Count. You know, *Hellen*, I am a Mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Mistress.

Count. Nay, a Mother, why not a Mother? when I said Mother,
Methought you saw a Serpent; what's in Mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your Mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with Nature, and Choice breeds
A native Slip to us from foreign Seeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a Mother's Groan,
Yet I express to you a Mother's Care;
God's Mercy, Maiden, do's it curd thy Blood,
To say I am thy Mother? what's the Matter,
That this distemper'd Messenger of Wet,
The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine Eye?
Why ——that you are my Daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your Mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rossillion* cannot be my Brother;
I am from humble, he from honoured Name;
No Note upon my Parents, his all Noble.
My Master, my dear Lord he is, and I
His Servant live, and will his Vassal die:
He must not be my Brother.

Count. Nor I your Mother.

Hel.

Hel. You are my Mother, Madam, would you were,
So that my Lord your Son were not my Brother;
Indeed my Mother —— or were you both our Mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for Heav'n,
So I were not his Sister; can't no other,
But I your Daughter, he must be my Brother.
Count. Yes, *Hellen*, you might be my Daughter-in-law,
God shield you mean it not, Daughter and Mother,
So strive upon your Pulse; what pale agen?
My Fear hath catch'd your Fondness! Now I see
The Mist'ry of your Loveliness, and find
Your salt Tears Head; now to all Sense 'tis gross,
You love my Son; Invention is asham'd
Against the Proclamation of thy Passion,
To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so. For look, thy Cheeks
Confess it one to th'other, and thine Eyes
See it so grosly shown in thy Behaviour,
That in their Kind they speak it: only Sin
And hellish Obstinacy tie thy Tongue,
That Truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly Clew:
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er I charge thee,
As Heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my Son?
Hel. Your Pardon, noble Mistress.
Count. Love you my Son?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; my Love hath in't a Bond,
Whereof the World takes note: Come, come, disclose
The State of your Affection, for your Passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confess
Here on my Knee, before high Heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heav'n, I love your Son;
My Friends were poor, but honest; so's my Love;
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any Token of presumptuous Suit,

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that Desert should be:
I know I love in vain, strive against Hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible Sive,
I still pour in the Water of my Love,
And lack not to lose still; thus *Indian* like,
Religious in mine Error, I adore
The Sun that looks upon the Worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your Hate incounter with my Love,
For loving where you do; but if your self,
Whose aged Honour cites a virtuous Youth,
Did ever in so true a Flame of Loving,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her self and Love; O then give pity
To her whose State is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, which Search implies,
But Riddle like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an Intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris*?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell true, by Grace it self I swear;
You know my Father left me some Prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd Effects, such as his Reading
And manifest Experience had collected
For general Soveraignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st Reservation to bestow them,
As Notes, whose Faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a Remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate Languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your Motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

Hel. My Lord, your Son made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the Medicine, and the King,
Had from the Conversation of my Thoughts,
Happily been absent then.

Count. But think you, *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed Aid,

He would receive it? He and his Physicians
Are of one Mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schools,
Embowell'd of their Doctrine, have left off
The Danger to it self?

Hel. There's something in't
More than my Father's Skill, which was the great'st
Of his Profession, that his good Receipt
Shall for my Legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest Stars in Heav'n; and would your Honour
But give me leave, for the success I'd venture
The well lost Life of mine, on his Grace's Cure,
By such a Day and Hour.

Count. Do'st thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my Leave and Love
Means and Attendants, and my loving Greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's Blessing unto thy Attempt:
Be gone to Morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine *War.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flourish Cornets.*

King. FArewel, young Lords: These warlike Principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the Advice betwixt you. If both gain, a'l
The Gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our Hope, Sir,
After well entered Soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in Health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my Heart
Will not confess he owes the Malady

That doth my Life besiege; farewel, young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the Sons
Of worthy *French* Men; let higher *Italy*,
Those bated that inherit but the Fall
Of the last Monarchy, see that you come
Not to woo Honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest Question shrinks; find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

1 Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

King. Those Girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They say our *French* lack Language to deny
If they demand: Beware of being Captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our Hearts receive your Warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me.

1 Lord. Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay behind us.

Par. 'Tis not his Fault, the Spark ———

2 Lord. Oh 'tis brave Wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those Wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a Coil with;
Too young, and the next Year, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy Mind stand to it, Boy;
Steal away bravely.

Ber. I stay here the Forehorse to a Smock,
Creeking my Shooes on the plain Masonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no Sword worn
But one to dance with: By Heav'n I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's Honour in the Theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am accessary, and so farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd Body.

1 Lord. Farewel, Captain.

2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*.

Par. Noble Heroes, my Sword and yours are kin; good Sparks and lustrous; a Word, good Metals. You shall find in the Regiment of *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his sinister Cheek; it was this very Sword entrench'd it; say to him, I live, and observe his Reports of me.

1 Lord. We shall, noble Captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his Novices; what will ye do?

Ber.

Ber. Stay; the King.

Par. Use a more spacious Ceremony to the noble Lords, you have restrain'd your self within the List of too cold an Adieu; be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the Cap of the Time, there do muster true Gate, eat, speak, and move under the Influence of the most receiv'd Star, and tho' the Devil lead the Measure, such are to be follow'd: After them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy Fellows, and like to prove most sinewy Sword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my Tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up. (Pardon.

Laf. Then here's a Man stands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me Mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy Pate,
And ask'd thee Mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a Cross, but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your Infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no Grapes, my Royal Fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble Grapes, and if
My Royal Fox could reach them: I have seen a Medicine
That's able to break Life into a Stone,
Quicken a Rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly Fire and Motion, whose simple Touch
Is powerful to araise King *Pippen*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a Pen in's Hand,
And write to her a Love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why Doctor She: My Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: Now, by my Faiith and Honour,
If seriously I may convey my Thoughts
In this my light Deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her Sex, her Years, Profession,
Wisdom and Constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my Weakness: Will you see her?
For that is her Demand, and know her Business?
That done, laugh, well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the Admiration, that we with thee
May spend our Wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all Day neither.
King. Thus he his special nothing ever Prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haste hath Wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your Mind to him;
A Traitor you do look like, but such Traitors
His Majesty seldom fears; I am *Cressed*'s Uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, do's your Business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my Father,
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my Praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: On's Bed of Death
Many Receipts he gave me, namely one,
Which as the dearest Issue of his Practice,
And of his old Experience, th' only Darling,
He bad me store up, as a Triple-Eye,
Safer than mine own two: More dear I have so;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant Cause, wherein the Honour
Of my dear Father's Gift stands chief in Power,
I come to tender it, and my Appliance,
With all bound Humbleness.
King. We thank you, Maiden;
But may not be so credulous of Cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransome Nature
From her unaidable Estate: I say, we must not
So stain our Judgment, or corrupt our Hope,
To prostitute our past-cure Malady
To Empericks, or to dissever so

Our

Our great self and our Credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My Duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce my Office on you,
Humbly intreating from your Royal Thoughts,
A modest one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'st to help me, and such Thanks I give,
As one near Death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my Peril, thou no Art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your Rest 'gainst Remedy:
He that of greatest Works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest Minister:
So holy Writ, in Babes, hath Judgment shown,
When Judges have been Babes, Great Floods have flown
From simple Sources; and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the great'st been denied,
Oft Expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: And oft it hits,
Where Hope is coldest, and Despair most shifts.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid,
Thy pains not us'd, must by thy self be paid,
Proffers not took, reap Thanks for their Reward.
Hel. Inspired Merit so by Breath is bar'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that square our Guess by shows:
But most it is Presumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n, we count the act of Men.
Dear Sir, to my Endeavours give consent,
Of Heav'n, not me, make an Experiment.
I am not an Impostor, that proclaim
My self against the level of mine aim,
But know, I think, and think I know most sure,
My Art is not past Power, nor you past Cure.
King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my Cure?
Hel. The Greatest lending Grace,
E'er twice the Horses of the Sun shall bring
Their fiery Torcher his diurnal Ring.

E'er

E'er twice in Murk and Occidental Damp,
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy Lamp;
Or four and twenty times the Pilot's Glass
Hath told the thievish Minutes how they pass,
What is infirm, from your sound Parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and Sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy Certainty and Confidence,
What's dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of Impudence,
A Strumpet's boldness, a divulged Shame
Traduc'd by odious Ballads: My Maiden's Name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended,
With vilest Torture let my Life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak
His powerful Sound, within an Organ weak;
And what Impossibility would slay
In common Sense, Sense saves another way.
Thy Life is dear, for all that Life can rate
Worth name of Life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, Beauty, Wisdom, Courage, all
That Happiness and Prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate;
Sweet Practiser, thy Physick I will try,
That minister's thine own Death if I die.

Hel. If I break Time, or flinch in Property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd: Not helping, Death's my Fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy Demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kindly hand,
What Husband in thy Power I will command.
Exempted be from me the Arrogance
To chuse from forth the Royal Blood of *France*,
My low and humble Name to propagate
With any Branch or Image of thy State:
But such a one thy Vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow,

King.

King. Here is my hand, the Premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy Will by my Performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
To make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely;
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here hoa! if thou proceed,
As high as word, my Deed ſhall match thy Deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my Buſineſs is but to the Court.

Count. To the Court, why what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch Contempt; but to the Court?

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a Man any Manners, he may eaſily put it off at Court: He that cannot make a Leg, put off's Cap, kiſs his Hand, and ſay nothing, has neither Leg, Hands, Lip, nor Cap; and indeed ſuch a Fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court but for me, I have an Anſwer will ſerve all Men.

Count. Marry that's a bountiful Anſwer that fits all Queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barber's Chair, that fits all Buttocks, the pin Buttock, the quatch Buttock, the brawn Buttock, or any Buttock.

Count. Will your Anſwer ſerve fit to all Queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten Groats is for the Hand of any Attorney, as your *French* Crown for your Taffaty Punk, as *Tib*'s Ruſh for *Tom*'s Fore-finger, as a Pancake for *Shrovetueſday*, a Morris for *May-day*, as the Nail to his hole, the Cuckold to his Horn, as a ſcolding Quean to a wrangling Knave, as the Nun's Lip to the Friar's Mouth, nay, as the Pudding to his Skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an Anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all Queſtions?

Cla.

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any Question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a Trifle neither in good faith, if the Learned should speak truth of it: Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a Courtier, it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a Fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir——there's a simple putting off: More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor Friend of your's, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——thick, thick, spare not me,

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely Meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——nay put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord Sir, is very sequent to your whipping: You would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my Life, in my, O Lord Sir; I see things may serve long, and not serve ever,

Count. I play the noble Huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a Fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir, to your Business: Give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a present answer back,
Commend me to my Kinsmen, and my Son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much Commendation to them.

Count. Not much Imployment for you, you understand me,

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my Legs.

Count. Haste thou again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say Miracles are past, and we have our Philosophical Person, to make modern and familiar things supernatural

natural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make Trifles of Terrors, ensconsing our selves into seeming Knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown Fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest Argument of Wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the Artists.

Par. So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a Man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain Life, and sure Death.

Par. Just, you say well: So would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a Novelty to the World.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in the shewing, you shall read it in what do you call there.

Laf. A shewing of a heav'nly Effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: For me, I speak in respect--——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious Spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak--——

Par. And debile Minister, great Power, great Transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made, than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it, you said well: Here comes the King.

Laf. Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: I'll like a Maid the better while I have a Tooth in my Head: Why he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. *Mor du Vinaigre,* is not this *Hellen*?

Laf. Fore God I think so.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court.
Sit, my Preserver, by thy Patient's side,
And with this healthful Hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd Gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, send forth thine Eye; this youthful parcel
Of Noble Batchelors, stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both Sovereign Power, and Father's Voice
I have to use; thy frank Election make,
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous Mistress
Fall, when Love please: marry, to each, but one.

Laf. I'd give Bay Curtal, and his Furniture,
My Mouth no more were broken than these Boys,
And writ as little Beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble Father.

[*She Addresses her self to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, Heav'n hath, through me, restor'd the King to Health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest, I simply am a Maid——
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The Blushes in my Cheeks thus whisper me.
We blush that thou should'st chuse but be refused;
Let the white Death sit on thy Cheeks for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy Love, shuns all his Love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to impartial *Jove*, that God most high
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my Suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir, all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this Choice, than throw
A Deaux-ace for my Life.

Hel. The Honour, Sir, that flames in your fair Eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:

Love

Love make your Fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble Love.

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great *Jove* grant, and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were Sons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would send them to the *Turk* to make Eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your Vows, and in your Bed,
Find fairer Fortune, if you ever wed.

Laf. These Boys are Boys of Ice, they'll none of her: Sure they are Bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your self a Son out of my Blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one Grape yet, I am sure my Father drunk Wine; but if thou be'st not an Ass, I am a Youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my Service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding Power: This is the Man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, she's thy Wife.

Ber. My Wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness
In such a Business, give me leave to use
The help of mine own Eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, what she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly Bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising: I know her well?
She had her breeding at my Father's Charge:
A poor Physician's Daughter my Wife? Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only Title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: Strange is it that our Bloods

Of

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction; yet stands off
In differences of mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor Physician's Daughter, thou dislik'st
Of Virtue for the Name: But do not so.
From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The Place is dignify'd by th' Doer's Deed.
Where great Addition swells, and Virtue none,
It is a dropsied Honour; Good alone,
Is good without a Name. Vileness is so:
The Property by what it is, shoud go,
Not by the Title. She is young, wise, fair,
In these, to Nature she's immediate Heir;
And these breed Honour: That is Honour's scorn,
Which challenges it self as Honours born,
And is not like the Sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our Acts we them derive
Than our Fore-goers: The meer word's a slave
Debosh'd on every Tomb, on every Grave;
A lying Trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where Dust, and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd Bones indeed, what should be said?
If thou canst like this Creature as a Maid,
I can create the rest: Virtue and she
Is her own Dower; Honour and Wealth from me.

Cer. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My Honour's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my Power. Here, take her Hand,
Proud scornful Boy, unworthy this good Gift,
That dost in vile Misprision shackle up
My Love, and her Desert; that canst not dream,
We poizing us in her defective Scale,
Shall weigh thee to the Beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine Honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy Contempt:
Obey our Will, which travels in thy good,

Believe

Believe not thy Disdain, but presently
Do thine own Fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy Duty owes, and our Power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my cares for ever,
Into the Staggers and the careless Lapse
Of Youth and Ignorance; both my Revenge and Hate
Loosing upon thee in the Name of Justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I submit
My Fancy to your Eyes. When I consider
What great Creation, and what dole of Honour
Flies where you bid: I find that she which late
Was in my nobler Thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King; who so enobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand.
And tell her she is thine: To whom I promise
A Counterpoize; if not in thy Estate,
A Ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good Fortune, and the Favour of the King
Smile upon the Contract; whose Ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born Brief,
And be perform'd to Night; the solemn Feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent Friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy Love's to me religious; else do's err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his Recantation.

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a Language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rossilion*?

Par. To any Count? to all Counts; to what is Man.

Laf. To what is Count's Man; Count's Master is of another Stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, Sirrah, I write Man; to which title Age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do,

Laf. I did think thee for two Ordinaries to be a pretty wise Fellow. If thou didst make tolerable vent of thy Travel, it might pass; yet the Scarfs and the Banners about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a Vessel of too great a Burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the Privilege of Antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thy self too far in Anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which is, Lord have Mercy on thee for a Hen; so, my good Window of Lattice, fare thee well, thy Casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy Hand.

Par. My Lord, you give most egregious Indignity.

Laf. Ay, withal my Heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser——

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack a'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy Scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy Bondage. I have a desire to hold my Acquaintance with thee, or rather my Knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a Man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable Vexation.

Laf. I would it were Hell Pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: For doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what Motion Age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a Son shall take this Disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of Authority. I'll beat him, by my Life, if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his

his Age than I would have of——I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's News for you: You have a new Mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some Reservation of your Wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my Master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The Devil it is, that's thy Master. Why dost thou garter up thy Arms a this fashion? Dost make Hose of thy Sleeves? Do other Servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower Part where thy Nose stands. By mine Honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: Methink'st thou art a general Offence, and every Man should beat thee, I think thou wast created for Men to breath themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a Kernel out of a Pomegranat; you are a Vagabond, and no true Traveller: You are more sawcy with Lords and honourable Personages, than the commission of your Birth and Virtue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you Knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What is the Matter, sweet Heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet Heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuscan* Wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a Dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a Man's Foot: To th' Wars.

Ber. There's Letters from my Mother: What th' import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To th' Wars my Boy, oth Wars.

He wears his Honour in a Box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly Marrow in her Arms
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery Steed: To other Regions,
France is a Stable, we that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore to th' War.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my House,
Acquaint my Mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled. Write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present Gift
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* Fields
Where noble Fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark House, and the detested Wife.

Par. Will this Capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my Chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To morrow
I'll to the Wars, she to her single Sorrow.

Par. Why these Balls bound, there's noise in it. 'Tis hard
A young Man married, is a Man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but hush, 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her Health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: But thanks be given she's very well, and want's nothing i'th' World; but yet she is not well,

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she is not in Heav'n, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in Earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good Fortune.

Par.

Par. You had my Prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them still. O my Knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her Wrinkles and I her Mony, I would she did as you said.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser Man; for many a Man's Tongue shakes out his Master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your Title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a Knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a Knave, th'art a Knave, that's before me th'art a Knave: This had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty Fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your self, Sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, Sir, was profitable, and much Fool may you find in you, even to the World's Pleasure, and encrease of Laughter.

Par. A good Knave i'faith and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to Night,
A very serious Business calls on him.
The great Prerogative and Rite of Love,
Which as your due Time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with Sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And Pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. [*Exit* Par.

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordship thinks not him a Soldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warrantable Testimony.

Laf. Then my Dial goes not true, I took this Lark for a Bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in Knowledge, and accordingly Valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his Experience, and transgress'd against his Valour, and my State that way is dangerous, since I cannot find in my Heart to repent: Here he comes, I pray you make us Friends, I will pursue the Amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his Taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I, Sir, he Sir's a good Workman, a very good Taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my Letters, casketed my Treasure,
Given order for our Horse, and to Night,
When I should take Possession of the Bride——
And e'er I do begin——

Laf. A good Traveller is something at the latter end of a Dinner; but if on that he lyes three thirds, and uses a known Truth to pass a thousand Nothings with, he should be once heard, and thrice beaten——God save you Captain.

Ber. Is there any Unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lord's Displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all, like him that leaps into the Custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer Question for your Residence.

Ber.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And shall do so for ever, tho' I took him at's Prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no Kernel in this light Nut: The Soul of this Man is his Clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy Consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their Natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my Hands, but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common Speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my Clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procured his leave
For present parting, only he desires
Some private Speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, *Helen*, at my Course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does,
The Ministration, and required Office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a Business; and therefore am I found
So much unsetled: This drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I intreat you,
For my Respects are better than they seem,
And my Appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews it self at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my Mother,
[*Giving a Letter.*
'Twill be two days e'er I shall see you, so
I leave you to your Wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient Servant.

Ber. Come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely Stars have fail'd
To equal my great Fortune.

Ber. Let that go: my haste is very great. Farewel: Hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon,

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the Wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: And yet it is,
But, like a timorous Thief, most fain would steal
What Law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much——Nothing indeed——I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——Faith yes——Strangers and Foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to Horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other Men? Monsieur, farewel. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come.
Whilst I can shake my Sword, or hear the Drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

Duke. SO that from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental Reasons of this War,
Whose great decision hath much Blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the Quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the Opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our Cousin *France*,
Would, in so just a Business, shut his Bosom,
Against our borrowing Prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reasons of our State we cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward Man,
That the great Figure of a Council frames,
By self-unable motion, therefore dare not

Say

Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our Nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for Physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the Honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well,
When better fall, for your avails they fell,
To morrow to the Field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy Man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why he will look upon his Boot, and sing; mend his Ruff, and sing; ask Questions, and sing; pick his Teeth and sing: I knew a Man that had his Trick of Melancholy, sold a goodly Manor for a Song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel* since I was at Court. Our old Lind, and our *Isbel*'s o'th' Country, are nothing like your old Ling, and your *Isbel*'s o'th' Court: The Brains of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old Man loves Mony, with no Stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there. [*Exit.*

A Letter.

I have sent you a Daughter-in-Law: She hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, Not bedded her, and sworn to make the Not *eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the Report come, if there be breadth enough in the World, I will hold a long distance. My Duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

This

This is not well, rash and unbridled Boy,
To fly the Favours of so good a King,
To plubk his Indignation on thy Head,
By the misprising of a Maid, too virtuous
For the Contempt of Empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy News within between two Soldiers and my young Lady,

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the News, some comfort, your Son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does, the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of Men, though it be the getting of Children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your Son was run away.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon Patience: 'Pray you, Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of Joy and Grief,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can Woman me unto't. Where is my Son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And, after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bind again.

Hel. Look on this Letter, Madam, here's my Pasport.

When thou canst get the Ring upon my Finger, which n'ver shall come off, and shew me a Child begotten of thy Body that I am Father to, then call me Husband: But in such a [Then] *I write a* [Never.]

This is a dreadful Sentence.

Count. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and, for the Contents sake, are sorry for our Pains.

Count.

Count. I prethee, Lady, have a better Cheer,
If thou engrossest all the Griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a Moiety: He was my Son,
But I do wash his Name out of my Blood,
And thou art all my Child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a Soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose, and believe't
The Duke will lay upon him all the Honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest Wing of Speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happily, which his Heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no Wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a Lord,
That twenty such rude Boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A Servant only, and a Gentleman which I have sometimes known.

Count. *Parolles*, was it not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted Fellow, and full of Wickedness,
My Son corrupts a well derived Nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a deal of that, too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen, I will intreat you, when you see my Son, to tell him that his Soul can never win the Honour that he loses: More I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, Madam, in that, and all your worthiest Affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our Courtesies,
Will you draw near? [*Exit Count. and Gentlemen.*

Hel.

Hel. 'Till, *I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France* until he has no Wife!
Thou shalt have none, *Rossilion*, none in *France*,
Then hast thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy Country, and expose
Those tender Limbs of thine, to the event
Of the none sparing War? And is it I,
That drives thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair Eyes, to be the mark
Of smoaky Musquets? O you leaden Messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of Fire,
Fly with false aim, move the still piercing Air
That stings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward Breast,
I am the Caitiff that do hold him to it,
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His Death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the raving Lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of Hunger: Better 'twere
That all the Miseries which Nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rossilion*,
Whence Honour but of danger wins a Scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The Air of Paradise did fan the House
And Angels offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful Rumour may report my flight
To consolate thine Ear. Come Night and Day,
For with the Dark, poor Thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. The General of our Horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best Love and Credence
Upon thy promising Fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my Strength, but
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th'extream edge of hazard.

Duke.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous Helm,
As thy auspicious Mistress.
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my self into thy File,
Make me but like my Thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy Drum; hater of Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the Letter of her?
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques *Pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious Love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold Ground upon,
With sainted Vow my Faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of War,
My dearest Master, your dear Son, may hie;
Bless him at home in Peace, whilst I from far,
His Name with zealous Fervour sanctifie.
His taken Labours bid him me forgive;
I his despightful Juno *sent him forth*
From courtly Friends, with camping Foes to live,
Where Death and Danger dog the Heels of Worth.
He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.

Ah what sharp Stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, Madam,
If I had given you this over night,
She might have been o'er ta'en; and yet she writes
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What Angel shall
Bless this unworthy Husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her Prayers, whom Heav'n delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the Wrath

Of greatest Justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy Husband of his Wife,
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: My greatest Grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient Messenger;
When haply he does hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her Foot again,
Led hither by pure Love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in Sense
To make distinction; Provide this Messenger;
My Heart is heavy, and mine Age is weak,
Grief would have Tears, and Sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens*

Wid. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the *French* Count has done
Most honourable Service.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has ta'en their greatest Commander,
And that with his own Hand he slew
The Duke's Brother. We have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: Hark,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Mar. Come let's return again,
And suffice our selves with the Report of it.
Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl,
The Honour of a Maid is in her Name,
And no Legacy is so rich
As Honesty.

Wid. I have told my Neighbour
How you have been sollicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Mar. I know that Knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those Suggestions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their Promises, Enticements, Oaths,

Oaths, and Tokens, and all the Engines of Lust, are not the things they go under; many a Maid hath been seduced by them, and the Misery is Example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of Maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade Succession, but that they are limed with the Twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own Grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the Modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena *disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so; look here comes a Pilgrim; I know she will lye at my House; thither they send one another; I'll question her; God save you Pilgrim, whither are you bound.

Hel. To S. *Jaques le grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. *Frances* here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A March afar off.*

Wid. Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way:
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But 'till the Troops come by,
I will Conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your Hostess
As ample as my self.

Hel. Is it your self.

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a Country-man of yours,
That has done worthy Service.

Hel. His Name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossilion*: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the Ear that hears most nobly of him.
His Face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay surely, meer the Truth, I know his Lady.

Dia.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but coursely of her.
Hel. What's his Name?
Dia. Monsieur *Parolles.*
Hel. Oh I believe with him,
In Argument of Praise, or to the Worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her Name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved Honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor Lady!
'Tis a hard Bondage to become the Wife
Of a detesting Lord.
Wid. Ah! right good Creature! wheresoe'er she is,
Her Heart weighs sadly; this young Maid might do her
A shrew'd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous Count sollicites her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can, in such a Suit,
Corrupt the tender Honour of a Maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her Guard
In honestest Defence.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*
Mar. The Gods forbid else.
Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest Son,
That *Escalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He,
That with the Plume, 'tis a most gallant Fellow,
I would he lov'd his Wife: If he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same Knave
That leads him to these Places; were I his Lady,
I would poison that vile Rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That Jack-an-apes with Scarfs. Why is he melan-
Hel. cholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th' Battel.

Par. Loſt our Drum! Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry hang you. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Par. *&c.*

Mar. And your Courteſie, for a Ring-carrier.

Wid. The Troop is paſt: Come Pilgrim, I will bring
You, where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd Penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my Houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maid
To eat with us to Night, the Charge and Thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further.
I will beſtow ſome Precepts on this Virgin,
Worthy the Note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Ld.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: Let him have his way.

2 *Ld.* If your Lordſhip find him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your Reſpect.

1 *Ld.* On my Life, my Lord, a Bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far
Deceived in him?

1 *Ld.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct Knowledge, without any Malice, but to ſpeak of him as my Kinſman; he's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſs Liar, an hourly Promiſe-breaker, the Owner of no one good Quality worthy your Lordſhip's Entertainment.

2 *Ld.* It were fit you knew him, leſt repoſing too far in his Virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty Buſineſs, in a main Danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular Action to try him.

2 *Ld.* None better than to let him fetch off his Drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Ld.* I, with a Troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly Surprize him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the Enemy: We will bind and hood-wink him ſo,

that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leaguer of the Adversaries, when we bring him to our own Tents; be but your Lordship present at his Examination, if he do not for the promise of his Life, and in the highest Compulsion of base Fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the Intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine Forfeit upon his Soul upon Oath, never trust my Judgment in any thing.

2 *Ld.* O, for the love of Laughter, let him fetch his Drum; he says he has a Stratagem for't; when your Lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s Entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Porolles.

1 *Ld.* O, for the love of Laughter, hinder not the Honour of his Design, let him fetch off his Drum in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This Drum sticks sorely in your Disposition.

2 *Ld.* A Pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a Drum.

Par. But a Drum! Is't but a Drum? A Drum so lost! There was excellent Command! to charge him with our Horse upon our own Wings, and to rend our own Soldiers.

2 *Ld.* That was not to be blamed in the Command of the Service; it was a Disaster of War, that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to Command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our Success: Some Dishonour we had in the loss of that Drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd, but that the Merit of Service is seldom attributed to the true exact Performer, I would have that Drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have Stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your Mystery in Stratagem can bring this Instrument of Honour again into his native Quarter, be magnanimous in the Enterprize and go on, I will grace the Attempt

empt for a worthy Exploit: If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his Greatness, even to the utmost Syllable of your Worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a Soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this Evening, and I will presently pen down my Dilemmas, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal Preparation; and by Midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the Success will be, my Lord; but the Attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art Valiant,
And to the possibility of thy Soldiership,
Will subscribe for thee, Farewel.

Par. I love not many Words. [*Exit.*

1 *Ld.* No more than a Fish loves Water. Is not this a strange Fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this Business, which he knows is not to be done; Damns himself to do't, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Ld.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a Man's Favour, and for a Week escape a great deal of discoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Ld.* None in the World, but return with an Invention, and clap upon you two or three probable Lies; but we have almost imbost him, you shall see his Fall to Night; for indeed he is not for your Lordship's Respect.

1 *Ld.* We'll make you some Sport with the Fox e'er we Case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*; when his Disguise and he is parted, tell me what a Sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very Night.

2 *Ld.* I must go and look my Twigs,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your Brother he shall go along with me.

2 *Ld.* As't please your Lordship, I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the House, and shew you the Lass I spoke of.

1 *Cap.* But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same Coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair Creature,
Will you go see her?

1 *Lad.* With all my Heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the Grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my Estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these Businesses,
And would not put my Reputation now
In any staining Act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my Husband,
And what to your sworn Counsel I have spoken,
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot
By the good aid that I of you should borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in Fortune.

Hel. Take this Purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he wooes your Daughter,
Lays down his wanton Siege before her Beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now this importunate Blood will naught deny,
That she'll demand; A Ring the Count does wear
That downward hath succeeded in his House
From Son to Son, some four or five Descents,

Since

Since the first Father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich Choice: Yet in his idle Fire,
To buy his Will, it would not seem too dear,
How e'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the Bottom of your Purpose.

Hel. Now see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your Daughter, e'er she seems as won,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an Encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the Time,
Her self most chastly absent: After this
To marry her, I'll add three thousand Crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my Daughter how she shall persever,
That Time and Place with this Deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every Night he comes
With Musick of all sorts, and Songs compos'd
To her Unworthiness: It nothing stands us
To chide him from our Eeves, for he persists,
As if his Life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to Night
Let us assay our Plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked Meaning in a lawful Deed;
And lawful Meaning in a lawful Act,
Where both not Sin, and yet a sinful Fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.*

Lord. HE can come no other way, but by this Hedge-Corner; when you sally upon him, speak what terrible Language you will, though you understand it not your selves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy Voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what Linsie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some Band of Strangers i'th' Adversaries Entertainment. Now he hath a Smack of all neighbouring Languages; therefore we must every one be a Man of his own Fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our Purpose: Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seem very Politick. But couch hoa, here he comes, to beguile two Hours in a Sleep, and then to return and sweat the Lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a Clock; within these three Hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive Invention that carries it. They begin to smoak me, and Disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my Door; I find my Tongue is too Fool-hardy, but my Heart hath the Fear of *Mars* before it, and of his Creatures, not daring the Reports of my Tongue.

Lord. This is the first that e'er thine own Tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the Devil should move me to undertake the Recovery of this Drum, being not ignorant of the Impossibility, and knowing I had no such Purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say I got them in Exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the Instance? Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-woman's Mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet*'s Mules, if you prattle me into these Perils.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my Garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* Sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par.

Par. Or the paring of my Beard, and to say it was in Stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my Cloaths, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the Window of the Cittadel.

Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty Fathom.

Lord. Three great Oaths would scace make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any Drum of the Enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A Drum now of the Enemies. [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movonsus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo,

Par. O Ransom, Ransom;
Do not hide mine Eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Baskos thromaldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall lose my Life for want of Language.
If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Baskos vauvado, I understand thee, and can speak thy Tongue *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy Faith, for seventeen Poniards are at thy Bosom.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Osceoribi dulchos voliverco.

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy Life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the Secrets of our Camp I'll shew;
Their Force, their Purposes: Nay, I'll speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit.*

[*A short Alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rossillion* and my Brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your Name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddess,
And worth it with Addition; but, fair Soul,
In your fine Frame hath Love no Quality?
If the quick Fire of Youth light not your Mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead you shall be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your Mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.
My Mother did but Duty, such, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.

Ber. No more o'that!
I prethee do not strive against my Vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By Love's own sweet Constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all Rights of Service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
'Till we serve you: But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our Thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our Bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many Oaths that make the Truth,
But the plain single Vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not Holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: Then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove*'s great Attribute,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my Oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your Oaths
Are Words and poor Conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my Opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy Cruel. Love is holy,
And my Integrity ne'er knew the Crafts,
That you do charge Men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy self unto my sick Desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My Love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that Men make Hopes in such Affairs,
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no Power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors,
Which where the greatest Obloquy i'th' World
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine Honour's such a Ring,
My Chastity's the Jewel of our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest Obloquy i'th' World
In me to lose. Thus your own proper Wisdom
Brings in the Champion Honour on my Part,
Against your vain Assault.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,
My House, my Honour, yea, my Life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When Midnight comes, knock at my Chamber Window;
I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear,
Now will I charge you in the Band of Truth,

When

When you have conquer'd my yet Maiden-Bed,
Remain there but an Hour, nor speak to me:
My Reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this Ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your Finger in the Night, I'll put
Another Ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past Deeds.
Adieu 'till then, then fail not: You have won
A Wife of me, though there my Hope be done.

Ber. A Heav'n on Earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which, live long to thank both Heav'n and me.
You may so in the end.
My Mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's Heart, She says, all Men
Have the like Oaths: He had sworn to marry me
When his Wife's dead: Therefore I'll lye with him
When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid;
Only in this Disguise, I think't no Sin,
To cousin him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Ld.* You have not given him his Mother's Letter?

2 *Ld.* I have deliver'd it an Hour since; there is something in't that stings his Nature, for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another Man,

1 *Ld.* He has much worthy Blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a Wife, and so sweet a Lady.

2 *Ld.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting Displeasure of the King, who had ever tun'd his Bounty to sing Happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Ld.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the Grave of in.

2 *Ld.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste Renown, and this Night he fleshes his Will in the Spoil of her Honour; he hath given her his monumental Ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste Composition.

1 *Ld.* Now God delay our Rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

2 *Ld.* Meerly our own Traitors; and as in the common Course of all Treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd Ends; so he that in this Action contrives against his own Nobility in his proper Stream, o'er-flows himself.

1 *Ld.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the Trumpeters of our unlawful Intents? We shall not then have his Company to Night?

2 *Ld.* Not 'till after Midnight; for he is dieted to his Hour.

1 *Ld.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his Company anatomiz'd, that he might take a Measure of his own Judgments, wherein so seriously he had set his Counterfeit.

2 *Ld.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come;
For his Presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Ld.* In the mean time, what hear you of those Wars?

2 *Ld.* I hear there is an Overture of Peace.

1 *Ld.* Nay, I assure you a Peace ir concluded.

2 *Ld.* What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Ld.* I perceive by this Demand, you are not altogether of his Counsel.

2 *Ld.* Let it be forbid, Sir, so should I be a great deal of this Act.

1 *Ld.* Sir, his Wife some two Months since fled from his House, her Pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le grand*; which holy Undertaking, with a most austere Sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the Tenderness of her Nature became as a Prey to her Grief; in fine, made a Groan of her last Breath, and now she sings in Heav'n.

2 *Ld.* How is this justified?

1 *Ld.* The stronger Part of it by her own Letters, which makes her Story true, even to the Point of her Death; her Death it self, which could not be her Office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the Place.

2 *Ld.* Hath the Count all this Intelligence?

1 *Ld.* Ay, and the particular Confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the Verity.

2 *Ld.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Ld.*

1 *Ld.* How mightily sometimes we make us Comforts of our Losses.

2 *Ld.* And how mightily some other times we drown our Gain in Tears, the great Dignity that this Valour hath here requir'd from him, shall at home be encountred with a Shame as ample.

1 *Ld.* The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, good and ill together: Our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt them not, and our Crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our Virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the Street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn Leave: His Lordship will next Morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him Letters of Commendations to the King.

2 *Ld.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Ld.* They cannot be to sweet for the King's Tartness: Here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after Midnight?

Ber. I have to Night dispatch'd sixteen Businesses, a Months length a Piece, by an Abstract of Success; I have congied with the Duke, done my Adieu with his nearest; buried a Wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady Mother, I am returning; entertain'd my Convoy, and between these main Parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer Needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Ld.* If the Business be of any Difficulty, and this Morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the Business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this Dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit Module; 'has deceiv'd me, like a double meaning Prophesier.

2 *Ld.* Bring him forth, h'as sate in the Stocks all Night, poor gallant Knave.

Ber. No matter, his Heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his Spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Ld.*

1 *Ld.* I have told your Lordship already: The Stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a Wench that had shed her Milk, he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his very Remembrance to this very instant Disaster of his setting i' th' Stocks; and what think you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a?

2 *Ld.* His Confession is taken, and it shall be read to his Face; if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the Patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A Plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush.

1 *Ld.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Int. He calls for the Tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know, without constraint; If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

1 *Ld. Biblibindo Chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six Thousand, but very weak and unserviceable; the Troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders very poor Rogues, upon my Reputation and Credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your Answer so?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: All's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving Slave is this?

1 *Ld.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles*, the gallant Militarist, that was his own Phrase, that had the whole Theory of War in the Knot of his Scarf, and the Practice in the Chap of his Dagger.

2 *Ld.* I will never trust a Man again for keeping his Sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his Apparel neatly.

Int.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand Horse I said, I will say true, or thereabouts set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 *Ld.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the Nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor Rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir, a Truth's a Truth, the Rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what Strength they are a Foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my Troth, Sir, if I were to live this present Hour I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred each; mine own Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the Muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my Life amounts not to fifteen thousand Pole, half of the which dare not shake the Snow from off their Cossacks, lest they shake themselves to Pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Ld.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my Conditions, and what Credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i' th' Camp, a *Frenchman*; what his Reputation is with the Duke, what his Valour, Honesty, and Expertness in War; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well weighing Sums of Gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know Captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him, he was a Butcher's Prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Sheriff's Foo with Child, dumb Innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your Hands, tho' I know his Brains are forfeit to the next Tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par.

Par. Upon my Knowledge he is, and lowsie.

1 *Ld.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of you Lord anon.

Int. What is his Reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other Day to turn him out o'th' Band. I think I have his Letter in my Pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good Sadness I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a File with the Duke's other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a Paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

1 *Ld.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a Fool, and full of Gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's Letter, Sir; that is an Advertisement to a proper Maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the Allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle Boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the Maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious Boy, who is a Whale to Virginity, and devours up all the Fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides Rogue.

Inter. *Reads the Letter.*

When he swears Oaths, bid him drop Gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the Score:
Half won is Match well made, match and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-Debts, take it before.
And say a Soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, Boys are not to kiss.
For count of this, the Count's a Fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine Ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Army with this Rime in his Forehead.

2 *Ld.* This is your devoted Friend, Sir, the manifold Linguist, and the Army-potent Soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's Looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My Life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that my Offences being many, I would repent out the Remainder of Nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i' th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore once more to this Captain *Dumain*: You have answer'd to his Reputation with the Duke, and to his Valour. What is his Honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an Egg out of a Cloister: For Rapes and Ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of Oaths; breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think Truth were a Fool: Drunkenness is his best Virtue, for he will be Swine-drunk, and in his Sleep he does little Harm, save to his Bed-cloaths about him; but they know his Conditions, and lay him in Straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his Honesty, he has every thing that an honest Man should not have; what an honest Man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Ld.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this Description of thine Honesty? A Pox upon him for me, h'as more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his Expertness in War.

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the Drum before the *English* Tragedians: To belie him I will not, and more of his Soldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the Honour to be the Officer at a Place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of Files. I would do the Man what Honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Ld.* He hath out-villan'd Villany so far, that the Rarity redeems him.

Ber. A Pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor Price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt. *Par.*

Par. Sir, for a Cradecue he will sell the Fee-simple of his Salvation, the Inheritance of it, and cut th' Intail from all Remainders, and perpetual Succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Ld.* Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a Crow o'th' same Nest; not altogether so great as the first in Goodness, but greater a great deal in Evil. He excells his Brother for a Coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any Lackey; marry in coming on he has the Cramp.

Int. If your Life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. I'll whisper with the General, and know his Pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a Plague of all Drums, only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the Supposition of that lascivious young Boy the Count, have I run into Danger; yet who would have suspected an Ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no Remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you that have so traiterously discovered the Secrets of your Army, and made such pestiferous Reports of Men very nobly held, can serve the World for no honest Use; therefore you must die. Come, Heads-man, off with his Head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my Death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your Friends: [*Unbinding him.*
So look about you; know you any here?

Count. Good Morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Ld.* God bless you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 *Ld.* God save you, noble Captain.

2 *Ld.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu*? I am for *France*.

1 *Ld.* Good Captain, will you give me a Copy of that same Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in Behalf of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your Scarf, that has a Knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but Women were that had receiv'd so much Shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: If my Heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: Who knows himself a Braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every Braggart shall be found an Ass.
Rust Sword, cool Blushes, and *Parolles* live
Safest in Shame; being fool'd, by Fool'ry thrive;
There's Place and Means for every Man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian World
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,
E'er I can perfect mine Intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired Office,
Dear almost as his Life, which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars Bosom would peep forth,
And answer Thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marsellies*, to which Place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My Husband hies him home, where Heav'n aiding,
And by the Leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our Welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a Servant to whose trust
Your Business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a Friend, whose Thoughts more truly Labour
To recompence your Love: Doubt not but Heav'n

Hat

Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's Dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my Motive
And helper to a Husband. But, O strange Men!
That can such sweet Use make of what they hate,
When sawcy trusting of the cozen'd Thoughts
Defiles the pitchy Night, so Lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You *Diana*,
Under my poor Instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let Death and Honesty
Go with your Impositions, I am yours
Upon your Will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the Word the Time will bring on Summer,
When Briars shall have Leaves as well as Thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: We must away,
Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time revives us;
All's well that ends well, still, that finds the Crown;
What e'er the Curse, the End is the Renown, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your Son was mis-led with a snipt taffata Fellow there, whose villanous Saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dow Youth of a Nation in his Colour. Your Daughter-in-law had been alive at this Hour, and your Son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd Humble-Bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him, it was the Death of the most virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praise for Creating; if she had partaken of my Flesh, and cost me the dearest Groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted Love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thousand Sallets e'er we light on such another Herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet Marjoram of the Sallet, or rather the Herb of Grace.

Laf. They are not Sallet-Herbs, you Knave, they are Nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much Skill in Grasse.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a Knave or a Fool?

Clo. A Fool, Sir, at a Woman's Service, and a Knave at a Man's.

Laf. Your Diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the Man of his Wife, and do his Service.

Laf. So you were a Knave at his Service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his Wife my Bauble, Sir, to do her Service.

La. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both Knave and Fool.

Clo. At your Service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, Sir, a has an *Engliſh* Name, but this Phiſnomy is more h tter in *France* than here.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my Purſe, I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland Fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great Fire, and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good Fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the World, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow Gate, which I take too be to o little for Pomp to enter: Some that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry Way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my Horſes be well look'd to, without any Tricks.

Clo. If I put any Tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be Jade Tricks, which are their own Right by the Law of Na ture. [*Exit*

Laf. A ſhrewd Knave, and u happy.

Conn

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much Sport out of him; by his Authority he remains here, which he thinks is a Patent for his Saucinesſ, and indeed he has no Pace, but he runs where he will.

Laſ. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's Death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his Return home, I mov'd the King my Maſter to ſpeak in the Behalf of my Daughter; which in the Minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf gracious Remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it, and to ſtop up the Diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your Son, there is no fitter Matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it.

Count. With very much Content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laſ. His Highneſs comes Poſt from *Marſelliés*, of as able a Body as when he numbred thirty, and will be here to Morrow; or I am deceiv'd by him, that in ſuch Intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I ſhall ſee him e'er I die. I have Letters that my Son will be here to Night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laſ. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable Privilege.

Laſ. Lady, of that I have made a bold Charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your Son with a Patch of Velvet on's Face; whether there be a Scar under't or not the Velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly Patch of Velvet; his left Cheek is a Cheek of two Pile and a half, but his right Cheek is worn bare.

Count. A Scar nobly got,
Or a noble Scar, is a good Livery of Honour.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd Face.

Laſ. Let us go ſee
Your Son, I pray you: I long to talk
With the young noble Soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine Hats, and most courteous Feathers, which bow the Head, and nod at every Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. BUT this exceeding posting Day and Night,
Must wear your Spirits low, we cannot help it.
But since you have made the Days and Nights as one,
To wear your gentle Limbs in my Affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

Enter a Gentleman.

This Man may help me to his Majesty's Ear,
If he would spend his Power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of *France.*

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the Report that goes upon your Goodness;
And therefore goaded with most sharp Occasions,
Which lay nice Manners by, I put you to
The use of your own Virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your Will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor Petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of Power you have,
To come into his Presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last Night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our Pains.

Hel. All's well that Ends well yet,
Tho' Time seem so adverse, and means unfit:

I do

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rossilion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the Paper to his gracious Hand,
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your Pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your self to be well thank'd, what e'er falls more. We must to Horse again. Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Parolless.

Par. Good Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this Letter; I have e'er now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher Cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's Mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong Displeasure.

Clo. Truly Fortune's Displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no Fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prethee, allow the Wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your Nose, Sir; I speak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your Metaphor stink, I will stop my Nose, or against any Man's Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this Paper.

Clo. Foh! prethee stand away; a Paper from Fortune's Close-stool, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or of Fortune's Cat, but not a Muscat; that hath fall'n into the unclean Fish-pond of her Displeasure, and, as he says, muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the Carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally Knave. I do pity his Distress in my Smiles of Comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a Man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her Nails now. Wherein have you play'd the Knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good Lady, and would not have Knaves thrive long under her? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and Fortune Friends; I am for other Business.

Par. I beseech your Honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single Peny more: Come, you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My Name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my Passion, give me your Hand: How does your Drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. I lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some Grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon the Knave, dost thou put upon me at once, both the Office of God and Devil; one brings thee in Grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me, I had talk of you last Night; tho' you are a Fool and a Knave, you shall eat, go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Enter King, Countess,* Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords with Attendants.*

King. We lost a Jewel of her and our Esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your Son,
As mad in Folly, lack'd the Sense to know
Her Estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blade of Youth,
When Oil and Fire, too strong for Reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Tho' my Revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty Note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a Wife,
Whose Beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest Eyes; whose Words all Ears took captive;
Whose deep Perfection, Hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistress.
King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the Remembrance dear. Well——call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first View shall kill
All Repetition: Let him not ask our Pardon,
The nature of his great Offence is dead,
And deeper than Oblivion, we do bury
Th' incensing Relicks of it. Let him approach
A Stranger, no Offender; and inform him
So 'tis our Will he should
Gent. I shall, my Liege.
King. What says he to your Daughter?
Have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness.
King. Then shall we have a Match. I have Letters sent me, that set him high in Fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He look's well on't.
King. I am not a Day of Season,
For thou maist see a Sun-shine, and a Hail
In me at once; but to the brightest Beams
Distracted Clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The Time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented Blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon me.
King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed Time,
Let's take the Instant by the forward Top;

For

For we are old, and on our quick'ſt Decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs Foot of Time
Steals, e'er we can effect them. You remember
The Daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my Choice upon her, e'er my Heart
Durſt make too bold a Herald of my Tongue:
Where the Impreſſion of mine Eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful Perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the Line of every other Favour,
Scorn'd a fair Colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n,
Extended or contracted all Proportions
To a moſt hideous Object. Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all Men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd; was in mine Eye
The Duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome Sores away
From the great 'Compt; but Love that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful Pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender, turns a ſowre Offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh Faults
Make trivial Price of ſerious Things we have
Not knowing them, until we know their Grave.
Oft our Diſpleaſures to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our Friends, and after weep their Duſt:
Our own Love waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful Hate ſleeps out the Afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s Knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous Token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main Conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our Widower's ſecond Marriage Day:
Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n bleſs,
Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe.

Laf. Come on my Son, in whom my Houſe's Name
Muſt be digeſt d: Give a Favour from you
To ſparkle in the Spirits of my Daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old Beard,
And every Hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet Creature: Such a Ring as this,

The

The last that e'er she took her leave at Court.
I saw upon her Finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine Eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her, if her Fortunes ever stood
Necessited to help, that by this Token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
How e'er it pleases you to take it so,
The Rings was never hers.
Count. Son, on my Life,
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her Life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;
In *Florence* was it from a Casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a Paper, which contain'd the Name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own Fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the Overture, she ceast
In heavy Satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring again.
King. *Plutus* himself,
That knows the Tinct and multiplying Medicine,
Hath not in Nature's Mystery more Science,
Than I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellen's*,
Whoever gave it you: Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your self,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough Enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her Finger,
Unless she gave it to your self in Bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great Disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.

King.

King. Thou speak'st it falsly, as I love mine Honour;
And mak'st conjectural Fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman——'twill not prove so——
And yet I know not——thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her Eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More than to see this Ring. Take him away,
[*Guards seize* Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my Fears of little Vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this Matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie,
Prove that I husbanded her Bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal Thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not,
Here's a Petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five Removes come short,
To tender it her self. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair Grace and Speech
Of the poor Suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her Business looks in her
With an importing Visage, and she told me
In a sweet verbal Brief, it did concern
Your Highness with her self.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many Protestations to marry me, when his Wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rossilion *Widower, his Vows are forfeited to me, and my Honours paid to him. He stole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to his Country for Justice: Grant it me, O King, in you it best lyes, otherwise a Seducer flourishes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf.

Laf. I will buy me a Son-in-Law in a Fair, and Toll him for this. I'll none of him.

King. The Heav'ns have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek the Sutors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the Life of *Hellen* (Lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now Justice on the Doers.

King. I wonder, Sir, Wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them soon as you swear them Lordship;
Yet you desire to marry. What Woman's that!

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capilet*;
My Suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her Mother, Sir, whose Age and Honour
Both suffer under this Complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your Wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heav'ns Vows, and those are mine;
You give away my self, which is known mine;
For I by Vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your Reputation comes too short for my Daughter, you are no Husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate Creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your Highness
Lay a more noble Thought upon mine Honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my Thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your Deeds gain them fairer: Prove your Honour,
Then in my Thought it lyes.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his Oath, if he does think
He had not my Virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common Gamester to the Camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common Price.
Do not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high Respect and rich Validity
Did lack a Parallel: Yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner o'th' Camp,
If I be one,
Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceeding Ancestors, that Jem
Confer'd by Testament to th' sequent Issue
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his Wife,
That Ring's a thousand Proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in Court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an Instrument; his Name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I saw the Man to day, if Man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious Slave,
With all the Spots o' th' World, tax'd and deboish'd,
Which Nature sickens with: but to speak truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that Ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of Youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all Impediments in Fancy's course
Are Motives of more Fancy, and in fine,
Her Insuit coming with her modern Grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate? she got the Ring,
And I had that which any Inferior might
At Market Price have bought.

Dia.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble Wife,
May justly Diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack Virtue, I will lose a Husband,
Send for your Ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Par. I have it not.

King. What Ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your Finger:

King. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The Story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. Ny Lord, I do confess the Ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every Feather starts you:
Is this the Man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the Displeasure of your Master;
Which on your just Proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this Woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my Master hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; Did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a Knave, and no Knave; what an equivocal Companion is this?

Par. I am a poor Man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good Drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me Marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par.

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: For, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that Credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to Bed, and of other Motions, as promising her Marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy Evidence; therefore stand aside. This Ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him.

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This Woman's an easie Glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first Wife.

Dia. I might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To Prison with her: And away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this Hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in Bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew Man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou acous'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no Maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a Maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no Strumper, by my Life;
I am either Maid, or else this old Man's Wife. [*Pointing to* Laf.

King.

King. She does abuse our Ears, to Prison with her.
Dia. Good Mother, fetch my Bail. Stay, Royal Sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Ber.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my Bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his Wife with Child;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my Riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

King. Is there no Exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine Eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a Wife you see,
The Name, and not the Thing.
Ber. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And look you, here's your Letter: This it says,
When from my Finger you can get this Ring,
And are by me with Child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly Divorce step between me and you.
O, my dear Mother, do I see you living? [*To the Countess.*
Laf. Mine Eyes smell Onions, I shall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum,* lend me a Handkerchief. [*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home, I'll make Sport with thee: Let thy Courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this Story know,
To make the even Truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped Flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuse thou thy Husband, and I'll pay thy Dower,
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,
Thou keep'st a Wife her self, thy self a Maid.

Of that and all the Progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE King's a Beggar, now the Play is done:
All is well ended, if his Suit be won,
That we express Content; which we will Pay,
With Praſe to praiſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your Patience then, and yours our Parts,
Your gentle Hands lend us, and take our Hearts.

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TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What you will.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

ORsino, *Duke of* Illyria.

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.

Antonio, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to* Sebastian.

Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to* Olivia.

A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.

Malvolio, *a fantastical Steward to* Olivia.

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Confident to* Olivia.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *a City on the Coast of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF Musick be the Food of Love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting
The Appetite may sicken, and so die.
That Strain again, it had a dying Fall:
O, it came o'er my Ear, like the sweet Wind
That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O Spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy Capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea; Nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so e'er,
But falls into Abatement, and low Price,
Even in a Minute; so full of Shapes is Fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio*?

Cur. The Hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have:
O when mine Eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought she purg'd the Air of Pestilence;
That Instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my Desires, like fell and cruel Hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what News from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her Hand-maid do return this Answer:
The Element it self, 'till seven Years heat,
Shall not behold her Face at ample View;
But like a Cloystress she will vailed walk,
And water once a Day her Chambers round
With Eye-offending Brine: All this to season
A Brother's dead Love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad Remembrance.

Duke. O she that hath a Heart of this fine Frame,
To pay this Debt of Love but to a Brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden Shaft
Hath kill'd the Flock of all Affections else
That live in her! When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
These soveraign Thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd
Her sweet Perfections with one self-same King:
Away before me, to sweet Beds of Flowers,
Love Thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with Bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. What Country, Friends, is this?

Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?
My Brother he is in *Elizium*.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, Sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor Brother! And so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam; and to comfort you with Chance,
Assure your self, after our Ship did split,
When you, and those poor Number saved with you,

Hung

Hung on your driving Boat: I saw your Brother,
Most provident in Peril, bind himself,
Courage and Hope both teaching him the Practice,
To a strong Mast that liv'd upon the Sea,
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphin's Back,
I saw him hold Acquaintance with the Waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine own Escape unfoldeth to my Hope,
Whereto thy Speech serves for Authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three Hours Travel from this very Place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in Nature, as in Name.

Vio. What is his Name?

Cap. *Orsino.*

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my Father Name him,
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a Month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in Murmur, as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,
That he did seek the Love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous Maid, the Daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve Months since, then leaving her
In the Protection of his Son, her Brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear Love,
They say, she had abjur'd the Sight
And Company of Men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the World,
'Till I had made mine own Occasion mellow
What my Estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of Suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair Behavior in thee, Captain;
And tho' that Nature, with a beauteous Wall
Doth oft close in Pollution; yet of thee,

I will believe thou hast a Mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward Character.
I prethee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my Aid,
For such Disguise as haply shall become
The Form of my Intent. I'll serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy Pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his Service.
What else may hap, to Time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy Silence to my Wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be.
When my Tongue blabs, then let mine Eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a Plague means my Neece to take the Death of her Brother thus? I am sure Care's an Enemy to Life.

Mar. By my Troth, Sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier a Nights; your Cousin, my Lady, takes great Exceptions to your ill Hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest Limits of Order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these Clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these Boots too; and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own Straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it Yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one Night here, to be her Wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a Man as any's in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to th' Purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand Ducats a Year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a Year in all these Ducats: He's a very Fool, and a Prodigal.

Sir

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so: He plays o'th' Viol-de-Gambo, and speaks three or four Languages Word for Word without Book, and hath all the good Gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a Fool, he's a great Quarreller; and but that he hath the Gift of a Coward to allay the Gust he hath in Quarrelling, 'tis thought among the Prudent, he would quickly have the Gift of a Grave.

Sir To. By this Hand they are Scoundrels and Substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your Company.

Sir To. With drinking Healths to my Neece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a Passage in my Throat, and Drink in *Illyria*. He's a Coward and a Coystril that will not drink to my Neece 'till his Brains turn o'th' Toe like a Parish Top. What Wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* How now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better Acquaintance.

Mar. My Name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress *Mary* accost.

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: Accost is, front her, board her, woe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my Troth, I would not undertake her in this Company. Is that the Meaning of Accost?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou migh'st never draw Sword again.

Sir And. And you part so, Mistress, I would I might never draw Sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have Fools in Hand?

Mar

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' Hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my Hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, Thought is free: I pray you bring your Hand to th' Buttery Bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet Heart? What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an Ass, but I can keep my Hand dry. But what's your Jest?

Mar. A dry Jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my Finger Ends: Marry, now I let go your Hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a Cup of Canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your Life, I think, unless you see Canary put down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more Wit than a Christian, or an ordinary Man has; but I am a great Eater of Beef, and I believe that do's harm to my Wit.

Sir To. No Question.

Sir And. And I thought that I'd forswear it. I'll ride home, to Morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. *Pur-quoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pur-quoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the Tongues, that I have in Fencing, Dancing, and Bear-baiting: O had I but follow'd the Arts.

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent Herd of Hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my Hair?

Sir To. Past Question, for thou seest it will not cool my Nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like Flax on a Distaff; and I hope to see a Housewife take thee between her Legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to Morrow, Sir *Toby*, your Neece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: The Duke himself here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her Degree, neither in Estate, Years, nor Wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's Life in't Man.

Sir And.

Sir And. I'll stay a Month longer. I am a Fellow o'th'strangest Mind i'th' World: I delight in Masks and Revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these Kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any Man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the Degree of my Betters, and yet I will not compare with an old Man.

Sir To. What is thy Excellence in a Galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a Caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the Back-trick, simply as strong as any Man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these Gifts a Curtain before 'em? Are they like to take Dust, like Mistress *Malls* Picture? Why dost thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very Walk should be a Jig! I would not so much as make Water but in a Sink-a-pace: What dost thou mean? Is it a World to hide Virtues in? I did not think, by the Excellent Constitution of thy Leg, it was form'd under the Star of a Galliard.

Ser And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd-colour'd Stocken. Shall we sit about some Revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else; were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? That's Sides and Heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is Legs and Thighs. Let me see thee Caper, Ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in Man's Attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these Favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three Days, and already you are no Stranger.

Vio. You either fear his Humour, or my Negligence, that you call in question the Continuance of his Love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his Favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: Here comes the Duke.
Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, hoa?
Vio. On your Attendance, my Lord, here.
Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*,
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the Book even of my secret Soul.
Therefore, good Youth, address thy Gate unto her,
Be not deny'd Access, stand at her Doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed Foot shall grow
Till thou have Audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her Sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil Bounds,
Rather than make unprofited Return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my Lord, what then?
Duke. O then, unfold the Passion of my Love,
Surprize her with Discourse of my dear Faith;
It shall become thee well to act my Woes;
She will attend it better in thy Youth,
Than in a Nuncio's of more grave Aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my Lord.
Duke. Dear Lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy Years,
That say thou art a Man: *Diana*'s Lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small Pipe
Is as the Maiden's Organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a Woman's Part.
I know thy Constellation is right apt
For this Affair: Some four or five attend him,
All if you will; For I my self am best
When least in Company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his Fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet a barful Strife,
Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria, *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my Lips so wide as a Bristle may enter in way of thy Excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy Absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this World needs fear no Colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good Lenten Answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no Colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress *Mary*?

Mar. In the Wars, and that may you be bold to say in your Foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them Wisdom that have it; and those that are Fools let them use their Talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away, it not this as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good Hanging prevents a bad Marriage; and for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two Points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your Gaskings fall.

Clo. Apt in good Faith, very apt: Well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave Drinking, thou wert as witty a Piece of *Eve*'s Flesh, as any in *Illyria.*

Mar. Peace, you Rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my Lady; make your Excuse wisely you were best.

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good Fooling; those Wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove Fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise Man. For what says *Quinapalus,* Better a witty Fool than a foolish Wit. God bless thee, Lady.

Oli. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, Fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry Fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two Faults, *Madona*, that Drink and good Counsel will amend; for give the dry Fool Drink, then is the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest Man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: Virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with Sin, and Sin that amends is but patch'd with Virtue. If that this simple Sillogism will serve, so; if it will not, what Remedy? as there is no true Cuckold but Calamity, so Beauty's a Flower: The Lady bad take away the Fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest Degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that as much as to say, as I were not motley in my Brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a Fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your Proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*, Good my Mouse of Virtue answer.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other Idleness, I'll bide your Proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good Fool, for my Brother's Death.

Clo. I think his Soul is in Hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his Soul is in Heaven, Fool.

Clo. The more Fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your Brother's Soul being in Heaven: Take away the Fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the Pangs of Death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the Wise, doth ever make the better Fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy Infirmity, for the better increasing your Folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not pass his Word for two Pence that you are no Fool.

Oli.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes Delight in such a barren Rascal; I saw him put down the other Day with an ordinary Fool that has no more Brains than a Stone. Look you now, he's out of his Guard already; unless you laugh and minister Occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise Men that crow so at these set kind of Fools, no better than the Fools *Zanies.*

Oli. O you are sick of Self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd Appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free Disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts that you deem Canon-Bullets: There is no Slander in an allow'd Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet Man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with learning, for thou speak'st well of Fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the Gate a young Gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino* is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my People hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but Madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a Suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.
Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and People dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a Fool: whose Scull *Jove* cram with Brains, for here he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia mater.*

Oli. By mine Honour half drunk. What is he at the Gate, Cousin?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

Sir To.

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A Plague o'these pickle Herring: How now, Sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Oli. Cousin, Cousin, how have you come so early by this Lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I defie Letchery: There's one at the Gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil and he will, I care not: Give me Faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken Man like, Fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd Man, a Fool, and a Madman: One Draught above heat makes him a Fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Coz; for he's in the third Degree of Drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the Fool shall look to the Madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a Fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any Denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told so; and he says he'll stand at your Door like a Sheriff's Post, and be the Supporter to a Bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' Man is he?

Mal. Why, of Mankind.

Oli. What manner of Man?

Mal. Of very ill Manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what Personage and Years is he.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a Man, nor young enough for a Boy; as a Squash is before 'tis a Peascod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple: 'tis with him in standing Water, between Boy and Man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks

speaks very shrewishly; one would think his Mother's Milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my Vail: Come, throw it o'er my Face; We'll once more hear *Orsino*'s Embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the House, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your Will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Beauty---I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the House, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my Speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great Pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustain no Scorn; I am very Comptible, even to the least sinister Usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that Question's out of my Part. Good gentle one, give me modest Assurance, if you be the Lady of the House, that I may proceed in Speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound Heart; and yet, by the very Pangs of Malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the House?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; But this is from my Commission. I will on with my Speech in your Praise, and then shew you the Heart of my Message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the Praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great Pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my Gates, and allow'd your Approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have Reason, be brief; 'tis not the time of the Moon with me, to make one in so skipping a Dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist Sail, Sir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good Swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady: Tell me your Mind, I am a Messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous Matter to deliver, when the Curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alone concerns your Ear. I bring no Overture of War, no Taxations of Homage; I hold the Olive in my Hand: My Words are as full of Peace as Matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The Rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my Entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a Maiden-head; to your Ears, Divinity; to any others, Prophanation.

Oli. Give us the Place alone. [*Exit* Maria. We will hear this Divinity. Now, Sir, what is your Text.

Vio. Most sweet Lady.

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the Text?

Vio. In *Orsino*'s Bosom.

Oli. In his Bosom? In what Chapter of his Bosom?

Vio. To answer by the Method, in the first of his Heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is Heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam let me see your Face.

Oli. Have you any Commission from your Lord to negotiate with my Face? You are now out of your Text; but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the Picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure Wind and Weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning Hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,
If you will lead these Graces to the Grave,
And leave the World no Copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers Schedules of my Beauty. It shall be inventoried, and

and every Particle and Utensil labell'd to my Will. As, *Item*, two Lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey Eyes, with Lids to them. *Item*, One Neck, one Chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O such Love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With Adorations, fertile Tears,
With Groans that thunder Love, with Sighs of Fire.

Oli. Your Lord do's know my Mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him Virtuous, know him Noble,
Of great Estate, of fresh and stainless Youth;
In Voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in Dimension, and the Shape of Nature,
A gracious Person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his Answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Master's Flame,
With such a Suff'ring, such a deadly Life:
In your Denial I would find no Sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a Willow Cabin at your Gate,
And call upon my Soul within the House;
Write loyal Cantons of contemned Love,
And sing them loud even in the Dead of Night:
Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,
And make the babling Gossip of the Air
Cry out, *Olivia*: O you should not rest
Between the Elements of Air and Earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your Pains; spend this for me.
Vio. I am no Fee'd-post, Lady; keep your Purse:
My Master, not my self, lacks Recompence.
Love make his Heart of Flint, that you shall love,
And let your Fervour like my Master's be,
Plac'd in Contempt: Farewel, fair Cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your Parentage?
Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman——I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy Tongue, thy Face, thy Limb, Actions, and Spirit,
Do give thee five-fold Blazon——not too fast——soft, soft,
Unless the Master were the Man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks I feel this Youth's Perfections,
With an invisible and subtil Stealth
To creep in at mine Eyes. Well, let it be——
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your Service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish Messenger,
The Duke's Man; he left this Ring behind him;
Would I, or not: Tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with Hopes, I am not for him:
If that the Youth will come this way to Morrow,
I'll give him Reason for't by thee, *Malvolio.*
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do, I know not what, and fear to find
Mine Eye too great a Flatterer for my Mind:
Fate, shew thy Force, our selves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. WILL you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your Patience, no: My Stars shine darkly over me; the Malignancy of my Fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my Evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your Love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth, Sir, my determinate Voyage is meer extravagancy: But I perceive in you so excellent a Touch of Modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in, therefore it charges me in Manners the rather to express my self: You must know of me then, *Antonio*, my Name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*, my Father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one Hour; if the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended: But you, Sir, alter'd that, for some Hours before you took me from the Breach of the Sea, was my Sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the Day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with much estimable Wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a Mind that Envy could not but call fair: She is drown'd already, Sir, with salt Water, tho' I seem to drown her Remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad Entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your Trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my Love, let me be your Servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my Bosom is full of Kindness, and I am yet so near the Manners of my Mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine Eyes will tell Tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino*'s Court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee.
I have made Enemies in *Orsino*'s Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That Danger shall seem Sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio *at several Doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my Pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord in a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his Affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: Receive it so.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your Eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That sure methought her Eyes had lost her Tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly:
She loves me sure, the cunning of her Passion
Invites me in this churlish Messenger.
None of my Lord's Ring? Why, he sent her none,
I am the Man——If it be so as 'tis,
Poor Lady, she were better love a Dream,
Disguise, I see thou art a Wickedness,

Wherein

Wherein the pregnant Enemy does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In Womens waxen Hearts to set their Forms!
Alas, our Frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are, we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge? My Master loves her dearly,
And I, poor Monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am a Man,
My State is desperate for my Master's Love;
As I am a Woman, now alas the day,
What thriftless Sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a Knot for me t'unty. [*Exit*.

SCENE III. Olivia's *House*.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: Not to be a-bed after Midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: But I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false Conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd Can; to be up after Midnight, and to go to Bed then, is early; so that to go to Bed after Midnight, is to go to Bed betimes. Does not our Lives consist of the four Elements?

Sir And. 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of Eating and Drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a Scholar, let us therefore eat and drink, *Marina* I say, a stoop of Wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now my Hearts; did you never see the Picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome Ass, now let's have a Catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the Fool has an excellent Breast. I had rather than forty Shillings I had such a Leg, and so sweet a Breath to sing, as the Fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last Night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of

Queubus; 'twas very good i'faith: I sent thee six Pence for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s Nose is no Whip-stock. My Lady has a white Hand, and the Mirmidons are no Bottle-Ale-houses.

Sir And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a Song.

Sio To. Come on, there is six Pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a Testril of me too; if one Knight give a———

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good Life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good Life.

Clown sings.

O Mistress mine, where are you roming?
O stay and hear, your true Love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting,
Journeys end in Lovers meeting,
Every wise Man's Son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is Love, 'tis not hereafter,*
Present Mirth hath present Laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a Stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous Voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious Breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the Nose, it is Dulcet in Contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the Night-Owl in a Catch, that will draw three Souls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. And you love me, let's do't: I am a Dog at a Catch.

Clo.

Clo. Byr Lady, Sir, and some Dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knave,* Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me Knave. Begin, Fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i'faith: Come, begin. [*They sing a Catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a Catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio,* and bid him turn you out of Doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan,* we are Politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsey,* and *Three merry Men be we.* Am not I Consanguinious? Am not I of her Blood! *Tilly Valley, Lady! There dwelt a Man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable Fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better Grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O Twelfth Day of* December. [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no Wit, Manners, nor Honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of Night? Do ye make an Ale-house of my Lady's House, that ye squeak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of Voice? Is there no respect of Place, Persons, nor Time in you.

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our Catches. Sneck up.

Mal. Sir *Toby,* I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her Kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your Disorders. If you can separate your self and your Misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House: If not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear Heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His Eyes do shew his Days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never dye.

Clo.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much Credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: Art thou any more than a Steward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and Ginger ſhall be hot i'th' Mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your Chain with Crums. A Stoop of Wine, *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's Favour at any thing more than Contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil Rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this Hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your Ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a Man's a hungry, to challenge him the Field, and then to break Promiſe with him, and make a Fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver thy Indignation to him by word of Mouth.

Mar. Sweet, Sir *Toby*, be patient for to Night; ſince the Youth of the Duke's was to Day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common Recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my Bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a Dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite Reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite Reaſon for't, but I have Reaſon good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a Time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſs, that Cons State without Book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with Excellencies, that it is his ground of Faith, that all that look

on him, love him; and on that Vice in him will my Revenge find notable Cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of Love, wherein, by the colour of his Beard, the shape of his Leg, the manner of his Gate, the expressure of his Eye, Forehead, and Complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a Device.

Sir And. I have't in my Nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neice, and that she is in Love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a Horse of that Colour.

Sir And. And your Horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable,

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my Physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the Letter: Observe his Construction of it: for this Night to Bed, and dream on the Event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good Night, *Penthisilea.*

Sir And. Before me, she's a good Wench.

Sir To. She's a Beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to Bed, Knight: Thou hadst need send for more Mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for Mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some Sack, 'tis too late to go to Bed now: Come, Knight, come, Knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some Musick; now good morrow, Friends:
Now good, *Cesario*, but that peice of Song,
That old and antick Song we heard last Night;
Methought it did relieve my Passion much,
More than light Airs, and recollected Terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pac'd Times.
Come, but one Verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Jester, my Lord, a Fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s Father took much delight in. He is about the House.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the Tune the while. [*Musick.*

Come hither, Boy, if ever thou shalt Love,
In the sweet Pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all Motions else,
Save in the constant Image of the Creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this Tune?

Vio. It gives a very Eccho to the Seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My Life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine Eye
Hath staid upon some Favour that it loves:
Hath it not, Boy?

Vio. A little, by your Favour.

Duke. What kind of Woman is't?

Vio. Of your Complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What Years, i'faith?

Vio. About your Years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heav'n; Let still the Woman take
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her Husband's Heart.
For, Boy, however we do praise our selves,

Our

Our Fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than Womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy Love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy Affection cannot hold the bent:
For Women are as Roſes, whoſe fair Flower
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall the very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: Alas, that they are ſo.
To dye, even when they to Perfection grow.

Enter Curio *and Clown.*

Duke. O Fellow come, the Song we had laſt night.
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The Spinſters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free Maids that weave their Thread with Bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the Innocence of Love,
Like the old Age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I prethee ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in ſad Cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, Breath,
I am ſlain by a fair Cruel Maid.
My Shrowd of white, ſtuck all with Yew, O prepare it.
My part of Death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a Flower, not a Flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a Friend, not a Friend greet
My poor Corps, where my Bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand Sighs to ſave, lay me O where
Sad true Lover never find my Grave, to weep there.

Duke. There's for thy Pains,

Clo. No Pains, Sir, I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy Pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and Pleaſure will be paid one time, or other.

Duke.

Duke. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Taylor make thy Doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy Mind is a very Opal. I would have Men of such Constancy put to Sea, that their Business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good Voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same sovereign Cruelty:
Tell her my Love, more noble than the World,
Prizes not quantity of dirty Lands,
The Parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
'Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that Miracle, and Queen of Jems
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my Soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir.

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your Love as great a pang of Heart
As you have for *Olivia*: You cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no Woman's Sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a Passion,
As Love doth give my Heart: No Woman's Heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack retention.
Alas, their Love may be call'd Appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suffers Surfeit, Cloyment, and Revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that Love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love Women to Men do owe:
In faith they are as true of Heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her History?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this Love indeed?
We Men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our Vows, but little in our Love.

Duke. But dy'd thy Sister of her Love, my Boy?

Vio. I am all the Daughters of my Father's House,
And all the Brothers too——and yet I know not——.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the Theam.
To her in haste; give her this Jewel: Say,
My Love can give no place, bid no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this Sport, let me be boil'd to Death with Melancholly.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally Sheep-biter, come by some notable Shame?

Fab. I would exult, Man; you know he brought me out of Favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. And we do not 'tis pity of our Lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little Villain: How now, my Nettle of *India*?

Mar. Get ye all three into the Box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this Walk, he has been yonder i'th' Sun practising Behaviour to his own Shadow this half hour: Observe him for the love of Mockery; for I know this Letter will make a Contemplative Ideot of him. Close, in the Name of Jesting, lye thou there; for here comes the Trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is Fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my Complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted Respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning Rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey-Cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd Plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the Rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah Rogue.

Sir And. Pistol him, Pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is Example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy* married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel*.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how Imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three Months married to her, sitting in my State.

Sir To. O for a Stone-bow to hit him in the Eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet Gown; having come from a Day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the Humour of State; and after a demure Travel of Regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs——To ask for my Kinsman *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and Shackles.

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seven of my People with an obedient Start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my Watch, or play with some rich Jewel. *Toby* approaches, Courtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab.

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with Cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar Smile with an austere regard of Controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow on the Lips then?

Mal. Saying, Cousin *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast me on your Neice, give me this Prerogative of Speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your Drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, Scab.

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the Sinews of our Plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the Treasure of your Time, with a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What Employment have we here? [*Taking up a Letter.*

Fab. Now is the Woodcock near the Gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! Now the Spirit of Humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my Life this is my Lady's hand: These be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is in Contempt of question her Hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good Wishes; Her very Phrases: By your leave, Wax. Soft! and the Impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, Liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I Love, but who, Lips do not move, no Man must know.* No Man must know——What follows? The Numbers alter'd——No Man must know——
If this should be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but Silence, like a Lucress Knife.
With boldness stroke my Heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth sway my Life,*

Fab. A Fustian Riddle.

Sir To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my Life —— Nay, but first let me see —— let me see ——

Fab. What a dish of Poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what Wing the Stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore. Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal Capacity. There is no obstruction in this —— and the end —— what should that Alphabetical position portend. If I could make that resemble something in me? Softly —— *M. O. A. I.* ——

Sir To. O. I. make up that, he is now at a cold Scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. —— *Malvolio* —— *M.* —— why that begins my Name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Cur is excellent at Faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the Sequel; that suffers under Probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any Eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your Heels, than Fortunes before you.

Mal. M O. A. I. —— This Simulation is not as the former —— And yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows Prose —— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of Greatness; some are born Great, some atchieve Greatness, and some have Greatness put upon them. Thy Fates open their Hands, let thy Blood and Spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble Slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with Servants: Let thy Tongue tang Arguments of State; put thy self into the Trick of Singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember, go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: If not, let me see thee a*

Steward

Steward still, the Fellow of Servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's Fingers. Farewel. She that would alter Services with thee. The fortunate and happy Day-light and Champian discovers not more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off gross Acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very Man. I do now fool my self, to let Imagination jade me; for every Reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow Stockings of late, she did praise my Leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my Love, and with a kind of Conjunction drives me to these Habits of her liking. I thank my Stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow Stockings and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my Stars be praised. Here is yet a Postscript. *Thou canst not chuse to know who I am; if thou entertainest my Love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy Smiles become thee well. Therefore in my Presence still smile, Dear my Sweet, I prethee. Jove,* I thank thee, I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this Sport for a Pension of Thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this Wench for this Device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other Dowry with her, but such another Jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble Gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy Foot o'my Neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my Freedom at Tray-trip, and become thy Bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a Dream, that when the Image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua-vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the Fruits of the Sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: He will come to her in yellow Stockings, and 'tis a Colour she abhors; and cross-

garter'd, a Fashion she detests: And he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her Disposition, being addicted to Melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable Contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the Gates, Tartar, thou most excellent Devil of Wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Viola *and Clown.*

Vio. SAVE thee, Friend, and thy Musick: Dost thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir, I do live by the Church: For I do live at my House, and my House doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: Or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, Sir: To see this Age! A Sentence is but a chev'ril Glove to a good Wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with Words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my Sister had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton: But indeed, Words are very Rascals, since Bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy Reason, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without Words, and Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove Reason with them.

Vio.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my Conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no Folly, ſhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her Fool, but her corrupter of Words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, he does walk about the Orb like the Sun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the Fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your Wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's Expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next Commodity of Hair, ſend thee a Beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my Chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging, but a Beggar: *Creſſida* was a Beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might ſay, Element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This Fellow is wiſe enough to play the Fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of Wit:
He muſt obſerve their Mood on whom he Jeſts,
The Quality of the Perſons, and the Time;
And like the Haggard, check at every Feather
That comes before his Eye. This is a practice
As full of Labour as a Wiſe-man's Art:

For Folly that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise Mens Folly fall'n, quite taint their Wit.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous guard Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi, vostre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are, and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the House, my Neice is desirous you should enter, if your Trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, she is the List of my Voyage.

Sir To. Taste your Legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My Legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my Legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with Gate and Entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the Heav'ns rain Odours on you.

Sir And. That Youth's a rare Courtier! rain Odours! well.

Vio. My Matter hath no Voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed Ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the Garden Door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.
Give me your Hand, Sir.

Vio. My Duty, Madam, and most humble Service.

Oli. What is your Name?

Vio. Cesario is your Servant's Name, fair Princess.

Oli. My Servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry World,
Since lowly feigning was call'd Complement:
Y'are Servant to the Duke *Orsino*, Youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your Servant's Servant is your Servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: For his Thoughts,
Would they were Blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle Thoughts
On his behalf

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another Suit,
I had rather hear you to sollicit that,
Than Musick from the Spheres.
Vio. Dear Lady.
Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send
After the last Enchantment you did hear,
A Ring in Chase of you. So did I abuse
My self, my Servant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard Construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine Honour at the Stake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzzled Thoughts.
That tyrannous Heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shewn, a Cypress, not a Bosom,
Hides my poor Heart. So let us hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to Love.
Vio. No not a grice: For 'tis a vulgar Proof
That very oft we pity Enemies.
Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again;
O World, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much better
To fall before the Lion, than the Wolf;
[*Clock strikes.*
The Clock upbraids me with the waste of Time.
Be not afraid, good Youth, I will not have you;
And yet when Wit and Youth is come to harvest,
Your Wife is like to reap a proper Man:
There lyes your way, due West.
Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good Disposition attend your Ladyship.
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?
Oli. Stay; I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your Fool.
Oli. O what a deal of Scorn looks beautiful,
In the Contempt and Anger of his Lip!
A murderous Guilt shews not it self more soon,
Than Love that would seem hid: Love's Night is Noon.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By Maid-hood, Honour, Truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy Pride,
Nor Wit, nor Reason, can my Passion hide.
Do not extort thy Reasons from this Clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no Cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought, is good; but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By Innocence I swear, and by my Youth,
I have one Heart, one Bosom, and one Truth,
And that no Woman has, nor never none
Shall Mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam, never more.
Will I my Master's Tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move
That Heart, which now abhors to like his Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer,
Sir To. Thy Reason, dear Venom, give thy Reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your Reason, Sir *Andrew.*
Sir And. Marry, I saw your Neice do more Favours to the Duke's Serving-man, than ever she bestow'd upon me. I saw't i'th' Orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old Boy, tell me that?
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great Argument of Love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight; will you make an Ass o'me?
Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the Oaths of Judgment and Reason.

Sir

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men, since before *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fab. She did shew Favour to the Youth in your Sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse Valour, to put Fire in your Heart, and Brimstone in your Liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent Jests, fire-new from the Mint, you should have bang'd the Youth into Dumbness. This was look'd for at your Hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this Opportunity you let Time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the North of my Lady's Opinion, where you will hang like an Isickle on a *Dutchman*'s Beard, unless you do redeem it by some Attempt, either of Valour or Policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, is must be with Valour, for Policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy Fortunes upon the Basis of Valour. Challenge me the Duke's Youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven Places, my Neice shall take Note of it, and assure thy self, there is no Love-broker in the World can more prevail in Mens Commendation with Women, than Report of Valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a Challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial Hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of Invention; taunt him with the License of Ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many Lies as will lye in thy Sheet of Paper, although the Sheet were big enough for the Bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down, and go about it. Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Goose-Pen, no matter: About it.

Sir An. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, Lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't,

Sir To.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the Youth to an Anſwer. I think Oxen and Wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much Blood in his Liver as will clog the Foot of a Flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' Anatomy.

Fab. And his Oppoſite the Youth bears in his Viſage no great Preſage of Cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the Spleen, and will laugh your ſelves into Stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible Paſſages of Groſſneſs. He's in yellow Stockings.

Sir To. And Croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a Pedant that keeps a School i'th' Church: I have dog'd him like his Murtherer. He does obey every Point of the Letter that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his Face into more Lines than is in the new Map, with the Augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and tak't for a great Favour

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my Will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your Pleaſure of your Pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my Deſire,
More ſharp than filed Steel, did ſpur me forth,
And not all Love to ſee you, tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer Voyage.
But Jealouſie, what might befall your Travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe Parts; which to a Strange,
Ungui'ded and unfriended, often prove

Rough

Rough and unhospitable. My willing Love,
The rather by these Arguments of Fear
Set forth in your Pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other Answer make, but Thanks:
But were my Worth, as is my Conscience firm,
You should find better Dealing: What's to do?
Shall we go see the Relicks of this Town?

Ant. To Morrow, Sir, best first go see your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to Night,
I pray you let us satisfie our Eyes
With the Memorials, and the Things of Fame
That do renown this City.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me:
I do not without Danger walk these Streets.
Once in a Sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his Gallies,
I did some Service, of such Note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great Number of his People,

Ant. Th'Offence is not of such a bloody Nature,
Albeit the Quality of Time, and Quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody Argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffick's sake
Most of our City did. Only my self stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: Hold, Sir, here's my Purse
In the South Suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our Diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your Knowledge
With viewing of the Town, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your Purse?

Ant. Haply your Eye shall light upon some Toy
You have desire to purchase; and your Store
I think is not for idle Markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your Purse-bearer, and leave you
For an Hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. Olivia's *House.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For Youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud; where's *Malvolio*, he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a Servant with my Fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the Man is tainted in's Wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry Madness equal be.
How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smile fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad Occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad;
This does make some Obstruction in the Blood;
This cross-gartering, but what of that?
If it please the Eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how do'st thou Man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my Mind, though yellow in my Legs: It did come to his Hands, and Commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman Hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to Bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To Bed? ay, sweet Heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy Hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your Request!
Yes, Nightingales answer Daws.

Mar.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous Boldness before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatness; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have Greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy Yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. Wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli. Cross-garter'd

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a Servant still.

Oli. Why this is very Midsummer Madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentlemen of the Duke *Orsino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyship's Pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this Fellow be look'd to. Where's my Cousin *Toby*? let some of my People have a special Care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the Half of my Dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho, do you come near me now? No worse Man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! This concurs directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble Slough, says she; be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with Servants, let thy Tongue tang with Arguments of State, put thy self into the Trick of Singularity, and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad Face, a reverend Carriage, a slow Tongue, in the Habit of some Sir of Note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow! Not *Malvolio*, nor after my Degree, but Fellow. Why every

every thing adheres together, that no Dram of a Scruple, no Scruple of a Scruple; no Obstacle; no incredulous or unsafe Circumstance——What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full Prospect of my Hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the Doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the Name of Sanctity? If all the Devils in Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possest him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? How is't with you, Man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: Go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the Fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a Care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you do, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What Man, defie the Devil; consider he's an Enemy to Mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! and you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at Heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his Water to th' wise Woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to Morrow Morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, Mistress?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Prethee hold thy Peace, that is not the way: Do you not see you move him?

Fab. No way but Gentleness, gently, gently; the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now, my Havock? How dost thou, Chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay Biddy, come with me. What Man, 'tis not for Gravity to play at Cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him foul Collier.

Mar.

Mar. Get him to say his Prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My Prayers, Minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of Godliness.

Mal. Go, hang your selves all; you are idle shallow Things, I am not of your Element, you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a Stage now, I could condemn it as an unprofitable Fiction.

Sir To. His very Genius hath taken the Infection of the Device, Man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the Device take Air, and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The House will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark Room and bound. My Neece is already in the Belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our Pleasure and his Penance, 'till our very Pastime tired out of Breath, prompt us to have Mercy on him; at which time we will bring the Device to the Bar, and crown thee for the Finder of Madmen; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More Matter for a *May* Morning.

Sir And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's Vinegar and Pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: Do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy Fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire in thy Mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no Reason for't.

Fab. A very good Note, that keeps you from the Blow of the Law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, *and in my Sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy Throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good Sense-less.

Sir To.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy Chance to kill me———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a Rogue and a Villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy Side of the Law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon our Souls; he may have mercy upon mine, but my Hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy Friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn Enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit Occaſion for't: He is now in ſome Commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the Corner of the Orchard like a Bum-Baily; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible Oath, with a ſwaggering Accent ſharply twang'd off, gives Manhood more Approbation than ever Proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver this Letter; for the Behaviour of the young Gentleman gives him out to be of good Capacity and Breeding; his Imployment between his Lord and my Neece, confirms no leſs; therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no Terror in the Youth; he will find that it comes from a Clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver this Challenge by Word of Mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a noble Report of Valour, and drive the Gentleman, as I know his Youth will aptly receive it, into a moſt hideous Opinion of his Rage, Skill, Fury, and Impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the Look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horid Meſſage for a Challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I have ſaid too much unto a Heart of Stone,
And laid mine Honour too unchary on't,
There's ſomething in me that reproves my Fault;

But

But such a head-strong potent Fault it is,
That it but mocks Reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your Passion bears,
Goes on my Master's Grief.

Oli. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my Picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no Tongue to vex you:
And I beseech you come again to Morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, Honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true Love for my Master.

Oli. How with mine Honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to Morrow: Fare thee well,
A Fiend like thee might bear my Soul to Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That Defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what Nature the Wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy Intercepter full of Despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard End; dismount thy Tuck, be yare in thy Preparation, for thy Assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no Man hath any Quarrel to me; my Remembrance is very free and clear from any Image of Offence done to any Man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your Life at any Price, betake you to your Guard, for your Opposite hath in him, what Youth, Strength, Skill, and Wrath can furnish a Man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on Carpet Consideration, but he is a Devil in private Brawl; Souls and Bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his Incensement at this Moment is so implacable, that Satisfaction can be none but by Pangs of Death and Sepulcher: Hob, nod, is his Word; give't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the House, and desire some Conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of

some kind of Men, that put Quarrels purposely on others to taste their Valour: Belike this is a Man of that Quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: His Indignation drives it self out of a very competent Injury, therefore get you on, and give him his Desire. Back you shall not to the House, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your Sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear Iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous Office, as to know of the Knight what my Offence to him is: It is something of my Negligence, nothing of my Purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman 'till my Return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal Arbitrement, but nothing of the Circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of Man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful Promise to read him by his Form, as you are like to find him in the Proof of his Valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal Opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: Will you walk towards him? I will make your Peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my Mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why Man, he's a very Devil, I have not seen such a Virago: I had a Pass with him, Rapier, Scabbard and all; and he gives me the Stuck in with such a mortal Motion, that it is inevitable; and on the Answer, he pays you as surely as your Feet hit the Ground they step on. They say, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarce hold him.

Sir And. Plague on't, and I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'd have seen him damn'd e'er I'd

I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my Horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the Motion; stand here, make a good Shew on't, this shall end without the Perdition of Souls; marry I'll ride your Horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his Horse to take up the Quarrel, I have persuaded him the Youth's a Devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his Heels.

Sir To. There's no Remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's Oath sake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his Quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the Supportance of his Vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a Man.

Fab. Give Ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no Remedy; the Gentleman will for his Honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the Duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his Oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my Will.

Ant. Put up your Sword; if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the Fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his Love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an Undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your Sword up if you please. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my Word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the Man, do thy Office.
2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the Suit of Duke *Orsino*.
Ant. You mistake me, Sir.
1 *Off.* No, Sir, no Jot; I know your Favour well;
Tho' now you have no Sea-cap on your Head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you;
But there's no Remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my Necessity
Makes me to ask you for my Purse. It grieves me
Much more; for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my self: You stand amaz'd,
But be of Comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.
Ant. I must intreat of you some of that Mony.
Vio. What Mony, Sir?
For the fair Kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present Trouble,
Out of my lean and low Ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much,
I'll make Division of my Present with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my Deserts to you
Can lack Persuasion? Do not tempt my Misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a Man,
As to upbraid you with those Kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by Voice, or any Feature.
I hate Ingratitude more in a Man,
Than Lying, Vainness, Babling Drunkenness,
Or any Taint of Vice, whose strong Corruption
Inhabits our frail Blood.
Ant. Oh Heav'ns themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This Youth that you see here
I snatcht one Half out of the Jaws of Death,
Reliev'd him with such Sanctity of Love,
And to his Image, which methought did promise
Most venerable Worth, did I Devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us, the Time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vild an Idol proves this God!
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good Feature shame,
In Nature there's no Blemish but the Mind:
None can be call'd Deform'd but the Unkind.
Virtue is Beauty, but the beauteous Evil
Are empty Trunks, o'er-flourish'd by the Devil.

1 *Off.* The Man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his Words do from such Passion fly,
That he believes himself, so do not I:
Prove true Imagination, oh prove true,
That I, dear Brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a Couplet or two of most sage Saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my Brother know
Yet living in my Glass; even such, and so
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this Fashion, Colour, Ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove.
Tempests are kind, and salt Waves fresh in Love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry Boy, and more a Coward than a Hare; his Dishonesty appears in leaving his Friend here in Necessity, and denying him; and for his Cowardship ask *Fabian.*

Fab. A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never thy Sword.

Sir And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the Event.

Sir To. I dare lay any Mony 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Sebastian *and Clown.*

Clo. WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish Fellow, Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out i'faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your Name is not Master *Cesario*, nor this is not my Nose neither; nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy Folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my Folly! He has heard that Word of some great Man, and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my Folly! I am afraid this great Lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prithee now ungird thy Strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prethee foolish *Greek* depart from me, there's Mony for thee. If you tarry longer I shall give worse Payment.

Clo. By my Troth thou hast an open Hand; these wise Men that give Fools Mony, get themselves a good Report after fourteen Years Purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the People mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your Dagger o'er the House.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your Coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an Action of Battery against him, if there be any Law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, Yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy Hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young Soldier, put up your Iron; you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy Sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or two of this malapert Blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy Life I charge thee hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious Wretch,
Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
Where Manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my Sight.
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*.
Rudesby be gone. I prethee, gentle Friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair Wisdom, not thy Passion sway
In this uncivil and unjust Extent
Against thy Peace. Go with me to my House,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless Pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: Thou shall not chuse but go:
Do not deny, beshrew his Soul for me;
He started one poor Heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What Relish is in this? How runs the Stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a Dream.
Let Fancy still my Sense in *Lethe* steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Olivia's *House*.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown and this Beard make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the Function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be said an honest Man, and a good Housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful Man and a great Scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old Hermit of *Prague*, that never saw Pen and Ink, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorbodack*, that that is, is; so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this Prison.

Sir To. The Knave counterfeits well; a good Knave.

[Malvolio *within*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas* go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical Fiend, how vexest thou this Man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Mr. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was Man thus wrong'd, good Sir *Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous Darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest Terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with Curtesie: Say'st thou that House is dark?

Mal. As Hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows transparant as Baricadoes, and the clear Stones towards the South North, are as lustrous as Ebony; and yet complainest thou of Obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this House is dark.

Clo. Mad-man, thou errest; I say there is no Darkness but Ignorance, in which thou art more puzzel'd than the *Egyptians* in their Fogg.

Mal.

Mal. I say this House is as dark as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as dark as Hell; and I say there was never Man thus abus'd, I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant Question.

Clo. What is the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wild-foul?

Mal. That the Soul of our Grandam might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his Opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the Soul, and no way approve his Opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in Darkness, thou shalt hold th'Opinion of *Pythagoras*, e'er I will allow of thy Wits, and fear to kill a Woodcock, lest thou dispossess the House of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all Waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy Beard and Gown, he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own Voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this Knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my Neice, that I cannot pursue with any Safety this Sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my Lady does.* [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another——— Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and Pen, Ink, and Paper; as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fall you besides your five Wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never Man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my Wits, Fool, as thou art. *Clo.*

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your Wits than a Fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send Ministers to me, Asses, and do all they can to face me out of my Wits

Clo. Advise you what you say: The Minister is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy Wits the Heav'ns restore: Endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no Words with him, good Fellow. Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God buy you, good Sir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, Fool, Fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir, I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good Fool, help me to some Light, and some Paper; I tell thee I am as well in my Wits, as any Man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this Hand I am: Good Fool, some Ink, Paper and Light; and convey what I will set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a Mad-man 'till I see his Brains. I will fetch you Light, and Paper, and Ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [*Singing.*
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your Need to sustain.
Who with Dagger of Lath, in his Rage and his Wrath,
Cries ah, ah, to the Devil:
Like a mad Lad, pair thy Nails, Dad,
Adieu, good Man Devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the Air, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,
That he did range the Town to seek me out.
His Counsel now might do me golden Service,
For tho' my Soul disputes well with my Sense,
That this may be some Error, but no Madness
Yet doth this Accident and Flood of Fortune,
So far exceed all Instance, all Discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine Eyes,
And wrangle with my Reason that persuades me
To any other Trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her House, command her Followers,
Take, and give back Affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable-bearing
As I perceive she does: There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy Man
Into the Chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated Roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your Faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful Soul
May live at Peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our Celebration keep
According to my Birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good Man, and go with you,
And having sworn Truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good Father, and Heav'n so shine,
That they may fairly note this Act of mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this Letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another Requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog. and in recompence deſire my Dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, Friends

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her Trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good Fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my Foes, and the worſe for my Friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy Friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an Aſs of me; now my Foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſs: So that by my Foes, Sir, I profit in the Knowledge of my ſelf, and by my Friends I am abuſed: So that Concluſions to be as Kiſſes, if your four Negatives make your two Affirmatives, why then the worſe for my Friends, and the better for my Foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my Friends.

Duke. Thou ſhall not be the worſe for me, there's Gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill Counſel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your Pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your Fleſh and Blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a Sinner to be a double-dealer: There's another.

Clo. Primo, Secundo, Tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: The triplex, Sir, is a good tripping

tripping Measure, or the Bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more Mony out of me at this throw: If you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my Bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your Bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of Covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your Bounty take a Nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the Man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That Face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoak of War:
A bawbling Vessel was he Captain of,
For shallow Draught and Bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful Grapple did he make,
With the most noble Bottom of our Fleet,
That very Envy, and the Tongue of Loss
Cry'd Fame and Honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phænix* and her Fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young Nephew *Titus* lost his Leg:
Here in the Streets, desperate of Shame and State,
In private Brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange Speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but Distraction.

Duke. Notable Pirate, thou salt Water Thief,
What foolish Boldness brought thee to their Mercies,
Whom thou in Terms so bloody, and so dear
Hast made thine Enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*: Noble Sir,
Be pleas'd, that I shake off these Names you give me:
Antonio never yet was Thief, or Pirate;
Though I confess, on base and groud enough,
Orsino's Enemy. A Witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful Boy, there by your Side,
From the rude Seas enrag'd and foamy Mouth

Did

Did I redeem; a wrack past Hope he was:
His Life I gave him, and did thereto add
My Love without Retention, or Restraint;
All this in Dedication. For his Sake,
Did I expose my self (pure for his Love)
Into the Danger of this adverse Town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false Cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in Danger)
Taught him to face me out of his Acquaintance,
And grew a twenty Years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own Purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not half an Hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this Town?

Ant. To Day, my Lord; and for three Months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's Vacancy,
Both Day and Night did we keep Company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now Heav'n walks on Earth;
But for thee, Fellow; Fellow, thy Words are Madness,
Three Months this Youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep Promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia.*

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario?* Good my Lord——

Vio. My Lord would speak, my Duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old Tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine Ear,
As howling after Musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, my Lord.

Duke. What to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars,
My Soul the faithfull'st Offerings have breath'd out
That e'er Devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli.

Oli. Even when it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do it,
Like to the *Egyptian* Thief, at point of Death
Kill what I love? a ſavage Jealouſie,
That ſometime ſavours nobly; but hear me this:
Since you to Non-Regardance caſt my Faith,
And that I partly know the Inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true Place in your Favour:
Live you the Marble-breaſted Tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel Eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his Maſter's Spight.
Come Boy with me, my Thoughts are ripe in Miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the Lamb that I do love.
To ſpight a Raven's Heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you Reſt a thouſand Deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe Eyes, more than my Life,
More by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love Wife.
If I do feign, you Witneſſes above
Puniſh my Life, for tainting of my Love.
Oli. Ay me, deteſted, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call for the holy Father.
Duke. Come, away.
Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, Husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her Husband, Sirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the Baſeneſs of thy Fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy Propriety:
Fear not *Ceſario*, take thy Fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter

Enter Priest.

O welcome, Father.
Father, I charge thee by thy Reverence
Here to unfold, tho' lately we intended
To keep in Darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe; what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this Youth and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternal Bond of Love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your Hands,
Attested by the holy close of Lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this Compact
Seal'd in my Function, by my Testimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, toward my Grave
I have travell'd but two Hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling Cub; what wilt thou be
When Time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy Case?
Or will not else thy Craft so quickly grow,
That thine own Trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy Feet,
Where thou and I, henceforth, may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O do not swear,
How little Faith, tho' thou hast too much Fear.

Enter Sir Andrew *with his Head broke.*

Sir And. For the Love of God a Surgeon, and one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my Head a-cross, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcomb too: For the Love of God your help, I had rather than forty Pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The Count's Gentlemen, one *Cesario*; we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devil incarnate.

Duke. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: You broke my Head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me, I never hurt you:
You drew your Sword upon me without Cause,
But I bespeake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody Coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody Coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, Gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, ha's hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didst thou see *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agone; his Eyes were set at eight i'th' Morning.

Sir To. Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Oli. Away with him? Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an Ass-head, and a Coxcomb, and a Knave, a thin fac'd Knave, a Gull? [*Exe. Clo.* To. & And.

Oli. Get him to Bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your Kinsman:
But had it been the Brother of my Blood,
I must have done no less with Wit and Safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the Vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One Face, one Voice, one Habit, and two Persons,
A natural Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'd thou that, *Antonio?*

Ant. How have you made Division of your self,
An Apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two Creatures. Which is *Sebastian!*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a Brother:
Nor can there be a Deity in my Nature

Of here and every where. I had a Sister,
Whom the blind Waves and Surges have devour'd:
Of Charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What Countryman? what Name? what Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my Brother too:
So went he suited to his watery Tomb.
If Spirits can assume both Form and Suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A Spirit I am indeed,
But am in that Dimension grosly clad,
Which from the Womb I did participate.
Were you a Woman, as the rest go even,
I should my Tears let fall upon your Cheek,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My Father had a Mole upon his Brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her Birth
Had numbred thirteen Years.

Seb. O that Record is lively in my Soul,
He finished indeed his mortal Act
That day that made my Sister thirteen Years.

Vio. If nothing letts to make us happy both,
But this my Masculine usurp'd Attire;
Do not Embrace me, 'till each Circumstance
Of Place, Time, Fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you a Captain in this Town
Where lye my Maiden Weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Duke.
All the Occurrence of my Fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook; [*To* Oli.
But Nature to her Bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein, by my Life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and Man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd, right Noble is his Blood;
If this be so, as yet the Glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy Wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* Viola.

Thou

Thou never ſhould'ſt love Woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in Soul,
As doth that orbed Continent, the Fire,
That ſevers Day from Night.

Duke. Give me thy Hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy Woman's Weeds.

Vio. The Captain that did bring me firſt on Shore,
Hath my Maids Garments: He upon ſome Action
Is now in Durance, at *Malvolio*'s Suit,
A Gentleman and Follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: Fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt exacting Frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, Sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the Staves end as well as a Man in his Caſe may do: H'as here writ a Letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day Morning. But as a mad Man's Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the Fool delivers the Mad-man —— *By the Lord, Madam.* [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read Madneſs: And your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Prethee read it i'thy rights Wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right Wits, is to read thus: Therefore perpend, my Princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the World ſhall know it: Though you have put me into Darkneſs, and given your drunken Couſin Rule over me, yet have I benefit of my Senſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelf much Right, or you*

much Shame: Think of me as you please: I leave my Duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my Injury.

The madly us'd *Malvolio*.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This savours not much of Distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My Lord, so you please, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a Sister, as a Wife,
One day shall crown th'Alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my House, and at my proper Cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.
Your Master quits you; and for your Service done him,
So much against the Metal of your Sex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Here is my Hand, you shall from this time be
Your Master's Mistress.

Oli. A Sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad Man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now *Malvolio*!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray peruse you that Letter,
You must not now deny it is your Hand.
Write from it if you can, in Hand or Phrase,
Or say 'tis not your Seal, nor your Invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of Honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of Favour,
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow Stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter People?
And acting this in an obedient Hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark House, visited by the Priest,
And make the most notorious Geck or Gull
That e'er Invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my Writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the Character:
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria*'s Hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such Forms, which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: Prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
But when we know the Grounds and Authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plantiff and the Judge
Of thine own Cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak,
And let no Quarrel, nor no Brawl to come,
Taint the Condition of this present Hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*
Set this Device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous Parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful Malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge,
If that the Injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor Fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why some are born Great, some atchieve Greatness, and some have Greatness thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this Interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one: By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren Rascal? And you smile not he's gagg'd: And thus the Whirl-gigg of Time brings in his Revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a Peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden Time convents,
A solemn Combination shall be made
Of our dear Souls. Mean time, sweet Sister,

We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come,
(For so you shall be, while you are a Man;)
But when in other Habits you are seen,
Orsino's Mistress, and his Fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tine Boy,
With hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain:
A foolish thing was but a Toy,
For the Rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to Man's Estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst Knaves and Thieves Men shut their Gate,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came at last to Wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came unto my Beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With Tospots still had drunken Heads,
For the Rain, &c.

A great while ago the World begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

P. 887

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady attending on* Hermione.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Attendants.

SCENE *partly in* Sicilia, *and partly in* Bohemia.

THE

THE

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

F you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my Services are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame us: We will be juſtified in our Loves; for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch Magnificence—— in ſo rare——I know not what to ſay——We will give you ſleepy Drinks, that your Senſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my Underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine Honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their Childhoods; and there rooted

rooted betwixt them then such an Affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Necessities, made separation of their Society; their Encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heav'ns continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*; it is a Gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant Child, one that, indeed, Physicks the Subject, makes old Hearts fresh: They that went on Crutches e'er he was born, desire yet their Life to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would desire to live on Crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry Star hath been
The Shepherd's Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen, Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my Brother, with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in Debt: And therefore, like a Cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, we thank you, many thousands more,
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my Fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say,

This

This is put forth too truly: Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your Royalty.
Leo. We are tougher, Brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leo. One sev'n night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.
Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th' World
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now
Were there necessity in your Request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My Affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your Love, a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge and Trouble: To save both,
Farewel, our Brother.
Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn Oaths from him, not to stay: You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: This Satisfaction
The by-gone-day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best Ward.
Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*
Her. To tell, he longs to see his Son, were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with Distaffs.
Yet of your Royal Presence, I'll adventure [*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a Week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, I'll give him my Commission,
To let him there a Month, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: Yet, good heed, *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' Clock behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will.
Pol. I may not verily.

Her.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber Vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verily
You shall not go; a Lady's verily is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest? So you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easie to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's Tricks and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twin'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: What we chang'd,
Was Innocence for Innocence; we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did; Had we pursu'd that Life,
And our weak Spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger Blood, we should have answer'd Heav'n
Boldly, Not Guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; so
In those unfledge'd days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the Eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no Conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are Devils. Yet go on,
Th' Offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue Fault; and that you slipt not
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my Lord.
Leo. At my Request he would not:
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better Purpose.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't before?
I prethee tell me; Cram's with Praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good Deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our Praises are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kiss a thousand Furlongs, e'er
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goal:
My last good Deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*,
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Months had sowr'd themselves to Death,
E'er I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thy self, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am your's for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I have spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot——— [*Aside.*
To mingle Friendship far, is mingling Bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me———my Heart dances,
But not for Joy———not Joy———This Entertainment
May a free Face put on; derives a Liberty
From Heartiness, from Bounty, fertile Bosom,

And

And we'll become the Agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be padling Palms, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glass——and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deer; oh, that is Entertainment
My Bosom likes not, nor my Brows——*Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I fecks!
Why that's my Bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We must be neat; not Neat, but cleanly, Captain,
And yet the Steer, the Heifer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling [*Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his Palm—— How now, you wanton Calf!
Art thou my Calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough Pash, and the Shoots that I have
To be full, like me. Yet they say we are
Almost as like as Eggs; Women say so,
That will say any thing; but were they false,
As o'er-dy'd Blacks, as Winds, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come, Sir Page,
Look on me with your welking Eye, sweet Villain.
Most dearest, my Collop——Can thy Dam? may't be——
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' Center.
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'st with Dreams——how can this be?
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And follow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the Infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is it with you, my best Brother?

Her.

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betrays its Folly!
It's Tenderness! and make it self a Pastime
To harder Bosoms! Looking on the Lines
Of my Boy's Face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three Years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Lest it should bite its Master, and so prove,
As Ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this Kernel,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Mony?
Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why happy Man be's dole. My Brother,
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Soldier, States-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day, short as *December*,
And with this varying Childness, cures in me
Thoughts, that should thick my Blood.
Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young Rover, he's
Apparent to my Heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'd be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give Line,
Go to, go to. [*Aside, observing* Her.
How she holds up the Neb! the Bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a Wife. [*Exeunt* Polix. Her. *and Attendants. Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.

To

To her allowing Husband. Gone already!
Inch thick, Knee deep; o'er Head and Ears a fork'd one.
Go play, Boy, play—— Thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose Issue
Will hiss me to my Grave; Contempt and Clamour
Will be my Knell. Go play, Boy, play—— There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, Cuckolds e'er now;
And many a Man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his Wife by th' Arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbour, by
Sir Smile his Neighbour: Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other Men have Gates, and those Gates open'd,
As mine, against their Will. Should all despair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From East, West, North and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With Bag and Baggage: Many a thousand of's
Have the Disease, and feel't not. How now, Boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*, thou'rt an honest Man:
[*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home,

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did stay?

Cam.

Cam. At the good Queen's Entreaty.
Leo. At the Queen's be't; Good ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding Pate but thine?
For the Conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks, not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? By ſome Severals
Of Head-piece extraordinary? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this Buſineſs purblind? Say.
Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſs.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th' Entreaties of your Miſtreſs? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the neareſt things to my Heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein, Prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſom: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.
Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord.
Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes Honeſty behind, reſtraining
From Courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Servant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a Fool,
That ſeeſt a Game plaid home, the rich Stake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for Jeſt.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful,
In every one of theſe; no Man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongſt the infinite Doing of the World,
Sometimes puts forth in your Affairs, my Lord.
If ever I were wilful negligent,

 If

It was my Folly; if industriously
I play'd the Fool, it was my Negligence,
Not weighing well the End; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the Issue doubted,
Whereof the Execution did cry out
Against the Non-performance, 'twas a Fear
Which oft infects the Wisest: These, my Lord,
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that Honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespass
By its own Visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen, *Camillo?*
(But that's past Doubt; you have, or your Eye-glass
Is thicker than a Cuckold's Horn) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or Thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that Man, that do's not think)
My Wife is slippery? If thou wilt, confess,
Or else be impudently Negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy Horse, deserves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her Troth-plight: Say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a Stander-by, to hear
My Sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
My present Vengeance taken; 'shrew my Heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were Sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is Whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? Is meeting Noses?
Kissing with inside Lip? Stopping the Carreer
Of Laughter, with a Sigh? A Note infallible
Of breaking Honesty: horsing Foot on Foot?
Skulking in Corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Hours Minutes? The Noon Midnight? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering Sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,

My

My Wife is nothing, nor nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross Lowt, a mindless Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine Eyes at once see Good and Evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my Wife's Liver
Infected, as her Life, she would not live
The running of one Glass

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medal, hanging
About his Neck, *Bohemia*; who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bear Eyes
To see a like mine Honour, as their Profits,
Their own particular Thrifts, they would do that,
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner Form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as Heav'n sees Earth, and Earth sees Heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lasting Wink,
Which Draught to me were Cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like a Poison; But I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Mistress,
So soveraignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy Question, and go rot:
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsetled,
To appoint my self in this Vexation?
Sully the Purity and Whiteness of my Sheets,
Which to preserve, is Sleep; which being spotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps;

Give

Give Scandal to the Blood o'th' Prince, my Son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could Man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your Son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own Course have set down:
I'll give no Blemish to her Honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a Countenance as clear
As Friendship wears at Feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my Heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady: But for me!
What Case stand I in? I must be the Poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my Ground to do't,
Is the Obedience to a Master, one,
Who in Rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To this Deed
Promotion follows. If I could find Example
Of Thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'ld not do't: But since
Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villany it self forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court; To do't, or no, is certain
To me a Break-neck. Happy Star, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange? Methinks
My Favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good Day, *Camillo.*
Cam. Hail, moſt Royal Sir,
Pol. What is the News i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a Countenance,
As had he loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: Even now I met him
With cuſtomary Complement, when he
Wafting his Eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lip of much Contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is Breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what do you know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd Complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A Party in this Alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a Sickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſilisk.
I have look'd on Thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my Regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like expedienc'd, which no leſs Adorns
Our Gentry, than our Parents noble Names,
In whoſe Succeſs we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my Knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant Concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A Sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the Parts of Man,
Which Honour do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What Incidency thou dost guess of Harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my Counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your self and me,
Cry lost, and so good Night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo?*

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all Confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best Blood turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best;
Turn then my freshest Reputation to
A Savour, that may strike the dullest Nostril
Where I arrive; and my Approach be shun'd;
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st Infection
That e'er was h a·d, or read.

Cam. Swear his Thought over
By each particular Star in Heav'n, and
By all their i fl ences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As or by Oath remove, or Counsel shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose Foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my Honeſty,
That lyes incloſed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to Night;
Your Followers I will whiſper to the Buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral Poſterns,
Clear them o'th' City. For my ſelf, I'll put
My Fortunes to your Service, which are here
By this Diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the Honour of my Parents, I
Have utter'd Truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemned by the King's own Mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his Heart in's Face. Give me thy Hand;
Be Pilot to me, and thy Places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My People did expect my hence departure
Two Days ago. This Jealouſie
Is for a precious Creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he do's conceive,
He is diſhonour'd by a Man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; Why his Revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good Expedition be my Friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane Suſpicion. Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my Life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine Authority to command
The Keys of all the Poſterns: Pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent Hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, *and Ladies,*

Her. TAKE the Boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord,
Shall I be your Play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet Lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my Lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your Brows are blacker; yet black Brows, they say,
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much Hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a Half-Moon made with a Pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens Faces: Pray now,
What Colour be your Eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a Mock: I have seen a Lady's Nose
That has been blue, but not her Eye-brows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your Mother, rounds apace: We shall
Present our Services to a fine new Prince
One of these Days, and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulk, good Time encounter her.
Her. What Wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter.
I have one of Sprights and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: You're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a Man.
Her. Nay, come sit down; then on:
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly;
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine Ear.

Enter Leontes, Artigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the Tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I Men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser Knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no Venom; for his Knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
Th'abhorr'd Ingredient to his Eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides
With violent Hefts. I have drunk, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his Help in this, his Pander:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is mistrusted; that false Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;
He hath discover'd my Design, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: How came the Posterns
So easily open?
Lord. By his great Authority,
Which often have no less prevail'd, than so
On your Command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him,
Though he do's bear some Signs of me, yet you
Have too much Blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her self

With

With that ſhe's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'ld ſay he had not;
And I'll be ſworn you would believe my Saying,
How e'er you lean to th' Nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The Juſtice of your Hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt: Honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door Form,
Which on my Faith deſerves high Speech, and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, theſe Petty-brands
That Calumny doth uſe: Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf, theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
E'er you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be't known,
From him that has moſt Cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an Adultreſs.

Her. Should a Villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd Villain in the World,
He were as much more Villain: You, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a Creature of thy Place,
Leſt Barbariſm, making me the Precedent,
Should a like Language uſe to all Degrees,
And mannerly Diſtinguiſhment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar. I have ſaid
She's an Adultreſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; She's a Traitor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vild Principal; that ſhe's
A Bed Swarver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgar give bold'ſt Titles; ay, and privy
To this their late Eſcape.

Her. No, by my Life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,

 When

When you shall come to clearer Knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle, my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly than to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Center is not big enough to bear
A School-boy's Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speak with her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There is some ill Planet reigns;
I must be patient, 'till the Heav'ns look
With an Aspect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our Sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain Dew
Perchance shall dry your Pities; but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than Tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my Lords,
With Thoughts so qualified as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's Will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your Highness
My Women may be with me, for you see
My Plight requires it. Do not weep, good Fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know your Mistress
Has deserv'd Prison, then abound in Tears,
As I come out; this Action I now go on,
Is for my better Grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My Women come, you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence,

Lord. Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your Justice
Prove Violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your Son.

Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my Life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' Eyes of Heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my Stable where
I lodge my Wife, I'll go in Couples with her:
Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every Inch of Woman in the World,
I, every Dram of Woman's Flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your Peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abused by some Putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the Villain,
I would Land-damn him: Be she Honour-flaw'd,
I have three Daughters; the Eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine; and Sons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honour
I'll geld 'em all: Fourteen they shall not see
To bring false Generations: They are Co-heirs,
I had rather glib my self, than they
Should not produce fair Issue.
Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this Business with a Sense as cold
As is a dead Man's Nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The Instruments that feel.
Ant. If it be so,
We need no Grave to bury Honesty,
There's not a Grain of it, the Face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy Earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this Ground; and more it would content me
To have your Honour true, than your Suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this? But rather follow
Our forceful Instigation? Our Prerogative
Calls not your Counsels, but our natural Goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not

Relish

Relish a Truth, like us: Inform your selves,
We need no more of your Advice: The Matter,
The Loss, the Gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent Judgment try'd it,
Without more Overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by Age;
Or thou wert born a Fool. *Camillo*'s Flight
Added to their Familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd Conjecture,
That lack'd Sight only, nought for Approbation,
But only seeing all other Circumstances
Made up to th' Deed) doth push on this Proceeding;
Yet for a greater Confirmation,
For in an Act of this Importance, 'twere
Most pitious to be wild, I have dispatch'd in Post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of stuff'd Sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual Counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th' Minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant Credulity will not
Come up to th' Truth. So we have thought it good
From our free Person, she should be confin'd,
Lest that the Treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this Business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To Laughter, as I take it,
If the good Truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. The Keeper of the Prison, call to him:

[*Exit Gent.*

Let him have the Knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in Prison? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, Madam,
To the contrary I have express Commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do to lock up Honesty and Honour from
Th' Access of gentle Visitors! Is't lawful pray you
To see the Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Goa. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your Attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your selves.

Goa. And, Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well; be it so: Prethee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such a-do to make no Stain a Stain,
As passes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn
May hold together; on her Frights and Griefs,
Which never tender Lady hath born greater,
She is, something before her Time, deliver'd.

Pau. A Boy:

Emil. A Daughter, and a goodly Babe,
Lusty, and like to live; The Queen receives
Much Comfort in't. Says, my poor Prisoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn:

These

These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and shall; the Office
Becomes a Woman best. I'll take it upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my Tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more. Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best Obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little Babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the Sight o'th' Child:
The Silence often of pure Innocence
Persuades, when Speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your Honour and your Goodness is so evident,
That your free Undertaking cannot miss
A thriving Issue: There is no Lady living
So meet for this great Errand; please your Ladyship
To visit the next Room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble Offer,
Who but to Day hammered of this Design,
But durst not tempt a Minister of Honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that Tongue I have; if Wit flow from't,
As boldness from my Bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it:
I'll to the Queen: Please you come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the Babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no Warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, Sir,
The Child was Prisoner to the Womb, and is
By Law and Process of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a Party to
The Anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the Trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine Honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and Danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor Night, nor Day, no rest; it is but Weakness
To bear the Matter thus; near Weakness, if
The Cause were not in Being; part o'th' Cause,
She, th' Adultress; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arm; out of the Blank
And Level of my Brain; Plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: Say that she were gone,
Given to the Fire, a Moiety of my Rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the Boy?

Atten. He took good rest to Night; 'tis hop'd
His Sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Nobleness!
Conceiving the Dishonour of his Mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the Shame on't in himself;
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no Thought of him,
The very Thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himself too Mighty;
Until a Time may serve, for present Vengeance
Take it on her. *Camillo,* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their Pastime at my Sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my Power.

Enter Paulina *with a Child.*

Lord. You must not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous Passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's Life? A gracious innocent Soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to Night; commanded
None should come near him.

Pau. Not ſo hot, good Sir,
I come to bring him Sleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like Shadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the Cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt, as either, to purge him of that Humour,
That preſſes him from Sleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Pau. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful Conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your Diſpleaſures peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Pau. From all Diſhoneſty he can; in this,
Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing Honour, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the Rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Pau. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſſes
My ſelf your loyal Servant, your Phyſician,
Your moſt obedient Counſellor: Yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your Evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Pau. Good Queen, my Lord, good Queen,
I ſay good Queen;
And would, by Combat, make her good, were I
A Man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but Trifles of his Eyes
Firſt hand me: On mine own accord I'll off,

But first, I'll do my Errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a Daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your Blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*

Leo. Out!
A mankind Witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing Bawd.

Paul. Not so,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so entit'ling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this World goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the Bastard. [*To Ant.*
Thou Dotard, thou art Woman-tyr'd; unroosted
By thy Dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Bastard,
Take't up, I say, give't to the Croan.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy Hands, if thou
Take'st up the Princess, by that forced Baseness
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'ld call your Children yours.

Leo. A Nest of Traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good Light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred Honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful Sons, his Babes betrays to Slander,
Whose Sting is sharper than the Swords; and will not
(For as the Case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten
As ever Oak, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundless Tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now baits me. This Brat is none of mine.
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the Fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old Proverb to your Charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father; Eye, Nose, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Forehead, nay, the Valley,
The pretty Dimples of his Chin, and Cheek, his Smiles,
The very Mold, and frame of his Hand, Nail, Finger.
And thou good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A gross Hag!
And *Lozel*, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her Tongue.
Ant. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one Subject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Pau. I care not;
It is an Heretick that makes the Fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you Tyrant;
But this most cruel Usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more Accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd Fancy) sometimes savours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.
Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her Life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Pau. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your Babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What need these Hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his Follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leo. Thou, Traitor, hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't. Even thou, that hast
A Heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with Fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good Testimony, or I'll seize thy Life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-brains with these my proper Hands
Shall I dash out: Go take it to the Fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
The Lords, my noble Fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can, my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're Liars all.

Lords. 'Beseech your Highness give us better Credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: And on our Knees we beg,
(As Recompence of our dear Services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul Issue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a Father for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither; [*To* Ant.
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Midwife there,
To save this Bastard's Life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's grey: What will you adventure,
To save this Brat's Life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my Ability may undergo,
And Nobleness impose: At least thus much;
I'll pawn the little Blood which I have left,
To save the Innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my Lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; [illegible]hou? for the fail
Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desart Place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without much Mercy, to its own Protection,
And favour of the Climate; as by strange Fortune
It came to us, I do in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soul's Peril, and thy Body's Torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present Death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor Babe,
Some powerful Spirit instruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Bears, they say,
(Casting their Savageness aside) have done
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this Deed does require; and Blessing,
Against this Cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing condemn'd to Loss. [*Exit with the Child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's Issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.
Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond Account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretels
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may Arraign

Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Trial. While she lives
My Heart will be a Burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my Bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

Cleo. THE Climate's delicate, the Air most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common Praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the Reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice;
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' Offering!
Cleo. But of all, the Burst
And the Ear-deafning Voice o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s Thunder, so surpris'd my Sense,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th' Event o'th' Journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! The Proclamations,
So forcing Faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent Carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Business, when the Oracle,
Thus by *Apollo*'s great Divine seal'd up,
Shall the Contents discover: Something rare
Even then will rush to Knowledge. Go; fresh Horses,
And gracious be the Issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, *Lords, Officers,* Hermione, *as to her Trial, with* Paulina *and Ladies.*

Leo. This Sessions, to our great Grief, we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our Heart. The Party try'd,
The Daughter of a King our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd, let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Justice, which shall have due Course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness Pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in Person here in Court. Silence!

Leo. Read the Indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soveraign Lord the King, thy Royal Husband; the Preience whereof being by Circumstance partly laid open, thou* Hermione, *contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by Night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The Testimony on my Part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: Mine Integrity
Being counted Falshood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers Divine
Behold our Human Actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusations blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past Life
Hath been as continent, as chast, and true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than History can pattern, tho' devis'd,

And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne: A great King's Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would ſpare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own Conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your Grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of Honour, or in act, or will,
That way enclining, hardned be the Hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſs Impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That is true enough,
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than Miſtreſs of;
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Diſobedience and Ingratitude
To you, and towards your Friends; whoſe Love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſts, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,

Is, that *Camillo* was an honest Man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,

You speak a Language that I understand not;
My Life stands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams,
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all Shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all Truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it self,
No Father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our Justice, in whose easiest Passage
Look for no less than Death.
Her. Sir, spare your Threats;
The Bug which you would fright me with, I seek:
To me can Life be no Commodity,
The Crown and Comfort of my Life, your Favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
The First-fruits of my Body, from his Presence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third Comfort,
Star'd most unluckily, is from my Breast
(The innocent Milk in its most innocent Mouth)
Hal'd out to Murder; my self on every Post
Proclaim'd a Strumpet; with immodest Hatred
The Child-bed Privilege deny'd which 'longs
To Women of all Fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open Air, before
I have got strength of Limbs. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what Blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no Life,
I prize it not a Straw, but for mine Honour,
Which I would free: If I shall be condemn'd

Upon

Upon Surmises, all Proofs sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your Request

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s Name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughter's Trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my Misery; yet with Eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals and read.

Officer. Hermione *is Chast*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the Truth?

Offic. Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no Truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Sessions shall proceed; this is meer Falshood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King; the King.

Leo. What is the Business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to Report it.
The Prince your Son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How, gone?

 Ser.

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the Heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my Injustice. How now there? [Her. *faints.*

Pau. This News is mortal to the Queen: Look down
And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her Heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.
I have too much believ'd mine own Suspicion;
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some Remedies for Life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaness 'gainst thine Oracle.
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaim a Man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody Thoughts and to Revenge, I chose
Camillo for the Minister, to poison
My Friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good Mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command; tho' I with Death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (most Human,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my Practice, quit his Fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all Uncertainties, himself commended,
No richer than his Honour: How he glisters
Through my dark Rust! And how his Piety
Does my Deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, lest my Heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What Fit is this, good Lady?

Pau. What studied Torments, Tyrant, hast for me?
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What Flaying? Boiling?
Burning,
In Leads or Oils? What old or new Torture
Must I receive? whose very word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny,

(Toge-

(Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for Boys, too green and idle
For Girls of nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all
Thy by-gone Fooleries were but Spices of it.
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: Nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo*'s Honour,
To have him kill a King: Poor Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: Wherefore I reckon
The casting forth to Crows thy Baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a Devil
Would have shed Water out of Fire, e'er don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the Death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable Thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the Heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire,
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: This is not, no,
Laid to thy Answer; but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry Woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The sweetest dearest Creature's Dead; and Vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid.

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If Word, nor Oath
Prevail not, go and see: If you can bring
Tincture, or Lustre in her Lip, her Eye,
Heat outwardly, or Breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant!
Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
That all thy Woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but Despair. A thousand Knees,
Ten thousand Years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In Storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All Tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more,
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your Speech

Pau. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The Raſhneſs of a Woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble Heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt Grief. Do not receive Affliction
At my Petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh Woman.
The Love I bore your Queen (lo, Fool again)
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your Children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the Truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead Bodies of my Queen and Son,
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The Cauſes of their Death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chappel where they lye, and Tears ſhed there
Shall be my Recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this Exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come and lead me
To theſe Sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A deſart Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our Ship hath touch'd upon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia*.

Mar. Ay, my Lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: The Skies look grimly,
And threaten preſent Bluſters. In my Conſcience,
The Heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant.

Ant. Their sacred Wills be done; get thee Aboard,
Look to thy Bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' Land; 'tis like to be loud Weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'th' Business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the Spirits o'th' Dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last Night; for ne'er was Dream
So like a waking. To me comes a Creature,
Sometimes her Head on one side, some another,
I never saw a Vessel of like Sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white Robes,
Like very Sanctity, she did approach
My Cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some Speech, her Eyes
Became two Spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*
Since Fate, against thy better Disposition,
Hath made thy Person for the thrower-out
Of my poor Babe, according to thine Oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and for the Babe
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into Air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are Toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd Death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the Issue

Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for Life or Death, upon the Earth
Of its right Father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well,
[*Lying down the Child.*
There lye, and there thy Character: There theſe,
Which may, if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, Pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The Storm begins, poor Wretch,
That for thy Mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my Heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by Oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.
The Day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The Heav'ns ſo dim by Day. A ſavage Clamour!
Well may I get aboard: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. [*Exit purſued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd,

Shep. I would there were no Age between ten and three and twenty, or that Youth would ſleep out the reſt: For there is nothing, in the between, but getting Wenches with Child, wronging the Ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—— Hark you now—— would any but theſe boil'd Brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, Hunt this Weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will ſooner find than the Maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the Sea-ſide, brouzing of Ivy. Good luck, and't be the will, what we have here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a Barn! a very pretty Barn! a Boy or a Child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, ſure ſome 'ſcape: Tho' I am not Bookiſh, yet I can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome Stair-work, ſome Trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my Son come: He hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, Man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by Sea and by Land; but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the Sky, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a Bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, Boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the Shore; but that's not to the point; Oh the most piteous cry of the poor Souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her Main-mast, and anon swallow'd with Yest and Froth, as you'ld thrust a Cork into a Hogshead. And then the Land-service, to see how the Bear tore out his Shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his Name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman. But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor Souls roar'd, and the Sea mock'd them. And how the poor Gentleman roar'd, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of Mercy, when was this, Boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights, the Men are not cold under Water, nor the Bear half dined on the Gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old Man.

Clo. I would you had been by the Ship-side, to have help'd her, there your Charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy Matters, heavy Matters; but look thee here, Boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here is a sight for thee; Look thee, a Bearing-cloath for a Squire's Child! Look thee here, take up, take up, Boy, open't, so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changling; open't, what is within, Boy?

Clo. You're a mad old Man; If the Sins of your Youth are forgiven you, you are well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Fairy Gold, Boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, Boy, and to be so still requires nothing but Secresie.

creſie. Let my Sheep go: Come, good Boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, I'll go ſee if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: They are never Curſt, but when they are hungry: If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good Deed; if thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you ſhall help to put him i'th' Ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky Day, Boy, and we'll do good Deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Time, The Chorus.

Time. I That pleaſe ſome, try all, both Joy and Terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold Error:
Now take upon me, in the Name of Time,
To uſe my Wings. Impute it not a Crime
To me, or my ſwift Paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen Years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant, and o'er-whelm Cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, e'er ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
Th' gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeems to it: Your Patience this allowing,
I turn my Glaſs, and give my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' Effects of his fond Jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle Spectators, that I now may be

In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a Son o'th' King's, which *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her ensues,
I list not Prophesie: But let Time's News
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepherd's Daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' Argument of Time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent Time worse, e'er now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I praythee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a Sickness denying thee any thing, a Death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen Years since I saw my Country; though I have, for the most part, being aired Abroad, I desire to lay my Bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my Master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling Sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another Spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy Services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own Goodness hath made: Better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me Business, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very Services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping Friendships. Of that fatal Country *Sicilia*, prethee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that Penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my Brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and Children,

dren, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my Son? Kings are no less unhappy, their Issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their Virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier Affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his Princely Exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have Eyes under my Service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldom from the House of a most homely Shepherd; a Man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the Imagination of his Neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable Estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a Man, who hath a Daughter of most rare Note; the Report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a Cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our Son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (nor appearing what we are) have some question with the Shepherd; from whose Simplicity, I think it not unesie to get the cause of my Son's resort thither. Prethee be my present Partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your Command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must Disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Autolicus *singing.*

When Daffadils begin to Peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'th' Year:
For the red Blood reigns in the Winter's pale.

The white Sheet bleaching on the Hedge,
With hey the sweet Birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging Tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Lark with Tirra lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey the Thrush and the Lay:
Are Summer Songs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the Hay.

I have served Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three ale, but now I am out of Service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my Dear,
The pale Moon shines by Night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If Tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the Sow-skin Budget,
Then my Account I well may give,
And in the Stocks avouch it.

My Traffick is Sheets; when the Kite builds, look to lesser Linen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a Snapper-up of unconsider'd Trifles: With Die and Drab, I purchas'd Caparison, and my Revenue is the silly Cheat. Gallows, and Knock, are too powerful on the High-way, Beating and Hanging are Terrors to me: For the Life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A Prize! a Prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven Weather Tods, every Tod yields Pound and odd Shillings: Fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the Wooll to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the Cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do it without Compters. Let me see, what I am to buy for our Sheep-shearing-Feast? Three Pound of sugar, five Pound of Currants, Rice—— What will this Sister of mine do with Rice? But my Father hath made her

her Mistress of the Feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty Nose-gays for the Shearers; three-Man-Song-men, all, and very good ones, but they are most of them, Mean and Bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings Psalms to Horn-Pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Wardens Pies, Mace—Dates—none——that's out of my Note: Nutmegs, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg: Four Pound of Pruns, and as many of Rasins o'th' Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me——

Aut. Oh help me, help me: Pluck but off these Rags, and then Death, Death——

Clo. Alack, poor Soul, thou hast need of more Rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor Man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my Mony and Apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable Things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a Horse-man, or a Foot-man?

Aut. A Foot-man, sweet Sir, a Foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a Foot-man, by the Garments he has left with thee; if this be a Horse-man's Coat, it hath seen very hot Service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor Soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my Shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable Office.

Clo. Dost lack any Mony? I have a little Mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir: No, I beseech you, Sir; I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a Mile hence, unto whom

whom I was going; I shall there have Mony, or any thing I want: Offer me no Mony, I pray you, that kills my Heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A Fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with Trol-my-dames: I knew him once a Servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his Virtues it was, but he was certainly Whip'd out of the Court.

Clo. His Vices you would say; there's no Virtue whip'd out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this Man well, he hath been since an Ape-bearer, then a Process-server, a Bailiff; then he compast a Motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a Tinker's Wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and, having flown over many knavish Professions, he settled only in Rogue; some call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him, Prig! for my Life Prig; he haunts Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baiting.

Aut. Very true; Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the Rogue that put me into this Apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of Heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewel. I must go and buy Spices for our Sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your Purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice. I'll be with you at your Sheep-

Sheep-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the Shearers prove Sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my Name put into the Book of Virtue.

SONG.

Jog on, Jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A merry Heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a Mile-a [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual Weeds, to each part of you
Does give a Life: No Shepherdess but *Flora*,
Peering in *April*'s front. This your Sheep-shearing,
Is as a merry meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir; my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams, it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: Your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly Maid,
Most Goddess-like prank'd up. But that our Feasts,
In every Mess, have Folly; and the Feeders
Digest it with a Custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To shew my self a Glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good Falcon made her flight a-cross
Thy Father's Ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause;
To me the difference forges dread, your Greatness
Hath not been us'd to Fear; even now I tremble
To think your Father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What would he say! Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd Flaunts, behold
The sternness of his Presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but Jollity: The Gods themselves,
Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
The Shapes of Beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A Ram, and bleated; and the Fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I seem now. Their Transformations,
Were never for a piece of Beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chast: Since my Desires
Run not before mine Honour, nor my Lusts
Burn hotter than my Faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your Resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th'Power of the King.
One of these two must be Necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my Life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd Thoughts I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feast; or I'll be thine, my Fair,
Or not my Father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Tho' Destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,
Strangle such Thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Guests are coming:
Lift up you Countenance, as it were the day
Of Celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your Guests approach;
Address your self to entertain them sprightly
And let's be red with Mirth.

Shep. Fie, Daughter; when my old Wife liv'd, upon

This

This day ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her Song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' Table, now i'th middle;
On his Shoulder, and his; her Face o'fire
With Labour; and the things ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one; and not
The Hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe unknown Friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your Bluſhes, and preſent your ſelf
That which you are, Miſtreſs o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your Sheep-ſhearing,
As your good Flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Polix. *and* Cam.
It is my Father's Will, I ſhould take on me
The Hoſteſsſhip o'th' Day, you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe Flowers there, *Dorcas.* Reverend Sirs,
For you there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keep
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long:
Grace and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
A fair one are you, well you fit our Ages
With Flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the Year growing ancient,
Nor yet on Summer's Death, nor on the Birth
Of trembling Winter, the faireſt Flowers o'th' Seaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak'd Gillyflowers,
Which ſome call Nature's Baſtards, of that kind
Our ruſtick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle Maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſs ſhares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be,
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,

But

But Nature makes that mean; so over that Art,
Which you say adds to Nature is an Art
That Nature makes; you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentler Sien to the wildest Stock,
And make conceive a Bark of baser kind
By Bud of Nobler Race. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature; Change it rather; but
The Art it self is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gillyflowers,
And do not call them Bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The Dible in Earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I Painted, I would wish
This Youth should say 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's Flowers for you;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjoram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to Bed with th' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To Men of middle Age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your Flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest Friends,
I would I had some Flowers o'th' Spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Disses* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The Winds of *March* with Beauty; Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the Lids of *Juno*'s Eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s Breath; pale Prim-roses,
That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his Strength, a Malady
Most incident to Maids; bold Oxlips, and

The

The Crown-Imperial; Lillies of all kinds,
The Flower-de-Lis being one. O these I lack
To make you Garlands of, and my sweet Friend
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a Corse?

Per. No, like a Bank, for Love to lye and play on:
Not like a Corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine Arms. Come, take your Flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitson Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Does change my Disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, Sweet,
I'll have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'll have you buy and sell so; so give Alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
To sing them too. When you do Dance, I wish you
A Wave o'th' Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present Deeds,
That all your Acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your Praises are too large; but that your Youth
And the true Blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd,
With Wisdom, I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little Skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our Dance I pray;
Your Hand, my *Perdita*; so Turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born Lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something

That

That makes her Blood look on't: Good sooth she is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your Mistress; marry Garlick to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our Manners, Come strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this
Which Dances with your Daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own Report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my Daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the Water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my Daughter's Eyes: And, to be plain,
I think there is not half a Kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She Dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O Master, if you did but hear the Pedler at the Door, you would never Dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: No, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several Tunes faster than you'll tell Mony; he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all Mens Ears grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a Ballad but even too well, if it be doleful Matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath Songs for Man or Woman of all Sizes; no Milliner can so fit his Customers with Gloves: He has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids, so without Bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildos and

and Fadings: Jump her and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the Maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man.*

Pol. This is a brave Fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited Fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the Colours i'th' Rainbow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross: Inkles, Caddisses, Cambricks, Lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were Gods or Goddesses; you would think a Smock were a She-Angel, he so chants to the Sleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrillous Words in's Tunes.

Clo. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, than you'ld think, Sister.

Per. Ay, good Brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypress black as e'er was Crow;
Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,
Masks for Faces, and for Noses;
Bugle-Bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and poaking Sticks of Steel,
What Maids lack from Head to Heel:
Come buy of me, come: Come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no Mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the Bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be Liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no Manners left among Maids? Will they wear their Plackets, where they should bear their Faces? Is there not Milking-time? when you are going to bed? or kill-hole? to whistle of these Secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our Guests; 'tis well they are whispring: Clamour your Tongues, and not a word more.

Mer. I have done: Come, you promis'd me a tawdry Lace, and a pair of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my Mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves Men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, Man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many Parcels of Charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a Ballad in Print, a Life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful Tune, how a Usurer's Wife was brought to bed with twenty Mony Bags at a Burthen, and how she long'd to eat Adder's Heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwife's name to't; one Mistress *Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives that were present. Why should I carry Lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see moe Ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another Ballad of a Fish, that appear'd upon the Coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand

and Fadom above Water, and sung this Ballad against the hard Hearts of Maids; it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold Fish, for she would not exchange Flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five Justices hands at it; and Witnesses more than my Pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two Maids wooing a Man; there's scarce a Maid Westward but she sings it: 'Tis in Request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the Tune on't a Month a-go.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Where fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy Oath full well,*
Thou to me thy Secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou dost ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then whither goest? Say whither?

Clo. We'll have this Song out anon by our selves: My Father and the Gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trou-

ble

ble them: Come bring away thy Pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first Choice; follow me Girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?
Any Silk, any Thread, any Toys for your Head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st Ware-a:
Come to the Pedler, Mony's a medler,
That doth utter all Mens Ware-a.

[*Exit Clown,* Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds that have made themselves all Men of Hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a Gally-maufry of Gambols, because they are not in't: But they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but Bowling, it will please pentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'Pray let's see these four-threes of Herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good Men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair Shepherd,
Your Heart is full of something, that does take
Your Mind from Feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed Love, as you do, I was wont

To

To load my She with Knacks: I would have Ransack'd
The Pedler's silken Treasury, and have pour'd it
To her Acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of Love, or Bounty, you were straited
For a Reply at least, if you make a Care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
Such prizes not such Trifles as these are;
The Gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my Heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my Life
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy Hand, this Hand,
As soft as Dove's Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopians* Tooth, or the fan'd Snow,
That's bolted by th' Northern Blast, twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young Swain seems to wash
The Hand, was fair before! I have put you out;
But to your Protestation: Let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my Neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and Men; the Earth, and Heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest Youth
That ever made Eye swerve, had Force and Knowlege
More than was ever Man's, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her Service,
Or to their own Perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound Affection.

Shep. But my Daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.

By the Pattern of my mine own Thoughts, I cut out
The Purity of his.
Shep. Take Hands, a Bargain;
And Friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my Daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I'th' Virtue of your Daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your Wonder: But come on,
Contract us 'fore these Witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, Daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, Swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a Father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a Father
Is at the Nuptial of his Son, a Guest
That best becomes the Table: 'Pray you once more,
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reasonable Affairs? Is he not Stupid
With Age, and altring Rheums? Can he speak? Hear?
Know Man from Man? Dispute his own Estate?
Lyes he not Bed-rid? And again, does nothing
But what he did, being Childish?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his Health, and ampler Strength indeed
Than most have of his Age.
Pol. By my white Beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason my Son
Should chuse himself a Wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose Joy is nothing else
But fair Posterity) should hold some Counsel
In such a Business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other Reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this Business.

Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prethee let him.
Flo. No; he must not.
Shep. Let him, my Son, he shall not need to grieve,
At knowing of thy Choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our Contract.
Pol. Mark your Divorce, young Sir, [*Discovering himself.*
Whom Son I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepter's Heir,
That thus affects a Sheep-hook? Thou old Traytor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy Life one Week. And thou fresh Piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know
The Royal Fool thou coap'st with.
Shep. Oh my Heart!
Pol. I'll have thy Beauty scratch'd with Briars, and made
More homely than thy State. For thee, fond Boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see the Knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from Succession,
Not hold thee of our Blood, no not our Kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: Mark thou my Words;
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our Displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: And You, Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our Honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural Latches to his entrance open,
Or hope his Body more, with thy Embraces,
I will devise a Death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same Sun that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his Visage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone? [*To Flo.*

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own State take care: This Dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, Father.
Speak e'er thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To Flor.*
You have undone a Man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his Grave in quiet; yea,
To dye upon the Bed my Father dy'd,
To lye close by his honest Bones; but now
Some Hang-man must put on my Shroud, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels in Dust. Oh cursed Wretch!
[*To Perdita.*
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle Faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this Hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was I am;
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My Leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Father's Temper: At this time
He will allow no Speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, *Camillo.*

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said, my Dignity would last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my Faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th' Earth together,
And mar the Seeds within. Lift up thy Looks.

From

From my Succeſſion wipe me, Father, I
Am Heir to my Affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my Fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have Reaſon;
If not, my Senſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my Vow;
I needs muſt think it Honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the Pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all that the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe Earth wombs, or the profound Seas hide
In unknown Fadoms, will I break my Oath
To this my fair Belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my Father's Friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as in faith I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good Counſels
Upon his Paſſion; let my ſelf and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on Shore;
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A Veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your Knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your Spirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hearkſ, *Perdita*.
I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him Love and Honour,
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious Business, that
I leave out Ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor Services, i'th' love
That I have born your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: It is my Father's Musick
To speak your Deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled Project
May suffer alteration: On mine Honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your Mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As Heav'ns forefend) your Ruin. Marry her,
And with my best Endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented Father strive to qualifie,
And bring to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a Miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than Man,
And after that trust to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on Accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the Slaves of Chances, and Flies
Of every Wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this Flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there present your self, and fair Princess,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;

She

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The Partner of your Bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcomes forth; asks thee, the Son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' Father's Person; kisses the Hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than Thought or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*.
What colour for my Visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him Comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your Father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Father's Bosom there,
And speak his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some Sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising,
Than a wild Dedication of your selves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; most certain,
To Miseries enough: No hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their best Office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very Bond of Love,
Whose fresh Complexion, and whose Heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your Father's House, these seven Years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o'her Birth
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks Instructions, for she seems a Mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this,
I'll blush you Thanks.
Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*——
But O, the Thorns we stand upon. *Camillo*,
Preserver of my Father, now of me;
The Medicine of our House; how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia*'s Son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*——
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my Fortunes
Do all lye there: It shall be so my care
To have you Royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Eter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn Brother, a very simple Gentleman! I have sold all my Trumpery; not a Counterfeit Stone, nor a Ribbon, Glass, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horn-ring to keep my Pack from fastning: They throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a Benediction to the Buyer; by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable Man) grew so in Love with the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Pettitoes 'till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Herd to me, that all their other Senses stuck in Ears; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was senseless, 'twas nothing to geld a Codpiece of a Purse; I would have filed Keys off that hung in Chains: No hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of

of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their Festival Purses: And had not the old Man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the King's Son, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaff, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay; but my Letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*——

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Per. Happy be you:
All that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why Hanging.

Cam. How now, good Fellow,
Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, Man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no Body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy Poverty, we must make an exchange: Therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a Necessity in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Tho' the Penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prethee dispatch; the Gentleman is half flead ready.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the Trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with Conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistress, (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some Covert; take your Sweet-heart's Hat
And pluck it o'er your Brows, muffle your Face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The Truth of your own seeming, that you may

(For

(For I do fear Eyes over you) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy———
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewel, my Friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be next to tell the King [*Aside.*
Of this Escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose Company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I have a Woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us.
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th'Sea side. [*Exit* Flo. & Per.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I understand the Business, I hear it: To have an open Ear, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th'other Senses. I see this is the time that the unjust Man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange: sure the Gods do this Year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of Iniquity, stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his Heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more Knavery to conceal it; and therein am constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot Brain; Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yields a careful Man work.

Clo. See, see; what a Man you are now? There is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and none of your Flesh and Blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your Flesh and Blood, your Flesh and Blood has not offended the King, and so your Flesh and Blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the Law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every Word, yea, and his Sons pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest Man neither to his Father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's Brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed Brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had been the dearer by I know how much an Ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, Puppies. [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this Farthel will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what Impediment this Complaint may be to the Flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers Excrement. How now, Rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, and it like your Worship.

Aut. Your Affairs there? What? with whom? the Condition of that Farthel? the Place of your Dwelling? your Names? your Age? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover?

Clo. We are but plain Fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often give us, Soldiers, the Lie, but we pay them for it with stamped Coin, not stabbing Steel, therefore they do not give us the Lie.

Clo.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the Air of the Court in these Enfoldings? Hath not my Gate in it the Measure of the Court? receives not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baseness, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy Business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push-on, or pluck back, thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy Affair.

Shep. My Business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple Men!
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more Noble in being fantastical; a great Man, I'll warrant; I know by the Picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there; what's i'th' Farthel?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthel and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this Hour, if I may come to th' Speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy Labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship to purge Melancholly, and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of Grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his Son that should have married a Shepherd's Daughter.

Aut.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in Hand-fast, let him fly; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the Back of Man, the Heart of Monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Germain to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the Hangman; which, tho' it be great Pity, yet it is necessary. An old Sheep-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into Grace? Some say he shall be ston'd; but that Death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? All Deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Has the old Man e'er a Son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a Son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with Honey, set on the Head of a Wasp's Nest, then stand 'till he be three Quarters and a Dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot Infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest Day Prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a Brick-Wall, the Sun looking with a Southward Eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to Death. But what talk we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose Miseries are to be smil'd at, their Offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain Men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your Persons to his Presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in Man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a Man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great Authority; close with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold; shew the inside of your Purse to the outside of his Hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the Business for us, here is the Gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young Man in Pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Mell, give me the Moiety. Are you a parting in this Business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my Case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the Case of the Shepherd's Son; hang him, he'll be made an Example.

Clo. Comfort, good Comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange Sights; he must know 'tis none of your Daughter nor my Sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old Man does, when the Business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the Sea-side, go on the right Hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this Man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a Mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops Booties in my Mouth. I am courted now with a double Occasion: Gold, and a Means to do the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my Advancement? I will bring these two Moals, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to Shoar them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so far officious, for I am Proof against that Title, and what Shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be Matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cleo. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No Fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More Penitence, than done Trespass. At the last
Do as the Heavens have done; forget your evil
With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her Virtues, I cannot forget
My Blemishes in them, and so still think of
The Wrong I did my self; which was so much,
That Heir-less it hath made my Kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion that ever Man
Bred his Hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my Lord,
If one by one you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more Benefit, and grac'd
Your Kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soveraign Name; Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highness fail of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour

Incertain

Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for Royalties repair,
For present Comfort, and for future good,
To bless the Bed of Majesty again
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone) Besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret Purposes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the Tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir,
'Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane Reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me; who, on my Life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your Council,
My Lord should to the Heav'ns be contrary,
Oppose against their Wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthiest; so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the Memory of *Hermione*
I know in Honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy Council; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full Eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lips.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st Truth:
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted Spirit,
Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage,
(Where we Offenders now appear) Soul-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such Power,
She had just Cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that wak'd, I'd bid you mark
Her Eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your Ears
Should rift to hear me, and the Words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all Eyes else, dead Coals; fear thou no Wife;
I'll have no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free Leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina,* so be bless'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear Witness to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione,* as is her Picture,
Affront his Eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No Remedy, but you will; give me the Office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first Queen's Ghost, it should take Joy
To see her in your Arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina,*
We shall not marry, 'till thou bidst us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in Breath:
Never 'till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himself Prince *Florizel,*
Son of *Polixenes,* with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires Access
To your high Presence.
Leo. What with him? He comes not
Like to his Father's Greatness; his Approach
So out of Circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What Train?
Ser. But few,

And those but mean.

Leo. His Princess, say you, with him?

Ser. Yes; the most peerless piece of Earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that Theam; she had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd; thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your Pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the Zeal
Of all Professors else, make Proselites
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not Women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth than any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your self (assisted with your honour'd Friends)
Bring them to our Embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of Children) seen this Hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full Month
Between their Births.

Leo. Prethee no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: Sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy Speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royal Father off,

Con-

Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Father's Image is so hit in you,
His very Air, that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair Princess, Goddess, oh! alas!
I lost a Couple, that 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting Wonder, as
You, gracious Couple do; and then I lost,
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Tho' bearing Misery) I desire my Life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his Command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all Greetings, that a King, as Friend,
Can send his Brother; and but Infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the Scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh my Brother!
Good Gentleman, the Wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy Offices
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters.
Of my behind-hand Slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful Usage,
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a Man, not worth her Pains; much less,
Th' Adventure of her Person.

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most Royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence

(A prosperous South-Wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness; my best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my Success in *Lybia*, Sir,
But my Arrival, and my Wife's, in Safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Air, whilst you
Do Climate here; you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose Person,
So sacred as it is, I have done Sin;
For which the Heav'ns, taking angry Note,
Have left me Issue-less, and your Father's bless'd,
As he from Heav'n merits it, with you,
Worthy his Goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no Credit,
Were not the Proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his Son, who has
His Dignity and Duty both cast off,
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherd's Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your City; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My Marvel, and my Message: To your Court
Whilst he was hastning, in the Chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple, meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me,
Whose Honour, and whose Honesty 'till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord.

Lord. Lay't so to his Charge;
He's with the King your Father.
Leo. Who? *Camillo?*
Lord. *Camillo*? Sir, I spake with him, who now
Has these poor Men in Question, Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his Ears, and threatens them
With divers Deaths, in Death.
Per. Oh my poor Father,
The Heav'n sets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The Stars, I see, will kiss the Valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
In this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.
Leo. That once, I see, by your good Father's Speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in Duty; and as sorry,
Your Choice is not so rich in Worth as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,
Should chase us, with our Father; Power no Jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with Thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate; at your Request,
My Father will grant precious Things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious Mistress,
Which he counts but a Trifle.
Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your Eye hath too much Youth in't; not a Month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such Gazes
Than what you look on now,

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Looks I made. But your Petition
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your Father;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your Desires,
I am Friend to them, and you; upon which Errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this Relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the Manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little Amazedness, we were all commanded out of the Chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the Issue of it.

1 *Gen.* I make a broken Delivery of the Business; but the Changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of Admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the Cases of their Eyes. There was Speech in their Dumbness, Language in their very Gesture; they look'd as if they had heard of a World ransom'd, on one destroy'd; a notable Passion of Wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest Beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th'Importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the Extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more:
The News, *Rogero.*

2 *Gen.* Nothing but Bonfires: The Oracle is fulfill'd; the King's Daughter is found; such a deal of Wonder is broken out within this Hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? This News which is call'd true, is so like an old Tale, that the Verity of it is in strong Suspicion; has the King found his Heir?

3 *Gen.* Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such Unity in the Proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her Jewel about the Neck of it; the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character; the Majesty of the Creature, in Resemblance of the Mother; the Affection of Nobleness, which Nature shews above her Breeding, and many other Evidences proclaim her with all Certainty to be the King's Daughter. Did you see the Meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a Sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their Joy waded in Tears. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such Distraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for Joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loss, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother! then asks *Bohemia* Forgiveness; then embraces his Son-in-law; then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd, who stands by, like a Weather-beaten Conduit of many King's Reins. I never heard of such another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and undoes Description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the Child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old Tale still, which will have Matters to rehearse, tho' Credit be asleep, and not an Ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear; this avouches the Shepherd's Son, who has not only his Innocence, which seems

much, to justifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his; that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the same Instant of their Master's Death, and in the View of the Shepherd; so that all the Instruments which aided to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the Loss of her Husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her Heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest Touches of all, and that which angled for mine Eyes, caught the Water, though not the Fish, was, when at the Relation of the Queen's Death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confuss'd, and lamented by the King, how Attentiveness wounded his Daughter, 'till, from one Sign of Dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas*, I would fain say, bleed Tears; for I am sure, my Heart wept Blood. Who was most marble there, changed Colour; some swounded, all sorrowed; if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her Mother's Statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a Piece many Years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* Master, *Julio Romano*, who, had himself Eternity, and could but breath into his Work, would beguile Nature of her Custom, so perfectly he is her Ape. He so near to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of Answer. Thither, with all greediness of Affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great Matter there in Hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a Day, ever since

ſince the Death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed Houſe. Shall we thither, and with our Company piece the Rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? Every wink of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be born: Our abſence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had not I the daſh of my former Life in me, would Preferment drop on my Head. I brought the old Man and his Son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the Shepherd's Daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this Secret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other Diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my Will, and already appearing in the Bloſſoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt more Children; but thy Sons and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman born: See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no Gentleman born. You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lie; do, and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, Boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the King's Son took me by the hand, and call'd me Brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father, Brother; and then the Prince my Brother, and the Princeſs my Siſter called my Father, Father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt Gentleman-like Tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, Son, to ſhed many more.

Clo.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard Luck, being in so preposterous Estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the Faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good Report to the Prince, my Master.

Shep. 'Prethee Son do; for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy Life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good Worship.

Clo. Give me thy Hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boors and Franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, Son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true Gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his Friend: And I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy Hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy Hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall Fellow of thy Hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my Power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall Fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our Kindred, are going to see the Queen's Picture. Come follow us: We'll be thy good Master. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great Comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul. What, Sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my Services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor House to visit,

It

It is a Surplus of your Grace, which never
My Life may last to answer.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many Singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As she liv'd Peerless,
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or Hand of Man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd Death; behold, and say 'tis well.
[Paulina *draws a Curtain, and discovers* Hermione *standing like a Statue.*
I like your Silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?
Leo. Her natural Posture.
Chide me, dear Stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As Infancy, and Grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers-excellence.
Which lets go by some sixteen Years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good Comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such Life of Majesty, warm Life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd; do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone than it? Oh Royal Piece;
There's Magick in thy Majesty, which has
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance; and

From

From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirit,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave.
And do not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, Patience;
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry, scarce any Joy,
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.
Pol. Dear, my Brother,
Let him that was the Cause of this, have power
To take off so much Grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the Sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you, for the Stone is mine,
I'd not have shew'd you it.
Leo. Do not draw the Curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that methinks already——
What was he that did make it? See, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; And that those Veins
Did verily bear Blood?
Pol. Masterly done.
The very Life seems warm upon her Lip.
Leo. The fixture of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. I'll draw the Curtain.
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty Years together:

No

No settled Senses of the World can match
The Pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.
Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this Affliction has a Taste as sweet
As any cordial Comfort. Still methinks
There is an Air comes from her. What fine Chizzel
Could ever yet cut Breath? Let no Man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my Lord forbear;
The ruddiness upon her Lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily Painting; shall I draw the Curtain!
Leo. No, not these twenty Years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a Looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappel, or resolve you
For more amazment; if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the Hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith, then all stand still.
On; those that think it is unlawful Business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No Foot shall stir.
Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike, [*Musick.*
'Tis time; descend; be Stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with Marvel. Come,
I'll fill your Grave up: stir, nay come away:
Bequeath to death your Numbness; for from him
Dear Life redeems you, you perceive she stirs,
[Hermione *comes down.*

Start

Start not, her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawful, do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your Hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in Age,
Is she become the Suiter?

Leo. Oh she's warm, [*Embracing her.*
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawful as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his Neck,
If she pertain to Life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to enterpose, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your Mother's Blessing; turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found. [*Presenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.

Her. You Gods look down,
And from your sacred Viols pour your Graces
Upon my Daughter's Head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Father's Court? For thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the Issue.

Paul. There is time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon thir push, to trouble
Your Joys with like Relation. Go together
You precious Winners all, your Exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old Turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd Bow, and there
My Mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O Peace *Paulina*:
Thou should'st a Husband take by my Consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And

And made between's by Vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A Prayer upon her Grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable Husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the Hand; whoſe Worth and Honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? Look upon my Brother: Both your Pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy Looks
My ill Suſpicion: This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom, Heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your Daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely,
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Volume.