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MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
 COMEDIES HISTORIES TRAGEDIES
 AND POEMS



*THE TEXT NEWLY EDITED WITH GLOSSARIAL
 HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES*

BY

RICHARD GRANT WHITE

I.

I. COMEDIES



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To

HENRY O. HOUGHTON, ESQ., M.A.

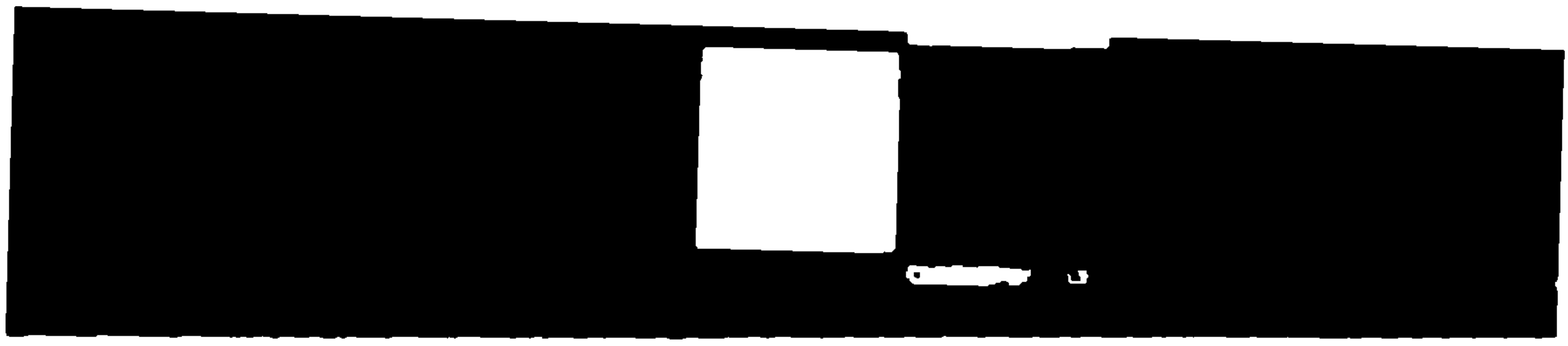
OF RIVERSIDE.

MY DEAR MR. HOUGHTON:

Shakespeare's Sonnets were dedicated by their publisher to a sort of editor of them, because he was their "onlie begetter." The editor of this edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works dedicates it to the publisher for much the same reason. For if you are not its only begetter, it was at least undertaken and has been completed to carry out a plan in the design of which you had a considerable share. For that reason, too, your colaborer has placed upon its title-page the name of the great Press established by you and directed in a spirit which seems to have been caught from those eminent printers and scholars, the Aldi. There is, moreover, a certain appropriateness in the name borne by this edition. It seems fit and of good omen that what was played to the general public at the Bankside in Old England should be printed for the general public at Riverside in the New. There is yet one more reason why your name should appear upon this page: it is to acknowledge here my long-felt personal interest in your labors and the interest which you have shown in those of

Yours most truly,

R. G. W.



The Riverside Shakespeare

VOL. I.—COMEDIES



THE TEMPEST

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

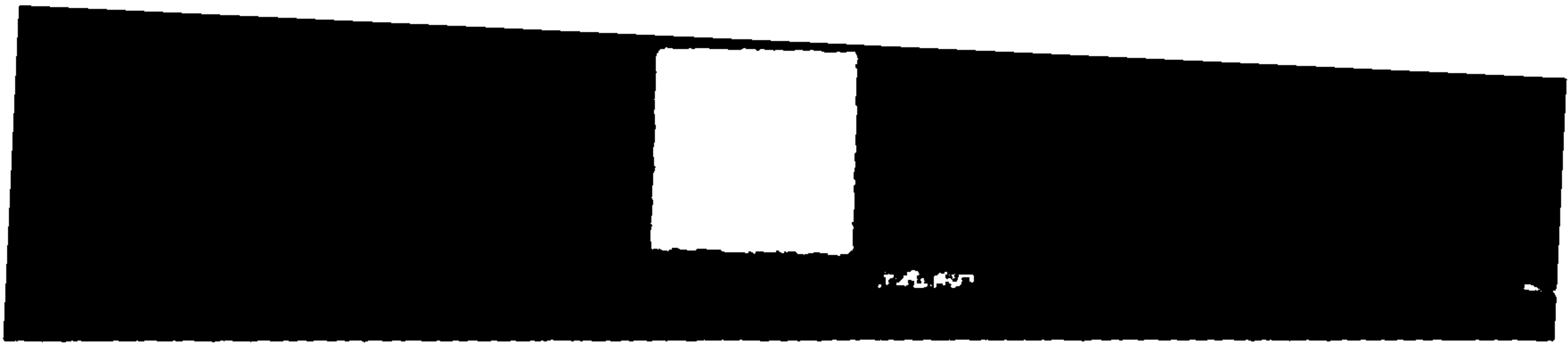
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST





PREFACE.

THIS edition of the works of Shakespeare has been prepared with a single eye to the wants of his readers. Its purpose is not to furnish material for critical study either of the Elizabethan dramatists or of the English language. It seeks rather to enable the reader of general intelligence to understand, and therefore to enjoy, what Shakespeare wrote as nearly as possible in the very way in which he would have understood and enjoyed it if he had lived in London in the reign of James I. That done, as well as the editor was able to do it under the limiting conditions of his work, he has regarded his task as ended. Editors of poets and dramatists at the best are always necessary evils; commentators at the best are rarely better than unnecessary nuisances. They are so in this present case when they presume to do all the reader's thinking and appreciation for him, and thus deprive him of the highest pleasures and richest benefits that come of reading Shakespeare; and chiefly when in doing this they grope and fumble for a profound moral purpose in these plays; which is really to insist upon such a purpose in the Italian *novelli* and English chronicles, which, always with the least possible trouble to himself, Shakespeare put into an actable shape.

Nor has it been deemed desirable to label Shakespeare's style, and pigeon-hole it for reference by pointing out that this is metaphor, that simile, and the others synecdoche, hendiadys, litotes, zeugma, and the like. In an edition prepared as a text-book of literature for schools all this is in place and in keeping; but in one intended merely to be read and enjoyed, it seems more than out of place and out of keeping. I have never been able to divine how such rhetorical labelling helped any one to a

PREFACE.

greater enjoyment or a better understanding of Shakespeare or any other poet: rather the contrary. On the one hand, it is mere mental gymnastics (yet mental gymnastics are not only beneficial but needful for those who are in training); and on the other, mere naming of tools, or rather — and much worse — the naming of work according to the tool by which it was wrought. Shakespeare himself has left us a valuable opinion upon this point: —

“ These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are: ”

which is nothing against the study of astronomy, but much against the looking at the great lights of the world, whether in man or in nature, merely from a scientific, not to say a pedantic, point of view.

In this edition the Introductions to the Plays present, in a compact form, all that is known in regard to the origin of each, the date of its production, and the period of its action, — points these of some interest, although not of the highest importance, except to an editor or critic of Shakespeare. They are almost technical. To most readers of Shakespeare, however thoughtful and appreciative, it is of very little moment where the poet found the subject of a play, and of little more in what year it was written.

The Poems have been placed in the second volume chiefly for convenience of arrangement; but even those who are anxious upon the point of chronological sequence must admit that there they are more nearly in place than they would be immediately after the great tragedies. Almost all of them are early work; and indeed most of the sonnets were written before 1597, and bear the marks of the period that produced *Romeo and Juliet*. The prologues to the great love tragedy are in form and in style, and in a certain fashion of versification, exact counterparts of the sonnets; to which in tone, and often in sentiment, the play is notably correspondent. But indeed this matter of arrangement is hardly more than a question of manual convenience. Whether the poems precede the plays or follow them, or divide one sort of them from another, or are distributed through

ings. He could not have made his text with more scrupulous care, nor, he believes, have presented it more acceptably to those for whom it is intended, if he had filled an octavo volume with discussions of each play. It has been very rarely deemed either necessary or desirable to refer to any other reading than the one given; and this has been done only when the case has seemed doubtful, or when some other reading would be a help to the understanding of the passage in question. The glossarial and explanatory notes have been prepared in a like spirit and with like purpose. They are intended simply to enable the reader to understand the words and phrases used by the poet, without a display of the sources whence they have been derived, and with the briefest possible diversion of the reader's attention from the author to the editor.

In determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation, the editor, following eminent example, took advice of his washerwoman, and also of the correctors of the press in the office in which the edition was printed, to whose intelligent suggestions and thoughtful care he owes much which it gives him pleasure to acknowledge. He therefore ventures to say to any reader who may not be able to understand a passage which is left without remark, that the fault may possibly be that of some other person than the poet or the editor.

Upon one point the convenience of the reader and his uninterrupted enjoyment of the author have been carefully considered and constantly borne in mind. Explanation of obsolete words and phrases is given whenever it is needed, and as often as occasion requires. An obsolete or obscure word or phrase is not passed over in one play because it has been explained in another. There seems to be no good reason why a reader who is absorbed in the enjoyment of a passage in one play should be sent back or forth to look up in another the meaning of some word or phrase before him; or why he should be made to wait while he turns to the end of the book, or perhaps to the end of another volume, and looks through a glossary. Therefore, every word that needs explanation is explained in this edition whenever and wherever it occurs, unless, indeed, it is found twice in the same scene: in which case repetition was deemed superfluous.

Explanation, however, has never been obtruded in the many

from observation, I am persuaded that he wishes, is to feel well assured that he has before him what Shakespeare wrote, as nearly as that may be ascertained, and to have the language and the construction of this text explained wherever the one is obsolete or the other obscure. The former, it need hardly be said, is the more important, even of these two important points; and as to this I have to say that the text here presented is not founded upon that of any antecedent modern edition, even my own, but is the result of a new and thorough collation. As to my previous readings in corrupt or uncertain passages of the old text, they have had the benefit of nearly twenty years' criticism and consideration, by others and myself, with the result that I stand by some of them, as others do, but abandon some; while "upon more advice," and cautiously, yet with no feeling of timidity, I have introduced not a few which I hope are well-grounded restorations. As little is said in the notes, frequently nothing, about this part of my labor, it may be well to bring forward some examples of the sort of editorial work which has been here performed, and the simple results of which are given almost without remark. The first shall be taken from the earliest pages of the first play in our first volume. In *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2, line 56, in the following passage,

"Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter,"

the word "piece" has hitherto, I believe, been regarded, and silently accepted, as meaning bit, in the sense of sample, — Thy mother was a sample of virtue. But here "piece" means — some of us will probably shrink from the interpretation — simply a young woman. The word, somewhat in this sense, has hardly passed out of use, although, like many other words, it has been degraded in the lapse of time. Gay gentlemen of the past generation used to speak (I remember having in my boyhood heard them so speak) of a wanton girl as "a piece;" Charles Lamb so writes in one of his letters in a passage not quite quotable here; and even nowadays, ladies of the best breeding use the word in regard to a young woman somewhat as they use "hussy," but with a milder meaning; perhaps more in the spirit in which they good-naturedly use "minx." As to

the use of the word with this meaning in Shakespeare's day and afterwards, see these examples : —

“ The knight with his fair *piece*
At length the lady spied.”

Constance of Cleveland. Roxburghe Ballads.

This piece, however, was rather a light one ; but see the reply of the chaste and noble Countess of Salisbury to the matrimonial suit of Edward, the Black Prince : —

“ Nor by Ambitious Lures will I be bought
In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
A *Piece* unfit for Princely Edward's side.”

DRAYTON, *English Heroicall Epistles.*

The word, indeed, was used for a young woman, with special reference to the sexual relation, but without color either of good or ill, and was applied alike to the chaste and the unchaste. The following passages from others of Shakespeare's plays are examples in point : —

“ Their transformations
Were never for a *piece* of beauty rarer
Nor in a way so chaste.”

The Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 4, line 31.

Here the sense is, not “were never for a piece of beauty,” etc., but “were never for a piece — of beauty rarer nor,” etc. That, in the following passage from the same play, the word has this same meaning, and not that of a piece of statuary work, which it has before in the same scene, would be plain without the confirming evidence of the fourth line (Act V. Sc. 3, line 38) : —

“ *Leontes.* O royal *piece*,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.”

In *Henry the Eighth*, the word occurs in the same sense (Act V. Sc. 5, line 27) : —

“ All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty *piece* as this is
With all the virtues,” etc. ;

the “mighty piece” being a new-born female child held in the

arms of its godmother. The following may be presented without remark:—

“He, like a paling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed *piece*.”

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 1, line 61.

“When as a lion’s whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find and be embraced by a *piece* of tender air,” etc.

Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. 4.

“When nature framed this *piece* [Marina] she meant thee a good turn:
therefore say what a paragon she is,” etc.

Pericles, Act IV. Sc. 2.

“Thou [Marina] art a *piece* of virtue;
I doubt not thy training hath been noble.”

Idem.

It need hardly be said that the coexistence of the same word, chiefly in the sense, literal or metaphorical, of a part, a fragment, a sample, is not at all to the purpose in the consideration of this question.

In *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 3, after reading heretofore with the folio,

“*Celia*. But is all of this for your father?”

Ros. No, some of it is for my childe’s father,”

I now read,

“No, some of it is for my *father’s child*.”

The reasons for this change concern, first, the sense of the passage, and, next, the authority of the old copy. Further consideration has left me no doubt that Shakespeare would not have made Rosalind say “my child’s father.” Not at all for the squeamish reasons which have been urged against the folio reading; for that implies nothing wrong in Rosalind, and it is purity, or verily prudery itself, compared with many other things that she and Celia do say. In Shakespeare’s day women of soundest and truest chastity were not afraid or ashamed to say that they expected and hoped to be made mothers by the men they loved. See what Perdita, daintiest, sweetest, shyest, of the opening buds in Shakespeare’s flower-bed of fair women, says directly to her lover (Act IV. Sc. 4):—

“No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms,”

the mere misty outline of a possible sense, and that would run easily off his pen and into his verse. Thus, although these old play-books represent manuscripts stolen and patched and heterogeneous, and are frequently printed in such typographical disorder that their texts have not the slightest claim to unquestioning deference, the experienced reader feels that he may well hesitate at disturbing what, notwithstanding its obscurity, its extravagance, or even its tameness, Shakespeare himself may have written. Time and reflection — none the less likely to lead aright, I believe, because I have not made the study of Shakespeare what is called a specialty — have led me to great distrust of most conjectural emendation. I do not feel quite sure of “bisson multitude” (*Coriolanus*, Act III. Sc. 1); nay, verily, I sometimes even doubt whether the dying Falstaff “babbled of green fields.” In regulating the text of these plays, one too common mistake has been the assumption that what Shakespeare wrote was always comprehensible, not to say admirable; which — Shakespeare being the man he was, writing when he wrote, as he wrote, and for his purpose — is, to say the least, somewhat unreasonable and unwarranted. And this assumption, aided by the uneasy desire to discover an ever present moral purpose, or at least the constant evidence of a profound moral insight, on Shakespeare’s part, has also led to much over-subtle explanation of his meaning in obscure or disputed passages. I can now see that I myself have erred in this way heretofore. The cases are numerous, however, in which corruption is so plain that all doubt and hesitation must be broken through, and the hand of restoration and regulation be boldly applied. When this is to be done, and how, it is for the editor to decide; at his peril if his judgment and his sympathy with his author fail. Shakespeare’s text has come to us in a condition that demands for its regulation such a combination of qualifications, inborn and acquired, that a man with any fitness at all for the task will perform it generally with much doubt of himself, and yet sometimes with boldness. Rosalind’s answer to Celia’s question seems to me an occasion of the latter sort.*

* The course of error (of which I myself have seen scores of modern examples) was probably this: first, *fathers childe*; next a transposition in type, *childe fathers*; finally a mistaken correction of this to *chilides father*.



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only instance of his use of it ; but what of that ? He would not use a word more than once unless he needed it more than once ; and he has used many words but once, including *adulterer*. In this case rarity aided misapprehension. It seems to me that the whole context, with its suggestions of "corruption" and "scandal," leads (in both words) to the reading that I have given ; Hamlet's point being that a little evil corrupts and adulterates a great deal of good ; just as Marston's is in the following couplet in his *Scourge of Villania*, which furnishes at once a contemporary instance of the word, and an example of its use in precisely the sense it has here : —

" Shall cock-horse fat-paunched Milo staine whole stocks
Of well-born soules with his adultering spots."

Sat. III.

" So, oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
.
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo —
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft adulter,
To his own scandal."

If, thus restored, it does not stand, by its own strength, on both feet, nothing that I could say more would help it to stability.

In Part I. of *King Henry the Fourth* (Act V. Sc. 1), the following passage appears thus in the folio : —

" *Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace !"

Here "chewet" has perplexed editors and commentators. It has been regarded by some as a form of *chouette* = owl, meaning that Falstaff was a screech owl ; others have taken it to be a diminutive of *chough*, and to mean a jackdaw, in which case the speech would have much the same meaning as in the other, — a meaning which is not at all in keeping with the passage ; for the fat knight merely vents one of his lazy, picturesque witticisms, and by no means the worst of them. He is impudent, however, and the Prince rebukes him, applying to him an epithet much like others that he has used before. He has called him

on previous occasions, "wen," "ribs," "keech," and "tallow," and here he calls him "suet," of which *chewet* is a mere irregular phonetic spelling; *suet* having been pronounced *shuet*, as *sugar* was (and is) pronounced *shugar*, as *suitor* was pronounced and sometimes printed *shooter*, and as *sirrah* was pronounced *shirrah*. So we have *chirrah* for *sirrah* in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V. Sc. 1), as here *chewet* for *sewet* or *suet*.* The word was in use in Shakespeare's day; but perhaps was not so common as the other kindred terms which the Prince uses to express Falstaff's greasy rotundity.

The folio of 1623 represents Queen Katherine (*King Henry the Eighth*, Act IV. Sc. 2) as saying of Wolsey that he was

"one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;"

and this reading has been given in most recent editions. But here the sense of the context, and what is of hardly less importance, that of the passage in Holinshed which Shakespeare was adapting to his dramatic purpose (and such passages in tale, play, or chronicle are the best and surest guides to the true text, when it is doubtful; much better than any *ductus literarum* or acute critical conjecture), both show that "tied" is a mere misprint of *tithed*. "This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes and by crafty suggestions got into his hands *innumerable treasure*; he forced little on *simonie*." This suggestion is not my own, but Sir Thomas Hamner's, who made the change nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. It has, however, of late been generally disregarded; erroneously, I am sure.

In *King Richard the Second* (Act III. Sc. 4) the Queen, after listening for some while to the Gardener's censure of her husband's life, breaks forth, according to the folio, thus:—

"O, I am prest to death through want of speaking."

* The combination *ch* had both its French sound (*ch*) and that of *k*. See my *Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era*, which preceded Mr. Alexander Ellis's elaborate work on the same subject, in which they are reprinted in a somewhat abbreviated form. They have generally the advantage of being supported by Mr. Ellis. A conspicuous exception is *th*, as to which Mr. Ellis seems to admit that I have established its *t* pronunciation only in the name of the page in *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Moth*, properly *Mote*), an exception quite inadmissible, indeed impossible. I hope to find time and occasion to set forth the hundreds of examples which I had collected illustrative of this point, of which it seemed to me necessary to cite only as many as would make it clear.

here for the reader to refer to the text of the play), Helen comes in to her mother, and the stage direction in the folio is, "*Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.*" Now these two gentlemen, who have brought news of the departure of Bertram to the wars, are also designated in the folio prefixes to their speeches as "*French E.*" and "*French G.*" Afterwards, in Scene 6, which takes place at the camp before Florence, we have, "*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen as at first,*" and the Frenchmen here are called in the prefixes "*Captain E.*" and "*Captain G.*" It seems quite unnecessary to discuss or even to mention all the suppositions of which these prefixes have been the occasion, or the dispositions which have heretofore been made of the personages and the speeches. I shall remark only upon one notable misapprehension, — that the *First Lord* ("1 Lord") in the opening of Act III., quoted above, is one of the two Frenchmen. This is quite inconsistent with the conditions of the scene and with the speeches. The Frenchmen are manifestly envoys; and they would not, could not, declare to the Duke, then and there, that his quarrel seemed holy. Indeed, one of them immediately says that *he* has no right to express any such opinion. This First Lord is — very plainly, it would seem — a Florentine, and one of the Duke's attendants. Hence he is not called French E. or French G., but simply "*First Lord;*" a common designation of persons of his sort. He echoes the sentiments of his master. Then the envoys speak. They afterwards leave the camp, where they learned Bertram's intention, and go to Rousillon. They join the French contingent of the Florentine army, which one of them says is likely to be large; and when they afterwards appear as soldiers they are given their military titles and designated as Captains. There are but two French lords or gentlemen in all the play. The letters *E.* and *G.* are probably the first letters of the names of the actors who played these minor parts. The "*1 Lord*" of the opening of Act III. is merely an unimportant member of the Duke's suite. This regulation seems to be indicated by the incidents and the action of the scenes in question, and it removes all difficulty.

The only captive of Falstaff's prowess (*2 Henry the Fourth*, Act IV. Sc. 3) has been hitherto represented in all modern

editions as *Sir John Coloville of the Dale*. The point is one of very small importance; but that was not his name, nor is there any authority for that name. The rhythm of the lines in which his name appears requires three syllables; and in the old text these are found. The name occurs eleven times in text and stage directions; and in all of these it is spelled *Collevile*. In fact, the first syllable had nothing to do with *cole*. This person, a knight of an old Norman family, was a descendant of Gilbert de Collavilla, who came over, like the Slys, with "Richard Conqueror;" and manifestly the two syllables of the first half of the name had survived in common speech, although in the course of five hundred years *a* had been changed to *e*, and *villa* into *vile*. Moreover, Burke (*Heraldry*) quotes thirty-two families entitled to bear arms as Collevil or Colvil, and two as Colyvile, but not one Colevile. This, however, merely gives support to the evidence borne by the spelling of the old copies, by the rhythm, and by the origin of the name, upon this trivial point of literal accuracy. The pronunciation of the name was plainly *Collyveel*.

It has been said already that in this edition explanations of obsolete words and phrases, even when they pass the limits of a definition or a gloss, are necessarily made as brief as they may be, and be understood. Cases which have proved inexplicable are simply confessed to be so. It is better to admit ignorance frankly than to beat about the bush that contains the invisible birds; nor is there any profit in chaffering over counterfeit knowledge known to be worthless. And when I have differed from others as to the meaning of a word or phrase, I have simply given my own interpretation, without refuting or even referring to what I deem the error of others; which I mention because I have found that there is a sort of critic, — pedantic, it need hardly be said, (that is, not unlearned, but unwise,) — whose ideal of criticism is discussion, with the recital of precedent and the setting forth of authority, and who consequently infers that what is left unmentioned is unknown. It will be safe for such readers to assume that such errors as may offend them in my work are errors of judgment, rather than of ignorance.

Conspicuous among the passages which perplex the editor of these plays, and which it seems best to leave without at

tempted emendation and with little or no remark, is the following in *All's Well that Ends Well* (Act IV. Sc. 2) : —

“ *Diana*. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.”

It seems to me that hope of restoration of this passage need not yet be quite abandoned, because not only the immediate context, but the whole scene, points so unmistakably to what Diana may be expected to say. Thus far, however, there has been no approach to its rectification, nor to an acceptable explanation of it; and it is better simply to say so and pass on. Otherwise it might be remarked that perhaps “scarre” is merely *scare*, which was so pronounced, and not infrequently so written, and that the word may not impossibly be here used in the sense of extremity; although Shakespeare generally uses it in the very clear sense of frighten.

In *The Winter's Tale* (Act IV. Sc. 3), the Clown, speaking of Antolycus, says he is “an admirable conceited fellow,” and asks, “Has he any unbraided wares?” The generally accepted explanation of the strange word *unbraided* is that it means honest, that may be trusted. It is certain that *braid* did mean deceitful, unsound. But is it natural that the Clown should ask particularly after sound wares, and use this word? I think not. Moreover, *braid* has many senses. In addition to that already given, and to the common one, “weave, plait,” Bailey (1726) gives “trim, finical,” and “pulled out, drawn,” and for *braided*, “faded, lost its colour.” And in Robert Greene's *Radagon in Dianam* (1590) this word occurs in these lines : —

“ Dian rose with all her maids
Blushing thus at loves *braids* ;”

where I confess that I cannot find its meaning. Mr. Dyce says, “craft, deceits;” but Love on this occasion had been guilty of no craft or deceit, and therefore it is not surprising that he (Mr. Dyce) adds “perhaps upbraidings.” But how wide the difference between craft and upbraiding! In a case of such perplexity, it would be well, perhaps, simply to confess ignorance; but it seems probable that the dramatist made the Clown blunder among all these senses of the word, by asking for either em-

breidered or embraided wares (he knew not which), and suggesting at the same time to the audience the senses trustworthy and unfaded, of which he himself was ignorant. This would be in Shakespeare's way.

Henry VIII. swears (Act V. Sc. 1) "by my holy dame;" and we are told by what it is the fashion to call "an authority," not because of any special opportunities of knowledge on the part of the authority in question, but merely because he has put all of Shakespeare's words, like Dundreary's night shirts, "in a wow," together with the much that he (in common with every English-speaking reader of Shakespeare) knows about nearly all of them, and the very little that he knows (and might be expected to know) about the few points as to which there is any doubt, — we are told by this "authority" that "holy dame" is the same as *halidom*. Not so. Henry, when he swore by his holy dame, and others in like case, swore and meant to swear most distinctly by the Virgin Mary. He was in the habit of swearing by her; and this Shakespeare did not forget, nor allow his audience to forget. True there was a word *halidom*, of which the origin was its two simple elements, and not *holy* and *dame*; but for this word *holydame* had been substituted (how ignorantly, or how otherwise, is not to the purpose), and it was not used as a corruption of *halidom*. To disregard this fact, and to insist that *holydame* and *halidom* are the same, is sheer pedantry. So by an affinity of sound other words and phrases had been substituted for those which they resembled in sound, and somewhat in sense. There is no doubt that *gewis* = certain, sure, is the original form of "I wis," and that the latter was substituted for the former by mistake. None the less is it true that it was substituted, and that *I wis* was used for centuries by educated men to mean "I know," without any intention of saying *gewis* or *ywis*, correctly or incorrectly, or any thought of it or even any knowledge of it. So, because of a like resemblance in sound, "good year" was substituted for *goujere*, and those who used it meant to say *good year*, and not *goujere*; from which, indeed, they would have revolted. So with Hamlet's "I know a hawk from a handsaw." There is no reasonable doubt that in this phrase *handsaw* occupies a place once filled by *heron-shaw*. But to change it for the latter word,



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ples and substantives, like *gathering*, *withering*, etc., the *e* in words like *power* and *flower*. There are others; but these are the chief. They are in general carefully observed in the folio; and the effect upon the rhythm and flow of Shakespeare's verse, and even of his prose, is of course considerable. To these is to be added the elision of *n* and *e* in the combination *in the*. By modern editors this has generally been observed only as to the first word, to the suppression or modification of a characteristic trait of language. This combination was generally pronounced not *i' the*, but simply *ith*. The contraction of the preterite is never indicated by some editors, who print the *ed* always in full, but accent the *e* when the last syllable is to be pronounced, or mark it with a diseresis thus: *favourèd* or *favourëd*. It need hardly be said that in both these cases the diacritical mark is perverted from its proper use. Others mark the contraction except in preterites in which the *e* is a part of the stem verb, such as *love*, *move*. Thus, however, they not only deviate from the printing of the folio and the practice of Shakespeare's time, but fail to distinguish the contracted from the uncontracted use of these preterites. For example, in the following couplet the word *moved* in the first line must be contracted; in the second it must have its full participial form and sound:—

" If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans."

Therefore the participle in the first line should not be printed without the mark of contraction. If we are to indicate pronunciation and rhythm by typographical form, in cases like the following *us-ed* and *ti-red* should be distinguished from *usd* and *tird*:—

" That to my use it might unused stay."

" The beast that bears me tired with my woe."

And if lines like the following were read with the pronunciation of our day, they would not be verse at all:—

" Even till unfenced desolation."

Unless this is read,

" Ev'n till unfen-ced desolati-on,"

it is no more a verse than,

The early worm is the one the early bird catches;

of those simple utterances of simple thought and feeling which come straight home to us from the lips of Shakespeare's grandest men and women. *This posing demigod says not one word like that which is thrown off in passing chance by Shakespeare's Thebes: —*

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

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.”

The next reason is akin to the foregoing, — the lack of character in the personages. It is not that the characterization is feeble: there is no characterization at all. For example, except in their antagonistic relations, Palamon and Arcite, the two heroes of the play, are as like as two drops of water: alike in semblance, alike in substance, alike in their reflection of the same forms and colors. And as to Emilia, Shakespeare would have made a truer woman, and a sweeter, out of a cheese-paring. The rhythm is not Shakespeare's, as I think any reader with a feeling for rhythm will see by the following passage from Act V. Sc. 4, — of course I confine myself to those parts of the play assigned to him by Mr. Spalding: —

“ There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o' th' people; you in the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery,” etc.*

Indeed, in all these scenes there is none of Shakespeare's strong, free flow of thought and language, not one impulse of that mighty tide on which he himself was sometimes borne away from self-restraint and reason; nor is there any of his glow, in which there always flushes the tint of warm human blood. And as to grace and sweetness of style, — mere euphonious use of words, there is in these scenes not a little that is more or less like the following, which is from the scene most like Shakespeare in all the play: —

* I have eight passages marked in these eight scenes for this spliced rhythm.

“ presents me with
 A brace of horses ; two such steeds might well
 Be by a pair of kings back'd in a field
 That their crown's titles tried.”

Act III. Sc. 1.

Will any one who hath ears to hear, except such as would be needlessly lengthened by Apollo, believe that William Shakespeare wrote those lines? Moreover, there is in these scenes, as in the rest of the play, an almost entire absence of the confused construction and the wresting of words even to perversion which are as proper to Shakespeare as his fancy or his humour. The play is cleanly constructed in its sentences and intelligibly written from beginning to end. In brief, its style lacks altogether both Shakespeare's transcendent beauties and his striking faults of detail. In a few passages it has the air of an imitation of Shakespeare, as Giulio Romano might imitate Raphael; and as in one case, so in the other, it is barely possible that the great master's pencil may have touched the canvas here and there, and left upon it a stroke of light or a flush of beauty. In addition to these considerations there is another fact, minute in its nature, but not therefore of small importance in the determination of such a question as that before us. There are in these scenes fifteen words which are never used by Shakespeare in his authentic plays: *precipitance*, *visitating*, *martialist*, *flursted*, *sib* = akin, *operance*, *importment*, *dividual* = separate, opposed, *limiter*, *prewarn*, *brided* = married, *globy* = round and protuberant, *port* = ear, *calkins* (of a horseshoe), *jadery*. It is nothing against our acceptance of a word in one of Shakespeare's plays that he has not used it elsewhere; for a single use merely implies a single need; but that in writing eight scenes of one play he should have used fifteen words which are not found in all his other plays together is to me quite incredible. For the reasons which have been here set forth I cannot agree with those who would receive any part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* within the Shakespearean canon.

It will be seen from the foregoing pages that if a full discussion of every critical question, every amended reading, and every gloss, whether proposed by the present editor, or adopted from others, were undertaken, the number of these volumes would

PREFACE.

at least by four: and that without any real Shakespeare. Such discussions are, to in their proper places, and they have a small class of readers; but they are a parasite form of literature, and of such as the better; the supply should be limited by necessity. Finally, as to this all-important, matter of the text, I can now ask the reader to accept my assurance that it is not the least minute particulars my careful attention made no change of a letter or of a point.

I need hardly say that in the course of editing the principal editors and critics of the present; and among the latter I may mention, name the Cambridge editors, Wilson (no longer living) and W. Aldis Wright, all after editors and critical students of Shakespeare's editions to them forever. In writing this edition of Shakespeare, I have had the advantage of Halliwell-Phillips's lately published *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* which no one will hereafter presume to neglect. In this brief sketch — the Life of Shakespeare — a sketch — of necessity nothing more is than a recital of facts in chronological order. I wish to express the hope that this edition will receive the approval of those in whose hands it is taken, — the general readers and loving scholars.

R. G. W.

RE,
London, 1883.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OF the personal life of the author of these plays and poems we know very little, but quite as much as we could reasonably expect to know of a man who was of very humble birth, of no political or social importance, who was neither a soldier nor a churchman, and who lived three hundred years ago.

The name Shakespeare is an old one, it having been discovered in a document dated A. D. 1278, a time when surnames were rare.* The number of those who bore this name seems to have been always comparatively small; nor have they been widely distributed. They are most frequently heard of in Warwickshire; but even there they did not form a family with a coherence and a settled place of abode. They were yeomen, and not yeomen of substance and established position, but little above the peasantry; small farmers mostly, although some of them were small traders. In the reign of Edward VI. (A. D. 1547–1553), one of these Shakespeares, named Richard, was a tenant farmer, with a cottage and a little land, in the very small and obscure village of Snitterfield, Warwickshire. He had two sons, Henry and John, the former of whom lived his life in Snitterfield. The latter went to the neighboring borough-town, Stratford-on-Avon, and set himself up in the glover's trade; and in the year 1552 he was living there in a hired house in Henley Street. Like most other persons in his condition of life at that time, he turned his hand to getting an honest penny in any way, and dealt in wool and in corn. He became a thriving and a rising man, and was chosen to fill various town offices, until in 1561 he was made one of the Chamberlains of the borough, and at last, in 1568, High Bailiff.

Stratford-on-Avon was at this time a very dirty little place, with a few hundred inhabitants; let us hope that among the

* It seems to me more than doubtful that the name is of martial origin, meaning *shake spear*. I suspect that it was a trisyllable, pronounced *shak-es-per* or *shak-es-per*, and that it became first *shaxper*, and then *shakr-speare* through the tendency to perversion toward simple meaning which is common in regard to surnames.

many dirty little places then scattered over England, there was none dirtier. The streets were filled with mud, slops, and all sorts of foul refuse, including dung-heaps. Of the latter assemblages of filth, a certain number were publicly recognized and allowed in specified places; and yet the Stratford folk were so careless of cleanliness that they would lazily let these heaps gather in the streets before their houses. Although one of the permitted *sterquinaria* was not far from his door, John Shakespeare offended in this way beyond bearing, even in such a rising man, and was fined therefor. The Stratford folk were also very rude and ignorant. Few even of the best of them could write their own names; and among those who could not was John Shakespeare.

In the year 1557, four years before he was made Chamberlain, John Shakespeare married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a fairly rich yeoman farmer in the neighborhood, who had died a few months before. Mary Arden had inherited, by her father's will, some money, a little estate of sixty acres, called Ashbies, and the reversion of another, called Wilmecote; and thus, considering John Shakespeare's condition in life, he had married an heiress. The influence of money in obtaining the esteem of the world and social consideration was soon apparent in this instance. The husband of Mary Arden entered immediately upon his upward career in the borough, and from being called simply Shakespeare, and then John Shakespeare, in the town records, he came to be called Master John Shakespeare.

In 1556 he had bought, for £40, the house and land on which he lived in Henley Street (mortgaging it, however, it would appear, for its full value); and there, in April, 1564, was born to him a son, who was baptized William on the 26th of that month. We know the day of his baptism, but not that of his birth. The custom of the time makes it quite certain that the birth preceded the baptism but a very few days; and Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the highest authority upon such a question, says that it took place "upon or almost immediately before the twenty-second day of April, 1564, but most probably on that Saturday." For two years William was an only child; then a second son was born, who was named Gilbert. He became a haberdasher in London. Of John Shakespeare's other children, it is only necessary to remark that one, Edmund, also went to London, and became an actor at the Globe theatre.

There was a grammar school at Stratford, and it is highly probable that William Shakespeare went to this school for a while in his early boyhood. The language which was taught at this school was Latin, nothing else; and Shakespeare's writings



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sure that the expense of this attempt to make the father a gentleman of coat armor was borne by him, who, if it had been successful, would in consequence have been a gentleman by descent. Looking forward a little to the conclusion of this matter, we find that in 1599 the attempt was renewed; and it was then proposed to impale the arms of Arden with those to be granted to John Shakespeare, there being an ancient family of Arden in Warwickshire. With this, however, Robert Arden, the father-in-law of John Shakespeare, had no traceable connection. The project of impalement was abandoned, although there was a drawing or "trick" made of the proposed escutcheon, which is still preserved. But no record of the confirmation of the proposed grant exists; and the arms which are emblazoned above the poet's tomb are a distinction to which he had no right. As no one else had a right to them, however, his use of them was not disputed, except by the protest of some gentlemen who censured Clarencieux, King at Arms, for his recklessness in granting coat armor to various unfit persons, including John Shakespeare. The arms of William Shakespeare, like those of many another man since, are spurious, a mere pretentious sham.

In 1597 the poet bought for his own residence a large and handsome house in Stratford, called New Place, — the largest and handsomest in the town. There were grounds of moderate size attached to it; but the house was described some years before as "in great ruyne and decay and unrepayred," whence probably the comparatively small price, £60 (equal to about \$3500 now), for which it was sold. There is a tradition, mentioned by Rowe on the authority of Davenant, and by Oldys in his diary, that at the time of this purchase, and to enable the poet to make it, his patron, Lord Southampton, presented him with £1000. But although it is very credible that Southampton did give him the money with which to make the purchase, the largeness of the sum mentioned — equal to \$60,000 now — and the fact that not one tenth of it was needed for the purpose named make it probable that a cipher was added to the true figures, and that the gift was £100, which would have bought New Place and possibly put it in good order.

Shakespeare was now, however, a moneyed man, and had the reputation of being so. There is a letter in existence, dated April 24 (O. S.), 1597, urging one Richard Quiney, a Stratford man, to induce Shakespeare to buy some land in Shottery (the little village, near Stratford, which produced Anne Hathaway); and in the same year Quiney wrote a letter to the poet, asking the loan of the considerable sum of £30, — equal to more than \$1500 now, — for which he offers the good security which he evidently assumes would be expected. It is remark-

county of Warwick, gentleman," did with his four yards and a half is a little question not without curious interest.

Shakespeare went very rarely, it would seem, to Stratford-on-Avon; but he was there in Ma , 1603, when he brought suit against one Philip Rogers for £1y15s. 10d. Rogers owed him £1 19s. 10d. for malt sold at several times, and, moreover, had borrowed 2s. of him; and having been able to pay only 6s. of the debt, Shakespeare sued him for the remainder. In July the poet bought an unexpired lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe, four near-lying parishes, for which he paid £440, — equal to about \$26,000 now, — a purchase which was very advantageous pecuniarily; for it brought him a yearly income of £60, — equal to about \$3500 now, — and added greatly to his importance as a local magnate. There was a story that in Shakespeare's Stratford journeys back and forth he used to stop at the Crown Inn at Oxford, which was kept by one Davenant, who had a very handsome wife, and that he thus became the father of that fourth or fifth rate poet and playwright, Sir William Davenant. But this bit of gossiping scandal has upon it all the marks of fabrication, and may be dismissed without further remark. In 1608 we find the poet again suing a townsman, by name John Addenbroke, and recovering in February, 1609, £6, with £1 4s. costs. But the defendant having fled, he could not be imprisoned; and thereupon the author of *The Merchant of Venice* proceeded against one Horneby, who had given bail for Addenbroke.

All this time Shakespeare had gone on acting parts of general utility, and adding play to play and thereby pound to pound. Of the times at which he produced his plays we know, in most cases, only by inference from external and internal evidence; a subject which is treated in detail in the introductory remarks to each play in this edition. His last dramatic work seems to have been *King Henry VIII.*, which was brought out in 1613, when he had retired from the stage, and was probably living at New Place. Nevertheless, in March of that year he bought a dwelling-house in London for £140. It was not far from the Blackfriars Theatre; the first story was built over a gateway; and it stood in a small plot of land. This house, the only property that Shakespeare is known to have possessed in London, was destroyed in the great fire of 1662.

The only story that has come down to us of Shakespeare's personal life during his long residence in London is one of amorous adventure. At that time, and for long afterward, it was a custom, among those who could afford to pay for the privilege, to sit on the stage, and there to talk with the actors when they were not engaged in performance. One afternoon, when

was the rightful and customary burial-place of the owners of the Stratford tithes, — a reason much more pleasing to him. Upon the stone over the grave were cut these now well-known lines, which tradition assigns to the poet's own pen :

“ Good friend for Iesus sake forbearo
To digg the dvst enclosed heare
Blaste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

Shakespeare, we may be sure, had no fear that his body would be removed to Westminster Abbey or elsewhere, because he had written *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. What he dreaded (if, indeed, he wrote the prayer and the curse) was that his remains would be thrown into the charnel-house in the church-yard; a hideous Golgotha, which was not removed until about the beginning of the present century. Above Shakespeare's grave, against the wall of the church, is a handsome marble monument, with his bust, representing him in the act of writing. Underneath is an inflated Latin inscription.

The poet left two daughters, who were married to commonplace Stratford men. By his will he entailed his estate; but in vain. The land passed away from his lineal heirs at the death of Lady Barnard, his last descendant, in 1670. His will is somewhat remarkable for the particularity with which it mentions kinsmen and friends, and bequeaths little legacies. It is more remarkable for the fact that his wife's name does not appear in it as it was drawn up and completed. By an after-thought, interlined, he left her his “second-best bed.” A second-best bed was a sort of legacy not uncommon in those days; but second-best thoughts of a wife in a will were so, let us hope. Moreover, there is not in this last expression of Shakespeare's wishes as to the property which he had accumulated with such steady purpose any provision for the residence of his wife in the house in which she was then living.

No satisfactory portrait of Shakespeare exists. Only two have any semblance of authenticity: that upon the title-page of the folio of 1623, and the bust on the monument at Stratford. The former is a hideous and lifeless thing; the latter is more like nature; but although this bust, which is the only existing representation of Shakespeare that is acceptable on all grounds, gives us doubtless some idea of what he was at fifty, the story that it was modelled from the poet's face after death is only one of the many which have originated in the brains of weak enthusiasts, ready to believe anything about Shakespeare, and to invent what they believe. According to tradition, he was “a handsome, well-shaped man.” The two portraits agree in representing him as having a high, bald forehead, a short, straight



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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN



THE first known mention of Shakespeare by name as a writer of plays is found in Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, published at London in 1598. Meres was a school-master, of a mildly critical turn of mind. He lauds Shakespeare highly, and mentions the titles of twelve of his plays, including a *Love's Labours Won* (as to which, see the Introduction to *All's Well*, etc.), *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and his "sugred Sonnets among his private friends." Eighteen of the plays (including *The Contention*, etc., and *The True Tragedy*, etc., as to which see the Introduction to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.*) were published during the life of Shakespeare, and one after his death (*Othello*, in 1622), in quarto. A collected edition of the plays (omitting *Pericles*) was prepared for the press by Shakespeare's fellow-players and theatrical partners, John Heminge and Henry Condell, and published in folio in 1623. The London Stationer's Register (in which titles were recorded by intending publishers, to secure copyright) contains the first mention of eleven plays. Three are first heard of in private diaries, and two in books of the period. During the seventeenth century three other folio editions of the collected plays and sundry quarto editions of single plays were published; but only the folio of 1623 and the preceding quartos have any authority.

	Probable year of writing.	Year of publication or first mention.
[<i>The Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster</i>] *	} 1587-9	1592
[<i>The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York</i>]		
Love's Labour's Lost	1588-9	1598
The Comedy of Errors	1589	1594
The Two Gentlemen of Verona	1589-90	1598
Titus Andronicus	1591	1594(?), 1598
[<i>Love's Labours Won</i>]	1592-4	1598
Sonnets	1590-1605	1598-1609
King Henry VI., Part I.	} 1590-2	1623
King Henry VI., Part II.		
King Henry VI., Part III.		
Venus and Adonis	1591-2	1593

* Titles in italic letter and between brackets are those of plays afterwards rewritten.

<i>[Romeo and Juliet]</i>	1591-2	1597
King Richard III.	1592-3	1597
A Midsummer-Night's Dream	1592 (?) and 1601 (?)	1598
Lucrece	1593	1594
King Richard II.	1594-5	1597
The Merchant of Venice	1594	1598
Romeo and Juliet	1596	1597
King John	1596-7	1598
King Henry IV., Part I.	1596-7	1597
King Henry IV., Part II.	1597	1598 (?), 1600
<i>[The Merry Wives of Windsor]</i>	1598	1601
<i>[Troilus and Cressida]</i>	1598-9	1602 (?)
As You Like It	1598-9	1600
Much Ado about Nothing	1599	1600
King Henry V.	1599	1600
Twelfth Night	1599-1600	1601
Hamlet	1600-1	1602
Julius Cæsar	1600-1	1601
The Taming of the Shrew	1601-4	1623
The Phoenix and Turtle	1601 (?)	1601
The Merry Wives of Windsor	1603	1623
All's Well that Ends Well	1604	1623
Measure for Measure	1604	1604
Othello	1604-11 (?)	1604 (??), 1621
King Lear	1605	1607
A Lover's Complaint	1605 (?)	1609
Macheth	1605-9	1610
Antony and Cleopatra	1607	1608
Pericles	1608-9	1609
Timon of Athens	1608	1623
Troilus and Cressida	1608	1609
Coriolanus	1609-10	1623
Cymbeline	1609-10	1623
The Tempest	1610-11	1611
The Winter's Tale	1611	1611
King Henry VIII	1612-13	1604 (??), 1613

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS play is in Shakespeare's maturest style. It was written between 1603 and 1611. The farther limit is fixed by the fact that Gonzalo's description of his ideal commonwealth (Act II. Sc. 1) is taken almost word for word from Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, which was published in 1603. It was Shakespeare's habit thus to appropriate to himself any thought or any personage that he found in his reading, and which seemed to him good stuff to work into his plays. The passage in question here follows:—

“It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividends, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kinred, but common; no apparrell but natural, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.”

A comparison of this passage with Gonzalo's speeches (pp. 21, 22) will make it plain to any reader that the latter are a mere dramatic modification of the former. The hither limit of the period during which the play must have been written is fixed by the fact of its performance before King James I., at Whitehall, on the 1st November, 1611. It was probably written about 1610, and it is one of Shakespeare's most carefully constructed and highly finished dramas. That it was founded on some Italian story there is no reasonable doubt; but no old tale or play resembling it has yet been discovered. Its scene of action is purely imaginary; its costume that of Italy in Elizabeth's reign. It was first published in the folio of 1623, where the text is found in remarkable purity; but, as in the case of other plays in that volume, we have there probably a text abridged for stage purposes. The suddenness of the action in some scenes favors this conclusion. If there were a quarto copy of *The Tempest*, it would probably add quite as much to this play as the second quarto of *Hamlet* does to the text of that tragedy printed in the folio.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } *presented by Spirits.*
Nymphs,
Reapers,
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea ; an uninhabited island.*

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below. 10

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring

* *Yarely* = quickly.

her to: try wi' th' main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! Off to sea again! lay her off. 41

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal — would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, 50
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within:* "Mercy on us!" —

"We split, we split!" — "Farewell, my wife and children!" —

"Farewell, brother!" — "We split, we split, we split!"]

Ant. Let's all sink wi' th' king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt* *Ant.* and *Seb.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The island. Before* PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's check,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

²⁹ for drowning = from, or against, drowning.



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Mir. 'T is far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

50

Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

60

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

70

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance and who
To trash for overtopping, new created

80

⁶⁸ *help* = helped, old form, common in S.'s plays.

⁶⁹ *teen* = anxiety, trouble.

⁷¹ *trash*, hunting slang for check.

The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact, like one
 Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out o' th' substitution,
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing —
 Dost thou hear?

90

100

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates —
 So dry he was for sway — wi' th' King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom yet unbow'd — alas, poor Milan! —
 To most ignoble stooping.

110

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and th' event; then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition. 120
 This King of Naples, being an enemy

¹¹ *sans bound* = without bound. This French word was commonly used in S.'s time.

To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
 Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
 With all the honours on my brother : whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurri'd thence
 Me and thy crying self.

130

Mir. Alack, for pity !
 I, not remembering how I cri'd out then,
 Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now 's upon 's ; without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us ?

Pros. Well demanded, wench :
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
 So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,
 To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
 To th' winds whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

140

150

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you !

Pros. O, a cherubin
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

¹²³ *in lieu* = in consideration, payment.

¹³⁰ *wench* = girl, simply.

¹⁵² *cherubin* = the old form of cherub ; from Ital. *cherubino*.

¹⁵⁷ *undergoing stomach* = sustaining courage.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pros. Now I arise : [Puts on his robe.]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for 't ! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions :
Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way : I know thou canst not choose. [Miranda sleeps.]
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be 't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement : sometime I 'ld divide,

And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit !
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul 210
 But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —
 Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit !
 But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. 220
 The king's son have I landed by himself ;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
 The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd
 And all the rest o' th' fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour 230
 Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid :
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' th' fleet
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

²⁰⁷ *coil* = confusion, disturbance.

²²⁹ *Bermoothes* = Bermudas ; *u* having the sound of *oo*, and *th* that of *t* or *d*.

²³⁴ *flote* = wave, from the French *flot*.

Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious. 241

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service:
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must 261
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she died
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans 280
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo : it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master ;
 I will be correspondent to command
 And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master !
 What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ? 300

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea : be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
 And hither come in 't : go, hence with diligence !
 Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
 Awake !

[Exit Ariel

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on ;
 We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.



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Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

350

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

360

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

370

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

380

[*Burthen, dispersedly, within.*] Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burthen, etc.*] Bow-wow.

370 *aches*, a disyllable, pronounced with *ch* soft.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters, 390
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fadom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. 400
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest 410
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer 420
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give

⁴⁰⁸ *owns* = *owns*, *possesses*.
⁴⁰⁹ *advance* = *lift up*.

How I may bear me here : my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

Mir. No wonder, sir ;

But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pros. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir ;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir ! one word more.
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's pow'r ; but this swift busi-
ness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more ; I charge
thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house.
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

⁴³⁰ A single thing = a simple, weak thing.

Pros. Follow me.
 Speak not you for him ; he 's a traitor. Come ;
 I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
 Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be 460
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power. [*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He 's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What? I say.
 My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor ;
 Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick 470
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
 I 'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence ! one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
 An advocate for an impostor ! hush !
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !
 To the most of men this is a Caliban
 And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
 Are then most humble ; I have no ambition 480
 To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on ; obey :
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again
 And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are ;
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid : all corners else o' th' earth
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough 490
 Have I in such a prison.

⁴⁸⁸ *gentle and not fearful*: that is, of gentle birth, a gentleman, and therefore not cowardly.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. [*To Mir. and Fer.*] Come, follow. Speak not for
him. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by and
by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken truer
than you purpos'd. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet, —

Seb. He will be talking.

¹¹ *visitor* probably means a visiting almoner.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cock'rel. 30

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet, —

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance. 41

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green! 50

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water. 60

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen. 70

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widow Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage. 80

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time. 89

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against 100
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted 110
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

⁸¹ *miraculous harp* = Amphion's, at the sound of which the walls of Thebes arose.

¹⁰³ *my rate* = my judgment.



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Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

160

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. God save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister
occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nim-
ble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you :
so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

170

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the
moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks
without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion
so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. *[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

181

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

¹⁵⁷ *foison* = abundance, plenty, a mere mouth-filling repetition.

Seb. *Why*
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

190

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? — No more: —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely 200
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

210

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

220

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, — this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, — hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

ersuade) the king his son 's alive,
sible that he 's undrown'd

hat is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
eyond man's life ; she that from Naples
ote, unless the sun were post —
' moon 's too slow — till new-born chins
razorable ; she from whom
ea-swallow'd, though some cast again,

's past is prologue, what to come

brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis ;

out, " How
ack to Napl

Ant.

True.

And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
 Much feater than before : my brother's servants
 Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ?

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 't were a kibe,
 'T would put me to my slipper : but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candi'd be they
 And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

270

Seb.

Thy case, dear friend,

280

Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;
 And I the king shall love thee.

Ant.

Draw together ;

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb.

O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.**Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friends, are in ; and sends me forth —
 For else his project dies — to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-ey'd conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware :
 Awake, awake !

290

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.*Gon.*

Now, good angels

Preserve the king.

[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why are you drawn ?
 Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

²⁸⁸ *feater* = more neatly.²⁸⁹ *kibe* = an indurated chilblain.

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly. 300

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons. 310

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN with a burthen of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. 10

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather

at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore —

39

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Lov'd Moll, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
'Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

50

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh! 59

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our

* *bombard*—a large drinking vessel made of leather.

in some relief, if it be but for that
 keep him tame and get to Naples with
 my emperor that ever trod on neat's-

e, prithee ; I 'll bring my wood home

r and does not talk after the wisest.
 e: if he have never drunk wine afore,
 is fit. If I can recover him and keep
 too much for him ; he shall pay for
 it soundly.

but little hurt ; thou wilt anon,

g: now Prosper works upon thee.

ays ; open your mouth ; here is that
 to you, cat : open your mouth ; this
 can tell you, and that soundly : you
 end : open your chaps again.

that voice : it should be — but he is
 evils : O defend me !

80

o voices : a most delicate monster !
 o speak well of his friend ; his back-
 speeches and to detract. If all the
 ver him, I will help his ague. Come.
 in thy other mouth.

outh call me ? Mercy, mercy ! This
 : I will leave him ; I have no long

89

thou be'st Stephano, touch me and
 Trinculo — be not afeard — thy good

culo, come forth : I 'll pull thee by the
 culo's legs, these are they. Thou art
 ow cam'st thou to be the siege of this
 rinculos ?

kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art
 o ? I hope now thou art not drown'd.

I hid me under the dead moon-calf's
 torm. And art thou living, Stephano ?
 ms 'scap'd !

101

n me about ; my stomach is not con-

e fine things, an if they be not sprites.

the Dayll should have a long spoon."

conception, supposed to be caused by the influence



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Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here: here! bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring:
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:
'Bau, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.

170

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:

10

¹⁵⁹ *scamels.* What these were has not yet been discovered.

¹⁶⁸ *trenchering.* So the old text. Caliban is drunk, and his tongue is entangled with the fag-ends of *firing* and *requiring*.

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPEPO at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

20

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

30

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

40

²⁰ *Most busy lest*; corrupt: possibly, *most busiest*; that is, his thoughts of Miranda were most busy when he was working to obtain her.

²¹ *hest* = behest, command.

So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service: there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling:
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't : and now farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir severally*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will drink water ;
not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They say
there 's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th'
other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are
almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave mon-
ster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack : for
my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover
the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you 'll lie like dogs and yet say
nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good
moon-calf. 20

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe.
I 'll not serve him ; he 's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to
justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there
ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ?
Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a
monster ?

¹⁵ *no standard*, a punning reference to the ensign or ancient (a corruption of ensign),
the officer next below the lieutenant.

²⁰ *debosh'd* = debauched.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ?

Trin. " Lord " quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural ! 30

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 40

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, — for I know thou dar'st, 50 But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord : I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch ! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows 60 And take his bottle from him : when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest. 70

⁵⁰ *pied ninny* : Trinculo is the Court Fool, and wears a motley, or pied, dress.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed. 80

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 90

And that most deeply to consider is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,

But only Sycorax my dam and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax

As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.
And bring thee forth brave brood. 99

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will
be king and queen, — save our graces! — and Trinculo and thy-
self shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while
thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch 110
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.
Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings*

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;
'Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune. [Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of
Nobody. 120

Ste. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if
thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee. Mercy upon
us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments 130
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cri'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall
have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story. 140

Trin. The sound is going away ; let 's follow it, and after do
our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could see this
taborer ; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here 's a maze trod indeed
'Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it

¹²⁰ *Nobody* : plainly an allusion to an old grotesque figure, all head and limbs, with
no body.

¹ *lakin* = ladykin or little lady, the Virgin Mary.

² *forth-rights* = straight paths.



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Pros. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40

They have left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.
Will 't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last : no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning Enter *ARIEL*, like a harpy : claps his wings upon the table ; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords*

You fools ! I and my fellows 60

Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember —
For that 's my business to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,

⁴⁰ putter-out of five for one: that is, who puts out his money at the rate of five for one, which was done by adventurous voyagers in S.'s time. If they did not return to claim their five hundred per cent. the principal was forfeited.

⁴¹ Of whom: whom is loosely used for which.

⁴² dowle = light particle of down.

They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me :
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from —
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
 Upon your heads — is nothing but heart-sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with
 mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
 And these mine enemies are all knit up
 In their distractions ; they now are in my power ; 90
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
 And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exit Seb. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy
 May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exit

⁸⁴ *devouring* : so strained a use of the word that the passage may be corrupt.
⁸⁵ *whom they suppose is drown'd* : a careless disregard of grammar.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.**Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her. 10

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
'The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below. 30

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

¹ a third, that is, a thread, by a common transposition of r; as *bird* for *bird*.
²⁰ *aspersion*, in its original sense of sprinkling.
³⁰ *As Hymen's lamps* = that Hymen's lamps.

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

40

Ari. Presently ?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
 And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' th' blood : be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow !

51

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
 Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
 No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent.

[*Soft music*Enter *IRIS*.

• *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
 Thy banks with pioned and liliated brims,
 Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard ;
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air ; — the queen o' th' sky,
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,

60

70

⁴² *Presently* = immediately.

⁴³ *corollary* = supplement.

⁴⁴ *stover* = coarse grass, fodder. thatch.

⁴⁵ *pioned and liliated brims* · the folio, "pioned and twilled," in which twilled might mean ridged, and pioned dug : but pionies and lilies are required to make crowns.

⁴⁶ *pole-clipp'd*, that is, with poles clipped or surrounded by vines.

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

80

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

90

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

100

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue.

[*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

110

⁸⁹ *her deity* = her : used as "her majesty."

⁹⁰ *Paphos* = a town in Cyprus where Venus was worshipped.

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

120

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

Pros. Sweet, now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

130

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done ! avoid ; no
more !

140

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.

¹²⁰ So rare a wonder'd father and a wise. Loosely written for, So rarely wonderful and wise a father.

¹²⁰ winding brooks. The folio windring, and possibly we should read wand'ring.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 Are melted into air, into thin air : 150
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity ; 160
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. (Re-enter)

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel : come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

Pros. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
 So full of valour that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, 180
 Which entered their frail shins : at last I left them
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstank their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

160 foretold, loosely used for "told you before."

166 a rack = a wreck, as in "gone to rack and ruin"

177 advanc'd = lifted up.

187 stale = a sham decoy.



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To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone
 And do the murther first: if he awake, 230
 From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
 Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't. 241

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
 And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
 With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this. 250

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
 With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
 With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: 260
 Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
 Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt

²³⁴ *under the line*: a punning allusion to the equinoctial line, the heat under which was supposed to cause the loss of hair.

²⁴⁰ *pass of pate* = invention of the brain.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.**Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, " The good old lord, Gonzalo ; "
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel : 30
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [Exit

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot

⁸ carriage = load, burthen, that which is carried.

¹⁰ line-grove = linden grove

²⁴ kindlier = more like one of their kind.

Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the asur'd vault
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt ; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar : graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

40

50

[Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks :

A solemn air and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly

60

70

⁵⁷ *green sour ringlets.* These dark circles on the grass were once supposed to be made by fairies dancing in a round, and were called fairy-rings. They are produced by a decaying fungus.

⁵⁸ *in the dread rattling thunder.* The carelessness with which Shakespeare wrote his plays is remarkably exemplified in the dislocated and illogical construction of this noble speech.

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; whom, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me : Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan : quickly, spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry. 90
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
 And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. | Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
 Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
 And to thee and thy company I bid 110
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,

⁹⁰ *After summer.* Theobald changed "summer" to sunset, and has been followed by many editors.

¹⁰¹ *presently* = at the present moment, immediately : the proper meaning of the word.

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
 Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
 An if this be at all, a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
 Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,

120

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be

Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I
 so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
 And justify you traitors : at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

130

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost —
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

140

Pros. I rather think
 You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
 And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

¹¹² *trifle* = light thing ; something that by witchcraft was made to look like Prospero

¹²¹ *taste some subtleties*. A phrase borrowed from ancient gastronomy, in which light dishes made up in fantastic forms were called subtleties.

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell 's my court : here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;
I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here. 180

Mir. O, wonder !

Here Prospero discovers, etc. ; that is, he exposes or reveals them to sight, probably by drawing a curtain at the back of his cell.



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Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil —
For he 's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that,
I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-
blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter

²⁷¹ without her power. Here "power" is loosely used for "right," rightful power.

²⁸⁰ gilded. Elizabethan slang for intoxicated.

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements!
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;

²⁰⁰ *nuptial.* S. always uses this word in the singular.

²⁰⁰ *solemnized* A word of four syllables, accented on the second.

Epilogue. This epilogue was not written by S., but by some fellow playwright, of much inferior powers, perhaps Ben Jonson.

THE TEMPEST.

[ACT V.]

But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands : 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, <i>Father to Silvia.</i>	SPEED, <i>a clownish servant to Valentine.</i>
VALENTINE, } <i>the two Gentlemen.</i>	LAUNCE, <i>the like to Proteus.</i>
PROTEUS, }	PANTHINO, <i>Serrant to Antonio.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>Father to Proteus.</i>	JULIA, <i>beloved of Proteus.</i>
THURIO, <i>a foolish rival to Valentine.</i>	SILVIA, <i>beloved of Valentine.</i>
EGLAMOUR, <i>Agent for Silvia in her escape.</i>	LUCETTA, <i>waiting woman to Julia</i>
HOST, <i>where Julia lodges.</i>	<i>Servants, Musicians.</i>
OUTLAWS, <i>with Valentine.</i>	

SCENE : Verona : Milan ; and in a forest on the frontiers of Mantua.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus :
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were '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 sluggardiz'd 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. 10

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu !
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy 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 beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success ?

Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee. 20

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. 'T is true ; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

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 heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth 30

¹⁰ *beadsman* = one who prays, and tells beads, for another.

²⁰ *give me not the boots* = don't make me your laughing-stock.

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. 'T is 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, 40
 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 turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime
 And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50
 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. 60

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so farewell. [Exit.]

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 metamorphos'd 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 ? 70

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.

¹² *shipp'd* : *ship* and *sheep* were pronounced alike, or nearly enough alike for a quibble.



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Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all. 30

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. 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. 40

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is 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.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminat. [Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter: 50
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."

¹⁹ *censure* = pass judgment.

²¹ *broker* = go-between.

²⁰ *o'erlook'd* = looked over.

²² *What ' fool*. This elision for "what a fool" is in the old text.

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,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is to call Lucetta back
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! Lucetta!

60

Re-enters Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

70

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. 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.

80

Jul. 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.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. 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.

90

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. 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.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

²⁰ *descant.* A descant was a part added to a musical theme or plain song. The mean was the middle part.



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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.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
O heavenly Julia !

50

Ant. How now ! what letter are you reading there ?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is 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 belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor ;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish ?

60

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 resolv'd 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 :

70

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.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
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.

80

• exhibition = allowance of money. Pensions allowed to scholars in English colleges are now called exhibitions.



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Val. If it please me, madam, what then ?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour : 120
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Kris.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face or a weathercock on a steeple !
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O 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 : 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what ? 130

Speed. To be a spokesman for 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 ? 141

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, 't is as well :

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover, 150
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 ? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir ; though the chameleon Love can
feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and
would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress ; be moved,
be moved. [*Exeunt* .

SCENE II. *Verona.* JULIA'S house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.



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Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. 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. 31

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.

Thu. 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 followers, 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 ye 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. 50

Duke. Hath he not a son?

¹⁹ I quote it, etc. Quote was pronounced like coat.

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 know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd 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
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

60

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 't is no unwelcome news to you.

70

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 will send him hither to you presently.

[Exit.

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.

80

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd 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.

Thu. 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.

90

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

[Exit Thurio

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.

⁶⁰ in *feature*: that is, in make, not merely of face, but of body.

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. 100

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?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio, 110
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 and Thurio.*]

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. 120

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 heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess 130

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?

130 as I confess = that I confess.



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I must unto the road, to disembark 180
 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 mine, or Valentine's praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression, 190
 That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
 She is 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.
 O, 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, 200
 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. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, Welcome!

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest. 11

¹⁸⁰ *Is it mine?* etc. Thus this line is corruptly printed in the folio, 1623. No satisfactory restoration of it has been proposed. Warburton read, "Is it mine eye?" etc. Malone, "Is it her mien?" etc.

¹⁹⁰ *too-too.* In S.'s time this phrase was used as a compound epithet.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. 20

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. 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. 31

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me. 40

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. 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. *The same. The DUKE'S palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

³⁷ *whole as a fish.* A colloquial comparison common in S.'s day.

⁴⁰ *go to the ale.* Minor church festivals were called ales.



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All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not, but to it presently !
 I am impatient of my tarrance.

89
 [Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
 We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thu.

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 ;
 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.

10

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
 And should she thus be stol'n 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.

20

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 judg'd me fast asleep,
 And oftentimes have purpos'd 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

30

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

²⁴ suggested = tempted.

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd 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 aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

40

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?

51

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 tenour 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.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

60

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming 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 child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd 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.

70



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Duke. This very night : for Love is like a child.
That longs for every thing 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. 130

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. [Break

" My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying :
O, 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 hither 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 would be." 140

What 's here ? 150

" Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'T is so ; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon, — 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 ! overweening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence : 160
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

¹⁵⁰ Merops' son. Phaethon, the son of Phœbus, was reputed the son of Merops. He begged, as an acknowledgment of paternity, that Phœbus would allow him to drive the chariot of the sun for one day, and obtained his request with disastrous results for the world and death for himself.

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.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?

170

To die is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd 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,

180

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.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou?

190

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head
but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

200

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear

Launce. 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, untuneable and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

210

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia
Hath she forsworn me?



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Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit," —

Launce. 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," —

350

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. 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?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

360

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

[Exit.

Launce. Now will he be swing'd 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. *The same. The DUKE'S palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd 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 And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

10

Enter PROTEUS.

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 —



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Thrust from the company of awful men :
 Myself was from Verona banished
 For practising to steal away a lady,
 An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50
 Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
 But to the purpose — for we cite our faults,
 That they may hold excus'd 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 —

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you : 60
 Are you content to be our general ?
 To make a virtue of necessity
 And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

Third Out. What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of 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.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer and will live with you, 70
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On silly women or poor passengers.

Third 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. *Milan.* Outside the DUKE'S palace, under SILVIA'S window.

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 ;

68 *awful men* : that is, men who reverence law. Perhaps we should read *lawful*.

72 *silly* = simple.

4 *access* : accented on the second syllable.

What is her beauty I commend my tongue
 She bids me think how I have been forsaken
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
 And notwithstanding all her subject's griefs
 The least whereof would quail a lover's pipe.
 Yet spite-like, the more she sports my love,
 The more it grows and flourish on her soul
 For here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Exit Julia 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. 20

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do: or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? 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, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholly: I
 pray you, why is it?

Jul. 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.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

31

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[Music plays.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be. 40

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. 50



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Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !
 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
 To be seduced by thy flattery,
 That hast deceiv'd 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. 100

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it ;
 For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be ; yet Valentine thy friend
 Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
 I am betroth'd : and art thou not asham'd
 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. 110

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence
 Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

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. 120

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, de-
 ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir ;
 But since your falsehood shall become you well
 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 Pro. and Sil. severally*]

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep. 130

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

¹¹³ *sepulchre* : accented on the second syllable.

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*SCENE III. *The same.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind :
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam !

Enter SILVIA above.

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. O 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 abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
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 still rewards 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 :

¹³ *remorseful*: that is, having a conscience, as we say.



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Jul.

I cannot choose

79

But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd 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.

'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.

80

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit

Jul. 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,

90

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 refus'd,

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

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.

100

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 ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

110

Go give your master this : tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold !

120

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.

Jul. 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 have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

130

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth ; and that 's her cause of sorrow.

140

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd 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 ?

150

Jul. 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 judgements,
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 agood,

¹⁴⁰ *sun-expelling mask.* In S.'s day, masks were ordinarily worn by gentlewomen out of doors.

For I did play a lamentable part :

Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning

160

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 beholding 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 lovest her.

170

Farewell.

[*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]

Jul. 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,

180

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 ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

190

For 't is thy rival. O 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*]



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Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

30

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 Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is 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
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 toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

40

[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 reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

50

[Exit

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

[Exit

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

[Exit

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

First 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.

* *learn'd.* The distinction between *learn* and *teach* was much disregarded in *S.'s* time as indeed it is now by careless or ignorant speakers.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away."

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third 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 ; 10

The thicket is beset ; he cannot 'scape.

First 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. O Valentine, this I endure for thee !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses and record my woes.

O 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 ! 10

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !

What halloing 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, 20

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 am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear !

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

⁸ *Moyes and Valerius* These strangely coupled names, we may be sure, are from the old story or play on which this comedy is founded.

⁹ *record* = set to music Hence recorder as a name for a musical instrument.

¹⁰ *These are my mates*, etc. A loosely written but not obscure sentence, the mere result of carelessness.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

30

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

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.
O, 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 perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!

O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they 're belov'd!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
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 'dst 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!

50

Pro. In love

Who respects friend?

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 ye.

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!

60

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love.
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd 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 own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,



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Are men endu'd 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.

160

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.

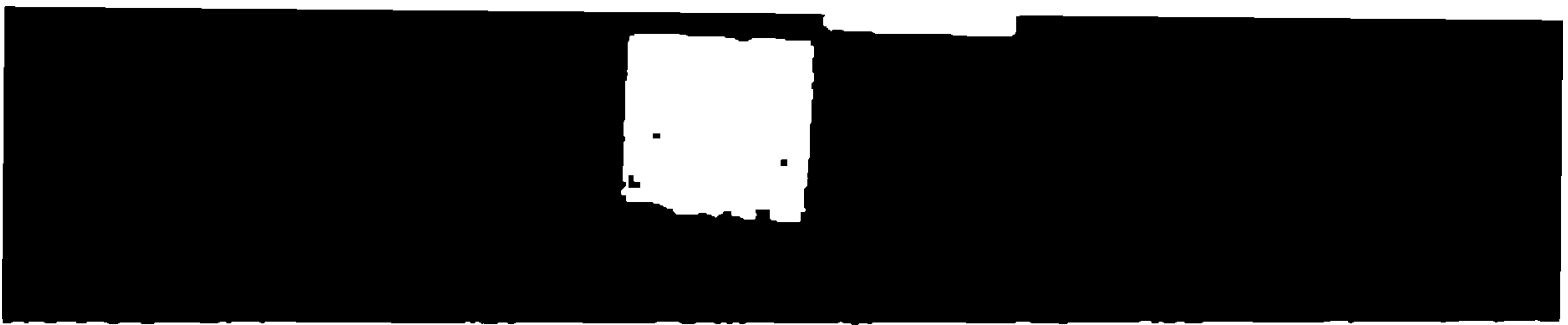
Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
 Come, Proteus ; 't is 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.

170

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁶⁰ *include* = restrain.





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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a gentleman.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } gentlemen of Windsor.

PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }

PISTOL, }

NYM, }

} followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, her daughter.

QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before PAGE'S house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and "Coram."

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum."

Slen. Ay, and "Rato-lorum" too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself "Armigero," in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, "Armigero."

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years. 11

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz. 20

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot. 30

¹ *Sir Hugh* Of old, clergymen were styled Sir.

² *Coram*, that is, *quorum*, which Slender misapprehends and misapplies. Shallow himself blunders in like manner in *Custalorum*.

³ *Armigero* = I bear arms, am an armiger, a gentleman. (Lat.)

⁴ *white luses*. The luce is the pike. The Lucy family of Warwickshire, near Stratford on Avon, bear three pikes in their coat of arms.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot: there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity. 40

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed — Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! — give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 50

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.] What, hoa! Got pless your house here! 60

Page. [At a window.] Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart. 70

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

⁷⁵ *Cotsall* = Cotswold, where was much coursing



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Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

121

Page. We three to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with us great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse? 130

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

140

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

150

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

¹²⁸ *shovel-boards.* The broad heavy shillings of Edward VI. were used in playing the game of shovel-board, and hence had their colloquial name.

¹²⁹ *latten bilbo.* Latten was a kind of pewter; bilbo, a sword.

¹³⁰ *labras* = lips (Span.).

¹³¹ *fap* = tipsy, Bardolph and Nym talk mostly slang and cant' "rogues-Latin."

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slon. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slon. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid? 211

Slon. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning; yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort "dissolutely:" the ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely:" his meaning is goot. 220

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slon. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will, I will not be apsence at the grace. •

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slon. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir. 231

Slon. I am not a-hungry; I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. *[Exit Simple.]* A justice of peace sometimes may be behold-ing to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slon. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 241

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

²¹⁰ more content. Thus the follo. Slender blunders again, but it is to be said for him that contempt, which he means, was pronounced content.



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SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and BOSSIE.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector? 10

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

[*Exit Bardolph.*]

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? 20

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must cony-catch; I must slift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food. 30

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertain-

¹ *bully-rook*, or *bully-rook*, meant a bluff, bold, dashing fellow.

² *I sit at ten pounds* = I live at the rate of ten pounds.

³ *froth and lime*. Lime was used to froth sack.

⁴ *a minute's rest*. Perhaps we should read *a minute's rest*.

⁵ *fico* = a fig.

⁶ *kibes* = chilblains on the heel.

⁷ *cony-catch* = swindle, live by cheating.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

80

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

90

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. A room in DOCTOR CAIUS'S house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

20

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as

⁸⁰ *the revolt of mine* = (possibly) my revolt; but probably corrupt, with, hitherto, no acceptable correction.

¹ *old abusing* Thus used, *old* was merely an intensifying word.

²⁰ *a Cain-colour'd beard*. In the old tapestries, Cain was represented with a yellow beard. Perhaps we should read *can-colour'd*.



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Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale. 69

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, *baille* me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.]

Quick. [*Aside to Simple.*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly mov'd, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself, —

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly.*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple.*] Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, — to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it, — my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there. 91

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Simple]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarter to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I

⁷⁸ *baille* = give.

⁹¹ *what, the good year!* A common slang exclamation in S.'s day. See *King Lear* Act V. Sc. 3, line 24.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I will not say, pity me: 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me, 10

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What one unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd — with the devil's name! — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill. 29

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it? 39

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive

⁶ *physician.* The folio has *precisian*: but in Sonnet cxlvii. we have "My reason the physician to my love."

¹⁰ *conversation* - behavior, habits of life.

²⁹ *putting down of men* - Theobald very plausibly read, the putting down of *fat* men.

⁴² *These knights will hack*, etc. that is, become hackneyed. James I. made knighthood very common; so that Mrs. Ford, in becoming a knight, would not (as her husband had the rank of a gentleman) alter the article of her gentry.



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too : he 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause ; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. 89

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs :
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford ;
He loves the gallimaufry : Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife !

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, 100
Like Sir Actson he, with Ringwood at thy heels :
O, odious is the name !

Ford. What name, sir ?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell
Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night :
Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym !
Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense. [Exit.

Ford. [Aside.] I will be patient ; I will find out this. 109

Nym. [To Page.] And this is true ; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours : I should have borne the humour'd letter to her ; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there 's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym : I speak and I avouch ; 't is true : my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there 's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit

Page. "The humour of it," quoth a' ! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. 110

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now, Meg ! [Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George ? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank ! why art thou melancholy ?

⁸⁹ gallimaufry = hotch-potch. Pistol's use of words is not intended to bear criticism.

¹¹⁰ his wits = his wits ; the possessive pronoun *its* was unknown in S.'s earlier years.

¹¹¹ a Cataian = a Chinese, man of Cathay (it pronounced hard), that is, a sharper : the heathen Chinese having had that reputation from the beginning of our knowledge of him

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

[Drawing him aside

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [To Page.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[They draw aside.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; — said I well? — and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, Minheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

189

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a way to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [Exit.]

SCENE II. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I

¹⁸⁴ my name is Brook. In the folio this name is always printed Broom, a mistake for Bourn; bourn, burn, and brook being all one. Brook, having been taken from the quarto and having held its place in the memory of many generations, should not be disturbed.

¹⁸⁵ Minheers. The folio has An-heers, which is meaningless.

¹ gemini = twins.



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worship 's a wanton! Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

51

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford, —

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

70

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he 's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

80

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

91

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

⁸⁷ *pensioners.* The band of Gentlemen Pensioners wore a splendid uniform, which seems to have had an imposing effect on Mrs. Quickly.

⁸⁸ *frampold* = troubled.

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. (Exit Bardolph.)

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook. 141

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage. 151

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. 168

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a dotting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none: unless experience be a jewel that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

“Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; 180
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.”

¹⁸⁰ *sith*. An abbreviation of *sithence* = since.



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parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 230

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him. 239

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style: thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

[Exit

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fix'd; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol! — Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[Exit.

²³⁰ *salt-butter.* To eat butter freshly churned every day, and without the addition of salt, was one of the table distinctions of wealth in England, and continues to be so.

²³¹ *additions* = titles.

²³² *Wittol* = a husband who consents to his cuckoldry.

Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mock-water. 50

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag. 60

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully.—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good Master Doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page. 71

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well? 80

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt]

⁷¹ Cried I aim? = have I directed you rightly? But all the old copies have Cried game, which may be the proper reading, — a colloquial phrase, the meaning of which cannot be guessed.



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Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. 'Pless you from his mercy sake. all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master Parson? 40

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect. 50

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal. 60

Page. I warrunt you, he's the man should fight with him.

Shal. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me? 70

Evans. [*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I tesire you in friendship: and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud.*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby. — mine host de Jarteer. —

⁶⁰ *Master Parson, Master Doctor.* The follo has in these cases always Mr. Parson and Mr. Doctor, but the Mr. is an abbreviation of Master, our mean word Mister being then unknown.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah!

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

19

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock heard.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

40

[*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*]

Shal., Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slon. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slon. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

50

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he

¹⁹ twelve score: that is, twelve score yards, the usual distance in shooting with the long-bow.

²⁰ Cry aim. To cry "aim" on the archery field was a common mode of encouragement.



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Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company. 19

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "Have I caught" thee, "my heavenly jewel?" Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady. 40

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-

¹⁹ *Jack-a-Lent*: a puppet which was pelted, like Aunt Sally.

²⁰ *Have I caught my heavenly jewel* is the first line of a song in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

⁴⁰ *ship-tire*, etc. The ways of deforming the shape of woman's head were even more numerous and more fantastic in S.'s day than now, and Venice was then queen of fashion as of the sea.

⁴¹ *if Fortune thy foe were not*, etc. Here, again, Falstaff quotes an old song.

dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or — it is whitening-time — send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward.] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never —

[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin.]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CALUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck: I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

¹²⁶ cowl-staff = a staff by which a burden was carried upon the shoulders of two men

¹²⁷ drumble = drone.

¹²⁸ uncape = uncap, a hunting term.



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Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me. 189

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen: but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart! 200

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A room in PAGE'S house.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property. 10

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then, — hark you hither! 20

[*They converse apart.*]

¹⁰ Was the first motive that I woo'd, etc. Not S.'s grammar: mere carelessness in writing.

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house :

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me ?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow ; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

70

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire : let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not ; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth

80

And bowl'd to death with turnips !

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master
Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy :

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir : she must needs go in ;

Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress : farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Quick. This is my doing, now : "Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ? Look on Master Fenton : " this is my doing.

91

Fent. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring : there 's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune ! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne ; or I would Master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three ; for so I have promis'd. and I 'll be as good as my word ; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses : what a beast am I to slack it !

[*Exit*]



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she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it wére, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds,

what I would not shall not make me tame : if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me : I'll be horn mad.

[Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou ?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently : but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by ; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes ; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh ! no school to-day ?

Evans. No ; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart ! 10

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William ; hold up your head ; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah ; hold up your head ; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns ?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, " 'Od's nouns." 20

Evans. Peace your tattlings ! What is "fair," William ?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats ! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman : I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William ?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is "a stone," William ?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis* : I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*. 30

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles ?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Evans. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog* ; pray you, mark : *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case ?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.



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Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself? 10

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page? 30

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket. May I not go out ere he come? 39

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house. 50

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress-Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I? 111

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! 120

[Pulling clothes out of the basket.]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away. 120

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 131

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me forever



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covery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in FORD'S house.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'T is one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission 10
As in offence.

¹ the Germans. This passage probably refers to the visit of a Count Mumplegart to Windsor in 1592.

Then let them all encircle him about
 And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
 And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
 And burn him with their tapers. 60

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
 We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
 And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will
 be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go and buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
 Finely attired in a robe of white. 69

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside.*] And in that trim
 Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
 And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
 He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
 And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery
 honest knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford, 79
 Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. [*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Sim.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin?
 speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff
 from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his stand-

⁶⁰ to-pinch: that is, pinch, merely; a form now obsolete, but common in S.'s day.

⁷⁹ in that trim. The folio has "in that time," which is just possibly not a misprint.



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Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host : one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life ; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir ! cozenage, mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses ? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners ; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain : do not say they be fled ; Germans are honest men. 60

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host ?

Host. What is the matter, sir ?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you : you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer ?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. 71

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany : by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill : adieu. [Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go ! Assist me, knight. I am undone ! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !

[Exit Host and Bard.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd ; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me : I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you ?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other ! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their

Her mother, ever strong against that match
 And firm for Doctor Cains, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30
 And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot
 She seemingly obedient likewise hath
 Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests :
 Her father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand and bid her go,
 She shall go with him : her mother hath intended,
 The better to denote her to the doctor,
 For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40
 That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head ;
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
 And here it rests, that you 'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I 'll to the vicar :
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
 Besides, I 'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling ; go. I 'll hold. This is the
 third time ; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away ! go.
 They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity,
 chance, or death. Away !

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain ; and I 'll do what I can to
 get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and
 mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook ! Master Brook, the matter will be

²¹ *united ceremony* = ceremonious union : one of S.'s reckless, but partly unconscious
 perversions and inversions for rhythm's sake.



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Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewisters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HOSE EVANS, disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF, disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. 20

¹⁰ potatoes — eringoes. Both these roots were supposed to be provocatives to love and desire.

With juice of balm and every precious flower :
 Each fair instabment, coat, and several crest, 60
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And " *Honi soit qui mal y pense* " write
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;
 Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee :
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery. 70
 Away ; disperse : but till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hant in hant ; yourselves in order set ;
 And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But stay : I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he
 transform me to a piece of cheese !

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth. 80

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end :
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire ?

[They burn him with their tapers.

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh !

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !
 About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy ! 90
 Fie on lust and luxury !
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
 Pluch him for his villany ;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a boy in green ; HLENDR another way, and takes off a boy in white ; and PERROT comes and steals away ARBE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.



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Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to trinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles? 150

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pauder: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter. 161

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! — and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments? 179

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I

ha' married un garçon, a boy ; un paysan, by gar, a boy ; it is not Anne Page : by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green ? 189

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy : by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [Exit.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne ?

Page. My heart misgives me : here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton !

Anne. Pardon, good father ! good my mother, pardon !

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender ?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid ?

Fent. You do amaze her : hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, 200

Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed ;

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd ; here is no remedy : 210

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state ;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy ? Fenton, heaven give thee joy ! What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days !

Good husband, let us every one go home, 220

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,

To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[Exit.

²⁰⁷ *evitate* = shun ; the French *éviter*. Such a use of two words of the same meaning, one generally of Latin origin and the other English, was common until a late period.





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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*

ANGELO, *the Deputy.*

ESCALON, *an ancient Lord.*

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a fantastic.*

Two other like gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, } *two friars.*

PETER, }
A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, *a simple constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*

POMPY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*

ABHORSON, *an executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*

MAFIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a nun.*

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a band.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency

. as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,

10

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you 're as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant.]

What figure of us think you he will bear ?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

20

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power : what think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

• *But that to your sufficiency This passage is hopelessly mutilated.*

That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
 But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends,
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can in part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo, [our power and place.]
 In our remove be thou at full ourself:
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary.
 Take thy commission.

30

40

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

50

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
 That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us, and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
 To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

60

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
 So to enforce or qualify the laws
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:

³⁰ they on thee. Loosely written and elliptical, but plain enough.

⁴² advertise: accented on the second syllable.

⁴³ our power and place. The folio leaves this line imperfect. The deficiency is supplied from the Duke's speech in the next scene but one, in which he sets forth his action in this.

⁶⁷ importune: accented on the second syllable.



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First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! ³⁹ I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee. 51

Enter MISTRESS OVERDOSS.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 't is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off. 61

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose. 69

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

³⁹ but a pair of shears between us: that is, we were both of one piece.

⁴⁰ A French crown: one of S.'s many allusions to what was called the French disease

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven ; on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 't is just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ! whence comes this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty : 10
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would
send for certain of my creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I
had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of im-
prisonment. What 's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again. 20

Lucio. What, is 't murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir ! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract 30
I got possession of Julietta's bed :
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. 40
And the new deputy now for the Duke —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be

²² *denunciation.* *Denounce* was used in the sense of proclaim, set forth.

²³ *propagation* was used in the sense of payment.



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Fri. T. May your grace speak of it :

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 28
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this ?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrung steeds, 30
Which for this nineteen years we have let sleep ;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose :
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ; 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;

Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

50

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within.] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who 's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
 You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men

10

But in the presence of the prioress :
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again ; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is 't that calls ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stand me
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

20

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you :
 Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isab. Woe me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks :
 He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

30

I would not — though 't is my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so :
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.

By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus :
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

40

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,

50

Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

60

He — to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

70

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

☞ *Fewness and truth*: that is, briefly and truly.



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Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
 That justice seizes: what know the laws
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
 Because we see it; but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang.

Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang.

See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost.]

Escal. [*Aside.*] Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive
 us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none:
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, and OFFICERS, with FROCK and POWERT.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a
 commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common
 houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the
 matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's con-
 stable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and
 do bring in here before your good honour two notorious bene-
 factors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are
 they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they
 are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void
 of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to
 have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name?
 why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

²⁰ through brakes of vice. Brakes are thickets. The folio has "from brakes of ice."

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir? 60

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour, —

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore? 70

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him. 80

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes, — 90

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be rememb'ed, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, — 101

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

⁶⁰ parcel-bawd — part bawd.

¹⁰⁰ rememb'ed. This word was colloquially contracted into three syllables; but it was the third vowel, not the fourth, of the original word which was elided.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be rememb'ed, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then, —

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her. 110

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir: a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once. 130

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman do to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so. 140

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

¹¹⁰ Bunch of Grapes. Rooms in Inns had names like this; and indeed in some Inns in England they have them yet.



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Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you. 201

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey. 210

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 220

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade: 230

The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

²⁰⁰ *three-pence a day.* The folio has a *day*, which, it is barely possible, may be the true reading, as *day* means the distance between certain beams in a house.

²²⁰ *Whip me, etc.* This couplet is probably an interpolation.



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He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve Heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you ;
 Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
 There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept : 90
 Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If but the first that did th' edict infringe
 Had answer'd for his deed : now 't is awake,
 Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
 Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ; 100
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
 And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
 Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
 And he, that suffers. O, 't is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder ;
 Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench ! he will
 relent ;

⁹⁰ *If but the first.* The folio, " If the first," etc.
¹¹⁰ *pelting* = *pall'ry*.

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough, 170
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [Exit.

SCENE III. A room in a prison.

Enter, as usual, DUKE disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, 19
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

¹⁷⁰ evils = evil, foul refuse of all kinds.



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Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
 Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
 'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*] O heavens!
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
 Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
 As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
 To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made
 As to put metal in restrained means
 To make a false one.

²⁷ The general: that is, people in general.

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

100

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ?

110

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean :
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

120

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women ! Help Heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

¹⁰⁰ *have been sick for* = I have been, etc. Here is an allusion of the pronoun, common in our old writers.

¹⁰¹ *If not a feodary.* One of the most obscure passages in these plays. *Feodary* = associate, companion.

¹⁰² *owe* = possess. *succeed* = follow, in the sense of take after, imitate.



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That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approval ;
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

Enter DUKE, disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope :

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant ;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain ;

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¹⁸ *tender fork of a poor worm* = the fang of a snake ; *worm* = snake, small serpent, as in " their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."



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Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, — and now follows all, — we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. 251
(*Exeunt separately.*)

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE, disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar. 10

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

* *bastard* = a kind of sham sweet wine made of raisins.



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Should be as holy as severe ;
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
 More nor less to others paying
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking !
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice and let his grow !
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side !
 How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most ponderous and substantial things !
 Craft against vice I must apply :
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed but despised ;
 So disguise shall, by the disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

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150

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at St. LUKE'S.**Enter MARIANA and a Boy.*

BOY sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again, bring again :
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.]

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical :
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

20

Duke. 'T is good ; though music oft hath such a charm
 To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day ?
 much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.



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Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world :
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so. 120

Duke. It is no other : show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ;
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity : 120

The Duke comes home to-morrow ; nay, dry your eyes ;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance : already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
'There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you. 130

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give ;
'T is that he sent me of the Duke's return :
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes 140
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who 's here ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine
eyes so red : thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup
with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one
fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be
here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother : if

¹²⁰ covent : old form of convent, preserved in Covent Garden.

¹³⁰ combined = pledged, as before, in Act III. Sc. 1, "combine husband "



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The law against it! But that her tender statute
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason darts her tongue,
 For my authority bears a credent bulk,
 That no particular scandal once can touch
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

30

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.**Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FLAVIUS FIRST.*

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [Giving letters]
 The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
 But send me Flavius first.

9

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.**Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
 He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
 He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
 That's bitter to sweet end.

²⁰ bears a credent bulk. The folio, "bears of," etc., which some editors retain, and others change to "bears up," "bears so," etc.

Mari. I would Friar Peter —

Isab.

O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city gate.*

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at their stand. Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, severally.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it, 10
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

¹⁰ *hent* = taken possession of.

⁷ *yield you forth.* This may be the true text loosely written for *yield forth to you.*

²⁰ *Vail* = drop, bend.



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And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou
speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, 210
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from wee,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone. An officer!
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly. 220

Duke. Words against me! this ' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

¹⁰⁰ His purpose surfeiting. Not improbably S. wrote "his promise forfeiting," al-
though that seems a step towards commonplace.

¹¹⁰ ripened: a dissyllable, pronounced ripe-ned.

¹²⁰ a practice = a plot.

¹³¹ 't is ' a good friar. The apostrophe marks an ellipsis of is; the custom was not
uncommon.



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enforce them against him : we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again : I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see how I 'll handle her. 290

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess : perchance, publicly, she 'll be abash'd.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way ; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA ; and Provost with the DUKE in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress : here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ; here with the provost. 295

Escal. In very good time : speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir : did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo ? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne !

Where is the Duke ? 't is he would hear me speak. 300

Escal. The Duke 's in us ; and we will hear you speak : Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?
Good night to your redress ! Is the Duke gone ?
'Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal ; this is he I spoke of. 305

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ? and then to glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice ?
Take him hence ; to th' rack with him ! We 'll touse him.

298 notable : used for notorious.

299 retort = turn back, reject.

301 We 'll touse him. The folio has " touse you ; " an easy misprint in S. 's day.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, **ANTIPHOLUS** of Syracuse, *twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Emilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, **DROMIO** of Syracuse, *twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

EMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCK, *servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Galley, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : Ephesus.



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Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day :

This chain you had of me ; can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think I had ; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes ; that you did, sir, and forswore

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did
Fie on thee, wretch ! 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus ;
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

Enter ANSELMO, LUCIANO, the GUARDIANS and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is
Some get within him ; take his sword away ;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd !

(Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro.)

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you in

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was ;

But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

²⁴ within him ; that is, within his guard.



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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



INTRODUCTION.

THIS comedy shows the lighter and brighter side of Shakespeare's mind in the early years of perfected manhood. It was written about 1599, and was first printed in quarto in 1600, when he was thirty-five or thirty-six years old. The plot and the gentlefolks among the personages came from a story by Bandello, an Italian novelist, who died in 1561, and whose works were never Englished. But the very names in Shakespeare's comedy and the Italian story are the same, and so are the principal incidents. Shakespeare may have read Bandello; but I am much disposed to believe that there was a writer, narrative or dramatic, between the English playwright and the Italian novelist, and that the comedy is an adaptation of another man's constructive work, enriched by Shakespeare's poetry and character-making. But it is essentially his from beginning to end, the traces of another hand being few and slight.

The name of the play and the significance of the name depend upon a pun not so plain in our day as it was in Shakespeare's. For then *th* was pronounced *t*, or *dth*, as the Irish now pronounce it, for example, in *murdther*; and *noting* and *nothing* had consequently much the same sound. See the following passage in this play:—

Balth. There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the *noting*.

Don P. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and *nothing*.

See also in the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene 3: "No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and the *nothing* of it." The play is made up of much ado about noting, that is, watching, observing. All the personages are constantly engaged in noting or watching each other. Hero's sufferings come from noting, — by her uncle's servant, by Claudio, and by Don Pedro; her release and her happiness by the noting of the Watch; and Benedick and Beatrice are brought together by secretly noting what their friends plot that they should note; and yet the principal serious incident, the accusation of Hero, about which there is so much ado, rests upon *nothing*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *esquire to Don Pedro.*
CONRADE, { *followers of Don John.*
BORACHIO, {
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, *a constable.*

VERGES, *a headborough.*
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, { *gentlewomen attending*
URSULA, { *on Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Messina.*



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little happy, if I could say how much. Lord, I am yours: I give away myself for you exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, send a kiss, and let not him speak without.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a mer-

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank you, poor fool, for windy side of care. My cousin tells him in in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! ~~There's~~ good world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one

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

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have an hundred days: your grace is too costly to wear every second your grace, pardon me: I was born to be a fool, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me; best becomes you; for, out of question, you are a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried that was a star danc'd, and under that was I born to give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and then; for I have heard my daughter say, she lies in bed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of her

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her words

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but husbands, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on, and I will have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is but seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have my mind.



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the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio, do you mightily hold up — to a content such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any of

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour

Bora. Go, then; find me a quiet hour to draw and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Claudio, as, — in love of your brother's honour, who this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, — that you'er'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to very night before the intended wedding. — for in that I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disjalousy shall be called assurance and all the preparations thrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage

SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard.

Enter BENEVOLE.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one who how much another man is a fool when he dedications to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shames in others, become the argument of his own scorn. b.

²¹ *stale* = a woman who makes herself common.

²² *orchard.* Orchard and garden were convertible terms in S.

Sing no more ditties, sing no r
Of dumps so dull and heavy
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer last was leafy
Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing
shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that shou
they would have hang'd him: and I pra
bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard
what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear
thine, got us some excellent music; for to-m
have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit*

Leonato. What was it you told me of to
Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick

Claud. [*Aside.*] O, ay: stalk on, stalk on
I did never think that lady would have lov

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wond
so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she
behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

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

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot
it but that she loves him with an enraged
the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counter

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was
passion came so near the life of passion as t

²⁰ *Hey nonsy neeny.* For the meaning of nonsy see
reader to the definition of *fores*, in Florio's *World of Words*



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Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he d beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civ him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the swee

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his me

Claud. And when was he wont to wash hi

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; a lute-string and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warra him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; ~~and; in~~ for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her fac

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth; walk aside with me: I have studied eight or 1 speak to you, which these hobby-horses must 1

[Enter

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Marg played their parts with Beatrice; and then not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save y

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would s

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Clau what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your le ried to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pra

D. John. You may think I love you no hereafter, and aim better at me by that I For my brother, I think he holds you well, heart hath help to effect your ensuing marr ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

²² Good den - a corruption of good even, good



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Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd.
the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the f
seest thou not what a deformed thief this fa

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed
thief this seven years; a' goes up and down
remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a defor
ion is? how giddily a' turns about all the
fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes f
Pharaoh's soldiers in the recchy painting,
Bel's priests in the old church-window, som
Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tape
piece seems as maesy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that th
more apparel than the man. But art not
with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted
telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I
Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by
she leans me out at her mistress' chamber
thousand times good night, — I tell this tal
first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio and
and placed and possessed by my master Do
in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was H

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince ar
devil my master knew she was Margaret
oaths, which first possess'd them, partly
which did deceive them, but chiefly by m
confirm any slander that Don John had ma
dio enraged; swore he would meet her, a
next morning at the temple, and there, befo
gation, shame her with what he saw o'er
home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the Pri

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master c
here recovered the most dangerous piece
was known in the commonwealth

¹¹⁰ recchy: smoked, smirched: pronounced with the rā by
¹¹⁰ carpirer: a portentous part of the lower masqu
which did not disappear until about 1880.



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your revenge, to husband: "an bad thinking speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any liar for a husband"? None, I think, an it beed and the right wife; otherwise 't is light ask my Lady Beatrice see; here she comes.

Hero. Good morrow, ~~all~~.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do

Beat. I am out of all other

Mary. Clap 's into "Light o' love;" that burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! t hand have stables enough, you'll see he shall l

Mary. O illegitimate construction! I see heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 't is ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh

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

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H

Mary. Well, an you be not tarr'd ~~Tarr'd~~, sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mary. Nothing I; but God send every desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.

Mary. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly

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

Mary. Even since you left it. Dost not my rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear. By my troth, I am sick.

Mary. Get you some of this distill'd Cardus and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for

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

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you t in this Benedictus.

Mary. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think

⁶⁰ *berna*: the English equivalent of *bairns*, children.

⁶¹ *H. Acts*, the noun, was pronounced with a soft *h* like *h*.

⁶² *apprehension*: that is, word-catching.

⁶³ *Cardus Benedictus* = blessed thistle, supposed to be a correction of the heart.



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And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large.

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. Wh

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these t

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial

Hero. True

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother

Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my l

Claud. Let me but move one question to yo

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can He

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, m

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour

Myself, my brother and this griev'd count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

I might have said " No part of it is mine ;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins " ?
 But mine and mine I lov'd and mine I prais'd
 And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her. — why, she, O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
 And salt too little which may season give
 To her foul-tainted flesh !

140

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly not ; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
 Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die.

150

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

160

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

170

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

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know none :



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Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio : 220
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed ; then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her, 230
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life, 240
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

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

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

Friar. 'T is well consented : presently away ;
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure. 250
 Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day
 Perhaps is but prolong'd : have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

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

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

Bene. I will not desire that.

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

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

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

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ? 260

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

Bene. May a man do it ?

220 *his liver.* The liver was supposed of old to be the seat of amorous desire.
 243 *inwardness* = intimacy.

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

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

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me. 270

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

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

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

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

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you. 280

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

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

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go. 290

Bene. Beatrice, —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

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

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

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

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice, —

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

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice, —

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

²⁷⁰ bear her in hand: to bear in hand was to keep up confidence by promises or professions

Bona. Beat—

Beat. Princess and counties! Surely, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gall! I were a man for his sake! or that I had a man for my sake! But manhood is melted out into compliment, and men are only trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules and swears it. I cannot be a man with will die a woman with grieving.

Bona. Tarry, good Beatrice. *By this ha*

Beat. Use it for my love some other way

Bona. Think you in your soul the Count C Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought of

Bona. Enough, I am engag'd; I will cha kiss your hand, and so I leave you. *By this* render me a dear account. As you hear of Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is well.

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verres, and Sexton, in gowns; and the
Notaries.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the se.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the amine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that a let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Your

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Cor you serve God?

Con. { Yea, sir, we hope.

Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they se God first; for God defend but God should lains! Masters, it is proved already that than false knaves: and it will go near to be How answer you for yourselves?

¹⁰⁰ a princely testimony, a goodly count. A quibble here count.

¹⁰¹ Count Comfect, a count of sugar comfits, a sweet galla



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And, with grey hairs and bruise of many
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child :
Thy slander hath gone through and through
And she lies buried with her ancestors ;
O, in a tomb where never mortal sleeps,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy !

Claud. My villainy ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ;

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon.

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice
His May of youth and bloom of lustiness.

Claud. Away ! I will not have to do with

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men in
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first
Win me and wear me ; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your feining fe
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, —

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lo
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villa
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !

Leon.

B

Ant. Hold you content. What, man ! I
And what they weigh, even to the utmost sc
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring bo
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slau
Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony, —

Ant.

Come,

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with no
But what was true and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord, —



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Re-enter Leonato and ANTONIO, with the

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see hi
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger,

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy br
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou belieest thy
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's deat
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your pati
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge you
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daug
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
To-night I take my leave. This naughty ma
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

³⁷² *And so dies my revenge.* In the strange conduct of Leon
the end of the play is huddled up, S. probably followed some



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Marg. To have no man come over me! why, keep below stairs?

Bona. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, hurt not.

Bona. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers^c

Bona. If you use them, Margaret, you must go with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I th

Bona. And therefore will come.

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

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the g Troilus the first employer of panders, and a who these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were turned over and over as my poor self in love. M: show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "see a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rh nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd t

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

Bona. O, stay but till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now: I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bona. Only foul words; and thereupon I will k

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wi breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I w kiss'd.

Bona. Thou hast frighted the word out of his forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, goes my challenge; and either I must shortly h or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in

Beat. For them all together; which maintaine state of evil that they will not admit any good

^c give thee the bucklers = acknowledge myself beaten. A prove

So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

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

19

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

Enter.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

20

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

30

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

10

²⁰ Till death be uttered: an obscure allusion to the resurrection.

²¹ speed's = speed us.

¹ sort = arrange themselves in order.



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Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies veiled.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [Unmasking.]
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live;
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [Unmasking.] I answer to that name. What is your
will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the Prince and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

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

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BIRONE,
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the*
DUMAIN, } *King.*

BOYET, } *lords attending on the*
MERCADÉ, } *Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *ladies attending on the*
KATHARINE, } *Princess.*

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE : NAVARRE.

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over ;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day —
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day —
Which I hope well is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please :
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Birone, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Bir. Come on, then ; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus, — to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book

⁸³ *Birone.* This name is spelled *Beroune* in the old copies. It is to be accented on the last syllable and pronounced with the *o* as in *cone*.

⁸⁷ *common sense*: that is, common knowledge ; not a faculty of the mind.



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Give me the paper; let me read the same
 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my
King. How well this yielding rescues
Bir. [*Reads.*] "*Item, That no woman*
 mile of my court:" Hath this been
Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*Bonds.*]
 her tongue." Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that

Bir. A dangerous law: against gentility
 "If any man be seen to talk with a woman
 three years, he shall endure such public shame
 as court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break

For well you know here comes in embassy
 The French king's daughter with yourself

A maid of grace and complete majesty
 About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:
 Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither

King. What say you, lords? why, this

Bir. So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would
 It doth forget to do the thing it should,

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most
 'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost

King. We must of force dispense with this
 She must lie here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years
 For every man with his affects is born.

Not by might master'd but by special grace
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me

I am forsworn on "mere necessity."

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he that breaks them in the least degree
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to other as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

¹⁴⁰ *lie here* = stay, lodge here.

¹⁴¹ *affects* = affections, natural likings.

¹⁴² *suggestions* = temptations.

Bir. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner, — it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, — in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh

King. [*Reads.*] Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [*Reads.*] So it is, —

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*Reads.*] So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk the time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, —

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads.*] That unlettered small-knowing soul, —

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads.*] That shallow vassal, —

Cost. Still me?

King. [*Reads.*] Which, as I remember, hight Costard, —

Cost. O, me!

²³⁹ ycleped = called.

²⁴⁰ curious-knotted = intricately laid out.



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welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit down, sorrow!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior? 10

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt? 20

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd. 30

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. This name was pronounced *mote*, and suggested the extreme smallness of a mote, as well as the little insect. See subsequent note, Act IV. Sc. 3, line 157, and the Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing*.

³¹ crosses: that is, money, coins which had a cross on the obverse.

Moth. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known,
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
 And fears by pale white shown :
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know,
 For still her cheeks possess the same
 Which native she doth owe.

90

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

99

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but I think now 't is not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

110

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel. I must keep her at the park : she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid !

Jaq. Man ?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

120

Jaq. That 's hereby.

⁸¹ a green wit. A punning allusion to the green withes with which Delilah bound Samson ; *it* being pronounced as *i*.

⁸² owe = own.

⁸³ the King and the Beggar. The Ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. See *Child's English and Scottish Ballads*.

⁸⁴ day-woman = dairy woman.



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ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the PRINCESS of FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :
 Consider who the King your father sends,
 To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy :
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
 As Nature was in making graces dear
 When she did starve the general world beside
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

10

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
 Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker : good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad. Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace :
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

20

30

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [Exit Boyet
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke ?

¹ *dearest* = best.

² *to's* = to us

³ *Importunes*. accented on the second syllable.

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
 And he and his competitors in oath
 Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
 Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt :
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes Navarre.

[The ladies went

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again ; and "welcome" I
 have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours ; and
 welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then : conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

100

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
 I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping :
 'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
 And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Hands a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

110

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
 For you 'll prove perjurd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Bir. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question !

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'T is 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

120

Bir. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Bir. And send you many lovers !



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Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour without breach of honour may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates ;
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place ! [Exit

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad to
 see it. 179

Bir. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says "ay."

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye ?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living ! 190

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word : what lady is that same ?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit

Long. I beseech you a word : what is she in the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire that were a
 shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard !

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [Exit Long.

Bir. What's her name in the cap ?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap. 210

Bir. Is she wedded or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

¹⁹⁰ *No point* : the intensive French negative reduplication.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar.

No.

Boyet.

What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet.

You are too hard for me.

[Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.

[Sings]

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key. give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note — do you note me? — that most are affected to these.

20

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O. — but O, —

Moth. "The hobby-horse is forgot."

¹ *Concolinel.* Perhaps some part, the beginning or the burden, of a song; or, possibly, a corrupted obsolete musical phrase.

² *festinately* = speedily.

³ *brawl*: the name of an old French dance.

⁴ *The hobby-horse*: a line of an old song well known in S.'s day



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Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said. 71

I will example it:

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four. 80

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose: 90

Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin. Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly. 99

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

⁸⁰ *l'envoy a salve.* The *l* seems to have been pronounced in *salve* in S.'s day, which made it sound enough like the Latin salutation, *Salve*, for a poor pun.

⁷¹ *said*: grotesquely used for *said*.

⁷² *the ape, the humble-bee.* The want of conformity between Armado and Moth here and below is due to the old copies.

⁸⁰ *adding four*: heedlessly written for making four.

⁹⁹ *the market.* "Three women and a goose make a market." Old proverb.

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,
 And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
 And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
 And to her white hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon : go.

Cost. Gardon. O sweet gardon ! better than remunera
 'leven-pence farthing better : most sweet gardon ! I wil
 sir. in print. Gardon ! Remuneration !

Bir. And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been
 whip :

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
 A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy ;
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
 This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting 'paritors : — O my little heart ! —
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What, I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right !
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all ;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to : it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :
 Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

¹⁰⁴ *in print* = exactly, precisely

¹⁰⁴ *sovereign* a word of three syllables

¹⁰⁵ *plackets* : probably petticoats, but possibly having another meaning.

¹⁰⁸ *'paritors* = apparitors, minor officers of ecclesiastical courts.



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Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the best lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so: truth is true.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Birone to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true that thou artauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More faire than fair, beautiful than auteous, truer than truth itself, have consideration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: which to annotauize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the beggar; who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king: for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar: for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

⁴⁵ *God dig-you-den* — a rustic corruption of "God give you good even."

⁴⁶ *capon* — used, like the French *poulet*, for a love-letter.

⁴⁷ *annotauize* — A grotesquely pompous word for annotate. The quarto has *anatomize*, which may well have been S.'s word.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 80

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play :

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter ?

What vane ? what weathercock ? did you ever hear better ?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court ;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport 91

To the Prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Birone, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this : 't will be thine another
day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off ! 102

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on, indeed !

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at
the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her now ? 110

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a
man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching
the hit it.

⁸⁰ Thus dost thou hear. This postscript is possibly quoted from some ridiculous poem of the day.

¹⁰¹ she that bears the bow. The pronunciation of *suit*, before set forth, must be remembered. In Boyet's speech, three lines above, the folio, 1628, prints *susitor*, *shooter*.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, a touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Boyet.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it! 121

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl. 13

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Mar.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most ineony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' to side, — O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit! 14

Sola, sola!

[*Shout within. Exit Costard, running.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOPERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

121 *the clout* — the white spot or ring in the middle of the target.

122 *the pin* — that is, the pin which held the clout to the target.

123 *greasily* — grossly.

124 *in one* — fine, delicate.

125 *o' th' to side* — The *to side* and the *t' other side* were commonly opposed phrases in S.'s day.

126 *pomewater* — a kind of apple.



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Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the Princess killed a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-booting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore make fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth: fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

⁴⁸ *Perge* = go on.

⁴⁹ *the letter*. that is, alliteration.

⁵¹ *pierc'd*. In the folio *perst*. The word *pierce* was pronounced *purse* until the beginning of this century. In Holofernes' next speech the folio has "*persting* a hogshead."

⁷⁰ *Mehercle* = by Hercules.

⁷² *vir sapit*, etc. = he is wise who says little.

⁶⁴ *Fauste*, etc. = Faustus, I pray when the herd chews the cud in the cool shade.

to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith, —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To Dull.] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRONE, with a paper.

Bir. The King he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch, — pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, "set thee down, sorrow"! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and ay the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is

¹²⁸ *Stay not thy compliment, etc.*: that is, don't stop to make curtsies.

¹²⁹ *fear colourable colours*: a slang phrase of the day, the meaning of which is now unknown.

¹⁴¹ *benvenuto* = welcome (Ital.)

¹⁴² *pauca verba* = few words.

¹⁴³ *kills sheep*: an allusion to Ajax's slaughter of sheep in his insane jealousy of Ulysses.



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Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cares all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Bir. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' th' way.

Long. By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay.

[Sings

Bir. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth, she is not, corporal; there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Bir. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

⁸⁸ *guards* = embroidery or facings.

⁸⁹ *liver-vein*. The liver was supposed to be the seat of amorous desire.

Faith so infringed, which such seal did swear?
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
 How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [Dumain]
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears 19
 There is no certain Princess that appears;
 You'll not be perjurd; 't is a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'erabot?
 You found his mote; the King your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Bir. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, 21
 A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
 A true man or a thief that gallops so?

¹¹⁸ *mote*. This word is printed *mote* twice in this line. See the Introduction to *Measure for Measure*, and the note on *Moth*, Act I. Sc. II.

¹¹⁹ *teen* = sorrow, vexation; mere tautology for rhyme's sake

¹²² *gig* = a kind of top.



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That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
 She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birone :
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
 Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues. —

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
 She passes praise : then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :

O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :
 No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons and the suit of night ;
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
 O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect :
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
 For native blood is counted painting now ;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are our learning likewise is :
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair :
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain and nourish all the world :
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,

³³⁰ *the Hesperides*: that is, the gardens of the Hesperides.

³⁴⁰ *From women's eyes*. It will be observed that this passage occurs substantially twice in this speech, at line 297 and line 345. Neglect has left evidence of the revision of the play. One passage is surely that which was meant to be replaced by the other.



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Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. 12

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his cut-throat*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackets of orthography, as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *dout*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*, — *d, e, b, t*, not *d, a, t*: he clepeth a calf, *cauf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour *neester* *nebow*: neigh abbreviated *ne*. This is abominable, — which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic. 22

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* bone for bene, Priscian a little scratched, 't will serve.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Enter ARMADO, MOTHE, and COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah!

[*To Moth*]

Hol. *Quare* chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered. 30

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stol'n the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered? 39

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is *a, b*, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. *Ba, pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. *Ba*, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

⁹ *Novi hominem*, etc. I know the man as well as I know you.

¹¹ *ne intelligis, domine?* = do you not understand, sir?

¹² *Laus Deo, bone intelligo* = Praise to God, I understand good (that is, well).

¹³ *Videsne*, etc. Do you see who comes? And Holofernes replies, I see and rejoice.

¹⁴ *Quare*, etc. = wherefore, etc. Holofernes, who is a prototype of the modern phonetic reformers, protests against the pronunciation of *s* as *sh*.

¹⁵ *horn-book* The old spelling-books had thin horn covers to protect the leaves.

¹⁶ *pueritia* = boyhood.

¹⁷ *Quis* = who.

Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint shall pass for Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules, —

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for the Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [Exit]

⁹⁶ *antique* is used in a sense conveyed to us by the form *antic*.

⁹⁷ *Nine Worthies*. They were Hector, Alexander, Cæsar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godefroy of Bouillon. Pompey and Hercules are intruders.

¹²⁶ *Via* = away (encouragingly). (Ital.)

¹²⁷ *Allons* = let us go. (Fr.)

¹²⁸ *the hay*: a rollicking boisterous dance, long obsolete.



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Prin. Beauteous as ink : a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho ! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter :

O that your face were not so full of O's !

Kath. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrews.

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair De
main ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twin ?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville :
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birone I'll torture ere I go :

O that I knew he were but in by the week !

How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,

And wait the season and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests,

And make him proud to make me proud that jests !

So piersaunt-like would I o'ersway his state

That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where 's her grace ?

⁶⁵ *full of O's.* Katharine was pitted with small-pox, as we see by her reply.

⁶⁶ *shrews* — *Shrew*, like *scow* nowadays, rhymed perfectly with *O*.

⁶⁷ *piersaunt-like* = piercing-like. See the note on *piiced*, Act IV. Sc. 2, line 51.

Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear.
And then the King will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Birone take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound with

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come

[The Ladies ma

Enter Blackmoors with music; MOTH; the KING, BIRONE, LONGVILLE, and DUMAIN.
Russet hairs, and mask'd

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth! —

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[The Ladies turn their backs to hi

That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!

Bir. [Aside to *Moth.*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! —

Out —



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King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.

[Music plays]

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends:

Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[They converse apart]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!

There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Bir. Therefore me

[They converse apart]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady —

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord, —

Take that for your fair lady.

²⁰ *Metheglin*: an old-fashioned drink containing honey. *wort* = unfermented beer

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he called me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps. ix

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birone hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. x

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows.
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo? xi

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand. xii

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*]

Re-enter the KING, BIRONE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will: and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit*]

Bir. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,

⁸⁰ *qualm* = pronounced *ca'm*

⁸¹ *statute caps* = Caps were prescribed by law for persons under a certain rank.

⁸² *vailing* = dropping, letting fall; that is, the clouds that conceal them as the masks conceal the ladies' faces.

⁸³ *as roes run o'er land* = Either *roes* is a dissyllable, or *o'er* is to be pronounced as two syllables, but without the *v*. *Scottic*, *o'er*



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King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame. 20

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin.

Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor. 250

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye, —

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face. 290

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you
pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance; 300

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did: and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the Princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birone, I thank him, is my dear.

What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd:

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

[To 1

⁵⁶ *squier* = squire = square. To know the length of a woman's foot is an phrase for standing high in her favor.



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Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth. 45

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy my
sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Conferences apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I
protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain
too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la*
guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He
presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the
parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the ped-
ant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and
the boy:

Abate throw at Novem, and the whole world again 46
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Bir. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with
thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big," —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, "Great," sir: —

"Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to
sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance.
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done. 449

⁴²⁹ *fortuna de la guerra* = fortune of war. (Span.)

⁴⁴⁰ *Novem* = nine — a game at dice in which the important throws were nine and five.

⁴⁴¹ *libbard's* = leopard's. The knee-caps of fine old armor were often wrought into the form of leopards' heads.

- Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir, —
 “Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.” 490
Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.
Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?
Hol. “Judas I am,” —
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bir. Because thou hast no face. 500
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Bir. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.
Bir. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. 510
 And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Bir. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
 And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: — Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. 520
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may
 stumble. [Hol. retires.]
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!
 Enter ARMADO, for Hector.
Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be
 merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain.

⁵⁰⁰ a cittern-head. All these jocose comparisons are suggested by the Pedant's skull-like face looking out of a helmet.



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Bir. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I beseech you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishelout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADÉ.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercadé;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King, your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide

⁶⁰⁴ *woolward* = with the woollen of the outer garment next the skin.

And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
 As bombast and as lining to the time :
 But more devout than this in our respects
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lony. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so. 670

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this :

If for my love, as there is no such cause,
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;

There stay until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about the annual reckoning.

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial and last love ;

Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine ; and till that instant shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

700

Bir. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
 You are attaint with faults and perjury :
 Therefore if you my favour mean to get,

⁶⁸⁵ *bombast* — *lining* : that is, the wool or cotton with which clothes were stuffed out about the hips and shoulders.



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Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue them, 79
 And I will have you and that fault withal;
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

Prin. [*To the King.*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take
 my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
 Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy 76
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 't will end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a
 votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her
 sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you
 hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in
 praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in
 the end of our show. 77

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOOR, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one main-
 tained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight, 780
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

⁷⁷⁹ *lady-smocks.* The name of a white field flower, called also Mayflower and Canterbury-bell: growing in masses among the meadows, it looks like linen bleaching.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he, 790
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl, 800
 Tu-whoo;
 Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo; 810
 Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of
Collo. You that way: we this way. [Exeunt.]

⁷⁸⁸ turtles = turtle-doves.
⁸⁰⁸ keel = cool, by stirring and skimming.

10 12
 16
 26