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PLATE 25

PETRUCHIO BEARS OFF HIS BRIDE

Taming of the Shrew, act iii., scene ii

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Two Gentlemen of Verona

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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 your fair. Oh, happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; oh, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go.
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
Oh, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my 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 no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were
mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me.
Oh, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven 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' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet.
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweet playfellow ; 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 dote on you !

[*Exit* LYSANDER.]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he 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 haste.
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne :
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine :
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, 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 his intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.

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But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Enter* QUINCE *the carpenter*, SNUG *the joiner*, BOTTOM *the weaver*, FLUTE *the bellows-mender*, SNOUT *the tinker*, and STARVELING *the tailor*.

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 scroll of every man's name which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess 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 scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver.

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

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

Bot. What is Pyramus—a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split: "The raging rocks, and shivering shocks, shall break the locks of prison gates; and Phibbus' car 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.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby—a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

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, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the tailor.

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; myself, 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. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if 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 you an 'twere any nightingale.

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In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And when she drinks against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dew-lap 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.

Fairy. And here my mistress. Would that he were
 gone !

SCENE II.—*Enter the King of Fairies at one door with
 his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ober. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon ? Fairy, skip hence ;
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ober. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord ?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady ; but I know
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat 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 ?

Ober. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
 night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
 And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith
 With Ariadne and Antiopa ?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy ;

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 on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy bawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Have every petty river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint 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,
That rheumatic 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 Hyems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils
Comes from our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Ober. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

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Queen. Set your heart at rest ;
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order ;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 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 merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ober. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Queen. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ober. 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.*]

Ober. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
 grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ober. 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,

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PLATE 3

TITANIA

Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii., scene ii

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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 yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege : for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night :
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed :
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.

Ober. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ober. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[Exit.

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Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night 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 lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 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 eyelid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

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

Hel. Oh, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. Oh, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
 If so, my eyes are oft'ner 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, though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena, Nature here shows 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 though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

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' 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, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another, therefore, be abused! [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

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The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or, as the heresies that men do leave
 Are hated most of those they did deceive,
 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
 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!
 Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
 Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And yet sat smiling at his cruel prey.
 Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter the Clowns.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince?—

Peter. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, 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

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PLATE 4

OBERON

Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, scene ii

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say we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed 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 afeared of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat 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 moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then, you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

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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 loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that 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 homespuns 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 savours sweet—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark! a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by-and-by I will to thee appear. [Exit PYR.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd 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 lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

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, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

This. Oh,—as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

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

Quin. Oh, monstrous! Oh, strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*The Clowns exit all.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
 Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
 brier;
 Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
 A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PYRAMUS with the ass's head.

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

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. Oh, Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-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 I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren and little quill.*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo 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 lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. 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.

Tita. 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 the fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers shall sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

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Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fairy.* Ready.

2 *Fairy.* And I.

3 *Fairy.* And I.

4 *Fairy.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fairy.* Hail, mortal, hail.

2 *Fairy.* Hail!

3 *Fairy.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made mine eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.

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 The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
 Lamenting some enforced chastity,
 Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Enter King of Fairies, solus.*

Ober. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
 Then what was it 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 his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nol I fixed on his head.
 Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
 As wild-geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
 strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
 For briers 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 waked and straightway loved an ass.

Ober. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too—
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;
 That when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Ober. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. Oh, 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 stolen away
 From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
 This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
 May through the centre creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
 It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him ;
 So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look ; and so should I,
 Pierced through the heart by your stern cruelty.
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as 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 carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the
 bounds

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Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? Oh, brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefor?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

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 sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

Ober. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the 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'errules; that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ober. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
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.*]

Ober. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

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PLATE 5

STAY, THOUGH THOU KILL ME, SWEET DEMETRIUS

Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii., scene iii.

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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.

Re-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!

Ober. Stand aside: the noise they make
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
 That must needs be sport alone;
 And those things do best please me
 That befall preposterously.

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, oh, 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. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. O Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. Oh, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
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 were 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 enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none, of noble 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 yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it 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.

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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 recompense.—
 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 oes 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 spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us— Oh, is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needs 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 a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

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Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

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

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,
 But by your setting-on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
 But miserable most, to love unloved?
 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 at each other; hold the sweet jest up.
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. Oh, excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
 prayers.

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PLATE 6

WHY DO THEY RUN AWAY?

Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii., scene i.

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Helen, I love thee ; by my life I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

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

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir,—he will
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 burr ; vile thing, let
loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! Oh, hated potion, 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 erewhile.

Since night, you loved me ; yet since night you left me.
Why, then, you left me ?—Oh, 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, doubt ;
Be certain nothing truer ; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler ! you canker-blossom !
You thief of love ! What ! have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

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Hel.

Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged 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 cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her.

Lower! hark, again.

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

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders
you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel.

With Demetrius.

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Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

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

Hel. Oh, when she's angry she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little!—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you,
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter OBERON and PUCK.

Ober. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes.
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

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Ober. 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 his might,
 And make his eyeballs 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.
 While I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
 At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring 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 themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort.
 I with the morning's 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.

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PLATE 7

BOTTOM AND TITANIA

Midsummer-Night's Dream. act III. scene 1

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But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit.

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.
To plainer ground.

Follow me, then,
[Exit LYSANDER.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; [Shifting places.
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down.

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

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Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, 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 daylight 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.

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 daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
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,
Heaven shield Lysander if they mean a fray.

Puck. On the ground sleep sound.
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.

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When thou wak'st thou tak'st true delight in the sight
of thy former lady's eye,
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have Jili ; nought shall go ill.
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well. [*They sleep all the act.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter Queen of Fairies and Clown, and the King behind them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery 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.

Clown. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Clown. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Clown. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Clown. Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Clown. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavaliero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

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Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Clown. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let us have the tongs and the bones.

[*Music: tongs, rural music.*]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Clown. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, and sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwist. The female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. Oh, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK *and* OBERON.

Ober. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet savours 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 flowerets' eyes
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

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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 other 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 o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ober. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
 Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Ober. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
 Titania, music call, and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
 peep.

Ober. Sound, music! [*Still music.*] Come, my
 queen, take hands 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 the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
 I do hear the morning lark.

Ober. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
 Trip we after the night's shade.

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We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and, in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found [*Sleepers lie still.*
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns.*

Enter THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLYTA, and all his train.

The. 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 music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go.—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete 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
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hallooed to nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear.—But soft; what nymphs are
these?

Egeus. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

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The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns. [*Horns, and they wake; shouts within;
they all start up.*]

The. Good-morrow friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to THESEUS.*]

The. I pray you, all stand up.

I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly—
Half 'sleep, half waking. But, as yet, I swear
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me so it is),
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Egeus. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'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 this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

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Which in my childhood I did dote 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 betroth'd ere I saw Hermia.
 But like in sickness did I loathe 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.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—
 Egeus, I will overbear 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 purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us to Athens. Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
 Come, Hippolyta. [Exit duke and lords.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguish-
 able,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

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

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
 And, by-the-way, let us recount our dreams. [Exit lovers.]

[BOTTOM awakes.]

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will an-
 swer. My next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—
 Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the
 tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence and

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PLATE 3

HERMIA IN THE WOOD

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii., scene ii.

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left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have 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 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 called 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.

SCENE II.—*Enter* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

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

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

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.

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Flu. O sweet Bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. And the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it. Sixpence 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 everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beads, 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 linen; 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 garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and his*
Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
'These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

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 The lunatic, 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 frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

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 easy is a bush supposed a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LOVERS, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
 HELENA.

The. 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 !

The. Come, now ; what masks, what dances shall we
 have

To wear away this long age of three hours,
 Between our after-supper and bedtime ?
 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.

Egeus. Here, mighty Theseus

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The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Egeus. There is a brief, how many sports are rife;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

Lys. The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

The. That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.

The. That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisby: very tragical mirth.

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Egeus. 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 rehearsed, I must confess
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Egeus. 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 nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Egeus.

No, my noble lord,

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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.

The. I will hear that play.
For never anything 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'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

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

The. 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 practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And, in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most to my capacity.

Egeus. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter 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 show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

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Consider, then, we come but in despite.

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.

Thc. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt: he
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It is not
enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue like a
child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Thc. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and*
LION.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth makes 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, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly 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 trusty Thisby's mantle slain.
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast,
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

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 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
 At large discourse while here they do remain.

[*Exit all but WALL.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many
 asses do. [*Exit LION, THISBY, and MOONSHINE.*]

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often, very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak bet-
 ter?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard dis-
 course, my lord.

The. 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 stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through which I see no bliss,

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse
 again.

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Pyr. No, in truth sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBY.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice. Now will I to the chink,
To spy and I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like Limander am I trusty still.

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. Oh, 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 Ninnys' tomb meet me straight-
way?

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 WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBY.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neigh-
bors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful
to hear without warning.

Duch. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Duke. The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Duch. It must be your imagination, then, and not
theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here
come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

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PLATE 9

THE RE-ENTRANCE OF THE PLAYERS

Midsommer-Night's Dream, act v., scene i.

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Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Duke. 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.

Duke. 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.

Duke. 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 lantern doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Duke. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present.
Myself the man i' th' moon doth seem to be.

Duke. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Duch. I am weary of this moon; would he would change.

Duke. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane. But yet in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is to tell you that the lantern is the moon, I the man in the moon, this thorn bush my thorn bush, and this dog my dog.

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Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

Enter THISBY.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. Oh—! [*The LION roars—THISBY runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

Duke. Well run, Thisby.

Duch. Well shone, moon. Truly the moon shines with a good grace.

Duke. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

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 beams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight!

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come,

Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Duke. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Duch. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here devour'd my dear,

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with
cheer.

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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, lose thy light!
 Moon, take thy flight!
 Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

Duke. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Duch. How chance moonshine is gone before Thisby comes; back and finds her lover?

Duke. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBY.

Duch. Methinks she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better.

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

Dem. And thus she moans, *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 lily lips,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks

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Are gone! are gone!
 Lovers, make moan!
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 Oh, sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk.
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word.
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 And farewell, friends,—
 Thus Thisby ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dies.*

Duke. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you; to see the epilogue, or to hear a Burgomask dance between two of our company?

Duke. 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 blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy. And so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Burgomask—let your epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
 This palpable gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity
 In nightly revels and new jollity.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;

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Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide.
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb his hallow'd house.
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of the Fairies with their train.

Ober. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire:
 Every elf and fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Ober. *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;*

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*And the blots of 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 gait,
And each several chamber bless
Through this palace with sweet peace.
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away,
Make no stay,
Meet me all by break of day.*

[*Exeunt King and Queen of the Fairies
with their train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good-night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

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Twelfth Night; or, What You Will

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to
Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO }

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN } *Servants to Olivia.*

Clown }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,
and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City in Illyria ; and the Sea Coast
near it.*

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other Lords.*

DUKE. If music 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.
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes 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 soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Curio. The hart

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged 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 handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber 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. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.*

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd.—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Viola. Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance may
he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and that poor number saved with you
Hung on our 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 lived 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.

Viola. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Knowest thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor 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.

Viola. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died. For whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

Viola. Oh, that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered 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.

Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though 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.

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I pray thee, 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 music
 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.

Viola. I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.*

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Toby. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. 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.

Toby. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Toby. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria. What's that to the purpose?

Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Toby. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-

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gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. 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.

Toby. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Toby. With drinking healths to my niece. 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 niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench ? *Castiliano vulgo* ; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

And. Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir Toby Belch ?

Toby. Sweet Sir Andrew !

And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria. And you too, sir.

Toby. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

And. What's that ?

Toby. My niece's chamber-maid.

And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

And. Good Mistress Mary Accost—

Toby. You mistake, knight. Accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost ?

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Toby. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never

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draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Maria. It's dry, sir.

And. Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Toby. Oh, knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me 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 does harm to my wit.

Toby. No question.

And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Toby. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

And. What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

Toby. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Toby. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Toby. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

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PLATE 10

THE DUKE

Twelfth Night, act i., scene ii.

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And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Toby. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

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.

Toby. 'Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

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.

Toby. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Toby. And I can cut the mutton to't.

And. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? 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 think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Toby. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Toby. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher. Ha, ha!—excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. 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 Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her. Be not denied access. Stand at her doors, And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Viola. 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.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. Oh, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise 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 of more grave aspect,

Viola. 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

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 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 myself am best
 When least in company.—Prosper well in this
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady: yet a barful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Enter MARIA and Clown.

Maria. 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.

Clown. Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in
 this world needs to fear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where
 that saying was born of, I fear no colours.

Clown. Where, good mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to
 say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it;
 and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-
 sent; or to be turned away—is not that as good as a
 hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad mar-
 riage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute then?

Clown. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two
 points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if
 both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy

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way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

Clown. 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.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, 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. Anything that's mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum.* That's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll 'bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool you, madonna, 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.

Clown. 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 twopence that you are no fool.

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 brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

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Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. 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 you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Toby. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Toby. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clown. Good Sir Toby—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Toby. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Toby. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. 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.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-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 foreknowledge 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. He'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 manner; 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 e'en standing water between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he 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.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face; we'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house—which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her.—Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house,

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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?

Viola. 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 my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; 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 show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed 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 that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. 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 courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

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Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*—Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. Oh, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. 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 show you the picture. Look you, sir, such an one as I was this present. Is't not well done?

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis ingrain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Viola. 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; Oh, such love

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Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpariel of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does 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 divulged, 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.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Viola. 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;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! Oh, 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?

Viola. 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.

Viola. I am no feed post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

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PLATE II

MARIA, SIR ANDREW, AND SIR TOBY

Twelfth Night, act i., scene iii.

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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 limbs, 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 subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county'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 reasons for't. Hie 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, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;

What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*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 shall crave of you your
leave that I may hear my evils alone. It were a bad
recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

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Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere 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 myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him myself and sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. Oh, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder 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 recovered, 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 Count Orsino's court; farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many 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 separate doors.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you sir; you might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into 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.

Viola. 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 returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Viola. 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 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 the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, 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 man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;

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As I am 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'untie.

SCENE III.—*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*

Toby. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *deliculo surgere*, thou know'st—

And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Toby. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled 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. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Toby. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say! a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Toby. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

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. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

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Toby. Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

*Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, 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.*

And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Toby. Good, good.

Clown sings.

*What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Toby. A contagious breath.

And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owls in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

And. An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one

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to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clown. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin. [*Catch song.*]

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out-of-doors, never trust me.

Toby. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? 'Tilley-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Toby. *Oh, the twelfth day of December,—* [*Singing.*]

Maria. 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 you 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?

Toby. 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, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Toby. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Toby. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Toby. Shall I bid him go?

Clown. What and if you do?

Toby. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. Oh no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Toby. Out o' tune? sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Toby. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.]

Maria. Go shake your ears.

And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Toby. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count'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 nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Toby. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

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And. Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Toby. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything 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 crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, 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.

Toby. What wilt thou do?

Maria. 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 gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.

And. I have't in my nose too.

Toby. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

And. Oh, 'twill be admirable.

Maria. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic 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. Farewell. [Exit.

Toby. Good-night, Penthesilea.

And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Toby. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

And. I was adored once too.

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PLATE 12

OLIVIA AND VIOLA

Twelfth Night, act i., scene v.

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Toby. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Toby. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Toby. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good-morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique 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-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Curio. 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.—

[*Exit CURIO.—Music.*]

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 beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

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Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years,
i'faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. Oh, 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.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*]

SONG.

Clown.

*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.*

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*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, 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 strewn ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true-lover never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—Once more, Cesario, Get thee to yon' 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 gems That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Viola. 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 ?

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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 called appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer 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.

Viola. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may
owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. 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 theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Toby. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Toby. Wouldst 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.

Toby. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue.—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Toby. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my nettle of India?

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the 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 idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!—Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself 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?—

Toby. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. Oh, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Toby. Peace, I say.

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Mal. —To be Count Malvolio,—

Toby. Ah, rogue!

And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Toby. Peace, peace!

Mal. —There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.—

And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. Oh, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him!

Mal. —Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Toby. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. —Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping.—

Toby. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace!

Mal. —And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travail of regard—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Toby. 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 my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.—

Toby. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. —I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. —Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—

Toby. What, what?

Mal. —You must amend your drunkenness;—

Toby. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

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Mal. — Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight:—

And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. — One Sir Andrew.—

And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. — What employment have we here?—

[*Taking letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Toby. Oh, peace! and 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.—

And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

Mal. — [*Reads.*] To the unknown beloved, 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. — [*Reads.*] Jove knows, I love, but who? Lips do not move, no man must know.— No man must know. What follows? the numbers altered!— no man must know. If this should be thee, Malvolio?—

Toby. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. — [*Reads.*] I may command where I adore; but silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore; M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Toby. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. — [*Reads.*] M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.— Nay, but first let me see—let me see—let me see.—

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Toby. And with what wing the stanyel checks at it!

Mal. — [*Reads.*] 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.—

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Toby. Oh, ay! make up that—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though 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.

Toby. 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 achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself 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 thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate-unhappy.—Daylight and champion discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let

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PLATE 13
THE CLOWN AND MALVOLIO
Twelfth Night, act i., scene v

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 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-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, 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-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript: Thou canst not choose but 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 prithee.—Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything 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.

Toby. I could marry this wench for this device.

And. So could I too.

Toby. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Toby. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

And. Or o' mine either?

Toby. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

And. I'faith, or I either?

Toby. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Toby. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Maria. 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-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her

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disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Toby. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter VIOLA and Clown.*

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir; I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. 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.

Viola. So thou may'st say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. 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 disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir; I do care for something. But in

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my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. 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 pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. 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.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Viola. 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?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir; begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Viola. 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 persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

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Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Toby. Save you, gentleman.

Viola. And you, sir.

And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Viola. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Toby. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean she is the list of my voyage.

Toby. Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Toby. I mean to go, sir ; to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance, but we are prevented.—

Enter OLIVIA *and* Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare courtier ! Rain odours ! well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

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.—

[*Excunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* Gentlewoman.
Give me your hand, sir.

Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Viola. 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 filled with me !

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Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. Oh, 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 solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Viola. Dear lady—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, 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 the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shown: a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

Viola. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Viola. No, not a grise; 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 the 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 lies your way, due west.

Viola. Then westward-ho.

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay.

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

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Viola. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.—
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
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.

Viola. 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.—*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Toby. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me.
I saw't i' the orchard.

Toby. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me
that.

And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Toby. And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show 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 banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Toby. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Toby. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt 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 lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goosepen, no matter. About it.

And. Where shall I find you?

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Toby. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo.—Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Toby. 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 it.

Toby. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Toby. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Toby. And cross-gartered ?

Maria. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are 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 take't for a great favour.

Toby. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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PLATE 14

SIR TOBY AND HIS COMPANIONS

Twelfth Night, act ii., scene iii.

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SCENE III.—*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

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 (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodg-
ing.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys
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. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the 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 traffic's sake
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,

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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 knowl-
edge

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 the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow on 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 man-
ner. He is sure possessed, 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 his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mar. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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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 dost 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 the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request. Yes. Nightingales answer daws.

Maria. 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 achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. —And some have greatness thrust upon them.—

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. —Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. —And wished to see thee cross-gartered.—

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. —Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. —If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

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Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked 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.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA and MARIA.]

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 thyself 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 limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, Let this fellow be looked to. Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, 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.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Toby. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed 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 private; go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him!

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 did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Toby. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil? consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Maria. 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?

Maria. Oh, lord!

Toby. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him. Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Toby. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Toby. Ay, bidly, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Toby. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Toby. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

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Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Toby. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is 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 a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

And. Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

And. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Toby. Give me.—[*Reads.*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.—

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Toby. —Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.—

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blows of the law.

Toby. —Thou comest 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 to exceeding good sense-less.

Toby. —I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me—

Fab. Good.

Toby. —Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.—

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

Toby. —Fare thee well. And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Toby. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Toby. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Toby. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable 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 niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Toby. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly on't:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

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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 saved, may upon asking give?

Viola. 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?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Toby. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir.

Toby. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I
know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody
as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dis-
mount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy
assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

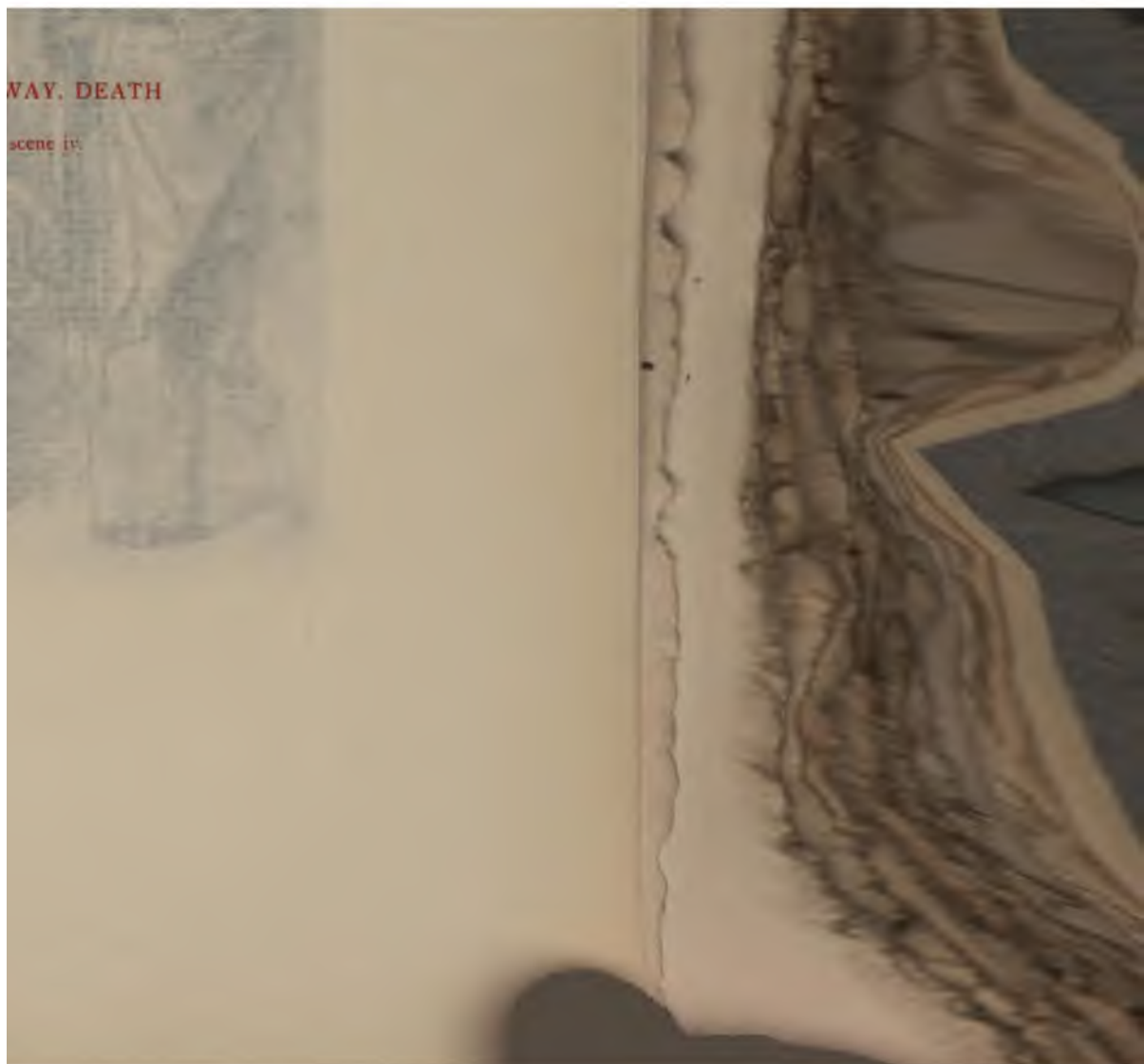
Viola. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath
any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Toby. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: there-
fore, 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 man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Toby. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier,
and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in pri-
vate brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three;
and his incensement at this moment is so implacable
that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of
death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't
or take't.

Viola. I will return again into the house, and desire
some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have



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heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Toby. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself 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.

Viola. 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.

Toby. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit SIR TOBY.]

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. 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.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would 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.

Toby. 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.

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And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Toby. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Toby. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.—

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Toby. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's 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.

Viola. 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.

Toby. 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 promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

And. Pray God he keep his oath! [Draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Viola. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [Draws.

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 defy you. [Drawing.

Toby. 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.

Toby. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. Oh, good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Toby. I'll be with you anon.

Viola. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

And. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promised 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. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though 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 myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed 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 is 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.

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Viola. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heavens themselves !

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Relieved 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 vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be called deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers and ANTONIO.*]

Viola. 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 !

Toby. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian ;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Viola. He named 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.*]

Toby. 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 cowardice, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Toby. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

And. An I do not—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Toby. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clown. 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.

Clown. 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 prithee vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clown. 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 prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.

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Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.]

Toby. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*]

Toby. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.]

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. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Toby. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*]

Toby. What! what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Toby. 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 prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

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 shalt not choose but go; Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

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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 prithee: would thou'dst be ruled
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. Oh, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this
beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the cu-
rate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit.*]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dis-
sembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to be-
come 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 and MARIA.

Toby. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said
to a niece of King Gorboduc, that that is is: so I, being
master parson, am master parson. For what is that
but that? and is but is?

Toby. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What hoa, I say. Peace in this prison!

Toby. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Mal-
volio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to
my lady.

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Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Toby. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. 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 courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories 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.

Clown. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

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 abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Toby. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

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PLATE 16
MALVOLIO FINDS THE LETTER

Twelfth Night, act ii., scene v

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Maria. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Toby. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy lady does.— [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool!

Clown. —My lady is unkind, perdy.—

Mal. Fool!

Clown. —Alas, why is she so?—

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clown. —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.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are 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.

Clown. Advise you what you say: the minister is here; Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas—

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

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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.

Clown. 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.

Clown. 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.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman 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 prithee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,
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, ha! to the devil.
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit.

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 Antonio, 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 though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

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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 despatch,
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 heavens
so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

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Fab. That is to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. 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 myself; 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.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. Oh, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. 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.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money 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.

Clown. 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.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Viola. 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 smoke 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 every envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her freight from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger 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.

Viola. 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 pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add

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My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication. For his sake
 Did I expose myself, 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 ; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Viola. 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 Heaven 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.

Viola. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my lord—

Viola. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as flat and fulsome to mine ear
 As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What ! to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what 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 jealousy
That sometimes 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 Heaven, I swear I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Viola. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Viola. 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. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To VIOLA.]

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Viola. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

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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.—Oh, welcome father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd 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,
Strengthen'd by interchangement 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. Oh, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Viola. My lord, I do protest.

Oli. Oh, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby!

Oli. What's the matter?

And. He has broke my head across, and has 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?

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PLATE 17

OLIVIA AND MALVOLIO

Twelfth Night, act iii., scene iv.

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And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

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.

Viola. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.—

Enter SIR TOBY and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Toby. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's th' end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Toby. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Toby. Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Excunt* Clown, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.]

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

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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! Oh, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
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 that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. 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?

Viola. 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 grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

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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 to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived—
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; 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 never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's 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.

Re-enter Clown with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do;
has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to

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you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. *By the Lord, madam—*

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; 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 the 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 myself 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-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you [To VIOLA]: and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
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.

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PLATE 18

MALVOLIO IN THE DUNGEON

Twelfth Night. act iii. scene iv.

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Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

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 you, peruse 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,
Bade 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 made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, 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 presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff 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 wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,

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Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense 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 pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clown. Why, some are born great, some achieve
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? an you smile not, he's gagg'd. And thus
the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

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. Meantime, 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.*]

SONG.

Clown. *When that I was a little tiny 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, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day,
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

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*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day,*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done.
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[*Exit.*

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The Taming of the Shrew

PERSONS REPRESENTED

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunk-
en Tinker. }
Hostess, Page, Players, } *Persons in the*
Huntsmen, and other } *Induction.*
Servants attending on
the Lord. }

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with
Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor
to Katharina.

GREMIO }
HORTENSIO } *Suitors to Bianca.*

TRANIO }
BIONDELLO } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO }
CURTIS } *Servants to Petruchio.*

PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vin-
centio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew } *Daughters to Bap-*
BIANCA, her Sister } *tista.*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending
on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes
in Petruchio's House in the Country.

The Taming of the Shrew

INDUCTION

SCENE I.—*Enter* Beggar (CHRISTOPHER SLY) and Hostess.

BEGGAR. I'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Beg. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a dernier. Go by Saint Jeronimy. Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy—I must go fetch the headborough.

Beg. 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 his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.

Brach Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd—
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.

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1 Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord:
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool. If Echo 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.

Hunts. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth
he breathe?

2 Hunt. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh, monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

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,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he
waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering 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 music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low, submissive reverence,
Say, What is it your honor will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

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PLATE 19

CHRISTOPHER SLY

Taming of the Shrew. induction, scene ii.

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And say, Will't 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 lunatic,
 And, when he says he is, 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 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you we'll 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 Serving-man.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
 Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *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.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

www.libtoo.com *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.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exeunt Serving-man with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To Serving-man.*

And see him dress'd 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 observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft, low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say, What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show 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 restored to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy hath 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 conveyed,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit a Serving-man.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, 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 extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, basin, and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord.*

Beg. 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?

Beg. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship. I never 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 shoes than feet; nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven 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!

Beg. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a peddler, by education a card-maker, by transmu-

tation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, 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 lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not be-straught. Here's—

1 *Serv.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* 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 music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*

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 bestrew 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 echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, flecter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

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PLATE 20

KATHARINA

Taming of the Shrew, act i., scene i.

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 3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at that 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 waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
 Like envious floods o'erran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Beg. 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 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restored!
 Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
 Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
 But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* Oh yes, my lord; but very idle words:
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out-of-door;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;
 And say you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
 maid,
 Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

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And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Beg. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Beg. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Beg. 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.

Beg. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Beg. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed and slept

Above some fifteen year or more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Beg. '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 expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy 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.

Beg. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a com-
monty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Beg. What, household stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't: come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.
[*They sit.*]

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Flourish.* *Enter* LUCENTIO *and his man*
TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good-will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe, and hap'ly 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 traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,

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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 that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achieved.
 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. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself,
 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 Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics
 As Ovid ; be an outcast quite abjured ;
 Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk.
 Music and poesy use to quicken you ;
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 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 awhile. What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters, KATHARINA
 and BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and
 TRANIO stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter

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Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
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 [*To BAPTISTA*], is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these 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 should 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, 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 behavior 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! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye—an 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 myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st 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,

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and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, 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 his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of 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 do 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 achieve 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 have touch'd you, nought remains but so—
Redime te captum quam quæas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, 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.

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Luc. Oh 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 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 achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters 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 schoolmaster,
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 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 distinguished by our faces
For man or master: then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;

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PLATE 21

BAPTISTA PROTESTS

Taming of the Shrew, act i., scene i.

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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 brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charged me at our parting :
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he ;
Although, 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 to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where
were you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, 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 countenance 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 was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life :
You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him : would I were so too !

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Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah—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 thyself execute:
To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me
why,

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt. The presenters above speak.*]

I Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Beg. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
surely. Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady:
would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter PETRUCHIO and his man 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 his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? Is there
any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, 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.

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Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! 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?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Multo honorato, signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, 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 aught I see), two-and-thirty—a pip 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 bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—Oh, heavens!
Spake you not these words plain—Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 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,

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 To seek their fortunes further than at home,
 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
 Antonio, my father, is deceased ;
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply 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 shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
 Thou'dst thank me but 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 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 Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me ; were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic 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, though she have as many diseases
 as two-and-fifty horses ; why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd 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 intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure

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 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, though 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 Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
 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. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
 lasts. O' my word, an 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; an he begin once, he'll rail in
 his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir—an she stand
 him 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 keep my treasure is.
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
 And her withholds from me, and other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love,
 Supposing it a thing impossible
 (For those defects I have before rehearsed)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd.
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharina the curst!
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
 And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, 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 herself.

Enter GREMIO and LUCENTIO, disguised.

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old folks,
 how the young folks lay their heads together ! Master,
 master, look about you. Who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : it is the rival of my love :
 Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !

Gre. Oh, very well ; I have perused the note.
 Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
 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 papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfumed ;
 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 yourself 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, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum !—God save you, Signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow
 you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca :

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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 you.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised 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 beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved 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 curst 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 ! say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father 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 o' 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. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine 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 heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.
 For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gru.

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
 This gentleman is happily arrived,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO 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. Perhaps him and her, sir; what have you to
 do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away. [*Aside*]

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
 Are you a suitor 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 y
 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.



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Her widowhood—be it that she survive me—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties 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 as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme 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, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO with his head broken.

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 mu-
sician?

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 these? quoth she: I'll fume with them;
And, with that word, she struck me on the head.
And through the 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 fiddler,

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 practice 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 ?

Pet. I pray you, do ; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt manet* PETRUCHIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why, 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 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 though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, 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 Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my superdainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded

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(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you
hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-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 burden 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 buzz.

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. 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 lies.

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 tails; and so farewell.

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.

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PLATE 23

PETRUCHIO BANTERS KATHARINA

Taming of the Shrew, act II., scene 1.

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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 sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show 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 Saint 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: in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe 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 canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 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 does the world report that Kate doth limp?
 O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel twig,
 Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
 As hazel-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 gait?
 Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

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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:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Comformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

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. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have show'd a tender, fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself 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 froward, 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;

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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 choose her for my-
self:

If she and I be pleased, 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 on kiss

She vied 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 o' Sunday.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, 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 in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

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But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that loves Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Graybeard, 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'll 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;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry.
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies.
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or house-keeping. Then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

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's 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 argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'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 outvied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the 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 resolved: 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;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good.—
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called supposed 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. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir.
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony :
 Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
 And when in music 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 music 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 thy choice :
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
 I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
 His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[HORTENSIO retires.]

Luc. That will be never !—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus :

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before ; *Simois*, I am
 Lucentio ; *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa ; *Sigeia*

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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. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO plays.

Oh, fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigcica 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 forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides

Was Ajax—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. 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 masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk [*to* LUCENTIO], and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

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 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.

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Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord:

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;

E la mi, 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 odd inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* *Mess.*

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 though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*to* TRANIO], this is the 'pointed
day

That Katharina 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
forced

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PLATE 34

BIANCA AND LUCENTIO

Taming of the Shrew, act iii., scene 1.

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To give my hand, opposed 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 frantic 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, and proclaim the banns;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 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;
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, 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 thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and
 an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a

pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and shapeless; with two broken points. His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls; sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives; stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red-and-blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy or a 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, howsoe'er 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 Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

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 eyesore 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 yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though 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 clothes 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 have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

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?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, whate'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 schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which, once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-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.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

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I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest
Should ask if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud
That, all amazed, 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 again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamped 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 carousing to his mates
After a storm. Quaff'd 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 him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That, at the parting, all the church did echo ;
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. [*Music plays.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, HORTENSIO,
BAPTISTA, GRUMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains :

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared 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,

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You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

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 myself.
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way—
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself;
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly, surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

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:

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her.

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

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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 household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're 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* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.]

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 herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though 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.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*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 rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent be-
 fore to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm
 them. Now, were not I 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, ere I should

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come by a fire to thaw me. But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold—Halloa! ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is 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 tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch 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, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, 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 wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, 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

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fair within, the jills fair without, the carpet laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's hav't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

Curt. Both on one horse—

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse—

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; 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 prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; 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 unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. 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, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my

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master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. 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?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

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 Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed 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!

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Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Greg-
ory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exit some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?— [Sings.

Where are those— Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains. When?

*It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way—*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water here; what ho!

[*Servant enters with water.*

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[*Servant lets basin fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-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 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

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 meat, &c., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

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

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS, a Servant.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
 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 bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she 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 bawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 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 show. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*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 satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
 [They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

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Luc. I read that I profess the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Oh, despiteful 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 scorns 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 called—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 forever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court!—Signior Lu-
centio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her
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, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite for-
sworn!

For me—that I may surely keep mine oath—
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud, disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

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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'm 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 mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely 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 in your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, 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 stayed 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're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me then so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
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 countenance 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 lodged.
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 courtesy, sir, accept of it.

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PLATE 26

PETRUCHIO OVERTURNS THE TRENCHER

Taming of the Shrew act iv., scene 1

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Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

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 dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*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 entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric 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 'tis choleric.

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.

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Gru. Nay, then, I will not; you shal' have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything 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, *with meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. 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 see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, 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 this 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.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

[*Aside.*

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 farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, 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 porringer!

A velvet dish—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-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. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endured 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, tailor, let us
see't.

Oh, mercy, God! what mocking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

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Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, o' devils name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tail. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar 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 quaint, 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.

Tail. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou—

Braved 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 whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tail. Your worship is deceived; 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.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tail. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tail. I have.

Gru. Face not me; thou hast braved many men,
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. 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.

Tail. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tail. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown;—

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bot-tom of brown thread. I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tail. —With a small compassed cape;—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tail. —With a trunk sleeve;—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tail. —The sleeves curiously cut.—

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill. I com-manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where thou shouldst 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 i' the 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' 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' gown to his master's use!

Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou will see the tailor paid: Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Tailor, 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* Tailor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,

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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, frolic; 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 o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
 And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere 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 ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter* TRANIO, and the Pedant *dressed like*
 VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, 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, where
 We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well:
 And hold your own, in any case, with such
 Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

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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 thoroughly, 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 you father was at Venice, And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir [*to* Pedant], 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 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

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 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 dower,
 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 part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
 And, haply, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
 There doth my father lie ; 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're 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 happened.
 Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
 Come, sir : we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, BAPTISTA, *and* Pedant.]

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 he has left me here be-

hind, to expound the meaning or moral 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 Saint 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 solum*, to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint 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 pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:

It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

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Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.

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 lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, 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 named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should
run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft; what company is coming here?—

Enter VINCENTIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away?—

[*To* VINCENTIO.]

Tell 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 heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good-day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

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Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything 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 grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travelest; 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 amazed 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 reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Besides, 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?

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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* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO *is out before.*

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 o' your back, and
then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and 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 choose but drink before you
go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would 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?

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Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved 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 at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VIN.*] Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-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, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst 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. It's so, indeed. [*He beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

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Re-enter Pedant, BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O 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 servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. 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 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 murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—Oh, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer. Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

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 coney-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

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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. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and— Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneels.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneels.*

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 supposes bear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed 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 arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced 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 gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to.
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

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PLATE 27

PARDON, SWEET FATHER

Taming of the Shrew, act v., scene i.

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Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ; I mean, Hortensio is afraid 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,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

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 does 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 butt ? a hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt 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 bitter 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.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A 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 come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content.—What is 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 myself.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How? she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Grc. www.libtool.com.cn 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 entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.]

Pet. Oh, ho, entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—
Now, where's my wife?

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

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, vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured !
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress ;
Say I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my halidom, here comes Katharina!

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* KATHARINA.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, 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 changed as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
 And show more signs of her obedience,
 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-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, throw it underfoot.

[KATHARINA *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 do owe 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 threat'ning unkind brow,
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads;
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

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 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; 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,
 Whilst thou liest 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's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
 I am ashamed 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 froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then veil 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 three are married, but you two are sped.

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'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good-night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed
so. [*Exeunt.*

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The Two Gentlemen of Verona

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS }
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Outlaws.
JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

VALENTINE. Cease to persuade, my loving
Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bedesman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

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Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heartsore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

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Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear! gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

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Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttuns.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pifold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? Did she nod?

Speed. [*Nods.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod, ay! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir! I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod, and I say, ay.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind; I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

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Speed. No, not so much as, Take this for thy pains.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have tes-
tern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your
letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my
master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Julia. But say, Lucetta (now we are alone),
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Julia. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parley encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my
mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Julia. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Julia. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Julia. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Julia. How now? what means this passion at his
name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Julia. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Julia. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so.

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Julia. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Julia. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Julia. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Julia. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let men know their love.

Julia. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Julia. To *Julia*.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Julia. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Julia. Now (by my modesty) a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Julia. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminare. [*Exit.*]

Julia. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say no to that

Which they would have the profferer construe ay.

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

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When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
 My penance is to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.—
 What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Julia. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were:
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Julia. What is't you took up
 So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Julia. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Julia. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Julia. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Julia. Some love of yours hath writ to you in
 rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,
 Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible:
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Julia. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Julia. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Julia. Let's see your song.—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it
 out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Julia. You do not?

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Luc. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.

Julia. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Julia. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Julia. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Julia. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh, hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—*kind Julia*, unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *love-wounded Proteus*—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear

Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

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PLATE 28

THE TORN LETTER

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 1., scene 1.

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Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Julia. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Julia. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Julia. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Julia. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter* ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,

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And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble men;
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised.
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
phonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go,
And in good time: now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart:
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
Oh, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh, heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved

And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish;
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Excunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burn-
ing,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Excunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so

without these follies that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. Oh, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

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Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. Oh, 'give you good-even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not;

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And yet take this again; and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:

But, since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them; they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

Speed. Oh, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Oh, excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val. How now, sir? What are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you
write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you
perceive her earnest?

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Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in mod-
esty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again re-
ply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon
Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished
by my victuals, and would fain have meat. Oh, be not
like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Julia. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you
this.

Julia. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming: answer not;

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PLATE 29

PROTEUS AND HIS FATHER

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act i., scene iii.

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The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should;
Julia, farewell. [*Exit* JULIA.]—What! gone without a
word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter* LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father—no, this left shoe is my father—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so—it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps

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on. Now come I to my mother (oh, that she could speak now!), like a wood woman. Well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here—Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service— Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service. And the tide!— why, man, if the river were dry I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

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PLATE 30

SYLVIA AND VALENTINE

From the opera *Verona* Act II, scene 1

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Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thur. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thur. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thur. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thur. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thur. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thur. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thur. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thur. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and I think no other treasure to give your fol-

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lowers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy We have conversed, and spent our hours together. And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow), He is complete in feature and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile. I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

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Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio.—

For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it.

I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners
still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thur. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentle-
man.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech
you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

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Pro. That you are worthless.

Thur. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio, Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome. I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ; When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you ; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now : I have done penance for contemning love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heartsore sighs ; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. Oh, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe to his correction. Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth ! Now, no discourse, except it be of love. Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye : Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. Oh, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

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Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love:
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd:
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords: and all the means
Plotted and agreed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

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Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VALENTINE.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd:
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
Oh, but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five pence

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PLATE 31

PROTEUS MEETS SYLVIA

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act II, scene IV

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thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou that thou canst not?

My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

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Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Enter* PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend I shall be much forsworn;
 And even that power which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 Oh, sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven that made her fair,
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.

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 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;
 Myself in counsel his competitor :
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight ;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine ;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Julia. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me !
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engraved,
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

Julia. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly,
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Julia. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
 food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Julia. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it
 burns ;

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The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage :
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays
 With willing sport to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Julia. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men.
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Julia. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots ;
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
 breeches ?

Julia. That fits as well as—"tell me, good my lord,
 "What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
 Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
 madam.

Julia. Out, out, Lucetta ; that will be ill-favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
 pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Julia. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly ;
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
 For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?
 I fear me it will make me scandalized.

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Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Julia. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Julia. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear;
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Julia. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth.
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him.

Julia. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter* DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;

[*Exit* THURIO.]

We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal.

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But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determined to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
 And should she thus be stolen away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep ;
 And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company and my court.
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently ;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aim'd at ;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me awhile ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, beauty, worth, and qualities
Beseeeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father ;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this ?

Duke. There is a lady in Milan here
Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,

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PLATE 32

PROTEUS AND THE DUKE

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii, scene 1.

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Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
 Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
 That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
 How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
 Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
 I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—To Silvia!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd
 them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord should be.—

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!—

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaeton (for thou art Merops' son),

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

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And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banished from her
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find; there's not a hair on's
head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

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Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are van-
ish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that's the news:
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force),
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so

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When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate.
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. Oh, my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of knave; but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor
who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman
I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis
not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She
hath more qualities than a water-spaniel — which is
much in a bare-christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pull-*

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ing out a paper] of her conditions.—Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.—Why, a horse can do not more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.—Item, She can milk;—look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still, mistake the word. What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. Oh, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, She can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, She brews good ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, She can sew.

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, She can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, She can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, She can spin.

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Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Laun. Oh, villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud.

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, She is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now of another thing she may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and

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 not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit,—

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —And more faults than hairs,—

Laun. That's monstrous. Oh, that that were out.

Speed. —And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she has despised me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

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And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,

According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee

(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,

Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it.

Therefore 't must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

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TABLE

THE DUKE EXPELS VALENTINE

From *Comedies of Volpone*, act iii., scene i.

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Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
 Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me :
 Which must be done by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
 Because we know (on Valentine's report)
 You are already love's firm votary,
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant shall you have access,
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
 Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
 To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect ;
 But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
 You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
 Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line
 That may discover such integrity :
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert : to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently

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To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter certain* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about
you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have
stayed,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banished hence?

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Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so ;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 Out. Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him ; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 Out. Tell us this : have you anything to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men.
Myself was from Verona banish'd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose (for we cite our faults
That they may hold excused our lawless lives),
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want ;—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest we parley you :
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live as we do in this wilderness ?

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3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter* PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved;
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance, and JULIA dressed as a boy.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're ally-
choly. I pray you, why is it?

Julia. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Julia. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Julia. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Julia. Is he among these?

Host. Ay, but peace; let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Sylvia? What is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

*The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

*To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

*Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were be-
fore?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

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Julia. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Julia. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Julia. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Julia. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Julia. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Julia. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Julia. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me; he loved her out of all nick.

Julia. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Julia. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO and Musicians.]

SILVIA appears at her window.

Pro. Madam, good-even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me—by this pale queen of night I swear—
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by-and-by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Julia. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*

Sil. Say that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd. And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I ; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Julia. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Julia. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well

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To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS and SILVIA.]

Julia. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Julia. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Julia. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh, Eglamour, thou art a gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not),
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart

PLATE 54

THE COURT OF THE PALACE

CHANG-CHIANG, 401, 1911, 1912

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As when thy lady and thy true love died,
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven and fortune shall reward with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
 Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,
 I give consent to go along with you,
 Recking as little what betideth me
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
 Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.*

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur
 with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought
 up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when
 three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to
 it! I have taught him—even as one would say pre-
 cisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver
 him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master;

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and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. Oh, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table. He had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; What cur is that? says another; Whip him out, says the third; Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Julia. In what you please; I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson
peasant! [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit* LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not),
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Julia. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Julia. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry alas?

Julia. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Julia. Because, methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.

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'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.]

Julia. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good-day! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Julia. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Julia. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. Oh!—he sends you for a picture?

Julia. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*]
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

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One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Julia. Madam, please you peruse this letter.
Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not ;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Julia. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Julia. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure :
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Julia. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Julia. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Julia. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Julia. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sor-
row.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Julia. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

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Julia. About my stature ; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me ;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

Julia. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture. Let me see ; I think
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers ;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow ;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

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 Come, shadow, come, and take his shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. Oh, thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake
 That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
 Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
 I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?

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Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Julia. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?

Julia. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Julia. She need not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Julia. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Julia. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Julia. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus?—how now, Thurio?—
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Val-
entine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both

As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

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PLATE 35

LAUNCE AND HIS DOG

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv., scene iv.

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At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not.
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently, and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
 Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.]
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
Julia. And I will follow, more to cross that love
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.*

1 Out. Come, come,
 Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 Out. Come, bring her away.
1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
 But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
 There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
 The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
 Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. Oh, Valentine, this I endure for thee! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Enter VALENTINE.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

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And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
Oh thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—
What hallooing and what stir is this to day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law—
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well ; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who's this comes here ?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look ;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I'm sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Oh, miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Julia. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
Oh, Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjured Proteus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?
 Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
 When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
 Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury to love me.
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
 And that's far worse than none; better have none
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
 Who respects friends?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
 Can no way change you to a milder form,
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
 Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
 love

(For such is a friend now), treacherous man!
 Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
 Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
 I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
 Who should be trusted, when one's right hand
 Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
 The private wound is deepest. Oh, time most curst!
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
 Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

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I tender it here. I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Julia. Oh me, unhappy! [*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
matter?

Look up; speak.

Julia. Oh, good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Julia. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Julia. Oh, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Julia. And Julia herself did give it me,
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia?

Julia. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

Oh, Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot modesty finds

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true. O heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

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PLATE 36

VALENTINE RESCUES SYLVIA

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v., scene iv.

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Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Ial. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close?

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish forever.

Julia. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Ial. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Ial. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such light conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

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Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

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